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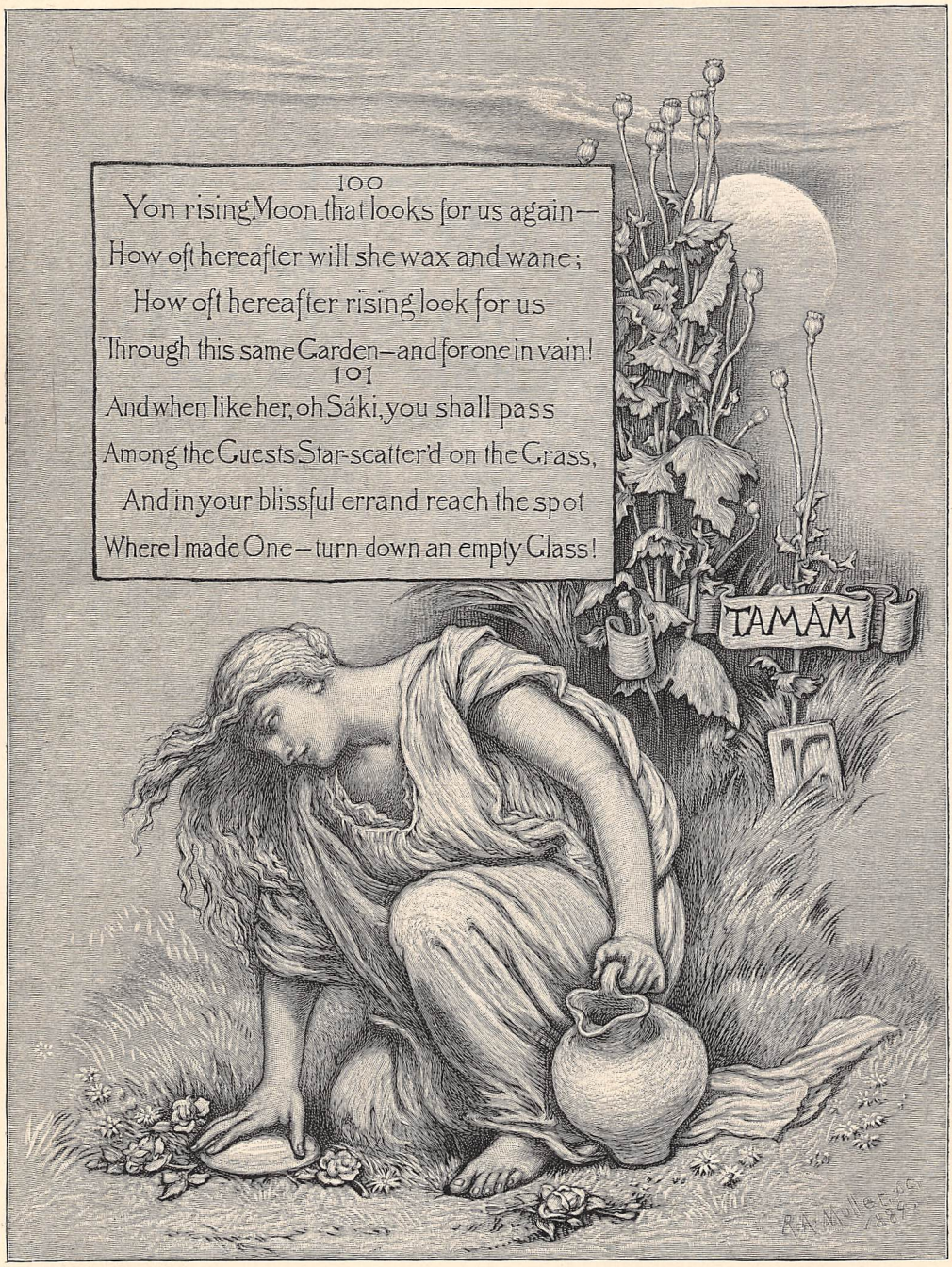
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How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!
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And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!
TAMÁM

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VEDDER'S ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE SONG OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

IN the latter half of the eleventh century and the first quarter of the twelfth there lived in Persia the astronomer-poet Omar, who bore the additional name of Khayyám, or the tent-maker. His scientific work remains not wholly obscure, we are told, but for the most part indistinguishable in the foundations upon which later astronomers have built. His poetry retains its individuality, and gives joy to scholars by reason of its varying form and quantity in rival manuscripts and editions. It was written in Rubáiyát, the Persian equivalent for quatrains, and four or five hundred of these stanzas, genuine or spurious, have escaped the tooth of time and may be read now, whether in their original tongue or by versions in French, German, English, and doubtless other western languages.

It was left for Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, an English poet who put his strength into masculine versions of foreign poetry — notably in the case of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus — to domesticate these Rubáiyát in English literature, a dozen years ago, by rendering a hundred and one of them into quatrains of marvelous fineness of workmanship. He published his version with an entertaining introduction and helpful notes, and after three editions had been issued the work was reprinted in America. It has thus taken its place as a part of the intellectual furnishing of many minds. In Mr. Fitzgerald's handling the separate Rubáiyát were molded into a poem which has a flexible form, while each quatrain has an integrity undisturbed by separation from the rest.

There are hints given by the translator that in the exercise of his selective judgment he aimed to give expression to Omar's philosophy in a better proportion than appears in the original Rubáiyát. At all events, it is quite possible from these hundred and one quatrains to construct a tolerably consistent scheme of philosophy touching the elemental problems of human life and destiny. Like every great poem, it offers the reader the choice of catching in it minnows or whales; and even to the most thoughtful there is the possibility of a widely diverse interpretation. Mr. Fitzgerald quotes a writer in the "Calcutta Review" who draws an interesting parallel between Omar and Lucretius, and, mingling his own reflections with those of the reviewer, sums up the matter thus:

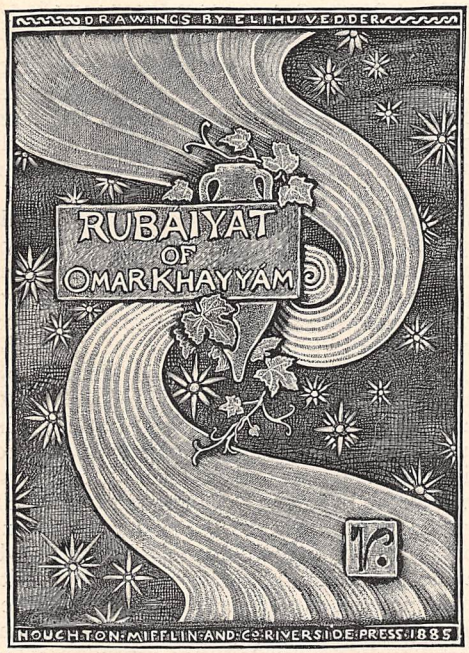
"Both, indeed, were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated intellect, fine imagination, and hearts passionate for truth and justice; who justly revolted from their country's false religion and false or foolish devotion to it; but who yet fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better hope as others, with no better revelation to guide them, had yet made a law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, satisfied himself with the theory of so vast a machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a law that implied no legislator, and so, composing himself into a stoical rather than Epicurean severity of attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical drama of the universe which he was part actor in; himself and all about him (as in his own sublime description of the Roman theater) discolored with the lurid reflex of the curtain suspended between the spectator and the sun. Omar, more desperate or more careless of any so complicated system as resulted in nothing but hopeless necessity, flung his own genius and learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of life, only *diverted* himself with the speculative problems of Deity,

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destiny, matter and spirit, good and evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!"

For all that, Mr. Fitzgerald's own version affords quite sufficient excuse for any one to read into Omar's Rubáiyát an interpretation which would make a mask where Mr. Fitzgerald sees a face, and a face where he sees a mask. Indeed, one may safely question his own or his neighbor's western way of reading an Oriental poem, and accept the possibility that they are all merely using an antique coin as an instrument of exchange.

Be this as it may, our purpose here is not to seek an authoritative rendering into the



terms of modern thought of this ancient parable,— that would suppose a final answer to the Sphinx's riddle,— but to call attention to a very notable work, happily entitled an accompaniment to the Rubáiyát. As Mr. Fitzgerald used the material which he found in the Persian poet's stanzas for the construction of a noble English poem, and thereby offered both an interpretation of the Rubáiyát and a new propounding of the enigma of human life and destiny, so Mr. Elihu Vedder has reproduced Mr. Fitzgerald's quatrains in a series of designs, mainly of a decorative character, which restate the problem in line and shade with such variations as spring from the introduction of another personal equation. An American artist has joined the Persian poet and the English translator, and the result is a trio which presents the original strain in a richer, profounder harmony.

The form in which the Rubáiyát are now presented is the artist's throughout, with as little mechanical aid as was possible. The original designs here engraved include the text in the half-cursive, half-formal characters which an artist would employ in order to adjust the relation of text to decoration. In the book the space assigned has been undisturbed, but the lettering has been replaced by careful hand-work in bold reproduction of the best type-forms. Excellent as this is, one wishes that the artist's own hand had traced the characters, even at the risk of some slight obscurity; there would have been a trifle more unification of text and design. The drawings thus amended have been reproduced by the albertype process, which is, in effect, a photographic fac-simile in a single color. The original designs in some cases had two tints, and there is, therefore, an occasional flatness in the reproductions when compared with the originals. While, as always happens in any mechanical process, some of the spiritual quality of the original work has evaporated, the loss is slighter than could have occurred in any translation where the activity of another mind found expression. In an engraving there may indeed be gain; there can be no gain in a strictly mechanical process, but there are degrees of loss, and, short of a study of the original designs, the reproduction is quite as satisfactory as one could well ask.

We have said that the form is the artist's throughout, and it is a pleasure to see how minutely he has carried out his conception, leaving absolutely nothing to the printer but to take impressions of the prints furnished him by the artist, and nothing to the binder but to bind the leaves strongly together; for the artist has supplied cover, title-page, printer's device, and even lining-paper, and he has made all these apparently formal or conventional parts of the book instinct with the life of the book itself. Thus the swirl which appears on the cover is a deep note sounding at the very entrance of the book. It represents the moment and the instant of life, the gradual concentration of the elements, the pause as the movement is reversed, and then the ever-widening dispersion again into the primitive elements. Throughout the book this swirl recurs now and again; it is the bass in the harmony. The potter's jar which forms the homely incident, so to speak, of the poem, is here, also, its full proportions interrupted by the vine-leaf, as in the poem the vine constantly runs athwart human life. Stars, too, there are, of differing magnitude, set in cloudy


49
So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

heavens, as in the poem the astronomer is the poet, and celestial things are a part of the vicinage of life. So, too, the background of the title-page is again the potter's jar, in another form, with vine-leaves and grape-clusters, and suggestions of the elements of earth, air, and water, with the swirl of life drawing the thought to that firm central reality of To-day, which poet and artist alike seek by so many subtle means to make as real as they know it to be. The printer's device presents a figure by a river-side launching paper boats in the stream, watching those which are on the tide, and holding another ready for venture. The lining-paper is a decorative composition of flower and fruit, with the trail of the serpent over it all, while the vine, emblematic of the good in life, sends out its tendrils. The frontispiece shows Omar in the midst of his companions, looking down from a vine-clad arch upon a group below, a tablet on the wall containing one of the quatrains:

> "Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
> Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
> Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
> Than sadden after none or bitter fruit."

By Omar are five companions bearing wine, or playing upon musical instruments, or leaning, with peacock fan in hand, in the opening of the arch,— all careless, or, if intent at all, intent on pleasure. Below are the ambitious warrior, the miser, the student, the theologian. Finally, facing the first stanzas of the poem, is Omar's emblem of a nightingale singing on a skull, while the rose of yesterday is floating away on the stream. A worm has found its way into the bud and caused the leaves to fall from it. Again the swirl, while the crumpled leaves of the rose have a suggestion of repetition in the folds of the prophet's mantle, upon which the title of the poem and the poet's name are written.

Thus the preliminaries of the work have already in a degree initiated the eye. A few simple symbols have been employed, a clew has been given to the mystery of the Rubáiyát, and the artist's own temper and attitude have been shown. Indeed, it is worth while to halt a moment at the frontispiece, which gathers the external meaning of the poem into a very intelligible, frank form, to observe the spirit in which Mr. Vedder has treated the subject, since it affords one key to his involution of the poem. He has refused to be bound by a strict obedience to the letter of Omar Khayyám's poem; he has been faithful to the spirit of it, so faithful that Omar might well say that this painter had carried his thought now and then a step beyond on the same lines. In illustration of this, it is to be noted that there is no attempt at strict conformity with a Persian standard. The incident of Persia is treated as lightly as it is treated in Fitzgerald's translation. One feels a subtle presence of the Persian mood, but he knows that as the poem transcends its locality, so the designs which accompany it are not restricted by any hard and fast definitions of East and West. Mr. Vedder neither follows a literal, archæological treatment, nor does he throw away the advantage offered by the remoteness in place and time of the poem. He has adopted, so to speak, a convention of his own, which is faithful to great types.

Thus, to return to the frontispiece, the ambitious warrior hints, in face and insignia, at Roman imperialism; the theologian, at Roman ecclesiasticism; the miser, at Moorish rapacity; the scholar, at Eastern occult science. Indeed, one is permitted to fancy, from a certain resemblance in face and dress, a certain difference in expression, that Omar the chapleted poet looks down upon Omar the perplexed and inquiring astronomer. These characteristics are generalized rather than specialized; as we said, there are hints of the types employed, and the spectator is neither teased into a learned inquiry nor annoyed by incongruities. He is simply freed from much concern as to the proprieties and bidden look straight at the men and women themselves.

In the freedom of his use of the material at hand, Mr. Vedder has re-arranged the quatrains to suit the better purposes of the constructive art of the series. We cannot go through the work *seriatim*. Unless one had the design before him, an analysis of the *motif* in each would not be very profitable reading, and we should be tempted, moreover, into an interminable description, for the wealth of symbolism starts one perpetually on new roads of inquiry. A comment on the Rubáiyát would, from the nature of the verse, be itself a volume. Vedder's designs supply such a comment, and when one comes to comment on the commentary — "What! follow a man who is following a man!"

Some glimpse can be had of the manifold interest of the work, by taking up the few examples* which are here reproduced through the medium of wood-engraving. The original drawings vary in size, but retain the same proportions; in the albertypes they are all brought to a scale of twelve inches in height by nine in breadth. The Cup of Death stands nearly midway in the series. It stands opposite the design of the Cup of Love, where Love, in the form of woman, offers the cup to

* Reproduced by arrangement with Mr. Vedder and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers of his work.

man, who takes it with hesitation, accepting it with one trembling hand, while with the other he doubts if he ought not to put aside the gift. The contrast thus is a double one, for here it is Love who is constrained to drink of the cup offered by the angel of Death. With one hand he puts it to her lips, with the other he draws her, unresistant, to him. His wings, tipped with light, mark the activity of his being; his face, fixed as fate, changes not, and his lips do not press Love's hand laid helpless on his arm. She, clad in a robe which has the lines of flame, her arm dropped listlessly by her side, receives the cup as a fate, not as a gift. Her face has the calmness of sleep. It is noticeable how, with no river moving by, the figures nevertheless are, to the eye, moving down irresistibly into the fatal flood.

This design is followed by the Suicide; for if death is to be accepted in the same spirit as life is to be welcomed, then might one choose to take advantage of the offer, reach out for the cup, and drink the draught which is to bring a change. In the cripple who goes by, looking askance and with a certain severity of judgment upon the lifeless body, the artist has meant to typify the vast majority of mankind who prefer to remain in this "clay carcass" with which they are familiar. He sees, however, only the clay carcass. To us it is given to see the book which has absorbed the spirit of the man who lies there; that is, we are advised by this that the man was a man of thought, and if a man of thought, then he was aware of the limitations of his bodily existence, and had known of the air of heaven, never breathed by the cripple. He has wounded himself in his head, for there was the seat of this higher knowledge; and as he lies, entangled in his earthly robes, the soul rises, flinging aside its garments, which float off as a vapor, and itself plunges upward to where the stars move in their fiery course. The *motif* reminds one, by contrast, of the well-known design by Blake, in his series illustrating Blair's "Grave," where the soul is reluctant to leave the body, and hovers over it, drawn by its placid rest.

One of the most notable of the designs not included in our examples takes its subject from the quatrain,

> "The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
> Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

The recording angel, with unmoving eyes and lips, traces upon the leaves of a book; two figures attend it, one bringing, the other taking away, the record, seeing with painful gaze the crowd that comes and the crowd that goes; all three have their ears bandaged that they may not hear the cries of humanity. There is a dramatic painting of great power, by Armitage, in which the figures shown are those of noble Roman ladies witnessing a gladiatorial show. The spectator does not see the show; he sees the reflection of it in the faces of these dames. Somewhat thus is it here. Without the lower half of the design one might see in the faces of the three angels the sight they look upon. A further appeal is made to the ear, to use a violent phrase; for below, even reaching up to the bar of judgment, are supplicating hands—hands that are clasped in agonized entreaty; hands of strong men; hands of beautiful women; hands which even touch the book of judgment as they strain upward, thrust, as it were, into the unpitying stone. Here the imagination of the artist makes a very quick impact upon the imagination of the spectator.

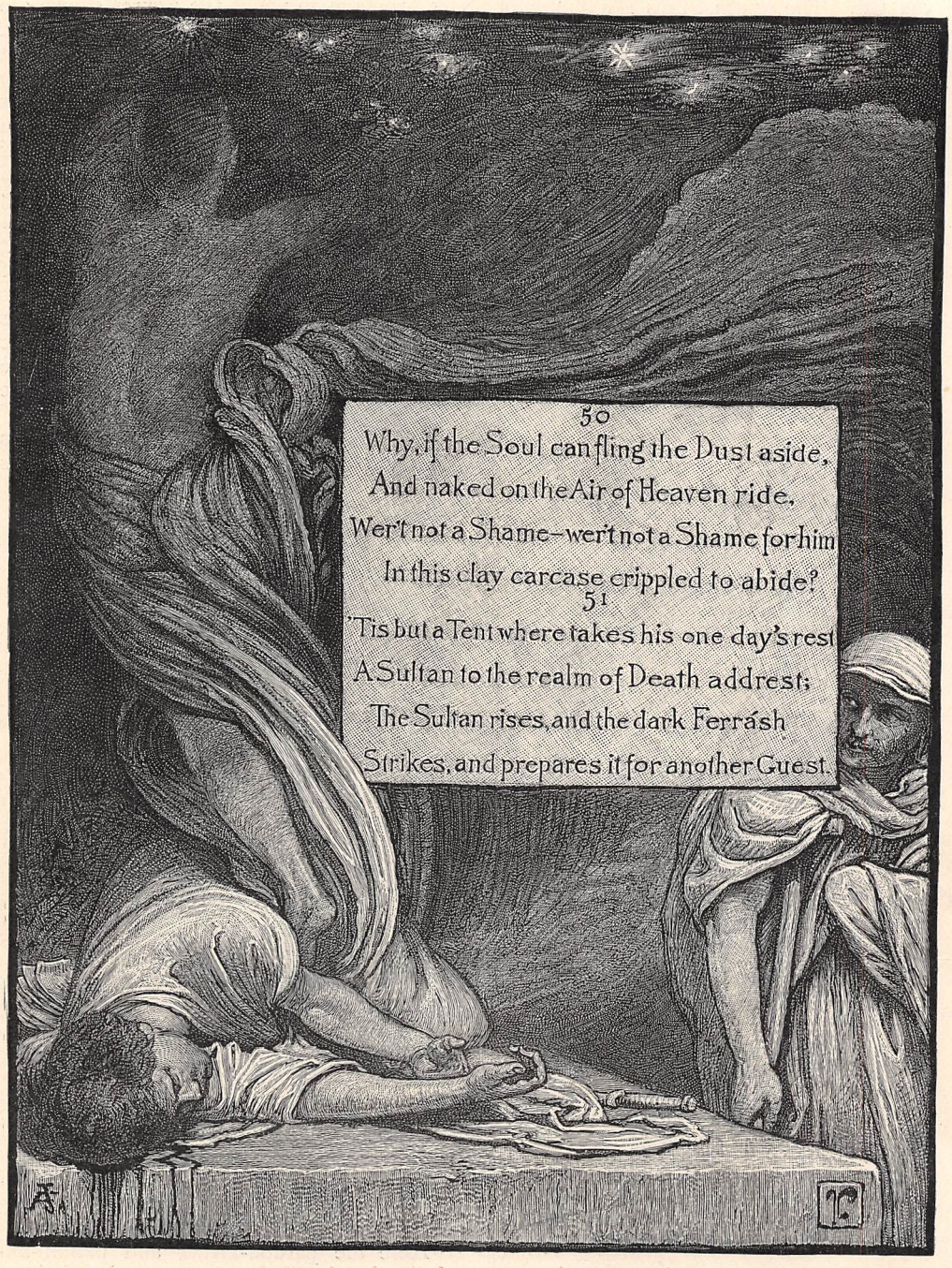
"Observe well the hands and feet," says Blake, and the hands throughout this series



are made significant. Very full of meaning is the design which symbolizes the verse,

> "Oh Thou, who man of baser earth didst make,
> And ev'n with Paradise devise the snake;
> For all the sin wherewith the face of man
> Is blacken'd, man's forgiveness give—and take!"

Here the pardon-giving and pardon-imploring hands, filled with the tangled skein of human life, are instinct with meaning; they are thrust out of the dark mystery, and the tangled skein forms itself into that mystic swirl which is never absent from the painter's thought.


50
Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?
51
'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

The final design concerns the last two quatrains, with their tender *in memoriam* strain. Does death end all? Even the poet, who half suspects it, turns upon his own speculation, and seems to petition for at least a continuance of life in the memory of his friends. The poppies stand in the garden, but Love bends sorrowful over the grave upon which she has turned down the empty glass, the form of which, by the way, is from the shallow Persian wine-cup, the same form being preserved throughout the work.

The artist's notes, which have helped us in our reading of his designs, give a quaint significance to his signature, which he fancies may represent the high and low notes, the light and shade in which the work is done. A broken reed has been hastily plucked and rudely fashioned, but the double pipe thus formed is yet capable of producing some music worthy of the listening ear.

The designs thus rapidly described constitute but a small part of the work, which includes some fifty-five pages. It has been impossible in this brief paper to attempt any interpretation of the synthesis of the artist's complete work, but the reader will have caught some hints of it. It may be said, at least, that Mr. Vedder by his design has enlarged the compass of the whole poem. The Rubáiyát were in a measure fragmentary, although they may easily have answered to a whole in Omar's mind. The quatrains by Fitzgerald bring together the scattered parts, and hint at a series. As they now stand, in Mr. Vedder's arrangement and with the enrichment of his decoration, they have taken on an almost systematic form. Certainly the work ought now to be regarded as a whole; it has a firmness of conception which is largely due to the strong setting it has received, for Mr. Vedder's range of illustration has made the poem no longer a Persian song, but one to which voices contribute from many quarters.

It is entirely possible to maintain that by this treatment the poem has gradually undergone a transformation, and that it has been taken too seriously. There is, no doubt, a lightness in the verse itself, a delicate playing with forms and symbols that must not be pressed too closely for their meaning, and, in general, a view of life which is not necessarily even Omar's final creed. It is more to the point to consider what we now have as an independent song of life and death. Into this subject we do not purpose to go. Doubtless the Rubáiyát, under Mr. Vedder's interpretation, echoes the strain which rises to many lips to-day. It is nevertheless quite permissible for one to recognize the truth and the sadness and sweetness in it who yet finds the *Te Deum Laudamus* a profounder hymn of humanity; or, if he must seek an Oriental interpretation of the human and the divine, may be better satisfied with the Book of Job.

H. E. Scudder.



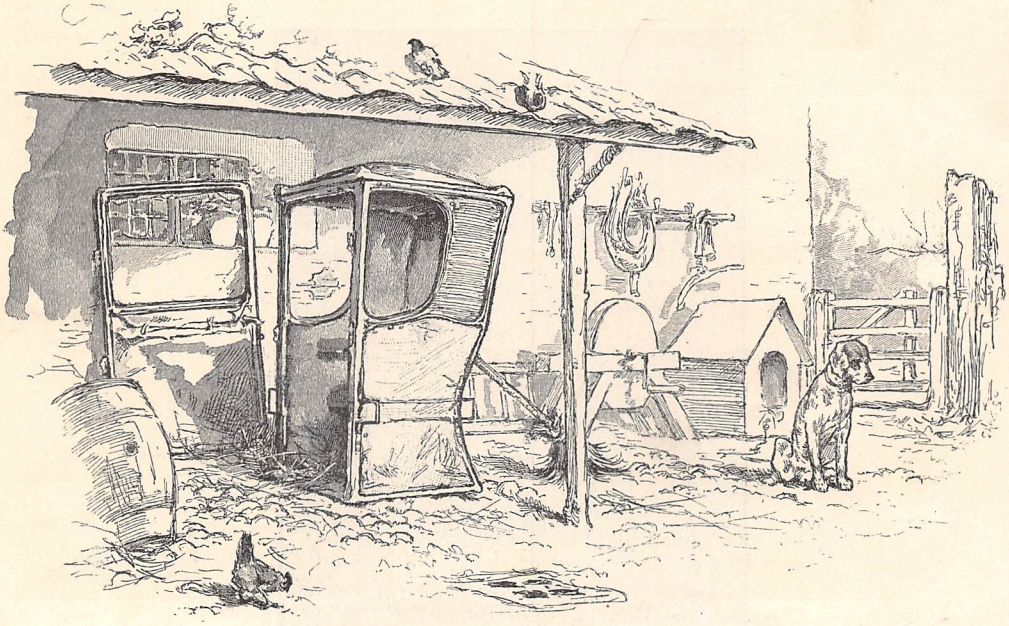
THE OLD SEDAN CHAIR.

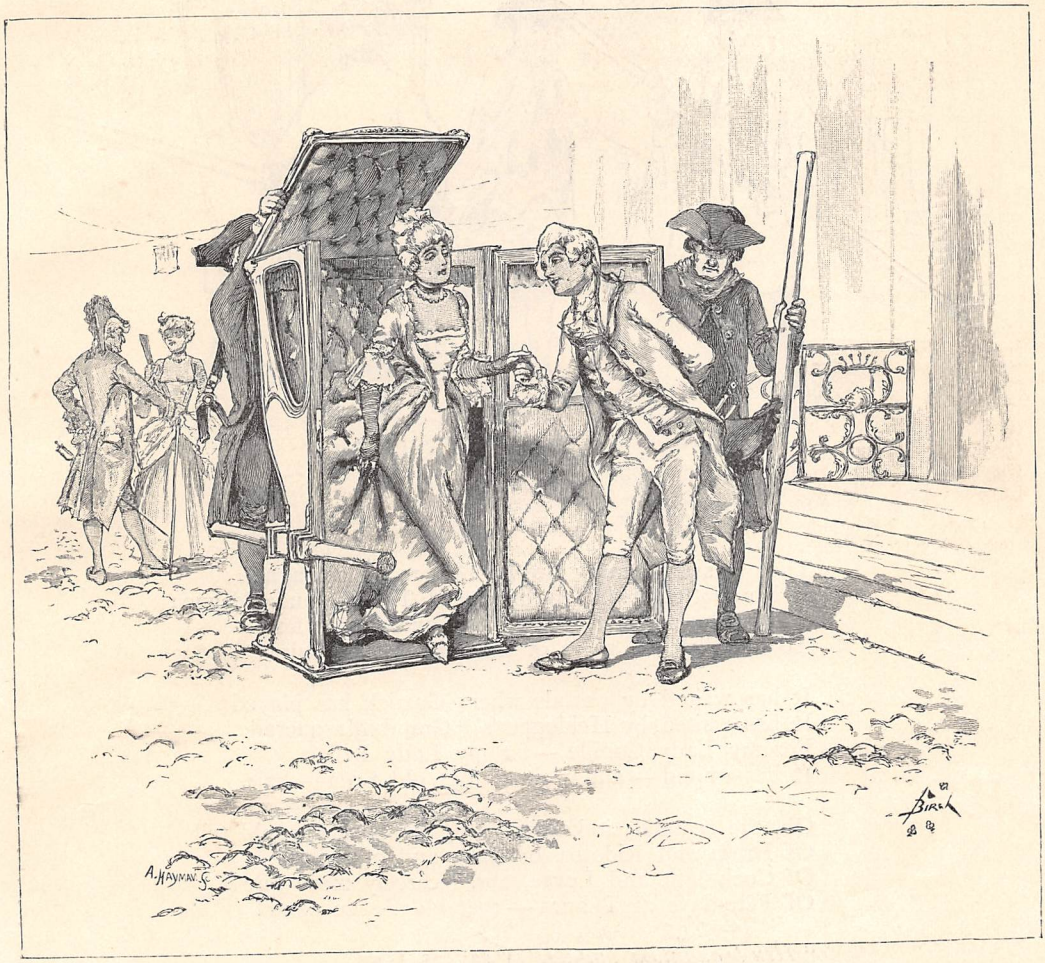
"What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy—and where's the May-pole in the Strand?"
Bramston's "Art of Politics."

IT STANDS in the stable-yard under the eaves,
Propped up by a broom-stick and covered with leaves.
It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,
But now 'tis a ruin — that old Sedan chair.

It is battered and tattered,— it little avails
That once it was lacquered, and glistened with nails;
For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square —
Like a canvas by Wilkie — that old Sedan chair!

See,— here came the bearing-straps; here were the holes
For the poles of the bearers — when once there were poles;
It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with hair —
As the birds have discovered — that old Sedan chair.





"Where's Troy?" says the poet! Here, under the seat,
Is a nest with four eggs;—'tis the favored retreat
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare swear,
Quite an army of chicks in that old Sedan chair!

And yet — can't you fancy her face in the frame
Of the window,— some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan chair?

Can't you fancy Sir Plume, as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,—
With his cinnamon coat, and his laced solitaire,—
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan chair?



Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague;
Stout fellows,— but prone, on a question of fare,
To brandish the poles of that old Sedan chair!

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played;
It has waited by Heidegger's "Grand Masquerade";
For my Lady Codille,— for my Lady Bellair,
It has waited — and waited, that old Sedan chair.

Oh, the scandals it knows! Oh, the tales it could tell
Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle,—
Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare!)
Of Fête-days at Tyburn — that old Sedan chair!

"*Heu! quantum mutata*," I say as I go.
It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though!
We must furbish it up, and dispatch it,—"With Care"—
To a Fine-Art Museum — that old Sedan chair!

Austin Dobson.



THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

I.

WHEN Bartley Hubbard went to interview Silas Lapham for the "Solid Men of Boston" series, which he undertook to finish up in "The Events," after he replaced their original projector on that newspaper, Lapham received him in his private office by previous appointment.

"Walk right in!" he called out to the journalist, whom he caught sight of through the door of the counting-room.

He did not rise from the desk at which he was writing, but he gave Bartley his left hand for welcome, and he rolled his large head in the direction of a vacant chair. "Sit down! I'll be with you in just half a minute."

"Take your time," said Bartley, with the ease he instantly felt. "I'm in no hurry." He took a note-book from his pocket, laid it on his knee, and began to sharpen a pencil.

"There!" Lapham pounded with his great hairy fist on the envelope he had been addressing. "William!" he called out, and he handed the letter to a boy who came to get it. "I want that to go right away. Well, sir," he continued, wheeling round in his leather-cushioned swivel-chair, and facing Bartley, seated so near that their knees almost touched, "so you want my life, death, and Christian sufferings, do you, young man?"

"That's what I'm after," said Bartley. "Your money or your life."

"I guess you wouldn't want my life without the money," said Lapham, as if he were willing to prolong these moments of preparation.

"Take 'em both," Bartley suggested. "Don't want your money without your life, if you come to that. But you're just one million times more interesting to the public than if you hadn't a dollar; and you know that as well as I do, Mr. Lapham. There's no use beating about the bush."

"No," said Lapham, somewhat absently. He put out his huge foot and pushed the ground-glass door shut between his little den and the book-keepers, in their larger den outside.

"In personal appearance," wrote Bartley in the sketch for which he now studied his subject, while he waited patiently for him to continue, "Silas Lapham is a fine type of the successful American. He has a square, bold chin, only partially concealed by the short, reddish-gray beard, growing to the edges of his firmly closing lips. His nose is short and straight; his forehead good, but broad rather than high; his eyes blue, and with a light in them that is kindly or sharp according to his mood. He is of medium height, and fills an average arm-chair with a solid bulk, which, on the day of our interview, was unpretentiously clad in a business suit of blue serge. His head droops somewhat from a short neck, which does not trouble itself to rise far from a pair of massive shoulders."

"I don't know as I know just where you want me to begin," said Lapham.

"Might begin with your birth; that's where most of us begin," replied Bartley.

A gleam of humorous appreciation shot into Lapham's blue eyes.

"I didn't know whether you wanted me to go quite so far back as that," he said. "But there's no disgrace in having been born, and I was born in the State of Vermont, pretty well up under the Canada line—so well up, in fact, that I came very near being an adoptive citizen; for I was bound to be an American of *some* sort, from the word Go! That was about—well, let me see!—pretty near sixty years ago: this is '75, and that was '20. Well, say I'm fifty-five years old; and I've *lived* 'em, too; not an hour of waste time about *me*, anywheres! I was born on a farm, and——"

"Worked in the fields summers and went to school winters: regulation thing?" Bartley cut in.

"Regulation thing," said Lapham, accepting this irreverent version of his history somewhat dryly.

"Parents poor, of course," suggested the journalist. "Any barefoot business? Early deprivations of any kind, that would encourage the youthful reader to go and do likewise? Orphan myself, you know," said Bartley, with a smile of cynical good comradery.

Lapham looked at him silently, and then said with quiet self-respect, "I guess if you see these things as a joke, my life won't inter*est* you."

"Oh, yes, it will," returned Bartley, unabashed. "You'll see; it'll come out all right." And in fact it did so, in the interview which Bartley printed.

"Mr. Lapham," he wrote, "passed rapidly over the story of his early life, its poverty and its hardships, sweetened, however, by the recollections of a devoted mother, and a father

who, if somewhat her inferior in education, was no less ambitious for the advancement of his children. They were quiet, unpretentious people, religious, after the fashion of that time, and of sterling morality, and they taught their children the simple virtues of the Old Testament and Poor Richard's Almanac."

Bartley could not deny himself this gibe; but he trusted to Lapham's unliterary habit of mind for his security in making it, and most other people would consider it sincere reporter's rhetoric.

"You know," he explained to Lapham, "that we have to look at all these facts as material, and we get the habit of classifying them. Sometimes a leading question will draw out a whole line of facts that a man himself would never think of." He went on to put several queries, and it was from Lapham's answers that he generalized the history of his childhood. "Mr. Lapham, although he did not dwell on his boyish trials and struggles, spoke of them with deep feeling and an abiding sense of their reality." This was what he added in the interview, and by the time he had got Lapham past the period where risen Americans are all pathetically alike in their narrow circumstances, their sufferings, and their aspirations, he had beguiled him into forgetfulness of the check he had received, and had him talking again in perfect enjoyment of his autobiography.

"Yes, sir," said Lapham, in a strain which Bartley was careful not to interrupt again, "a man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it. Why, *my* mother —" he stopped. "It gives me a lump in the throat," he said apologetically, with an attempt at a laugh. Then he went on: "She was a little, frail thing, not bigger than a good-sized intermediate school-girl; but she did the whole work of a family of boys, and boarded the hired men besides. She cooked, swept, washed, ironed, made and mended from daylight till dark — and from dark till daylight, I was going to say; for I don't know how she got any time for sleep. But I suppose she did. She got time to go to church, and to teach us to read the Bible, and to misunderstand it in the old way. She was *good*. But it aint her on her knees in church that comes back to me so much like the sight of an angel, as her on her knees before me at night, washing my poor, dirty little feet, that I'd run bare in all day, and making me decent for bed. There were six of us boys; it seems to me we were all of a size; and she was just so careful with all of us. I can feel her hands on my feet yet!" Bartley looked at Lapham's No. 10 boots and softly whistled through his teeth. "We were patched all over; but we wa'n't ragged. *I* don't know how she got through it. She didn't seem to think it was anything; and I guess it was no more than my father expected of her. *He* worked like a horse in doors and out — up at daylight, feeding the stock, and groaning round all day with his rheumatism, but not stopping."

Bartley hid a yawn over his note-book, and probably, if he could have spoken his mind, he would have suggested to Lapham that he was not there for the purpose of interviewing his ancestry. But Bartley had learned to practice a patience with his victims which he did not always feel, and to feign an interest in their digressions till he could bring them up with a round turn.

"I tell you," said Lapham, jabbing the point of his penknife into the writing-pad on the desk before him, "when I hear women complaining nowadays that their lives are stunted and empty, I want to tell 'em about my *mother's* life. *I* could paint it out for 'em."

Bartley saw his opportunity at the word paint, and cut in. "And you say, Mr. Lapham, that you discovered this mineral paint on the old farm yourself?"

Lapham acquiesced in the return to business. "*I* didn't discover it," he said, scrupulously. "My father found it one day, in a hole made by a tree blowing down. There it was, laying loose in the pit, and sticking to the roots that had pulled up a big cake of dirt with 'em. *I* don't know what give him the idea that there was money in it, but he did think so from the start. I guess, if they'd had the word in those days, they'd considered him pretty much of a crank about it. He was trying as long as he lived to get that paint introduced; but he couldn't make it go. The country was so poor they couldn't paint their houses with anything; and father hadn't any facilities. It got to be a kind of joke with us; and I guess that paint-mine did as much as any one thing to make us boys clear out as soon as we got old enough. All my brothers went West and took up land; but I hung on to New England, and I hung on to the old farm, not because the paint-mine was on it, but because the old house was — and the graves. Well," said Lapham, as if unwilling to give himself too much credit, "there wouldn't been any market for it, anyway. You can go through that part of the State and buy more farms than you can shake a stick at for less money than it cost to build the barns on 'em. Of course, it's turned out a good thing. I keep the old house up in good shape, and we spend a month or so there every summer. M' wife kind of likes it, and the girls. Pretty place; sightly all round

it. I've got a force of men at work there the whole time, and I've got a man and his wife in the house. Had a family meeting there last year; the whole connection from out West. There!" Lapham rose from his seat and took down a large warped, unframed photograph from the top of his desk, passing his hand over it, and then blowing vigorously upon it, to clear it of the dust. "There we are, *all* of us."

"I don't need to look twice at *you*," said Bartley, putting his finger on one of the heads.

"Well, that's Bill," said Lapham, with a gratified laugh. "He's about as brainy as any of us, I guess. He's one of their leading lawyers, out Dubuque way; been judge of the Common Pleas once or twice. That's his son —just graduated at Yale—alongside of my youngest girl. Good-looking chap, aint he?"

"*She's* a good-looking chap," said Bartley, with prompt irreverence. He hastened to add, at the frown which gathered between Lapham's eyes, "What a beautiful creature she is! What a lovely, refined, sensitive face! And she looks *good*, too."

"She *is* good," said the father, relenting.

"And, after all, that's about the best thing in a woman," said the potential reprobate. "If my wife wasn't good enough to keep both of us straight, I don't know what would become of me."

"My other daughter," said Lapham, indicating a girl with eyes that showed large, and a face of singular gravity. "Mis' Lapham," he continued, touching his wife's effigy with his little finger. "My brother Willard and his family — farm at Kankakee. Hazard Lapham and his wife — Baptist preacher in Kansas. Jim and his three girls —milling business at Minneapolis. Ben and his family — practicing medicine in Fort Wayne."

The figures were clustered in an irregular group in front of an old farm-house, whose original ugliness had been smartened up with a coat of Lapham's own paint and heightened with an incongruous piazza. The photographer had not been able to conceal the fact that they were all decent, honest-looking, sensible people, with a very fair share of beauty among the young girls; some of these were extremely pretty, in fact. He had put them into awkward and constrained attitudes, of course; and they all looked as if they had the instrument of torture which photographers call a head-rest under their occiputs. Here and there an elderly lady's face was a mere blur; and some of the younger children had twitched themselves into wavering shadows, and might have passed for spirit-photographs of their own little ghosts. It was the standard family-group photograph, in which most Americans have figured at some time or other; and Lapham exhibited a just satisfaction in it. "I presume," he mused aloud, as he put it back on top of his desk, "that we sha'n't soon get together again, all of us."

"And you say," suggested Bartley, "that you staid right along on the old place, when the rest cleared out West?"

"No-o-o-o," said Lapham, with a long, loud drawl; "I cleared out West too, first off. Went to Texas. Texas was all the cry in those days. But I got enough of the Lone Star in about three months, and I come back with the idea that Vermont was good enough for me."

"Fatted calf business?" queried Bartley, with his pencil poised above his note-book.

"I presume they were glad to see me," said Lapham, with dignity. "Mother," he added gently, "died that winter, and I staid on with father. I buried him in the spring; and then I came down to a little place called Lumberville, and picked up what jobs I could get. I worked round at the saw-mills, and I was ostler awhile at the hotel — I always *did* like a good horse. Well, I *wa'n't* exactly a college graduate, and I went to school odd times. I got to driving the stage after while, and by and by I *bought* the stage and run the business myself. Then I hired the tavern-stand, and — well, to make a long story short, then I got married. Yes," said Lapham, with pride, "I married the school-teacher. We did pretty well with the hotel, and my wife she was always at me to paint up. Well, I put it off, and *put* it off, as a man will, till one day I give in, and says I, 'Well, *let's* paint up. Why, Pert,'—m'wife's name's Persis,—'I've got a whole paint-mine out on the farm. Let's go out and look at it.' So we drove out. I'd let the place for seventy-five dollars a year to a shiftless kind of a Kanuck that had come down that way; and I'd hated to see the house with him in it; but we drove out one Saturday afternoon, and we brought back about a bushel of the stuff in the buggy-seat, and I tried it crude, and I tried it burnt; and I liked it. M'wife she liked it, too. There wa'n't any painter by trade in the village, and I mixed it myself. Well, sir, that tavern's got that coat of paint on it yet, and it haint ever had any other, and I don't know's it ever will. Well, you know, I felt as if it was a kind of a harumscarum experiment, all the while; and I presume I shouldn't have tried it, but I kind of liked to do it because father'd always set so much store by his paint-mine. And when I'd got the first coat on,"— Lapham called it *cut*,— "I presume I must have set as much as half an hour, looking at it and thinking how he would have enjoyed it. I've had my share of luck in this world, and I aint a-going to complain on my *own* account, but I've noticed that most things get along

too late for most people. It made me feel bad, and it took all the pride out my success with the paint, thinking of father. Seemed to me I might 'a' taken more interest in it when he was by to see; but we've got to live and learn. Well, I called my wife out,— I'd tried it on the back of the house, you know,— and she left her dishes,— I can remember she came out with her sleeves rolled up and set down alongside of me on the trestle,— and says I, 'What do you think, Persis?' And says she, 'Well, you haint got a paint-mine, Silas Lapham; you've got a *gold*-mine.' She always was just so enthusiastic about things. Well, it was just after two or three boats had burnt up out West, and a lot of lives lost, and there was a great cry about non-inflammable paint, and I guess that was what was in her mind. 'Well, I guess it aint any gold-mine, Persis,' says I; 'but I guess it *is* a paint-mine. I'm going to have it analyzed, and if it turns out what I think it is, I'm going to work it. And if father hadn't had such a long name, I should call it the Nehemiah Lapham Mineral Paint. But, any rate, every barrel of it, and every keg, and every bottle, and every package, big or little, has got to have the initials and figures N. L. f. 1835, S. L. t. 1855, on it. Father found it in 1835, and I tried it in 1855.'"

"'S. T.— 1860 — X.' business," said Bartley.

"Yes," said Lapham, "but I hadn't heard of Plantation Bitters then, and I hadn't seen any of the fellow's labels. I set to work and I got a man down from Boston; and I carried him out to the farm, and he analyzed it — made a regular job of it. Well, sir, we built a kiln, and we kept a lot of that paint-ore red-hot for forty-eight hours; kept the Kanuck and his family up, firing. The presence of iron in the ore showed with the magnet from the start; and when he came to test it, he found out that it contained about seventy-five per cent. of the peroxide of iron."

Lapham pronounced the scientific phrases with a sort of reverent satisfaction, as if awed through his pride by a little lingering uncertainty as to what peroxide was. He accented it as if it were purr-ox-*eyed;* and Bartley had to get him to spell it.

"Well, and what then?" he asked, when he had made a note of the percentage.

"What then?" echoed Lapham. "Well, then, the fellow set down and told me, 'You've got a paint here,' says he, 'that's going to drive every other mineral paint out of the market. Why,' says he, 'it'll drive 'em right into the Back Bay!' Of course, *I* didn't know what the Back Bay was then; but I begun to open my eyes; thought I'd had 'em open before, but I guess I hadn't. Says he, 'That paint has got hydraulic cement in it, and it can stand fire and water and acids'; he named over a lot of things. Says he, 'It'll mix easily with linseed oil, whether you want to use it boiled or raw; and it aint a-going to crack nor fade any; and it aint a-going to scale. When you've got your arrangements for burning it properly, you're going to have a paint that will stand like the everlasting hills, in every climate under the sun.' Then he went into a lot of particulars, and I begun to think he was drawing a long bow, and meant to make his bill accordingly. So I kept pretty cool; but the fellow's bill didn't amount to anything hardly — said I might pay him after I got going; young chap, and pretty easy; but every word he said was gospel. Well, I aint a-going to brag up my paint; I don't suppose you came here to hear me blow ——"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Bartley. "That's what I want. Tell all there is to tell, and I can boil it down afterward. A man can't make a greater mistake with a reporter than to hold back anything out of modesty. It may be the very thing we want to know. What we want is the whole truth, and more; we've got so much modesty of our own that we can temper almost any statement.

Lapham looked as if he did not quite like this tone, and he resumed a little more quietly. "Oh, there isn't really very much more to say about the paint itself. But you can use it for almost anything where a paint is wanted, inside or out. It'll prevent decay, and it'll stop it, after it's begun, in tin or iron. You can paint the inside of a cistern or a bath-tub with it, and water wont hurt it; and you can paint a steam-boiler with it, and heat wont. You can cover a brick wall with it, or a railroad car, or the deck of a steam-boat, and you can't do a better thing for either."

"Never tried it on the human conscience, I suppose," suggested Bartley.

"No, sir," replied Lapham, gravely. "I guess you want to keep that as free from paint as you can, if you want much use of it. I never cared to try any of it on mine." Lapham suddenly lifted his bulk up out of his swivel-chair, and led the way out into the wareroom beyond the office partitions, where rows and ranks of casks, barrels, and kegs stretched dimly back to the rear of the building, and diffused an honest, clean, wholesome smell of oil and paint. They were labeled and branded as containing each so many pounds of Lapham's Mineral Paint, and each bore the mystic devices, *N. L. f. 1835 — S. L. t. 1855*. "There!" said Lapham, kicking one of the largest casks with the toe of his boot, "that's about our biggest package; and here," he added, laying his hand affectionately

on the head of a very small keg, as if it were the head of a child, which it resembled in size, "this is the smallest. We used to put the paint on the market dry, but now we grind every ounce of it in oil — very best quality of linseed oil — and warrant it. We find it gives more satisfaction. Now, come back to the office, and I'll show you our fancy brands."

It was very cool and pleasant in that dim wareroom, with the rafters showing overhead in a cloudy perspective, and darkening away into the perpetual twilight at the rear of the building; and Bartley had found an agreeable seat on the head of a half-barrel of the paint, which he was reluctant to leave. But he rose and followed the vigorous lead of Lapham back to the office, where the sun of a long summer afternoon was just beginning to glare in at the window. On shelves opposite Lapham's desk were tin cans of various sizes, arranged in tapering cylinders, and showing, in a pattern diminishing toward the top, the same label borne by the casks and barrels in the wareroom. Lapham merely waved his hand toward these; but when Bartley, after a comprehensive glance at them, gave his whole attention to a row of clean, smooth jars, where different tints of the paint showed through flawless glass, Lapham smiled and waited in pleased expectation.

"Hello!" said Bartley. "That's pretty!"

"Yes," assented Lapham, "it is rather nice. It's our latest thing, and we find it takes with customers first-rate. Look here!" he said, taking down one of the jars, and pointing to the first line of the label.

Bartley read, "THE PERSIS BRAND," and then he looked at Lapham and smiled.

"After *her*, of course," said Lapham. "Got it up and put the first of it on the market her last birthday. She was pleased."

"I should think she might have been," said Bartley, while he made a note of the appearance of the jars.

"I don't know about your mentioning it in your interview," said Lapham, dubiously.

"That's going into the interview, Mr. Lapham, if nothing else does. Got a wife myself, and I know just how you feel." It was in the dawn of Bartley's prosperity on the "Boston Events," before his troubles with Marcia had seriously begun.

"Is that so?" said Lapham, recognizing with a smile another of the vast majority of married Americans; a few hate their wives, but nearly all the rest think them supernal in intelligence and capability. "Well," he added, "we must see about that. Where'd you say you lived?"

"We don't live; we board. Mrs. Nash, 13 Canary Place."

"Well, we've all got to commence that way," suggested Lapham, consolingly.

"Yes; but we've about got to the end of our string. I expect to be under a roof of my own on Clover street before long. I suppose," said Bartley, returning to business, "that you didn't let the grass grow under your feet much after you found out what was in your paint-mine?"

"No, sir," answered Lapham, withdrawing his eyes from a long stare at Bartley, in which he had been seeing himself a young man again, in the first days of his married life. "I went right back to Lumberville and sold out everything, and put all I could rake and scrape together into paint. And Mis' Lapham was with me every time. No hang back about *her*. I tell you she was a *woman!*"

Bartley laughed. "That's the sort most of us marry."

"No, we don't," said Lapham. "Most of us marry silly little girls grown up to *look* like women."

"Well, I guess that's about so," assented Bartley, as if upon second thought.

"If it hadn't been for her," resumed Lapham, "the paint wouldn't have come to anything. I used to tell her it wa'n't the seventy-five per cent. of purr-ox-eyed of iron in the *ore* that made that paint go; it was the seventy-five per cent. of purr-ox-eyed of iron in *her*."

"Good!" cried Bartley. "I'll tell Marcia that."

"In less'n six months there wa'n't a board-fence, nor a bridge-girder, nor a dead wall, nor a barn, nor a face of rock in that whole region that didn't have 'Lapham's Mineral Paint — Specimen' on it in the three colors we begun by making." Bartley had taken his seat on the window-sill, and Lapham, standing before him, now put up his huge foot close to Bartley's thigh; neither of them minded that.

"I've heard a good deal of talk about that S. T.— 1860 — X. man, and the stove-blacking man, and the kidney-cure man, because they advertised in that way; and I've read articles about it in the papers; but I don't see where the joke comes in, exactly. So long as the people that own the barns and fences don't object, I don't see what the public has got to do with it. And I never saw anything so very sacred about a big rock, along a river or in a pasture that it wouldn't do to put mineral paint on it in three colors. I wish some of the people that talk about the landscape, and *write* about it, had to bu'st one of them rocks *out* of the landscape with powder, or dig a hole to bury it in, as we used to have to do up on the farm; I guess they'd sing a little different tune about the profanation of scenery. There aint any man enjoys a sightly

bit of nature — a smooth piece of interval, with half a dozen good-sized wine-glass elms in it — more than *I* do. But I aint a-going to stand up for every big ugly rock I come across, as if we were all a set of dumn Druids. I say the landscape was made for man, and not man for the landscape."

"Yes," said Bartley, carelessly; "it was made for the stove-polish man and the kidney-cure man."

"It was made for any man that knows how to use it," Lapham returned, insensible to Bartley's irony. "Let 'em go and live with nature in the *winter*, up there along the Canada line, and I guess they'll get enough of her for one while. Well — where was I?"

"Decorating the landscape," said Bartley.

"Yes, sir; I started right there at Lumberville, and it give the place a start, too. You wont find it on the map now; and you wont find it in the gazetteer. I give a pretty good lump of money to build a town-hall, about five years back, and the first meeting they held in it they voted to change the name,— Lumberville *wa'n't* a name,— and it's Lapham now."

"Isn't it somewhere up in that region that they get the old Brandon red?" asked Bartley.

"We're about fifty miles from Brandon. The Brandon's a good paint," said Lapham, conscientiously. "Like to show you round up at our place some odd time, if you get off."

"Thanks. I should like it first-rate. Works there?"

"Yes; Works there. Well, sir, just about the time I got started, the war broke out; and it knocked my paint higher than a kite. The thing dropped perfectly dead. I presume that if I'd had any sort of influence, I might have got it into government hands, for gun-carriages and army-wagons, and may be on board government vessels. But I hadn't, and we had to face the music. I was about broken-hearted, but m'wife she looked at it another way. 'I guess it's a providence,' says she. 'Silas, I guess you've got a country that's worth fighting for. Any rate, you better go out and give it a chance.' Well, sir, I went. I knew she meant business. It might kill her to have me go, but it would kill her sure if I staid. She was one of that kind. I went. Her last words was, 'I'll look after the paint, Si.' We hadn't but just one little girl then,— boy'd died,— and Mis' Lapham's mother was livin' with us; and I knew if times *did* anyways come up again, m'wife'd know just what to do. So I went. I got through; and you can call me Colonel, if you want to. Feel there!" Lapham took Bartley's thumb and forefinger and put them on a bunch in his leg, just above the knee.

"Anything hard?"

"Ball?"

Lapham nodded. "Gettysburg. That's my thermometer. If it wa'n't for that, I shouldn't know enough to come in when it rains."

Bartley laughed at a joke which betrayed some evidences of wear. "And when you came back, you took hold of the paint and rushed it."

"I took hold of the paint and rushed it — all I could," said Lapham, with less satisfaction than he had hitherto shown in his autobiography. "But I found that I had got back to another world. The day of small things was past, and I don't suppose it will ever come again in this country. My wife was at me all the time to take a partner — somebody with capital; but I couldn't seem to bear the idea. That paint was like my own blood to me. To have anybody else concerned in it was like — well, I don't know what. I saw it was the thing to do; but I tried to fight it off, and I tried to joke it off. I used to say, 'Why didn't you take a partner yourself, Persis, while I was away?' And she'd say, 'Well, if you hadn't come back, I should, Si.' Always *did* like a joke about as well as any woman *I* ever saw. Well, I had to come to it. I took a partner." Lapham dropped the bold blue eyes with which he had been till now staring into Bartley's face, and the reporter knew that here was a place for asterisks in his interview, if interviews were faithful. "He had money enough," continued Lapham, with a suppressed sigh; "but he didn't know anything about paint. We hung on together for a year or two. And then we quit."

"And he had the experience," suggested Bartley, with companionable ease.

"I had some of the experience too," said Lapham, with a scowl; and Bartley divined, through the freemasonry of all who have sore places in their memories, that this was a point which he must not touch again.

"And since that, I suppose, you've played it alone."

"I've played it alone."

"You must ship some of this paint of yours to foreign countries, Colonel?" suggested Bartley, putting on a professional air.

"We ship it to all parts of the world. It goes to South America, lots of it. It goes to Australia, and it goes to India, and it goes to China, and it goes to the Cape of Good Hope. It'll stand any climate. Of course, we don't export these fancy brands much. They're for home use. But we're introducing them elsewhere. Here." Lapham pulled open a drawer, and showed Bartley a lot of labels in different languages — Spanish, French, German, and Italian. "We expect to do a good business in all those countries. We've got our agen-

cies in Cadiz now, and in Paris, and in Hamburg, and in Leghorn. It's a thing that's bound to make its way. Yes, sir. Wherever a man has got a ship, or a bridge, or a dock, or a house, or a car, or a fence, or a pig-pen, anywhere in God's universe, to paint, that's the paint for him, and he's bound to find it out sooner or later. You pass a ton of that paint dry through a blast-furnace, and you'll get a quarter of a ton of pig-iron. I believe in my paint. I believe it's a blessing to the world. When folks come in, and kind of smell round, and ask me what I mix it with, I always say, 'Well, in the first place, I mix it with *Faith*, and after that I grind it up with the best quality of boiled linseed oil that money will buy.'"

Lapham took out his watch and looked at it, and Bartley perceived that his audience was drawing to a close. "'F you ever want to run down and take a look at our Works, pass you over the road,"—he called it *rud*,—"and it sha'n't cost you a cent."

"Well, may be I shall, sometime," said Bartley. "Good afternoon, Colonel."

"Good afternoon. Or—hold on! My horse down there yet, William?" he called to the young man in the counting-room, who had taken his letter at the beginning of the interview. "Oh! All right!" he added, in response to something the young man said. "Can't I set you down somewhere, Mr. Hubbard? I've got my horse at the door, and I can drop you on my way home. I'm going to take Mis' Lapham to look at a house I'm driving piles for, down on the New Land."

"Don't care if I do," said Bartley.

Lapham put on a straw hat, gathered up some papers lying on his desk, pulled down its rolling cover, turned the key in it, and gave the papers to an extremely handsome young woman at one of the desks in the outer office. She was stylishly dressed, as Bartley saw, and her smooth, yellow hair was sculpturesquely waved over a low, white forehead. "Here," said Lapham, with the same prompt, gruff kindness that he had used in addressing the young man, "I want you should put these in shape, and give me a type-writer copy to-morrow."

"What an uncommonly pretty girl!" said Bartley, as they descended the rough stairway and found their way out to the street, past the dangling rope of a block and tackle wandering up into the cavernous darkness overhead.

"She does her work," said Lapham, shortly.

Bartley mounted to the left side of the open buggy standing at the curb-stone, and Lapham, gathering up the hitching-weight, slid it under the buggy-seat and mounted beside him.

"No chance to speed a horse here, of course," said Lapham, while the horse with a spirited gentleness picked her way, with a high, long action, over the pavement of the street. The streets were all narrow, and most of them crooked, in that quarter of the town; but at the end of one the spars of a vessel penciled themselves delicately against the cool blue of the afternoon sky. The air was full of a smell pleasantly compounded of oakum, of leather, and of oil. It was not the busy season, and they met only two or three trucks heavily straggling toward the wharf with their long string teams; but the cobble-stones of the pavement were worn with the dint of ponderous wheels, and discolored with iron-rust from them; here and there, in wandering streaks over its surface, was the gray stain of the salt water with which the street had been sprinkled.

After an interval of some minutes, which both men spent in looking round the dash-board from opposite sides to watch the stride of the horse, Bartley said, with a light sigh, "I had a colt once down in Maine that stepped just like that mare."

"Well!" said Lapham, sympathetically recognizing the bond that this fact created between them. "Well, now, I tell you what you do. You let me come for you 'most any afternoon, now, and take you out over the Milldam, and speed this mare a little. I'd like to show you what this mare can do. Yes, I would."

"All right," answered Bartley; "I'll let you know my first day off."

"Good," cried Lapham.

"Kentucky?" queried Bartley.

"No, sir. I don't ride behind anything but Vermont; never did. Touch of Morgan, of course; but you can't have much Morgan in a horse if you want speed. Hambletonian mostly. Where'd you say you wanted to get out?"

"I guess you may put me down at the 'Events' office, just round the corner here. I've got to write up this interview while it's fresh."

"All right," said Lapham, impersonally assenting to Bartley's use of him as material.

He had not much to complain of in Bartley's treatment, unless it was the strain of extravagant compliment which it involved. But the flattery was mainly for the paint, whose virtues Lapham did not believe could be overstated, and himself and his history had been treated with as much respect as Bartley was capable of showing any one. He made a very picturesque thing of the discovery of the paint-mine. "Deep in the heart of the virgin forests of Vermont, far up toward the line of the Canadian snows, on a desolate mountain-side, where an autumnal storm had done its wild work, and the great trees, strewn hither and thither, bore witness to its violence, Nehemiah Lapham discovered, just forty years ago, the mineral

which the alchemy of his son's enterprise and energy has transmuted into solid ingots of the most precious of metals. The colossal fortune of Colonel Silas Lapham lay at the bottom of a hole which an uprooted tree had dug for him, and which for many years remained a paint-mine of no more appreciable value than a soap-mine."

Here Bartley had not been able to deny himself his grin; but he compensated for it by the high reverence with which he spoke of Colonel Lapham's record during the war of the rebellion, and of the motives which impelled him to turn aside from an enterprise in which his whole heart was engaged and take part in the struggle. "The Colonel bears imbedded in the muscle of his right leg a little memento of the period in the shape of a minie-ball, which he jocularly referred to as his thermometer, and which relieves him from the necessity of reading 'The Probabilities' in his morning paper. This saves him just so much time; and for a man who, as he said, has not a moment of waste time on him anywhere, five minutes a day are something in the course of a year. Simple, clear, bold, and straightforward in mind and action, Colonel Silas Lapham, with a prompt comprehensiveness and a never-failing business sagacity, is, in the best sense of that much-abused term, one of nature's noblemen, to the last inch of his five eleven and a half. His life affords an example of single-minded application and unwavering perseverance which our young business men would do well to emulate. There is nothing showy or meretricious about the man. He believes in mineral paint, and he puts his heart and soul into it. He makes it a religion; though we would not imply that it *is* his religion. Colonel Lapham is a regular attendant at the Rev. Dr. Langworthy's church. He subscribes liberally to the Associated Charities, and no good object or worthy public enterprise fails to receive his support. He is not now actively in politics, and his paint is not partisan; but it is an open secret that he is, and always has been, a stanch Republican. Without violating the sanctities of private life, we cannot speak fully of various details which came out in the free and unembarrassed interview which Colonel Lapham accorded our representative. But we may say that the success of which he is justly proud he is also proud to attribute in great measure to the sympathy and energy of his wife — one of those women who, in whatever walk of life, seem born to honor the name of American Woman, and to redeem it from the national reproach of Daisy Millerism. Of Colonel Lapham's family, we will simply add that it consists of two young lady daughters.

"The subject of this very inadequate sketch is building a house on the water side of Beacon street, after designs by one of our leading architectural firms, which, when complete, will be one of the finest ornaments of that exclusive avenue. It will, we believe, be ready for the occupancy of the family sometime in the spring."

When Bartley had finished his article, which he did with a good deal of inward derision, he went home to Marcia, still smiling over the thought of Lapham, whose burly simplicity had peculiarly amused him.

"He regularly turned himself inside out to me," he said, as he sat describing his interview to Marcia.

"Then I know you could make something nice out of it," said his wife; "and that will please Mr. Witherby."

"Oh, yes, I've done pretty well; but I couldn't let myself loose on him the way I wanted to. Confound the limitations of decency, anyway! I should like to have told just what Colonel Lapham thought of landscape advertising in Colonel Lapham's own words. I'll tell you one thing, Marsh: he had a girl there at one of the desks that you wouldn't let *me* have within gunshot of *my* office. Pretty? It aint any name for it!" Marcia's eyes began to blaze, and Bartley broke out into a laugh, in which he arrested himself at sight of a formidable parcel in the corner of the room.

"Hello! What's that?"

"Why, *I* don't know what it is," replied Marcia, tremulously. "A man brought it just before you came in, and I didn't like to open it."

"Think it was some kind of infernal machine?" asked Bartley, getting down on his knees to examine the package. "*Mrs.* B. Hubbard, heigh?" He cut the heavy hemp string with his penknife. "We must look into this thing. I should like to know who's sending packages to Mrs. Hubbard in my absence." He unfolded the wrappings of paper, growing softer and finer inward, and presently pulled out a handsome square glass jar, through which a crimson mass showed richly. "The Persis Brand!" he yelled. "I knew it!"

"Oh, what is it, Bartley?" quavered Marcia. Then, courageously drawing a little nearer: "Is it some kind of jam?" she implored.

"Jam? No!" roared Bartley. "It's *paint!* It's mineral paint — Lapham's paint!"

"Paint?" echoed Marcia, as she stood over him while he stripped their wrappings from the jars which showed the dark blue, dark green, light brown, dark brown, and black, with the dark crimson, forming the gamut of color of the Lapham paint. Don't *tell* me it's paint that *I* can use, Bartley!"

"Well, I shouldn't advise you to use much of it—just at present," said her husband. "But it's paint that you can use in moderation."

Marcia cast her arms round his neck and kissed him. "O Bartley, I think I'm the happiest girl in the world! I was just wondering what I should do. There are places in that Clover street house that need touching up so dreadfully. I shall be very careful. You needn't be afraid I shall overdo. But this just saves my life. Did you *buy* it, Bartley? You know we couldn't afford it, and you oughtn't to have done it! And what does the Persis Brand mean?"

"Buy it?" cried Bartley. "No! The old fool's sent it to you as a present. You'd better wait for the facts before you pitch into me for extravagance, Marcia. Persis is the name of his wife; and he named it after her because it's his finest brand. You'll see it in my interview. Put it on the market her last birthday for a surprise to her."

"What old fool?" faltered Marcia.

"Why, Lapham—the mineral paint man."

"Oh, what a good man!" sighed Marcia from the bottom of her soul. "Bartley! you *wont* make fun of him, as you do of some of those people? *Will* you?"

"Nothing that *he*'ll ever find out," said Bartley, getting up and brushing off the carpet-lint from his knees.

II.

After dropping Bartley Hubbard at the "Events" building, Lapham drove on down Washington street to Nankeen Square at the South End, where he had lived ever since the mistaken movement of society in that direction ceased. He had not built, but had bought very cheap of a terrified gentleman of good extraction who discovered too late that the South End was not the thing, and who in the eagerness of his flight to the Back Bay threw in his carpets and shades for almost nothing. Mrs. Lapham was even better satisfied with their bargain than the Colonel himself, and they had lived in Nankeen Square for twelve years. They had seen the saplings planted in the pretty oval round which the houses were built flourish up into sturdy young trees, and their two little girls in the same period had grown into young ladies; the Colonel's tough frame had expanded into the bulk which Bartley's interview indicated; and Mrs. Lapham, while keeping a more youthful outline, showed the sharp print of the crow's-foot at the corners of her motherly eyes, and certain slight creases in her wholesome cheeks. The fact that they lived in an unfashionable neighborhood was something that they had never been made to feel to their personal disadvantage, and they had hardly known it till the summer before this story opens, when Mrs. Lapham and her daughter Irene had met some other Bostonians far from Boston, who made it memorable. They were people whom chance had brought for the time under a singular obligation to the Lapham ladies, and they were gratefully recognizant of it. They had ventured—a mother and two daughters—as far as a rather wild little Canadian watering-place on the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, and had arrived some days before their son and brother was expected to join them. Two of their trunks had gone astray, and on the night of their arrival the mother was taken violently ill. Mrs. Lapham came to their help, with her skill as nurse, and with the abundance of her own and her daughter's wardrobe, and a profuse, single-hearted kindness. When a doctor could be got at, he said that but for Mrs. Lapham's timely care, the lady would hardly have lived. He was a very effusive little Frenchman, and fancied he was saying something very pleasant to everybody.

A certain intimacy inevitably followed, and when the son came he was even more grateful than the others. Mrs. Lapham could not quite understand why he should be as attentive to her as to Irene; but she compared him with other young men about the place, and thought him nicer than any of them. She had not the means of a wider comparison; for in Boston, with all her husband's prosperity, they had not had a social life. Their first years there were given to careful getting on Lapham's part, and careful saving on his wife's. Suddenly the money began to come so abundantly that she need not save; and then they did not know what to do with it. A certain amount could be spent on horses, and Lapham spent it; his wife spent on rich and rather ugly clothes and a luxury of household appointments. Lapham had not yet reached the picture-buying stage of the rich man's development, but they decorated their house with the costliest and most abominable frescoes; they went upon journeys, and lavished upon cars and hotels; they gave with both hands to their church and to all the charities it brought them acquainted with; but they did not know how to spend on society. Up to a certain period Mrs. Lapham had the ladies of her neighborhood in to tea, as her mother had done in the country in her younger days. Lapham's idea of hospitality was still to bring a heavy-buying customer home to pot-luck; neither of them imagined dinners.

Their two girls had gone to the public

schools, where they had not got on as fast as some of the other girls; so that they were a year behind in graduating from the grammar-school, where Lapham thought that they had got education enough. His wife was of a different mind; she would have liked them to go to some private school for their finishing. But Irene did not care for study; she preferred housekeeping, and both the sisters were afraid of being snubbed by the other girls, who were of a different sort from the girls of the grammar-school; these were mostly from the parks and squares, like themselves. It ended in their going part of a year. But the elder had an odd taste of her own for reading, and she took some private lessons, and read books out of the circulating library; the whole family were amazed at the number she read, and rather proud of it.

They were not girls who embroidered or abandoned themselves to needle-work. Irene spent her abundant leisure in shopping for herself and her mother, of whom both daughters made a kind of idol, buying her caps and laces out of their pin-money, and getting her dresses far beyond her capacity to wear. Irene dressed herself very stylishly, and spent hours on her toilet every day. Her sister had a simpler taste, and, if she had done altogether as she liked, might even have slighted dress. They all three took long naps every day, and sat hours together minutely discussing what they saw out of the window. In her self-guided search for self-improvement, the elder sister went to many church lectures on a vast variety of secular subjects, and usually came home with a comic account of them, and that made more matter of talk for the whole family. She could make fun of nearly everything; Irene complained that she scared away the young men whom they got acquainted with at the dancing-school sociables. They were, perhaps, not the wisest young men.

The girls had learned to dance at Papanti's; but they had not belonged to the private classes. They did not even know of them, and a great gulf divided them from those who did. Their father did not like company, except such as came informally in their way; and their mother had remained too rustic to know how to attract it in the sophisticated city fashion. None of them had grasped the idea of European travel; but they had gone about to mountain and sea-side resorts, the mother and the two girls, where they witnessed the spectacle which such resorts present throughout New England, of multitudes of girls, lovely, accomplished, exquisitely dressed, humbly glad of the presence of any sort of young man; but the Laphams had no skill or courage to make themselves noticed, far less courted by the solitary invalid, or clergyman, or artist. They lurked helplessly about in the hotel parlors, looking on and not knowing how to put themselves forward. Perhaps they did not care a great deal to do so. They had not a conceit of themselves, but a sort of content in their own ways that one may notice in certain families. The very strength of their mutual affection was a barrier to worldly knowledge; they dressed for one another; they equipped their house for their own satisfaction; they lived richly to themselves, not because they were selfish, but because they did not know how to do otherwise. The elder daughter did not care for society, apparently. The younger, who was but three years younger, was not yet quite old enough to be ambitious of it. With all her wonderful beauty, she had an innocence almost vegetable. When her beauty, which in its immaturity was crude and harsh, suddenly ripened, she bloomed and glowed with the unconsciousness of a flower; she not merely did not feel herself admired, but hardly knew herself discovered. If she dressed well, perhaps too well, it was because she had the instinct of dress; but till she met this young man who was so nice to her at Baie St. Joan, she had scarcely lived a detached, individual life, so wholly had she depended on her mother and her sister for her opinions, almost her sensations. She took account of everything he did and said, pondering it, and trying to make out exactly what he meant, to the inflection of a syllable, the slightest movement or gesture. In this way she began for the first time to form ideas which she had not derived from her family, and they were none the less her own because they were often mistaken.

One of the things which he partly said, partly looked, and which was altogether casual, she repeated to her mother, and they canvassed it, as they did all things relating to these new acquaintances, and made it part of a novel point of view which they were acquiring. It was something that Mrs. Lapham especially submitted to her husband when they got home; she asked him if it were true, and if it made any difference.

"It makes a difference in the price of property," replied the Colonel, promptly. "But as long as we don't want to sell, it don't matter."

"Why, Silas Lapham," said his wife, "do you mean to tell me that this house is worth less than we gave for it?"

"It's worth a good deal less. You see, they *have* got in — and pretty thick, too — it's no use denying it. And when they get in, they send down the price of property. Of course, there aint any sense in it; *I* think it's all dumn foolishness. It's cruel, and folks ought to be ashamed. But there it is. You tell folks that the Saviour himself was one, and the twelve

apostles, and all the prophets,—I don't know but what Adam was — guess he *was*,— and it don't make a bit of difference. They send down the price of real estate. Prices begin to shade when the first one gets in."

Mrs. Lapham thought the facts over a few moments. "Well, what do we care, so long as we're comfortable in our home? And they're just as nice and as good neighbors as can be."

"Oh, it's all right as far as I'm concerned," said Lapham. "Who did you say those people were that stirred you up about it?"

Mrs. Lapham mentioned their name. Lapham nodded his head. "Do you know them? What business is he in?"

"I guess he aint in anything," said Lapham.

"They were very nice," said Mrs. Lapham, impartially.

"Well, they'd ought to be," returned the Colonel. "Never done anything else."

"They didn't seem stuck up," urged his wife.

"They no need to — with you. I could buy him and sell him, twice over."

This answer satisfied Mrs. Lapham rather with the fact than with her husband. "Well, I guess I wouldn't brag, Silas," she said.

In the winter the ladies of this family, who returned to town very late, came to call on Mrs. Lapham. They were again very polite. But the mother let drop, in apology for their calling almost at nightfall, that the coachman had not known the way exactly.

"Nearly all our friends are on the New Land or on the Hill."

There was a barb in this that rankled after the ladies had gone; and on comparing notes with her daughter, Mrs. Lapham found that a barb had been left to rankle in her mind also.

"They said they had never been in this part of the town before."

Upon a strict search of her memory, Irene could not report that the fact had been stated with anything like insinuation, but it was that which gave it a more penetrating effect.

"Oh, well, of course," said Lapham, to whom these facts were referred. "Those sort of people haven't got much business up our way, and they don't come. It's a fair thing all round. We don't trouble the Hill or the New Land much."

"We know where they are," suggested his wife, thoughtfully.

"Yes," assented the Colonel. "*I* know where they are. I've got a lot of land over on the Back Bay."

"You have?" eagerly demanded his wife.

"Want me to build on it?" he asked in reply, with a quizzical smile.

"I guess we can get along here for a while."

This was at night. In the morning Mrs. Lapham said:

"I suppose we ought to do the best we can for the children, in every way."

"I supposed we always had," replied her husband.

"Yes, we have, according to our light."

"Have you got some new light?"

"I don't know as it's light. But if the girls are going to keep on living in Boston and marry here, I presume we ought to try to get them into society, some way; or ought to do something."

"Well, who's ever done more for their children than we have?" demanded Lapham, with a pang at the thought that he could possibly have been outdone. "Don't they have everything they want? Don't they dress just as you say? Don't you go everywhere with 'em? Is there ever anything going on that's worth while that they don't see it or hear it? *I* don't know what you mean. Why don't you get them into society? There's money enough!"

"There's got to be something besides money, I guess," said Mrs. Lapham, with a hopeless sigh. "I presume we didn't go to work just the right way about their schooling. We ought to have got them into some school where they'd have got acquainted with city girls — girls who could help them along. Nearly everybody at Miss Smillie's was from somewhere else."

"Well, it's pretty late to think about that now," grumbled Lapham.

"And we've always gone our own way, and not looked out for the future. We ought to have gone out more, and had people come to the house. Nobody comes."

"Well, is that my fault? I guess nobody ever makes people welcomer."

"We ought to have invited company more."

"Why don't you do it now? If it's for the girls, I don't care if you have the house full all the while."

Mrs. Lapham was forced to a confession full of humiliation. "I don't know who to ask."

"Well, you can't expect me to tell you."

"No; we're both country people, and we've kept our country ways, and we don't, either of us, know what to do. You've had to work so hard, and your luck was so long coming, and then it came with such a rush, that we haven't had any chance to learn what to do with it. It's just the same with Irene's looks; I didn't expect she was ever going to have any, she *was* such a plain child, and, all at once, she's blazed out this way. As long as it was Pen that didn't seem to care for society, I didn't give much mind to it. But I can see it's going to be different with Irene. I don't believe but what we're in the wrong neighborhood."

"Well," said the Colonel, "there aint a prettier lot on the Back Bay than mine. It's on the water side of Beacon, and it's twenty-

eight feet wide and a hundred and fifty deep. Let's build on it."

Mrs. Lapham was silent awhile. "No," she said finally; "we've always got along well enough here, and I guess we better stay."

At breakfast she said, casually: "Girls, how would you like to have your father build on the New Land?"

The girls said they did not know. It was more convenient to the horse-cars where they were.

Mrs. Lapham stole a look of relief at her husband, and nothing more was said of the matter.

The mother of the family who had called upon Mrs. Lapham brought her husband's cards, and when Mrs. Lapham returned the visit she was in some trouble about the proper form of acknowledging the civility. The Colonel had no card but a business card, which advertised the principal depot and the several agencies of the mineral paint; and Mrs. Lapham doubted, till she wished to goodness that she had never seen nor heard of those people, whether to ignore her husband in the transaction altogether, or to write his name on her own card. She decided finally upon this measure, and she had the relief of not finding the family at home. As far as she could judge, Irene seemed to suffer a little disappointment from the fact.

For several months there was no communication between the families. Then there came to Nankeen Square a lithographed circular from the people on the Hill, signed in ink by the mother, and affording Mrs. Lapham an opportunity to subscribe for a charity of undeniable merit and acceptability. She submitted it to her husband, who promptly drew a check for five hundred dollars.

She tore it in two. "I will take a check for a hundred, Silas," she said.

"Why?" he asked, looking up guiltily at her.

"Because a hundred is enough; and I don't want to show off before them."

"Oh, I thought may be you did. Well, Pert," he added, having satisfied human nature by the preliminary thrust, "I guess you're about right. When do you want I should begin to build on Beacon street?" He handed her the new check, where she stood over him, and then leaned back in his chair and looked up at her.

"I don't want you should begin at all. What do you mean, Silas?" She rested against the side of his desk.

"Well, I don't know as I mean anything. But shouldn't you like to build? Everybody builds, at least once in a life-time."

"Where is your lot? In the Diphtheria District?"

Up to a certain point in their prosperity Mrs. Lapham had kept strict account of all her husband's affairs; but as they expanded, and ceased to be of the retail nature with which women successfully grapple, the intimate knowledge of them made her nervous. There was a period in which she felt that they were being ruined, but the crash had not come; and, since his great success, she had abandoned herself to a blind confidence in her husband's judgment, which she had hitherto felt needed her revision. He came and went, day by day, unquestioned. He bought and sold and got gain. She knew that he would tell her if ever things went wrong, and he knew that she would ask him whenever she was anxious.

"No, it aint in the Diphtheria District," said Lapham, rather enjoying the insinuation. "I looked after that when I was trading; and I guess there's more diphtheria in the name than anything else, anyway. I got that lot for *you*, Pert; I thought you'd want to build on the Back Bay some day."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Lapham, deeply pleased inwardly, but not going to show it, as she would have said. "I guess you want to build there yourself." She insensibly got a little nearer to her husband. They liked to talk to each other in that blunt way; it is the New England way of expressing perfect confidence and tenderness.

"Well, I guess I do," said Lapham, not insisting upon the unselfish view of the matter. "I always did like the water side of Beacon. There aint a sightlier place in the world for a house. And some day there's bound to be a drive-way all along behind them houses, between them and the water, and then a lot there is going to be worth the gold that will cover it — *coin*. I've had offers for that lot, Pert, twice over what I give for it. Yes, I *have*. Don't you want to ride over there some afternoon with me and see it?"

"I'm satisfied where we be, Si," said Mrs. Lapham, recurring to the parlance of her youth in her pathos at her husband's kindness. She sighed anxiously, for she felt the trouble a woman knows in view of any great change. They had often talked of altering over the house in which they lived, but they had never come to it; and they had often talked of building, but it had always been a house in the country that they had thought of. "I wish you had sold that lot."

"I haint," said the Colonel, briefly.

"I don't know as I feel much like changing our way of living."

"Guess we could live there pretty much as we live here. There's all kinds of people on Beacon street; you mustn't think they're all big-bugs. I know one party that lives in a house he built to sell, and his wife don't keep any girl. You can have just as much style

there as you want, or just as little. I guess we live as well as most of 'em now, and set as good a table. And if you come to style, I don't know as anybody has got more of a right to put it on than what we have."

"Well, I don't want to build on Beacon street, Si," said Mrs. Lapham, gently.

"Just as you please, Persis. I aint in any hurry to leave."

Mrs. Lapham stood flapping the check which she held in her right hand against the edge of her left. "A Mr. Liliengarten has bought the Gordon house across the square," she said, thoughtfully.

"Well, I'm agreeable. I suppose he's got the money to pay for it."

"Oh, yes, they've all got money," sighed Mrs. Lapham. "What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I'm going to take a turn on the Brighton road," said the Colonel.

"I don't believe but what I should like to go along," said his wife.

"All right. You haint ever rode behind that mare yet, Pert, and I want you should see me let her out once. They say the snow's all packed down already, and the going is A 1."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, with a cold, red winter sunset before them, the Colonel and his wife were driving slowly down Beacon street in the light, high-seated cutter, where, as he said, they were a pretty tight fit. He was holding the mare in till the time came to speed her, and the mare was springily jolting over the snow, looking intelligently from side to side, and cocking this ear and that, while from her nostrils, her head tossing easily, she blew quick, irregular whiffs of steam.

"Gay, aint she?" proudly suggested the Colonel.

"She *is* gay," assented his wife.

They met swiftly dashing sleighs, and let them pass on either hand, down the beautiful avenue narrowing with an admirably even sky-line in the perspective. They were not in a hurry. The mare jounced easily along, and they talked of the different houses on either side of the way. They had a crude taste in architecture, and they admired the worst. There were women's faces at many of the handsome windows, and once in a while a young man on the pavement caught his hat suddenly from his head, and bowed in response to some salutation from within.

"I don't think our girls would look very bad behind one of those big panes," said the Colonel.

"No," said his wife, dreamily.

"Where's the *young* man? Did he come with them?"

"No; he was to spend the winter with a friend of his that has a ranch in Texas. I guess he's got to do something."

"Yes; gentlemaning as a profession has got to play out in a generation or two."

Neither of them spoke of the lot, though Lapham knew perfectly well what his wife had come with him for, and she was aware that he knew it. The time came when he brought the mare down to a walk, and then slowed up almost to a stop, while they both turned their heads to the right and looked at the vacant lot, through which showed the frozen stretch of the Back Bay, a section of the Long Bridge, and the roofs and smoke-stacks of Charlestown.

"Yes, it's sightly," said Mrs. Lapham, lifting her hand from the reins, on which she had unconsciously laid it.

Lapham said nothing, but he let the mare out a little.

The sleighs and cutters were thickening round them. On the Milldam it became difficult to restrict the mare to the long, slow trot into which he let her break. The beautiful landscape widened to right and left of them, with the sunset redder and redder, over the low, irregular hills before them. They crossed the Milldam into Longwood, and here, from the crest of the first upland, stretched two endless lines, in which thousands of cutters went and came. Some of the drivers were already speeding their horses, and these shot to and fro on inner lines, between the slowly moving vehicles on either side of the road. Here and there a burly mounted policeman, bulging over the pommel of his McClellan saddle, jolted by, silently gesturing and directing the course, and keeping it all under the eye of the law. It was what Bartley Hubbard called "a carnival of fashion and gayety on the Brighton road," in his account of it. But most of the people in those elegant sleighs and cutters had so little the air of the great world that one knowing it at all must have wondered where they and their money came from; and the gayety of the men, at least, was expressed, like that of Colonel Lapham, in a grim, almost fierce, alertness; the women wore an air of courageous apprehension. At a certain point the Colonel said, "I'm going to let her out, Pert," and he lifted and then dropped the reins lightly on the mare's back.

She understood the signal, and, as an admirer said, "she laid down to her work." Nothing in the immutable iron of Lapham's face betrayed his sense of triumph, as the mare left everything behind her on the road. Mrs. Lapham, if she felt fear, was too busy holding her flying wraps about her, and shielding her face from the scud of ice flung from the mare's heels, to betray it; except

for the rush of her feet, the mare was as silent as the people behind her; the muscles of her back and thighs worked more and more swiftly, like some mechanism responding to an alien force, and she shot to the end of the course, grazing a hundred encountered and rival sledges in her passage, but unmolested by the policemen, who probably saw that the mare and the Colonel knew what they were about, and, at any rate, were not the sort of men to interfere with trotting like that. At the end of the heat Lapham drew her in, and turned off on a side street into Brookline.

"Tell you what, Pert," he said, as if they had been quietly jogging along, with time for uninterrupted thought since he last spoke, "I've about made up my mind to build on that lot."

"All right, Silas," said Mrs. Lapham; "I suppose you know what you're about. Don't build on it for me, that's all."

When she stood in the hall at home, taking off her things, she said to the girls, who were helping her, "Some day your father will get killed with that mare."

"Did he speed her?" asked Penelope, the elder. She was named after her grandmother, who had in her turn inherited from another ancestress the name of the Homeric matron whose peculiar merits won her a place even among the Puritan Faiths, Hopes, Temperances, and Prudences. Penelope was the girl whose odd, serious face had struck Bartley Hubbard in the photograph of the family group Lapham showed him on the day of the interview. Her large eyes, like her hair, were brown; they had the peculiar look of near-sighted eyes which is called mooning; her complexion was of a dark pallor.

Her mother did not reply to a question which might be considered already answered. "He says he's going to build on that lot of his," she next remarked, unwinding the long veil which she had tied round her neck to hold her bonnet on. She put her hat and cloak on the hall table, to be carried upstairs later, and they all went in to tea: creamed oysters, birds, hot biscuit, two kinds of cake, and dishes of stewed and canned fruit and honey. The women dined alone at one, and the Colonel at the same hour down-town. But he liked a good hot meal when he got home in the evening. The house flared with gas, and the Colonel, before he sat down, went about shutting the registers, through which a welding heat came voluming up from the furnace.

"I'll be the death of that nigger *yet*," he said, "if he don't stop making on such a fire. The only way to get any comfort out of your furnace is to take care of it yourself."

"Well," answered his wife from behind the tea-pot, as he sat down at table with this threat, "there's nothing to prevent you, Si. And you can shovel the snow, too, if you want to—till you get over to Beacon street, anyway."

"I guess I can keep my own sidewalk on Beacon street clean, if I take the notion."

"I should like to see you at it," retorted his wife.

"Well, you keep a sharp lookout, and may be you will."

Their taunts were really expressions of affectionate pride in each other. They liked to have it, give and take, that way, as they would have said, right along.

"A man can be a man on Beacon street as well as anywhere, I guess."

"Well, I'll do the wash, as I used to in Lumberville," said Mrs. Lapham. "I presume you'll let me have set tubs, Si. You know I aint so young, any more." She passed Irene a cup of Oolong tea,—none of them had a sufficiently cultivated palate for Souchong,—and the girl handed it to her father.

"Papa," she asked, "you don't really mean that you are going to build over there?"

"Don't I? You wait and see," said the Colonel, stirring his tea.

"I don't believe you do," pursued the girl.

"Is that so? I presume you'd hate to have me. Your mother does." He said *doos*, of course.

Penelope took the word. "I go in for it. I don't see any use in not enjoying money, if you've got it *to* enjoy. That's what it's for, I suppose; though you mightn't always think so." She had a slow, quaint way of talking, that seemed a pleasant personal modification of some ancestral Yankee drawl, and her voice was low and cozy, and so far from being nasal that it was a little hoarse.

"I guess the ayes has it, Pen," said her father. "How would it do to let Irene and your mother stick in the old place here, and us go into the new house?" At times the Colonel's grammar failed him.

The matter dropped, and the Laphams lived on as before, with joking recurrences to the house on the water side of Beacon. The Colonel seemed less in earnest than any of them about it; but that was his way, his girls said; you never could tell when he really meant a thing.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE THEATER.

THE Chinese theater was founded by Ming Wang (an emperor who reigned about the middle of the fourteenth century), and is, therefore, not much over five hundred years old.*

Ming Wang, so the story goes, had a dream; and in this dream he dreamt he rambled around the moon. There he saw strange sights and heard strange sounds, and beautiful beings danced before him in costumes unfamiliar to his eye. The memory of his dream remained with him when he awoke, and he determined to reproduce what he had seen for the benefit of his wife, whom, strange to say, he dearly loved. A temporary structure was erected in Ming Wang's pear garden; the actors were chosen from the younger sons of the nobility, and therefore to this day, in China, the amateur or mandarin actor is still called "Younger Brother of the Pear Garden."

This is the poetical and, on the whole, the not altogether improbable account the Chinese give of the birth of their drama, and there seems to be no good reason for rejecting it. There are many instances of dreams suggesting plays, notably that of Madame de Girardin's *La Joie fait Peur;* and it does not require a very great stretch of the imagination to conceive that the idea of dramatic representation might also have arisen in this way. Indeed, it can readily be believed that the importance of Ming Wang's invention was scarcely appreciated in his own time; for we are told that the taste for these performances died out soon after his reign, and that they were only revived by the talents and genius of the three great playwrights and dramatists of China, Tin, Tau, and Chung.

The personality of these early sons of Thespis is not very distinct, for the names of the two former, Tin and Tau, are always written and pronounced together. Some hold that they were man and wife; others, that Tin was the founder of comedy and Tau of tragedy; but the most correct view seems to be that they were collaborators—in fact, a Chinese Beaumont and Fletcher. Chung was, it appears, neither a dramatist nor a playwright; but none the less is he held in equal honor with the rest, for it is to him that the Chinese owe the acrobatic and musical part of their performance. Whether Tin, Tau, and Chung flourished under the protection of some Chinese Augustus, or whether they wrote for the mandarin stage on their own account, is not known. It is tolerably certain, however, that they not only arranged the majority of the plots, but fixed the costumes, gestures, and stage business; and that, as a result of their labors, the drama became, from this time forth, a well-recognized, if not a popular, institution.†

The festival of this trinity of authors is celebrated once every year in the principal Chinese theaters of San Francisco, and the Chinese express their sense of the intimate relation that existed between them by honoring them collectively, and not severally, three days being set apart in their honor, and each being entitled to a third of a day. The play that is performed on these occasions is highly acrobatic in character, and is not produced at any other time. It is not, perhaps, a very characteristic specimen of the Chinese play proper; but it is, nevertheless, interesting as commemorating the beginnings of one of the most popular institutions of a people who

* It is a curious fact that the founder of the Chinese drama should have also been the enemy of the scholar class. It is related of Ming Wang that, taking the air one evening, he overheard some school-boys talking among themselves. One of them, looking up at the stars, said eagerly:

"See there! Look at Ming Wang's star! He will have trouble soon."

Now, though Ming Wang was eminently a practical monarch, and had little faith in star-gazing, he fully appreciated its effect upon a superstitious people.

"You find that my star is in trouble, do you?" said Ming Wang, quietly.

"Yes, great Son of Heaven!" replied the scholar, trembling.

"Well," said the emperor, dryly, "if any school-boy can tell when I am going to have trouble, how will it be when my enemies begin to conspire against me? I must put a stop to this!"

He accordingly ordered all the books of the scholars to be burned except those in his own family.

† Still it must be remembered that the theater was not thrown open to the people until about the year 1730, when an edict of Hong Hai, the second emperor of the present dynasty, permitted the organization of the first professional theater at Pekin. A company of young apprentices were trained and drilled, and bound over for periods of five years. Thus was formed the nucleus of the present professional class, who, in contradistinction to the amateur or mandarin actors mentioned above, were called "Sons of Sham Sword," or, as we would perhaps say in English, "Sons of Sham Battle." These facts give us the right to conclude that the professional stage of China, at least, is the most modern in the world!

seem to reject commencement of any kind, and refer everything back to the most remote and mythical antiquity.

It is Saturday; in the Jackson street theater in San Francisco; and two o'clock in the afternoon. The performance has not yet commenced, and the house is crowded with expectant Chinese. The drum beats monotonously to allay the impatience of the audience, and the young Chinamen are calling across the theater, exchanging jokes or the compliments of the season. The box above the stage is thrown open for the occasion, hung with lanterns and brilliantly illuminated; while far within can be seen an altar heaped up with offerings and smoking with incense and the blaze of a thousand candles. Another altar, at the extreme end of the theater, near the entrance, is similarly arranged. The candy-seller is busy plying a profitable trade, and the "post-office," a high pillar supporting the roof of the theater, is being frequently consulted. By the last advices, one Ma Chung is informed that his "wife is sick" and that he "must come home immediately," a request with which that worthy celestial seems most unwilling to comply. The women's gallery is full to the very top, and picturesque with many-colored handkerchiefs of flaming gold, blue, green, and yellow.

With the sudden sound of fire-crackers from the left of the stage the performance begins. One after another, the Eight Angels enter through the richly curtained door and take their places on the stage. Each gives his or her name. The chief angel says simply: "It is the birthday of the Goddess of Mercy; we will all go and congratulate her." This is at once the proem and the plot. After the Eight Angels have filed out, the King of the Monkeys enters. He and the rest of the monkey tribe are climbing the mountain in quest of a peach that has the power of conferring immortal life, which they intend as a present for the Goddess of Mercy.

Upon this slight thread is constructed what might be called an acrobatic ballet. The acrobats, of whom there are forty or more, are stripped to the waist, and wear rose-colored handkerchiefs on their heads. The prompter stands in full view of the audience directing the performance. As the play is given only once a year, disputes frequently arise as to what shall be done next. In such cases the performance is entirely suspended and reference made, with much squabbling, to the book which the prompter holds in his hand. Pyramids of twenty and sometimes thirty persons are formed; one little fellow carries valiantly around the stage six others larger than himself; another jumps from the apex of one of the pyramids full fifteen feet to the floor. In spite of occasional disagreement, the acrobats seem to be on the best of terms with themselves and with the audience, whom they amuse at intervals by playing tricks on the clown, who is as necessary an adjunct of such a performance with the Chinese, apparently, as he is in the circus with us.

As the acrobats pass around the stage they play with the children who are standing on tables with their backs to the wall. One of them, who is being carried aloft on the shoulders of one of his companions, still nonchalantly smokes the cigar, with which under no circumstances will he part. At this juncture two actors, beautifully dressed, can just be seen among the lanterns of the actors' box. The concluding event is now about to take place. The acrobats are arranged in two long opposing rows, holding one another by the hand.

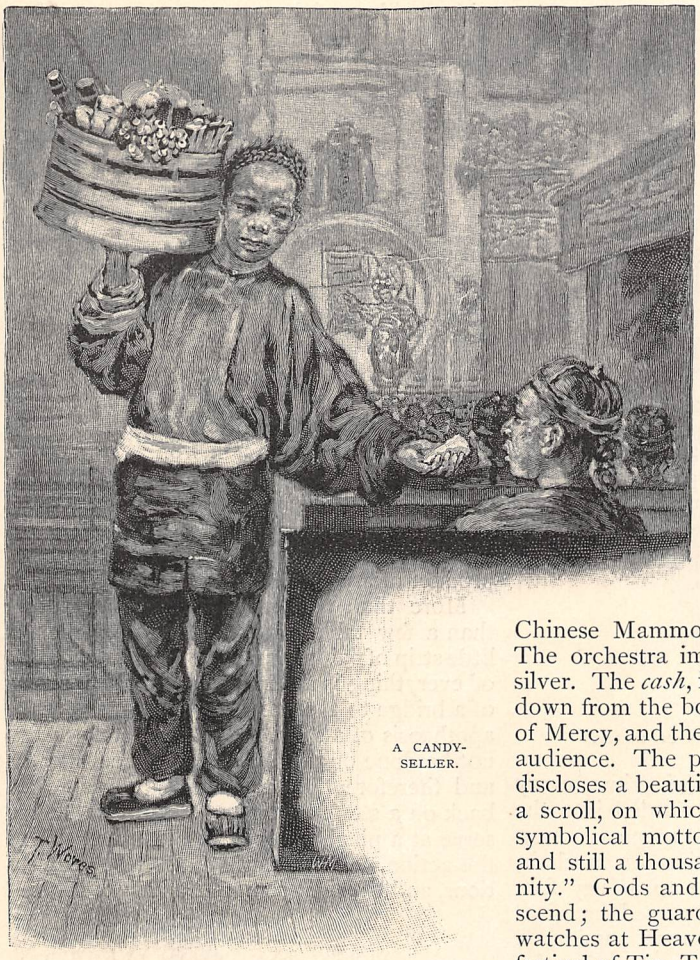
At the furthest end, just in front of the musicians' alcove, stand two men, one on top of the other. At a given signal they fall headlong from the height upon the living cushion of hands below.

This thrilling feat terminates the acrobatic part of the performance. The monkeys now assume the shape of a dragon and vanquish the guardian of the peach, who, though he is armed with a club, ineffectually opposes their advance, and, forming themselves into a procession, with banners, fans, and gauze hats, proceed with their prize to the Goddess of Mercy.

Enter forthwith other divinities, also on their way to congratulate the Goddess: the Goddess of Flowers, the Eastern Goddess, and the Western Goddess. After they have shown themselves, a fish, shrimp, oyster, and turtle take the stage. These are presents from the four Kings of Ocean — East, West, North, and South. The culminating point, however, is the entrance of Kwun Yam, the Goddess of Mercy, "who looked through the world and saw it all." * She is attended by two standard-bearers, and on each standard is inscribed her motto. When she is fairly seated on her throne, the Goddess of Flowers and the Eastern and Western Goddesses enter and make obeisance.

"What do you come for?" asks the Goddess of Mercy in kindly tones.

* Kwun Yam, the Chinese believe, besides having been on earth in various disguises, also descended through the Ten Hells. Is it merely a coincidence that the same story is told of the goddess Ishtar of the Assyrians? See the "Records of the Past."



A CANDY-SELLER.

"It is your birthday, and we come to congratulate you."

At the invitation of the Goddess the visitors sit down to a banquet which she orders prepared for them. Next come the Kings of Ocean, bearing scepters. They are asked the same question, and answer in the same manner. Finally the King of the Monkeys arrives with the wonderful peach, which he begs the Goddess will accept as a slight token of regard. This the Goddess graciously consents to do, but, "as there is no longer any room at the table, will the monkeys kindly make themselves at home on the floor?"

"Certainly," they answer. "This would, in fact, suit them much better; monkeys are comfortable anywhere."

After some preliminaries the King of the Eastern Ocean, speaking for the company, expresses a wish to see the Goddess go through some of her marvelous transformations.

Then follows an interlude, in which the Goddess transforms herself into eight different characters, ending with that of a scholar who has received the highest degree at the imperial examination; an illustration of the doctrine of transmigration that indicates the respect with which the Chinese scholar is regarded. This over, the scene changes to the Temple of the Goddess of Mercy, where, by means of an ingeniously improvised staircase of chairs, the Goddess and her guests are enabled to ascend even as far as the actors' box, which, draped with white curtains, now serves to represent the gate of heaven. Presently the Chinese Mammon, or God of Cash, enters. The orchestra imitates the clink of gold and silver. The *cash*, in great quantities, are taken down from the box, presented to the Goddess of Mercy, and then thrown broadcast into the audience. The peach, miraculously opening, discloses a beautiful boy, holding in his teeth a scroll, on which is inscribed the following symbolical motto: "A thousand grandsons, and still a thousand more, and so on to eternity." Gods and goddesses ascend and descend; the guard of the Goddess of Mercy watches at Heaven's gate; and thus ends the festival of Tin, Tau, and Chung.

The Chinese theater, however, is perhaps seen at its best in the evening. What pushing and chattering and quarreling there is, to be sure, as you make your way through the celestials who throng the box-office! The box-office, too, with its little pigeon-holes, seems rather small for the purpose. But, as the Chinese always bring the exact sum, no change is necessary, and everything moves with admirable dispatch. You have probably engaged a box, or "room," as the Chinese call it, and, as your name has been posted up conspicuously upon it, there is no chance of mistake.

The stage is ablaze with brilliant costumes of red and gold. The lights from the iron chandeliers flare heavily in the draught. Processions of armies, emperors, statesmen, and generals enter in rapid succession through a red-curtained door on one side and pass out through a red-curtained door on the other. Now the emperor is holding an audience. The next moment his troops are engaged in bitter combat with the retainers of some un-



THE GUARD OF THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

ruly vassal. Every species of crime, every form of human passion, is crowded into the brief moment of the fleeting scene. A messenger from heaven, standing on a chair, delivering his high summons to a fairy fish, is next presented to your confused imagination. Then, whirling in angry passion, a painted-face king, pulling his feathers fiercely, and loudly threatening all manner of dreadful things. The orchestra keeps up its infernal din. In shrill falsetto the characters sing through a sort of high-pitched recitative.

Presently you pass down behind the stage, through the paint-room, where an actor is making himself as ugly as vermilion and umber can well do it; then by means of a narrow stairway down to the dressing-room, rich in its very confusion, and strewn around with costly brocades and satins wherever the convenience of the last actor had left them. It is not long before you find yourself standing on the stage, so near the actors, too, that the emperor's robes touch you as he sweeps superbly by. Then you are hurried back to your box again, where it is explained to you that the fighting is still going on, and that So-and-So has killed So-and-So and is off on horseback. You leave the theater of the oldest people in the world with a confused idea of the plot, burlesqued by your interpreter and still more highly colored by your heated imagination, with the blare of the trumpet and the strident wail of the fiddle in your ears, with the smell of all Chinatown in your nostrils, with a headache, perhaps, but with little added to your stock of information.

It is safe to say that no stage is, or ever has been, so completely overlaid and incrusted with conventions as that of the Chinese. Even to Chinamen who have not been educated up to the theater from their youth, a dramatic performance must often be but a vivid pantomime — a dazzling spectacle, if you will, of color and of light. For all the characters in the drama, except perhaps the comedian, who may, to save his joke from falling flat, occasionally drop into the vernacular, speak a dialect unfamiliar to the mass of the audience. The costumes, again, from the humblest personage on the stage up to the emperor, are taken from an early period of Chinese history; and the gestures, instead of being the free and natural expression of emotion, are the studied product of a narrow school of art.

More than this, with little scenery other than a few tables and chairs, and perhaps a little strip of painted muslin, the representation of everything is attempted, from the building of a bridge to the storming of a fortress or the apotheosis of a saint. All this, of course, cannot be done on the Chinese stage realistically, and therefore the only alternative is to fall back on a stock of stage conventions that will serve at a pinch to eke out the exigencies of the action. To correctly read these conventions, and thus get some little idea of the real



A HUNTER.

meaning of a Chinese play, calls for more than an ordinary exercise of mental effort and intellectual sympathy. "When you are in the theater," say the Chinese, sententiously, "you must not ask"; and in a Chinese theater, at least, one stands in some need of the advice. A man who throws his leg into the air on the Chinese stage is supposed to be mounted on horseback; but this should not be taken as a realistic act, but only as a conventional sign to which the spectator must add his imagination. Again, an army of ten thousand who pass under a general's conquering sword are not supposed to be killed, any more than were the Roman hastati of old when they passed under the spear. The passing under is, in both cases, symbolical merely of defeat.

Besides these purely stage conventions, a second and still larger correction must be made for that peculiar difference of manners, feeling, and national history which seems to keep the Chinese people apart from the rest of the civilized world. To make this correction is perhaps more difficult still. Everything Chinese is, in our eyes at least, inverted. Where we would do one thing, they would do another. We seem at the outset precluded from any sympathy with them. But this, surely, is no reason for widening the breach. We know that the Chinese are different from us: we need very little to convince us of *that*. What we *do* wish to know is, in what do they resemble us?

If the Chinese theater is once looked at in this way, an intelligent stand-point will soon be gained. Take the stage itself, for instance, which bears the unmistakable stamp, as do all things Chinese, of an arrested civilization. It should not be compared with the Lyceum of the London of to-day, but with the Globe or Blackfriars of the London of Shakspere and Heywood. If this is done, what analogies at once present themselves! As in Shakspere's time, the audience are on the stage. The female parts are taken by men. There is no curtain, no scenery, no proscenium. The entrances and exits are from the back of the stage, not, as now, from painted "wings" at the side. Moreover, above these curtained entrances at the back appears, in both instances, a balcony or box!

Knight, in his Shakspere, gives a cut of the interior of the Globe, in which this box is to be seen. He quotes Malone as his authority for the statement that it was called the private box, but remarks that it is still uncertain what were the purposes to which it was put. The stage directions of one of the folios, he says, call for its use in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet;" and he further adds that, when not wanted for the performance, it was occupied by spectators who paid for this privilege a lower price of admission.

Now, all this would answer for a description of the actors' box on the Chinese stage.



A PAINTED-FACE KING.

Still another use there is of the actors' box which, it is needless to say, is not to be found on the early English stage. It is the means by which the patron *Joss*, who occupies the room just within, can at once witness and preside over the performance. Nothing bears such distinct testimony to the importance of the theater in China as this idea, firmly fixed in the Chinese mind, that their gods take pleasure in dramatic performances as well as themselves. *

A change of scene on the Chinese stage is indicated in two ways. If the change takes place from one part of the house to another, the characters of the play indicate their en-

* The Joss of one of the six companies in San Francisco was asked the other day, on the occasion of his birthday, which theater he preferred to attend, the Washington or the Jackson street. The sticks were thrown up. They came down on their flat side. The Joss had pronounced for the Jackson street establishment. He accordingly was carried through the streets of San Francisco with great pomp and placed upon the receiving altar.

trance into another room by means of pantomime; the comedian sometimes going so far as to stumble over the imaginary threshold. If, however, the change is total, and does not admit of being acted out, it is suggested conventionally by the whole *dramatis personæ* walking rapidly three times around the stage.

The Chinese have ceased, at least in San Francisco, to notice a division into acts. This, indeed, is only natural when it is remembered that there is no elaborate scenery to arrange and no curtain to hide the stage from view. Some time ago, when a new company arrived in San Francisco, the end of an act was indicated by the solemn procession of two supernumeraries, or, as the Chinese call them, "Great Eastern Melons," carrying banners. The Americanized Chinaman, however, grew very restive under this unnecessary conventionalism, and hooted and jeered the unlucky servants of Thespis off the stage, so that the practice had to be discontinued. *

The Chinese, it has been eloquently said, "walk with their feet on earth and their heads in heaven," and throughout their plays we find the strongest evidence of this spiritualistic tendency. Then, again, nothing can equal the veneration and respect which the true Chinaman entertains for the imperial authority; for, whatever may be the sufferings and hardships the economic condition of the empire entails, it cannot be denied that the prestige of the government is very great. A third element is the educational one. Hardly a play is performed that some allusion or other is not made to a scholar's having received, or being about to receive, the first degree at the imperial examination. Fortunately for the spectator, the evidence of this degree seems to have been more conspicuous in Ming Wang's time, being on the stage a small red object, not unlike a lobster-claw in appearance, and easily distinguished at a distance. The first and third of these three factors of the Chinese national life can readily be reduced to terms of the second; for, in the minds of the Chinese, every play is conceived to be an intercepted portion of the history of China. This conception is as important as it is subtle; for only on such an hypothesis can be explained the frequent appearance and reappearance of the Emperor and his court, and the constant, if intermittent, conflict of the imperial troops with barbarians and with rebellious subjects.

The theory, too, is of wider application than it would seem. The Chinese recognize



IN THE WOMEN'S GALLERY.

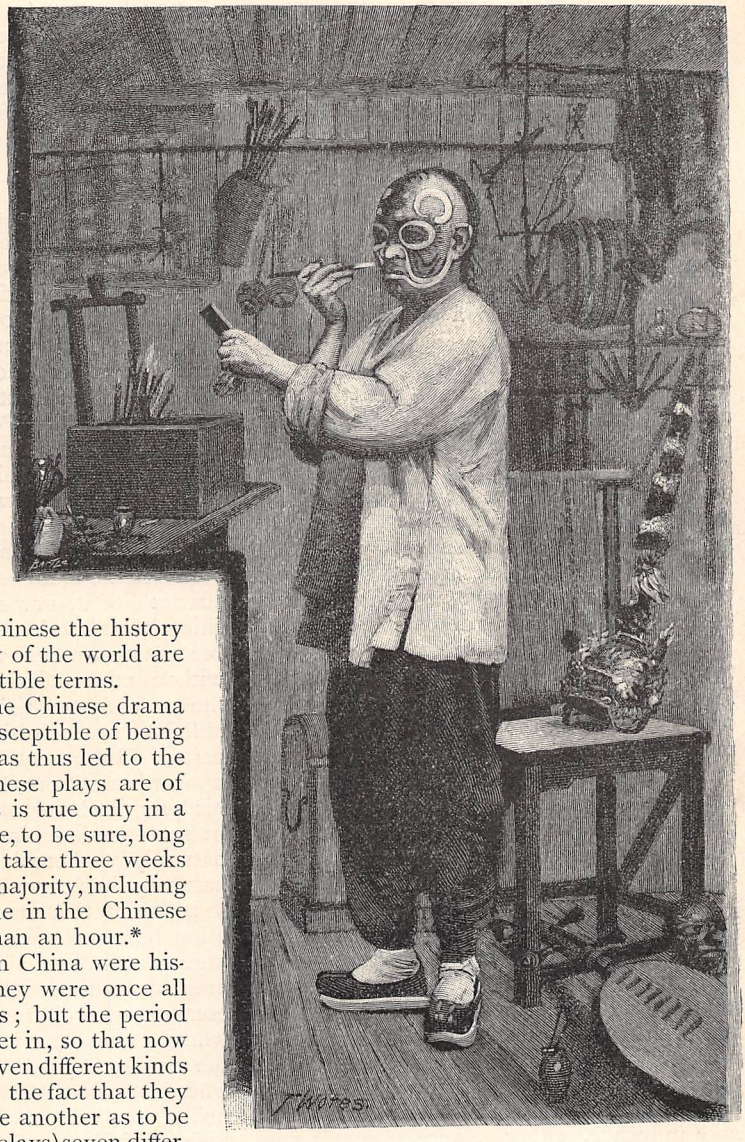
* The Chinese supernumerary receives his name of "Great Eastern Melon" from the fact that the large melons grown in the eastern provinces of China are, in the process of unloading, *pitched* from the deck of the junk to the shore. The term is expressive.

no history other than Chinese, no life outside the Middle Kingdom. To say, then, that their plays are taken from the history of China is as much as saying they are taken from the whole story of life. Is not the Emperor the "Son of Heaven"? Do not all outside barbarians exist merely by his gracious permission? Why, even the English "red-haired devils" are allowed to remain in Hong Kong because the Emperor sees fit to permit it, and the President of the United States himself occupies his chair by virtue of the same indulgence! With the Chinese the history of China and the history of the world are synonymous and convertible terms.

This epic strain in the Chinese drama makes one play quite susceptible of being run into another, and has thus led to the popular error that Chinese plays are of inordinate length. This is true only in a narrow sense. There are, to be sure, long "amateur" pieces that take three weeks in performance, but the majority, including the most celebrated one in the Chinese language, play in less than an hour.*

Originally all plays in China were historical, as in Europe they were once all miracle or mystery plays; but the period of differentiation soon set in, so that now the Chinese recognize seven different kinds of plays, or rather (from the fact that they are so often run into one another as to be scarcely recognizable as plays) seven different elements of plot. These are briefly:

I.	Fu-Cheng..... Historical Play or Tragedy.	
II.	Fai-Wood..... Comedy.	
III.	Oi-Yue ..... Platonic-love Play.	
IV.	Tai-Mong..... Court Play.	
V.	Hong-Koi ..... Chivalry Play	Melo-drama.
VI.	Yuen-Wang..... Persecution Play.....	
VII.	Po-Yeng..... Merit-rewarded Play.	



MAKING UP.

The very existence of the melodrama in China is in itself an interesting fact, as it tends to prove that this species of theatrical entertainment is not merely a degraded form, but a distinct kind, of art. Why do the poor delight in hearing of sudden windfalls of good luck? What poor boy, struggling to get along in the world by honest endeavor, has not found solace in such stories as that of "Whittington and his Cat"? Indeed, there are few of us

* The Loke-Kwog-Fong-Shung, which claims the proud distinction of being the best play in the Chinese language, deals almost entirely with the consolidation of the six kingdoms of China by the prime minister Shung, several hundred years before Christ. There is little action in the piece, and most of the *talking* is done by Shung himself, who relates how he managed to get the first degree at the imperial examination and thus do good service to his country. It is retained in the professional *répertoire* probably because it is a costume piece; the introduction of the six kings and their wives on the stage at one time taxing the resources of the theatrical wardrobe to the utmost.

who have not at times wished for some talisman of potent charm, a wishing-cap or Fortunatus purse, with which to bend the stubborn world into conformity with our desires.

It is idle to say that this constitutes a low form of art. This is confessed at the start. Indeed, it is precisely the inartistic, improbable character of the melodrama that makes it popular with its votaries; for, to a down-trodden and unhappy people, who have long given up the hope of substantial justice in real life, an agreeable improbability will always be preferable to a disagreeable truth on the stage.

Again, in these three forms of melodrama we get our first true insight into the moral and political conditions of Chinese life. For the evidence that the Hong-Koi, the Yuen-Wang, and the Po-Yeng give is entirely unconscious. They were devised as much for the ruler as the ruled, and it was certainly never intended that they should be put to the base uses of telling tales out of school. But they do tell such tales, nevertheless; terrible tales of fearful outrage, despotism, and crime.

We should be careful, however, not to infer too much from the facts that are brought before us in this way. As the novel must sooner or later deal with the passion of love, so the melodrama must resort eventually, for its elements of interest, to the crime, the police court, and the jail.

Still, the government of China bears down very hard on the poor and humble. There is absolutely no liberty of press, and therefore no appeal to Pekin of official outrage, except through the guilty officials themselves. If one of these should choose to administrate or legislate against an individual, he can do so with comparative impunity. It would be next to impossible to expose him. When the judges are on trial, who shall try them? Here is at once a fruitful and potent source of plot. Let any official, or in fact any one with power and influence, either admire a man's wife, covet his property, or fancy himself in any way slighted, he immediately proceeds against his victim by judicial process, fastening some crime upon him, and, when the case comes up, deciding it in accordance with his interests or his spite.

These instances of official outrage, where the machinery of the law is invoked to the injury of the innocent, form the substratum of the very popular Yuen-Wang, or Persecution Plots. With this important distinction, however, that, whereas on the stage the guilty are always punished and the innocent escape, the reverse is quite too often the case in real life. But this improbability in *dénouement* is not a drawback to the popularity of a Yuen-Wang; though, to be sure, in making any inferences from the ending we should be guided by a rule of contraries, viz., that whatever is loudly applauded on the stage will be pretty apt to be conspicuous by its absence in real life.

The interest of the Po-Yeng, or Merit-rewarded Plots, is of a similar description. There are few self-made men in China. A man of inferior family is practically debarred from all the lucrative and honorable pursuits; and though promotion on the score of merit is the law of the Po-Yeng, nothing in reality is so unusual. So unusual is it, in fact, that for the most part these plots are rather barren of incident or invention.

A very popular Po-Yeng is the following: A strong man is out of work. So powerful, indeed, is this Chinese Strong-Back that, single-handed and without weapon, he overcomes and kills a tiger. This feat of prowess does not escape unnoticed. It attracts the attention of a robber chieftain, who, on the strength of it, immediately offers him a position in his band. As public opinion in China permits a man reduced in circumstances and without other means of employment to adopt the profession of highwayman, our hero is enabled to accept without any sensible loss of caste. Unfortunately the very first travelers upon whom Strong-Back is called to exercise his 'prentice hand turn out to be a family who had befriended him in his past life. Very naturally our hero intercedes for them. Very naturally, however, the robber chieftain fails to see what this purely sentimental consideration has to do with his interests. Finding argument ineffectual, Strong-Back appeals to arms, and without much difficulty succeeds in escaping with his friends to the imperial court, where a complaint is formally lodged against the robber chieftain for his misdeeds, and where Strong-Back, in consideration of his noble conduct, is knighted and becomes a high official in the imperial service.

Now, as the Chinese government has always stood in need of brave and trustworthy mercenaries, it is not unlikely that in a case like the above a man's pedigree would not be too closely scanned. But it is to be carefully noted, nevertheless, that the heroes of the Po-Yeng are always of the military class who, through misfortune, have rather lost their caste than never had it; the lift, therefore, does not seem to be so great after all. But even for this little the populace is grateful. With breathless interest they watch their hero in all his vicissitudes, and when, triumphing over all obstacles, he receives an imperial appointment at the hands of the emperor himself, even these stoics of the eastern world do not contain them-

selves. "Hoi! Hoi!" they cry, from all parts of the theater, in low tones, as if ashamed to show emotion.

The Hong-Koi, or Chivalry Plays, would hardly on our stage be thought melodramatic at all; but from the extreme rarity of the occasions on which one Chinaman helps another, they are perhaps entitled to that term. The inherent selfishness as well as the superstition of the Chinese character excludes from it the active feeling of philanthropy; and, as we should expect, the Hong-Koi deal chiefly with (if such a term is possible) negative chivalry: not doing a man an injury when you might, and doing him a kindness when it is no very great inconvenience to yourself. Still, however indifferent the Chinese may be to the claims of noble sentiment in real life, they are quite willing to admit them on the stage. In this respect they are not far different from other people. How often in a Surrey melodrama, or in a similar production at the Old Bowery, have not the same situations developed, to the untiring satisfaction of large and enthusiastic audiences. Enter heroine in white, the very personification of virtue and distress. Of course she has an old father; of course this old father has mortgaged his farm. Next enter the "heavy villain" in long mustaches. At first, in order perhaps to preserve a proper dramatic suspense, he urges his suit mildly; but afterward, on receiving but cold encouragement, he becomes urgent. Then follows a long tirade from the young lady in white. With that wonderful insight into character which all stage heroines seem to possess, she "knows" him, it appears, and, what is more, tells him so. Then the proper thing for the "heavy villain" to do is to take the young lady by the wrist. The young lady of course screams. At this juncture the good young man rushes in and hurls the villain aside, who, after muttering that he will have revenge, slinks off the stage. The lovers are left alone just long enough to allow the "heavy villain" to prepare his plans, when the plot thickens. The good young man is arrested on a charge of forgery, and the "heavy villain" forecloses a mortgage on the ancestral farm. Who is not familiar with the *dénouement?* The good young man, of course, turns out to be the son of a lord; the "heavy villain" is exposed; virtue triumphs, and vice meets its just reward.

Now, strange enough, all these elements of plot exist as well on the Chinese stage; but instead of finding expression in one play, as with the English, they are, from a peculiar sense of division in the Chinese mind, kept carefully separate and distinct. In England there is but one form of melodrama; in China there are three. On the Chinese stage the misfortunes of the young girl and her lover would be treated at length in Yuen-Wang, or the Virtue-in-Distress Plot. The *dénouement* would be the escape of the innocent and the confusion and punishment of the guilty. The chivalrous assistance of the hero, which in the English melodrama is incident to the action, would on the Chinese stage be elaborated into a Hong-Koi, or Chivalry Play. We have in this country a very low but very distinct form of the Chivalry Play in such border dramas as those of Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, where the protagonist is ever performing marvels of impossible heroism in defense of innocence and virtue. In this form of melodrama, however, the Chinese *dénouement* would not be the reward or promotion of the hero; this would be treated separately, in a Po-Yeng, perhaps. A far more artistic ending would be evolved out of the very conditions of the plot itself. Here we may stop to notice a piece of conventionalism only to be matched by the Italian harlequinade, where the pantaloon is always a merchant from Venice, and the harlequin a poor devil with parti-colored coat from Bergamo. The conventional hero of the Hong-Koi is always a painted-face military character, who, like the knight-errant of mediæval Europe, goes about doing good, in spite of the consequences. Though his motives are good, however, his methods are impulsive; the dramatic interest, therefore, is sustained by the trouble that these methods create, both for himself and his friends; and poetic justice is ultimately satisfied by the triumph of these methods at the end. The Po-Yeng, or Persecution Plot, usually to be found at the end of an English melodrama, has already been described and needs no further mention.

A word, however, must be said about the Oi-Yue, or Platonic-love Play. Like the Chivalry Play, the Oi-Yue is somewhat rudimentary in its emotional qualities. We, indeed, find nothing strange in the fact that a man should be in love. We find nothing unusual in the triumph of sentiment over passion. We associate no impurity with the idea of falling in love. But the Chinese dramatist indulged in the highest flight of his poetic fancy when he conceived the mere idea of a conversation on the stage between two unmarried persons of different sex. He, therefore, finds it necessary to guard against being misunderstood, and calls his dramas Plays of Respectful Love, or, as they have already been styled for want of a better name, Platonic-love Plays.

The strength of a Chinese play lies in its ingenuity of plot and strength of characterization; it cannot be said to excel in conver-

sation. Indeed, the civilization of a people must be highly advanced before it can be made to yield up much in this way. In order to talk well there must be something to talk about, and the Chinese life is peculiarly barren of great themes. Nobility of thought, Shakspere's subjective search for the infinite secrets of the heart, is nowhere to be found; the atmosphere of Chinese art is everywhere pervaded by a fantastic spirit of unrest.

Besides, most of the Chinese acting plays are, like those of the early Italian stage, the merest "outlines," the dialogue in most cases being left almost entirely to the spontaneous improvisation of the actor. Yet, strange enough, the conversations do not seem to lose much by the process, and appear quite as pointed and confined to the action as if they had been committed to memory. Indeed, in spite of the fact that there are often five or six characters on the stage at the same time, no one of the actors interferes with the other, the whole performance having the deliberate air of preparation.*

From a Fu-Cheng frequently played in the Chinese theaters of San Francisco is taken the following scene:

The Emperor of China is at war with a feudatory vassal; but thus far, owing to the abilities of an opposing general who is the military governor of a fortified place of great strength, the advance of the Emperor's troops has been effectually checked. It becomes a matter of some importance to win this general over. The Emperor, therefore, appoints a commissioner of great learning and tried diplomatic ability with a view to this end.

Arrived at the city's gates, the commissioner is received with great courtesy by the governor, who, it seems, is an old friend and formerly a good subject of the Emperor, but one who, embittered by imaginary wrongs and misled by false counsel, had gone over to the enemy.

The commissioner is invited to partake of a repast; but, once fairly seated at the governor's table (or, rather, at his own, for there is a separate table for each guest at a Chinese dinner), he delicately broaches the subject of the treaty which is the object of his mission.

The governor, who is a soldier merely, and distrusts his ability as a diplomat, refuses to discuss the question, remarking, by way of parenthesis, that he has made a law that any one who even mentions the name of the country the commissioner represents, much less anything relating to its affairs, shall receive for the first offense four lashes; for the second, eight; and for the third, he shall lose his head. As the commissioner is an old friend, he hopes that he will not push him to extremities,—a word to the wise, as it were.

The commissioner is quite unruffled by the governor's words, and replies gravely, "You are perfectly right; a law is a law, and must be obeyed."

He immediately, however, violates the law.

The sheriff approaches him and leads him out to be lashed. The orchestra plays a mournful air; the four lashes are distinctly heard; and the commissioner returns very sore and in great pain.

The governor is visibly affected, but controls himself with an effort.

"I am very sorry," he says, "and I have to apologize for the pain I have caused you; but you should have paid attention to what I said."

"Your order must be obeyed," replies the commissioner, with a low bow; "and if I have violated the laws, it is only right that I should take the consequences."

But, after some further conversation, the laws are again violated.

The governor is this time fairly transported with rage. Down comes his fist upon the table.

"Give him eight lashes," he bawls out.

The sheriff again approaches.

"Eight lashes?" asks the aged commissioner of that functionary.

"That is the order."

"But, Mr. Sheriff, I tell you, I can't stand it; I could hardly stand four! It must be, eh? Well, if it must, I suppose it must. Let's go quickly and have it over with as soon as possible. But I say, my good fellow," continues the commissioner in a lower tone, "go easy this time, will you?"

Again the commissioner leaves the stage. Again there is a moment of dread suspense. The eight lashes are indicated by the orchestra as before, and the commissioner returns. This time, as he enters, he fairly falls down on the stage with exhaustion, and is hardly able to take his seat. The governor is melted with sympathy, though he is out of all patience with the commissioner's obstinacy.

"You ought to have better sense. You are an educated man. You ought to be able to regulate your tongue. I tell you, once for all, this order must be obeyed."

"What you say," replies the commissioner, "is perfectly true. The mountain does not yield! The sun and wind do not stop! Your order must be obeyed."

But in spite of his expressed respect for law and order, the commissioner perversely

* It is a curious fact, not generally known perhaps, that the actors of the Italiens of Paris insisted, as late as 1783, on having "outlines" from the pen of Goldoni in lieu of his more finished pieces.



AN ENTRANCE.

sins a third time. The governor's fury knows no bounds. The sheriff is told to do his duty, and to lead the prisoner to execution. The sheriff accordingly approaches the commissioner for the third and last time.

"Cut my head off?" asks the latter.

The sheriff nods.

"By the Goddess of Mercy, it is high time I was doing some thinking. See here, friend of mine, it is true that I have violated your order three times; but you, look you, have violated three laws of nature. It is you therefore who ought to be lashed and have your head cut off."

"I!" replies the governor with great astonishment.

"Certainly. I will convince you of this, under three heads.

"*First.* You do not belong to this country. You belong, on the contrary, to my country. And yet you fight for this country against yours and mine! Are you not a traitor?

"*Second.* You are not without family ties in your country and in mine — you have a brother and sister, yea, a father, even. Are you not unfilial?

"*Third.* We were old schoolmates together, the same as brothers. And yet you gave me four and eight lashes, and now you seek to chop my head off! Is not this a violation of the principle of fraternal love? And have you not therefore violated the three natural laws of being?"

This extraordinary exordium proves quite too much for the man of war. He breaks down completely, in fact, and is persuaded to accompany the commissioner. So they both throw their legs over their imaginary steeds, and are off to the Emperor's court.

THE question is often asked, Have the Chinese any spectacular plays? In one sense of the word they have not. Music invariably accompanies the action, and rude scenery and "properties," such as they are, are introduced when needed. But the Chinese have hardly arrived at the point where they would play a piece merely for the purpose of exhibiting the scenery. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is advertised in the play-bill, of which the following is a close translation:

TAN-SAN-FUNG.

(Red Mountain Peacock.)

29th day. Performance day and night continuously.

New Play for the Matinée, entitled:

CHE YOUNG KWONG

BUILDS A SHIP THAT SAILS ON LAND.

Leading Lady AH MA CHU will appear.

THE DRAGON AND PEACOCK JUNK!!!

BEAUTIFUL LANTERNS OF DIVERS COLORS!!!

GORGEOUS COSTUMES!!!

Special Notice.— Four genuine girls will draw the junk.

To conclude with a short piece entitled:

THE FISHERWOMAN KILLS HER WICKED HUSBAND.

In which will appear

AH LOW.	ME BOW.
AH KEE.	KING BOW.
PIN HAW.	SIN LEE.

—o—

Come Early! Come Early!

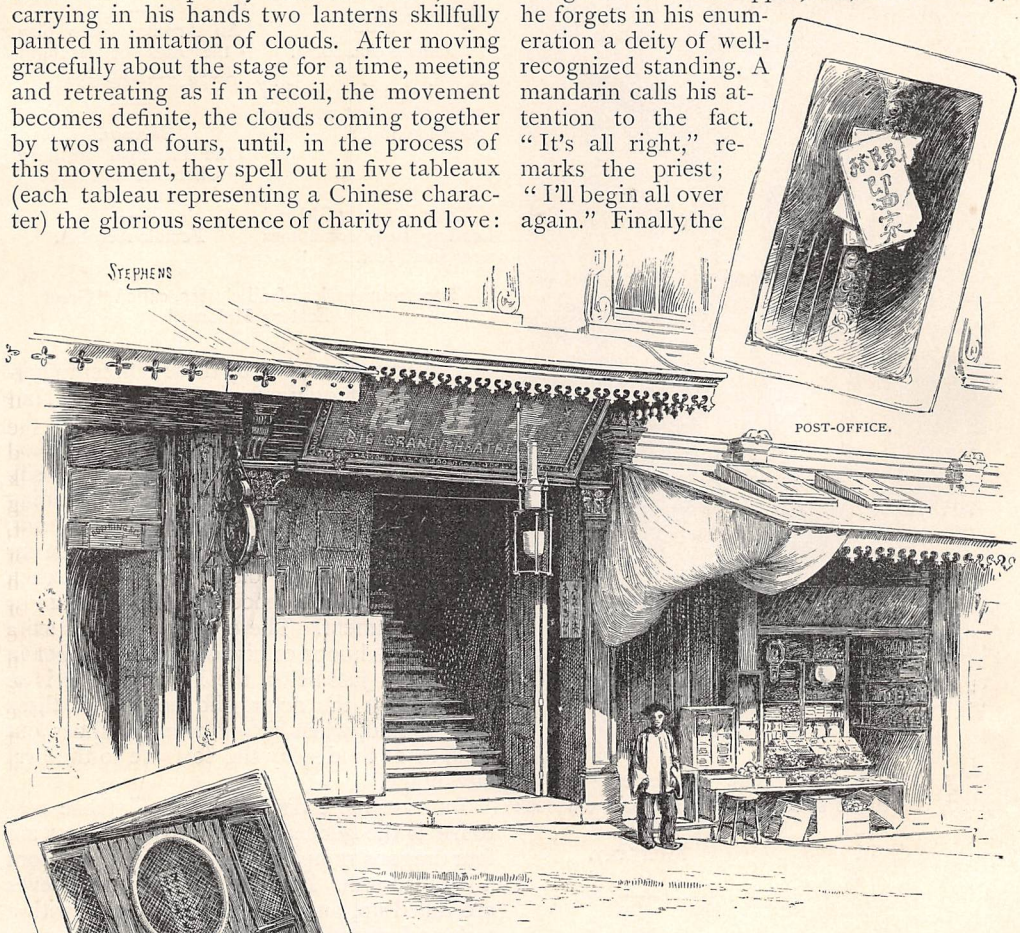
This play is, of course, a Fu-Cheng; but, from the fact that the dramatic portion is made subordinate to certain details, it perhaps merits being called spectacular. It is performed generally on Saturdays, and, whenever produced, draws large crowds. In construction it is not unlike the Fu-Cheng of Tin, Tau, and Chung. There the action hinged on the search for the wonderful peach and its presentation to the Goddess of Mercy. In this play also the thread of construction is slight, being little else but the building of a bridge.

The especial feature of the performance is undoubtedly the progress of the Goddess of Mercy in a marvelous junk, which, as the play-bill truly announces, "sails on land." The *Dragon and Peacock* junk is certainly a wonderful object; but its chief "drawing" power, if one may be pardoned the bad pun, are the four "genuine" girls. It is easy to see from the pretentious advertisement that the Chinese have no real objection to the appearance of women on the stage, and that it is the lack of intelligence of the women rather than the sense of propriety of the audience that keeps them off. Indeed, there is already one Chinese actress in San Francisco, who, whenever she appears, is received with acclamation. She is attached to the Jackson street theater, and, it is safe to say, earns a much larger salary than if she were a man. The "leading lady" mentioned in the bill is, of course, not a woman, but in fact the principal male actor of the theater. The necessity of the Goddess of Mercy being suitably represented no doubt occasions his appearance in the cast.

A beautiful incident of the performance is the "Cloud Ballet." The *raison d'être* of this ballet is the necessity of the ocean's being calm enough to allow the building of the

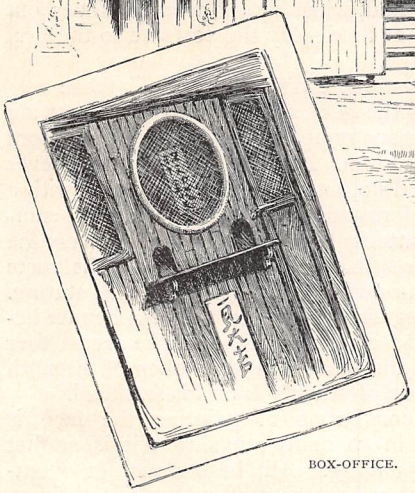
bridge. The King of the Eastern Ocean has been consulted, and has promised to keep the wind down. The ballet begins. Supernumeraries enter completely clothed in white, each carrying in his hands two lanterns skillfully painted in imitation of clouds. After moving gracefully about the stage for a time, meeting and retreating as if in recoil, the movement becomes definite, the clouds coming together by twos and fours, until, in the process of this movement, they spell out in five tableaux (each tableau representing a Chinese character) the glorious sentence of charity and love: "Peace on earth, good-will toward man." The allegory is complete, the clouds are resting, and the ocean is calm.

The final building and dedication of the bridge is worked out with much spirit and no little fidelity to nature. We are afforded glimpses of the folk-life of China and character sketches of junk-peddlers, market-women, and street *gamins*. The dedication service, too, is not without its touch of humor. The old Buddhist priest who has the thing in hand chants away at the service, invoking all the gods nether and upper; but, unfortunately, he forgets in his enumeration a deity of well-recognized standing. A mandarin calls his attention to the fact. "It's all right," remarks the priest; "I'll begin all over again." Finally the little bell rings three times, and the bridge is consecrated. A dramatic event at the close is the appearance of an evil spirit, who is driven off by a scholar who has received the first degree at the imperial examination. The obstacle is but momentary, therefore the surging crowd pass over and the play ends.



POST-OFFICE.

EXTERIOR OF WASHINGTON STREET THEATER.



BOX-OFFICE.

A curious feature of the Chinese stage is its minutely divided cast. Every actor has his particular "line" of characters, from which he seldom departs. This makes it necessary to have very large companies, which adds little to the artistic side of the performance and greatly to the expense account. A complete list of these different *rôles* is a rather complicated affair; but without some little knowledge of their strange and conventional classification, a performance would be abso-



A PIRATE.

lutely unintelligible. The characters are divided, it will be seen, into two broad classes:

CIVIL.	MILITARY.
Men.	*Men.*
Emperor.	1st Class.
(Gen. Chief Singer.)	Generals or Officials of high rank (bearded, old, and sometimes poor).
Mandarins.	
1st and 2d Old Men.	2d Class.
1st and 2d Young Men.	One Principal and three Assistants (young, unbearded; these never paint their faces).
1st and 2d (Light) Comedians.	
3d (Low) Comedian.	1st Painted-face Military Character (ugly "heavy villain," always the enemy of the First Class of Military Characters).
Women.	
Leading Lady.	2d Painted-face Military Character (the opposite of the above, a knight-errant who succors the unfortunate; the impulsive hero of the Hong-Koi, or Chivalry Play).
(Must sing well.)	
Old Woman.	Four Painted-face Generals.
Pretty Girl.	An Acrobat (who plays the *rôles* of strength: thief, burglar, etc.)
(She is the *première amoureuse* of the French stage; also does juvenile characters.)	*Women.*
Female Comedian.	One Principal Military Character and three Assistants.
(Must be good-natured in appearance, but not over good-looking.)	Female Acrobat.

NOTE.— Pretty Girl and Leading Lady sometimes *wear* small feet.

Supernumeraries of all classes, called "Great Eastern Melons."

The costumes worn by these different characters are not only effective on the stage, but they bear the test of close examination, the gold cloth of the more costly being picked out and heightened by innumerable silk threads of many different colors, all blending harmoniously and exquisitely. They do not, indeed, vary much in general cut, and are for the most part chiefly distinguished from each other by some difference in the head-dress or minor ornament. The emperor and his suite wear huge hoops or circlets, which gather in their robes just below the knee; and it is *de rigueur* that the actor who personates these *rôles* should, when sitting, turn his shoes out well, so as to display the costume to the best advantage.

But the most distinctive of all these costumes is the general's. In his head-dress are four dragons rampant, and on the flap in front a lion's mouth. In time of action his sleeves are rolled up, and his loins are girded with a sash and rosette of light-blue silk. An enormous butterfly laps over and partly covers the side-pieces that protect his thighs. His boots are high-soled and add much to his stature. Two long feathers sweep from his helmet behind. As a symbol of power he wears four flags in his back, and as a token of strength a cockade of black silk on his forehead.

The convention of painting the face is applied in so many ways that it is at first rather puzzling. All barbarians, or "outlanders," are represented with painted faces. This is necessary conventionally, if for no other reason, to distinguish the commander of the enemies' forces from that of the home or imperial troops. This distinction serves in place of a difference of costume, and is about the only way the Chinaman recognizes on the stage the existence of any nationality other than his own. Besides this primary use of the painted face, it is used also to indicate moral

or physical ugliness, and is therefore applied indifferently to the good-natured King of the Eastern Ocean, the "heavy villain" of the Yueng-Wang, and the plain-featured but generous harlequin of the Chivalry Play.

But probably the most striking thing in the whole Chinese theatrical cast is the presence of the female military characters. The fact that it is necessary to have a certain number of actors to do this work exclusively sufficiently attests their importance. These Chinese amazons not only assist their husbands when they *are* able to fight, but not infrequently when they are *not*. A curious thing this, to see a scholar, upon whom may rest the direction of an empire, obliged to have his wife do his fighting for him.

An important part of the organization of a theater is the orchestra. This is composed of a leader who plays the ox-hide drum, a fiddler, a banjoist, a gong player, and a cymbal player. The instruments are of beautiful make, and the majority of little cost. Indeed, no prettier souvenir is there of San Francisco than the Chinese banjo, a beautiful instrument of dark polished wood, with a blue snake's skin stretched over the drum. The cymbals are much larger than ours, and beaten out artistically of brass; the dents of the hammer giving them all the effect of beaten gold. The cymbal player is sometimes very expert, and is the only one of the orchestra who does not remain always at his post. He moves about anywhere where the inspiration of the piece may lead him, often throwing up one cymbal in the air and catching it on the flat side of the other, which he holds in his hand. As a Chinese cymbal weighs upward of ten pounds, the difficulty of this feat can well be imagined.

The Chinese theater in the morning is, so to speak, *en déshabillé*. Everybody is sound asleep: the actors in their comfortable sleeping-rooms over the stage; the supernumeraries and petty comedians on some trunk in the dressing-room, or, more frequently, on the floor. No one hinders your approach. It is supposed that you have some business or you would not have come. Leaving the boxes on your right, and finding your way with difficulty along a dark and narrow passage-way, you open a little door at the end, and find yourself presently in the actors' hotel, an intricate rookery of rooms and corridors where the helpless and luxurious histrion is lodged, fed, shaved, and dressed. For everything necessary to his existence the actor finds within the four walls of the theater. There he has with him his barber, servant, wife, and household gods, and he seldom leaves the theater, except for an occasional dinner at the restaurant or a walk through the streets in the afternoon. Indeed, he does not leave it even to get married; for he does not go to his wife, his wife comes to *him*.

A marriage in the Chinese theater takes place in this wise. The bridegroom sends a carriage for the bride. When she arrives they worship their ancestors together. Then she presents him with a cup of tea or Chinese whisky, as if to say, "I am your humble servant." After which follows a curious ceremony. The bride, attired in a red skirt of flowing silk, and a gorgeous head-dress on her head, proceeds to pay her respects to every Joss in the theater; as there are thirty or more Josses in every conceivable situation, in niches at every turn of the underground and winding passage-ways, this journey leads her far. Having propitiated the infernal deities, she takes leave of her bridesmaids, is domiciled, and passes under the dominion of her husband.



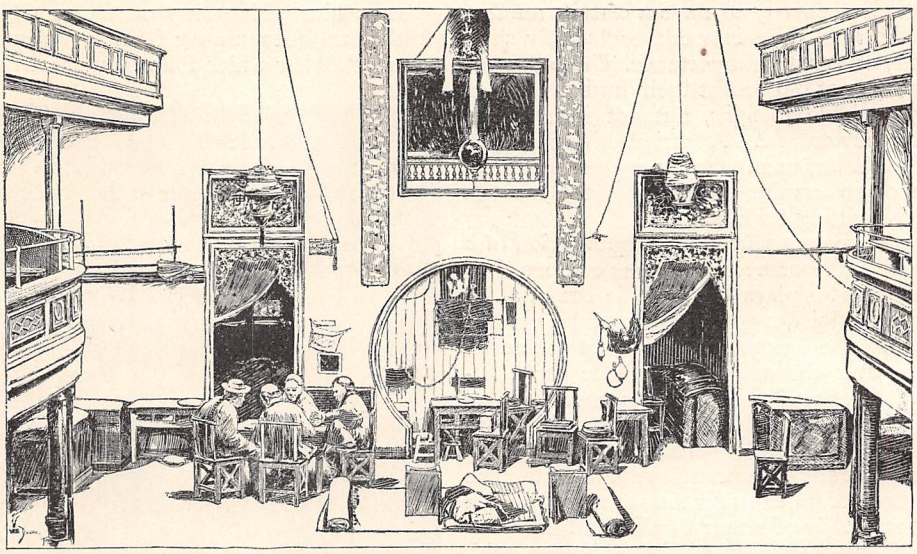
A GOD OF THUNDER.

The management of a theater lies in the hands of three men. One buys and takes care of the costumes; another looks after the food and lodging question; and the third fills the important post of treasurer and paymaster.

Virtually, however, the theater takes care of itself. The Chinese have little taste or talent for organization, and everything is regulated pretty much by unwritten law.

There is no stage manager. When a new play is to be produced, the author, who is generally also an actor, superintends the rehearsals as well as the performance. The cast is written down in a book and hung up in a conspicuous place in the green-room. No parts are given out; the author merely tells the actor in a general way what he is to do, and that is all. The "cues," however, are written out, as well as the important sentences,— *couplets de sortie*. A Chinese actor, therefore, must be a man of intelligence, good education, and ready wit. He must possess in addition to these qualities an accurate knowledge of the history of China, and of the etiquette and ceremonial of the imperial court as it is popularly understood. He must be suitably dressed, and his action must conform as much as possible to the character of the personage he represents, who is often historical and well known to the audience. These requirements make acting in China no easy matter; and a really good artist is, therefore, quite properly treated with great respect by his fellows, who watch him carefully when he acts, and, in case they approve, reverently salute him with the title of "Master."

Owing perhaps to the prevalence of the "stock" system, but one actor has raised himself above the mediocrity of his fellows. His name was Ah Wah Chai. He died twenty years ago at Pekin, and the period of his greatest fame was about forty years earlier. He was, of course, a professional; no mandarin actor having any celebrity whatever. In spite of its great inferiority, however, the mandarin stage continues to exist. In the opinion of the chief actor of the Jackson street theater in San Francisco, the amateur actor's forte lies in his delicacy and refinement rather than in his force. A small company of amateur actors came to San Francisco a few years ago, and gave representations by the side of their professional brethren. At first the people were delighted with them, and so great was the enthusiasm that the managers of the theater were induced to engage them in addition to the regular company. They failed utterly to realize the expectations that were formed of them, or to meet the severe exigencies of the professional stage.



INTERIOR OF JACKSON STREET THEATER. MORNING.

Once a year the company of a Chinese theater is reorganized. The details of the reorganization are discussed at a dinner which takes place at the restaurant, and at which the whole company are present. The theater is then closed for three days, at the end of which time it is opened again with great *éclat*. Very often nothing is done but to continue the arrangements of the past year; still the ceremonies of reopening are never dispensed with.

The salary of a Chinese actor runs from two hundred to seven thousand dollars a year. On the other hand, he occupies in China the lowest place in the scale of caste. He is incapacitated from holding any position of trust or emolument under the government, and this rule applies with all its rigor to his sons and grandsons as well. Nothing but the most desperate fortunes and the extremely large profit accruing would ever tempt a Chinese subject to embrace a profession at once so unlucky



TWO PRINCES PLAYING CHECKERS.

and so proscribed. Legally debarred from all other pursuits, with a political curse resting on their lives and those of their children, Chinese actors have little incentive to save, and as a consequence we find that they are almost always in debt. From this has resulted the paradoxical fact that the best company is to be seen in San Francisco, so very many Chinese actors having been obliged to leave their own country on account of business complications. An actor who in China would act the *rôle* of first general, must in San Francisco be content with an engagement as second, and sometimes third general; a first comedian, that of second comedian; and so on through the whole cast.

Besides, the source of revenue is greater in America. In China there are but comparatively few stationary theaters, and the majority of the actors belong to strolling companies that depend in the main on the support of some wealthy nobleman who commands the play. Even in the large cities the pit is free, and the revenues are derived entirely from the galleries. These galleries are divided into three ranks.

First rank, teak chairs with high backs	$1.50
Second rank, bamboo chairs without backs	.80
Third rank, for the first hour	.25
" for the second hour	.20
" for the third hour	.15
" for the fourth hour	.10
" for the fifth and each succeeding hour	.05

All this is much simplified in San Francisco. Here the pit is *not* free. With the exception of the boxes, only one rank exists, and all must pay something; the price fixed being on the basis of the lowest-paying rank in China. The same decreasing scale is observed, however, so that a Chinaman pays five cents an hour for his theatrical amusement. Return checks are given at the door to all except the white barbarians, who pay their fifty cents once for all; and on leaving the Chinese theater any evening a large number of poor devils who cannot afford to pay the admission price can be seen shadowing the door of the theater and soliciting the return checks of their more fortunate brethren.

The Chinese theater is rich in sign literature, and signs of all descriptions exist, suited to all needs and addressed to all intelligences: "The utterances of God are blessings to men"; "Glory to the spirit forever"; "The people with a loud voice praise him for his blessing." Then, not a foot away perhaps: "Ladies and gentlemen must be separated and treat each other with proper respect"; "Go up and down peaceably"; "Harmony is the best policy." On the principle, perhaps, that praising a man is sometimes the best way to get him to act up to the character you give him, a large sign overlooking the pit or orchestra proclaims that "The seats are full of gentlemen." Those in the dressing-rooms are addressed exclusively to the actors, who are advised that they "must not come up in this dirty place [the paint-room] with their costumes on," and that "people who wash their faces should not spill water on the floor." A very common green-room sign is the bill which the restaurant keeper posts for sundry lunches due him on matinée days. The signs on the stage are rather ornamental than instructive. But over the door of entrance the actor is warned to "come in in good spirits"; by the door of exit he is told to "go out and change his costume." Among other injunctions are these: "Let the voice be clear and the music loud"; "Let the gymnasts excel themselves"; "Let man have the spirit of the dragon and of the horse." From a sign in the musicians' box we learn that "When the performance begins there will be good luck to all," and scattered about are many other "lucky" signs: "May your happiness be great"; "May you receive what your heart desires." Over the doors of entrance, however, as if in contrast to the auspicious signs just mentioned, are two decorative pieces, not inappropriately repre-

senting those two great, and to the Chinese unexplained, terrors of nature, the water-spout and the eclipse. The former is typified by the figure of a dragon spouting out a column of water, and the latter by a bat eating up the sun. A nimbus of colored clouds surrounds the bat, and a piece of gas-pipe let into the animal permits of lurid and realistic effects.

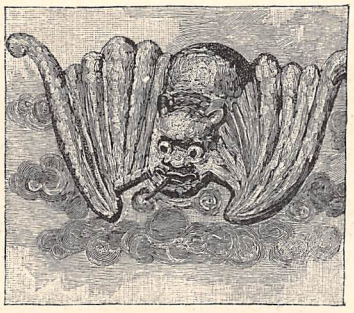
A word in conclusion. It is related of the late Mr. Ticknor, who labored in the cause of Spanish literature for the greater part of his life, and whose work has been translated into Spanish and adopted as a text-book by the universities, that he was asked by his daughter whether he would advise the study of Spanish on account of its literature.

"No, I would not advise it," he said; "there is nothing in their literature to repay a study of the language."

A similar question might be framed in reference to the Chinese theater. When one has taken the trouble to understand it, does it pay? The writer of this necessarily imperfect sketch can only say that he has not entered the lists in behalf of the Chinese literature; and that on the function and purpose of their drama he should much prefer that the Chinese should speak for themselves. On two long, red signs, which hang on either side of the musicians' alcove in the Jackson street theater, are written these words:

"NEIGHBORS ALL, OBSERVE WITH YOUR EYES AND LISTEN WELL WITH YOUR EARS. BE AS ONE FAMILY, EXCEEDINGLY HAPPY AND CONTENTED. IN HEAVEN ABOVE AND ON EARTH BELOW, THINGS GREAT AND SMALL ARE JUDGED AND IMMEDIATELY RECEIVE THEIR REWARD. YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE WHOLE STORY OF LIFE. CONSIDER WELL WHAT YE SHALL CHOOSE, THE REWARD OF THE GOOD OR THE REWARD OF THE EVIL."

Henry Burden McDowell.



THE ECLIPSE.

IN NOVEMBER.

FROM my hill-circled home, this eve, I heard
The tempest singing on the windy height—
The first wild storm of winter in its flight
Seaward—as though some mighty Arctic bird
Had left its snowy nest, and on the firred,
Steep mountain summit paused one boisterous night
To fill the valleys with its fierce delight.
Ah me, I thought, how every pine is stirred,
Till all its deep storm-music is unbound;
How every waving bough gives forth its roar,
And the firs shout, as though some harper hoar
Laid his great hand upon the hills around,
And drew a loud hymn forth, a voice to sound
Far, far away, beyond the world's dull shore.

W. P. Foster.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF HOUSE-DRAINAGE.

IT is proposed to make this paper a simple and direct statement of some positive knowledge, and of more confident belief, about the drainage of houses. It is not addressed to that indifferent public which sees a good deal of nonsense in the theories of all reformers. It is not addressed to plumbers, who, as a rule, are little attracted and less influenced by what anybody says whose working years have not been given to plumbing work. It is not even addressed to architects and engineers, who, whatever their own convictions, so often find it necessary to compromise with their mechanics and with their clients, and to be content with such improvements as it seems under the circumstances judicious to insist on. It is addressed to that limited class that is willing to learn, and with whom a promising suggestion becomes a fruitful germ; to the few who will agree with its teachings, and to the more who will take its propositions into earnest consideration without the intention, and often without the result, of agreeing with them. Where they can be avoided, alternative suggestions will not be made. If there are two ways of doing a thing, one right and the other only not wrong, the right way alone will be recommended. There is usually but one best way, and all that is to be considered here is purely and simply the best way of improving the drainage of a human habitation, and of maintaining its good sanitary condition.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

THE house and the ground under and about it, and the air with which it is filled and surrounded, should be as dry and as clean as the best constant effort can make them. To this end, the most intelligent care and the most earnest attention must be given to all details of construction, and, no less, to the details of maintenance. No house, however perfect its original condition, can remain in perfect condition if subjected to the deteriorating influences of even ordinary carelessness. Many a palace is a pig-pen in its hidden recesses; and where the light of day and the eye of a scrupulous housekeeper are withheld, there will those enemies of the human race, dirt and damp and decay, surely make their stand. The whole range of cubby-holes, dark cellars, uninspected closets, and those spaces about pipes and fixtures which are screened from observation and withdrawn from the reach of care by the pernicious carpentry to which the plumbing art is so closely wedded, are, all of them, places to be suspected and to be as far as possible abolished. Where dark places must be maintained, they should be the chief objects of the householder's care. It is a wise old sanitary saying that "where daylight cannot enter the doctor must."

Houses that are perfect, even in the general arrangement and construction of their sanitary works, are extremely rare. Those which, having begun perfect, continue so under daily occupation, are still more rare. So true is this that it is sometimes asked if it is, after all, worth while to encounter the additional expense and the constant attention that perfection demands; whether, indeed, the world has not got on so well in spite of grave sanitary defects that it is futile to hope for an improvement corresponding with the cost in money and time. The most simple and the efficient answer to this is that the world has not got on well at all, and is not getting on well; that among large classes of the population one-half of all the children born die before they attain the age of five years; that those who come to maturity rarely escape the suffering, loss of time, and incidental expense of unnecessary sickness; that the average age of all mankind at death is not one-half of what it would be were we living under perfect sanitary conditions; that one of the chief items of cost in carrying on the world, to say nothing of the cost of burying those who die, is that of supporting and attending the sick and helpless; that another great item is the cost of raising children to or toward the useful age, and then having them die before they begin to make a return on the investment; that the great object of a well-regulated life is to secure happiness for one's self and one's dependents, an aim which is crushed to the earth with every death of wife or child or friend. There is a sentimental view, no less important, which need not be recited, but which is sufficiently suggested to the minds of all who have had to do with the sanitary regulation of houses by the frequency with which their services are called into requisition only when the offices of the undertaker have been performed. No cost and no care would be too great to prevent the constantly recurring domestic calamities which have had their origin, and which have found their development, in material

conditions that a little original outlay and a constant and watchful care would have prevented.

The objects to be attained in the drainage of a house and of its site are, first, to remove all causes of excessive dampness; and, second, to provide a means for the water transportation of organic wastes to a safe point of disposal, in such a way as to prevent decomposition on the premises, and so as to exclude from the house all air which has been in contact with these matters after their discharge into the drainage system.

The means for accomplishing these ends are of two distinct sorts: one allied to the drainage of agricultural lands, the other to the flushing of gutters.

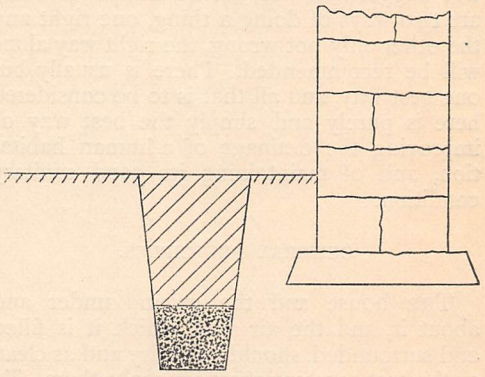
FOUNDATION AND CELLAR.

THE first in order of execution, and although not first in importance, still of absolute importance, comprises the means for preventing undue dampness of the interior atmosphere, or of the walls, of the house by an actual inflow of water, by an exhalation of watery vapor from the water contained in the soil, or by a soaking of the foundation. In the case of city houses occupying the whole width of the lots on which they stand, this drainage is necessarily confined to the cellar and foundations, and, as a rule, the water to be drained away can be delivered only into a public sewer,—though there are frequent exceptional cases where, by piercing an impervious stratum of clay or other material, an outlet may be gained into a porous stratum of gravel or sand below. Wherever the site is on a deep and naturally well-drained bed of sand or gravel, the question of drainage as a means for removing soil-water does not present itself. But here another very serious difficulty is to be encountered, having a different sanitary bearing, but of no less sanitary consequence. This relates to the protection of the house against exhalations from the ground,—not of moisture, but of the atmospheric impurities of the subsoil.

In the case of a country house, or of a town house standing in the center of a considerable area, it is often the most efficient means for securing satisfactory drainage to apply a very thorough system of underdraining to the whole area about it and for some distance away, by laying different lines of tile drains, not necessarily under the house at all, but so as to surround it on all sides from which water flows toward it, and in all cases at a depth several feet below the level of the cellar-bottom. It is seldom, even where a spring is struck in digging the cellar, that such drains, surrounding the site of the house, will not entirely divert the water. In this drainage of large lots, the character of the outlet is of secondary importance. All that is needed is that it shall be low enough for the free discharge of the flow of the drains, and, if it be a sewer, that these descend toward it with a sufficient fall to prevent foul water from setting back into the porous drains in the case of a gorging of the sewer at a point near the house.

In the drainage of a city house occupying the whole width of the lot, the same system is to be adopted, save that the drains, instead of being so placed as to surround the house and cut off water approaching it, must perforce be placed under or near the foundations to receive such water as may have reached its actual site. Here the question of outlet becomes a very serious one. If the discharge must be into a sewer, then some special means must be adopted for preventing the return of the air of the sewer to the subsoil under the house.

In the construction of these drains two courses may be pursued with perhaps an equally good result. One is, after having excavated the ditch and cleared its bottom of all loose dirt, to fill in to the depth of a foot

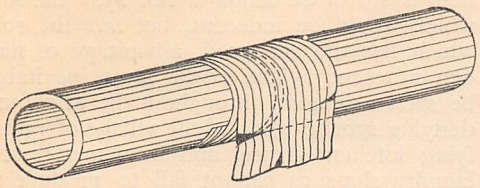


GRAVEL DRAIN, UNDER CELLAR FLOOR, NEAR FOUNDATION.

with sand or gravel,—and even fine sand will answer the purpose. The other is, to use agricultural drain-tiles, preferably of the smallest size, say an inch and a quarter in diameter, laid at the bottom of a well-graded trench and continued to the point of outlet. Where tiles are used, the joints should be wrapped twice around with strips of muslin drawn tight. This makes a perfect collar, holding the tiles in line, and affording much the best protection that has yet been devised against the ingress of sand or silt, which usually finds its entrance at the lower part of the joint, flowing in with the water which rises

with the general water-level and flows off over the floor of the tile.*

Where tile drains are used, it is a mistake to marry them to other materials. Tile alone or gravel alone will make a very good drain,



TILE DRAIN, WITH MUSLIN JOINT.

— tile and gravel together not nearly so good when permanence is considered. Tiles should be laid on the bottom of a perfectly graded ditch, and should be compactly imbedded in the heaviest loam that is found in excavating. When covered to the depth of a foot, this clay should be well trodden down, so that if the tile could be taken out, leaving the earth undisturbed, we should find a complete matrix, or nidus, which had clasped it firmly at every point. The old marvel, How gets the water in? is too long for discussion here. I beg the reader to take the word of an old drainer that it does get in — and get out — perfectly.

The large pipe drains with wide joints, often with fractures giving access to vermin,— no less than the "box drains," "French drains," "blind drains," and various other antique devices for getting rid of soil-water,— are costly, cumbersome, and in the long run, inefficient, owing to their liability to obstruction. The amount of water that can ever be collected as a constant stream, except in the case of a very copious spring, even in very wet foundations, is extremely slight. A sand seam in the natural soil one-fourth of an inch thick is generally sufficient to carry it; and it is such seams, carrying water in this manner, which usually produce our subterranean and surface springs. A tile an inch and a quarter in diameter will carry more water than can usually be collected for a constant flow from the subsoil of half an acre of ground. A body of sand or gravel ten or twelve inches wide and of equal depth cannot be so compacted, provided clay and loam be kept out of it, that it will not afford a free outlet for all the water that can reach it under these circumstances from the soil of an ordinary lot. As a rule, the tile will be found to be much cheaper than the other material. It is better always that the depth of the drain should not be less than three feet below the level of the foot of the foundation. The more rapid the descent the better, but even two inches in a hundred feet, with perfect grading, will remove a very large flow. Indeed, if the drain has no fall, or even if it be depressed in places, provided it have a good and unobstructed outlet and well-protected joints, its surplus water will be discharged as soon as the general level of the water reaches the level of the overflow point. Where the water is to be delivered to a sewer, I should in any case recommend the making of the outlet drain, or a part of it, with sand or very fine gravel. I should at least make a break ten feet long in the course of the drain, and fill this with such material,— fine enough not to allow the free transmission of sewer air to the drains under the house, which a continuous tile drain would afford. I am aware that this recommendation is radically different from what has generally been set forth; but it long ago commended itself to my judgment, and has proven in practice to be entirely successful.

It is a usual custom to connect the underdrains of a house with the drain carrying the foul water, and to connect with them, also, the rain-water conductors from the roof. In view of what we now know of the ease with which the contained air of the subsoil may be contaminated, it is of the utmost importance, where the best results are sought, to deliver the underground water itself by an independent line guarded with absolute completeness against the possible invasion of foul air. Nowhere within the house, nor, indeed for some distance outside of it, should even the rain-water conductors deliver into this system.

By the means just described, the actual superabundant water of the soil may be removed. In connection with the foundation and cellar, two things else demand attention. The first is the carrying up of dampness through the foundations into the walls of the house, and the exhalation of watery vapor, which, in the case of a heavy soil, however well drained, is of considerable amount. These difficulties attach chiefly to clayey ground. The next is the entrance into the house of the aërial exhalations of the soil. Even a clay soil contains a large amount of air, and under different circumstances, such as changing barometric pressure, the rise and fall of water in the soil, and the action of winds, producing a strong draught in chimneys, this air enters the cellar and the house. The difficulty increases greatly as the soil grows more porous and becomes

* This use of muslin is patented, but it is hereby dedicated to the public to the extent of its use under or within the foundation-wall of buildings.

more dry. For example: A pile of stones broken to the size of road-metal contains a very large amount of air,— how large we could determine by filling its voids with water and measuring its quantity. Every wind that blows, every change of temperature, every rise of water into the mass, drives out or changes a portion of this air. If at the bottom of the heap there lay a mass of carrion, its stench would be almost as perceptible as though the stones were not there. A bed of such stones sufficiently large and sufficiently compacted would make a dry, firm, safe foundation for a house,— in many respects an excellent foundation. But if the atmosphere of the house were not separated from that of the interior of the mass of stones by something much more effective than even the usual cellar-bottom concrete, and if the carrion were putrefying beneath, the state of things would not be the worst possible only because the obvious offensiveness resulting from the putrefaction with the free interchange of atmosphere between the house and the foundation would insure the immediate removal of the difficulty.

This mass of broken stone, with its putrefying carrion below and its human habitation above, is only an exaggerated illustration of what exists universally over wide ranges of country. Houses are sometimes built on coarse gravel. Here the atmospheric interchange is almost as free as in the illustration given. Sometimes the gravel is finer and mixed with sand which, imposing by friction more resistance to the movement of the air, limits the interchange, but interchange to the extent of free inhalation and exhalation always goes on. Nothing can prevent this from being active when chimneys are drawing strongly, while the house is sealed against the outer air; when, indeed, as is so often and so widely the case on light soils, the whole practical ventilation of the house — that is, its intake of air — is from the ground under it, often flowing through and enriched by the various familiar fumes of ill-kept cellars.

The putrid carrion, it is true, we do not find in such concentrated condition as to produce an insufferable stench; but let us examine the case of a certain village. It is not necessary to name it. There is not a State in New England in which many of its parallels may not be found, and, indeed, there is hardly a village in the whole country built on a porous soil where corresponding conditions do not exist. The village that I have in mind was built on a flat deposit of gravel intermixed with very coarse sand, lying nearly level and extending in depth about fifteen feet to the permanent level of the adjacent tidal waters. It was a considerable village throughout the first half of the century; then it began to expand into an important railroad town. It has now a large population and much wealth. It has a water supply, and "all the modern improvements," —all except sewers. Its disposal of household waste of all kinds is not *upon* the soil, which would be indecent, but *into* the soil, which has the supposed advantage of hidden indecency. The result must inevitably be such a diffusion throughout the whole underlying ground-work of the village of putrefying kitchen grease, and fecal matter and laundry slops, as cannot fail to produce in the whole atmosphere of the gravelly earth a condition of marked contamination. Even in the milder season, however free the interchange between the air in the ground and the air over it, the air of so much of the ground as lies under houses cannot be by any means ideally perfect. When the interchange between the outer air and the ground is cut off by frost, and when cellars and wells form almost the only means of communication, then the condition is only infinitely worse.

This description may seem at first reading too sensational, and dwellers on light soils will point with satisfaction to the relatively low death-rate that their communities furnish as contrasted with that of dwellers on damp clay soils, where this atmospheric interchange is much less active. This is no fair response. The death-rate is comparatively low under these circumstances, not because of, but in spite of, the almost universal breathing of products of putrefaction as exhaled by the soil into the house. Could this element be withdrawn, it cannot be questioned that the death-rate, and in larger degree the sick-rate, on the lighter soil would show a much greater contrast.

The practical question now arises, how to meet this difficulty? If proper sewers were once provided, an absolute suppression of all vaults and cesspools would suffice to secure the early purification of the ground, for the bacteria of putrefaction — those universal scavengers — would soon make away with the existing accumulation. How far their action may modify the ill effects of the constantly renewed underground filth we have as yet no means of knowing. If we are wise we shall take the benefit of the doubt and cut off the supply of foul material.

Sooner or later we shall secure, by sewerage and a compulsory use of the sewers, the complete purification of the subsoil. In the meantime the individual householder who has an anxious thought as to the condition of his individual house, and who is now living subject to the influences of an evil due to his

neighbors' many cesspools more than to his own single one, seeks some means to protect himself against enemies which his neighbors are willing to disregard. He will find his best protection in isolating his house in the most effective way from the ground in which it is founded. There is a common belief that stone walls laid in mortar, and cellar floors covered with a few inches of concrete, effect such isolation. This is not the fact. Concrete floors and granite walls are as sponge to the penetration under slight pressure of atmospheric currents. To what degree walls and concrete floors filter out the impurities of the air passing through them, we do not know. Not knowing, we will not trust. One of the safest materials for a cellar-bottom, and for the exterior packing of foundation-walls, is a clean, smooth, compact clay, one which may be beaten into a close mass, and which has a sufficient affinity for moisture always to maintain its retentive condition; for, when used in the damp atmosphere of a cellar or about a foundation, it seems to constitute a good barrier to the passage of impure air. In the cellar it may, of course, be covered with concrete for cleanliness and good appearance; but six inches of clay well rammed while wet will impede the movement of air to a degree with which ordinary cellar concrete can furnish no parallel. Where clay is not available, a good smearing of asphalt over the outside of the foundation-wall, and a layer of asphalt between two thicknesses of concrete for the cellar-bottom, will afford a complete though more costly protection. Asphalt used in substantially the same way, especially if in connection with a solid course of slate or North River bluestone, in the foundation above the ground level, will prevent the soaking up into the structure of the moisture of a heavy soil.

The matters above touched upon are seldom discussed in works on house-drainage, except so far as the mere removal of surplus soil moisture is concerned, but their importance is not likely to be overestimated. There may be good grounds for the opinion of those who think that many of the minor ailments to which the race is subject, and some of its more serious ailments as well, are due, not to the influence of an excess of filth in any form, but to the influence of an excess of moisture acting often on a little filth, or on a little organic waste which would not be classed as filth at all. Such ailments prevail more especially in houses in which mold is prevalent, which on being closed soon acquire a musty smell, and in which stuffiness is a natural condition,— houses where a general and all pervading slight dampness is to be detected. This dampness may belong to the structure rather than to the climate; for there are dry houses at the sea-side and damp houses on the mountains. The soil has an influence over the interior climate of the house, which is even stronger than external atmospheric conditions. Positive knowledge does not carry us very far in this direction, but the experience and observation of the world, especially where intermittent fevers and neuralgia prevail and where an ailing condition and low tone are the rule, have indicated very clearly that the wisest course for every man who would make his home perfectly healthy would be to separate it as completely as possible from all interchange of air or moisture with the ground on which it is built.

FOUL DRAINAGE.

ANOTHER and even more important branch of house-drainage has come into general use within a comparatively short time. This is now attracting quite all the attention that is its due. Knowledge concerning it is advancing steadily, and on the whole satisfactorily. Mistakes have been made during the past dozen years even by the best of those who have had to do with it. Such mistakes have from time to time become recognized, and they have been remedied, until we are now approaching something like a fair understanding of the fundamental requirements of house-drainage. Perhaps it would be too much to say that the practice of the art keeps anything like even pace with its principles. Neither the common usage of the best plumbers nor the average requirements of the boards of health of cities show any very considerable improvement over what was done in the better work of some years ago, save in better workmanship. Leaky joints in iron pipe, though still by no means uncommon, are less frequently found since attention has been given to testing joints under pressure. In the best work the thorough ventilation of soil-pipes, furnishing an inlet as well as an outlet for the movement of air, is now generally adopted. Another step in advance is marked by the abandonment or the much better construction of drains laid under cellar-bottoms.

The greatest step of all — the step which insured wide public benefit — was taken when municipal boards of health became so generally, so almost universally, interested in the subject of plumbing regulations. These bodies have nearly everywhere established an effective control over all new work done, and often over the amendment of old work. The main point being gained, that all such work is to be executed according to rules and under

such inspection as will secure the observance of the rules, it is only a question of time when the rules themselves shall be perfected.

As they stand, these plumbing regulations permit some things which they will hereafter prohibit, and they require some things which they will hereafter, perhaps, not permit. In the latter category is the back ventilation of traps, and in the former the use of "pan" water-closets, of fresh-air inlets at the level of the sidewalk, and of bends, cowls, and caps at the top of the soil-pipe.

However, in spite of all their imperfections, the establishment of such regulations, and the rigorous enforcement of their requirements under actual inspection, have marked the greatest progress that has been made for a long time past. It is to be remembered, in criticising these regulations, that they are necessarily made suitable for universal application. They are a very inadequate guide for the arrangement of the plumbing work of a large and elaborate house; but they do constitute an invaluable guide and safeguard for work of a cheaper sort. The poor tenant, who was formerly at the mercy of his landlord, is now protected by a system which must inevitably prevent the continuance of the infamous jobs of the cheap plumber of a few years ago.

THE WRITER'S OWN OPINION.

It is no part of the purpose with which this paper is written to discuss, even in a general way, the different methods and processes of house-drainage, nor the various theories and opinions by which these are influenced. It will be assumed that the reader will be satisfied to find here only the writer's own opinion, and the grounds on which that opinion is based. I shall therefore confine myself to saying what I advise doing, with the reasons therefor.

I advise, above and before all, that in every house, large or small, the *amount* of plumbing work be reduced to the lowest convenient limit; that there be not two sinks or water-closets or bath-tubs where one will suffice for reasonable convenience; that under no circumstances shall there be a wash-basin or any other opening into any channel which is connected with the drainage system, in a sleeping-room, or in a closet opening into a sleeping-room. I should confine all plumbing fixtures on bedroom floors to bath-rooms; and, if possible, I should give each bath-room exterior ventilation, but I should never locate it against an outer wall unless I could give adequate protection against frost, for the liability to danger from the freezing of waste-pipes, traps, etc., is greater than the liability to danger from an interior location, if the fixtures are all of the best sort, and if the room itself is sufficiently ventilated.

I should always, so far as possible, place the bath-rooms so nearly over each other on different floors, that they could all be connected by short waste-pipes with one vertical soil-pipe; and if bath-rooms or water-closets were required on all floors or on any floor in different parts of the house, I should serve each set with its own vertical soil-pipe, avoiding any considerable horizontal run, such as is at times resorted to in connecting fixtures at different points on different floors.

I should try to have every part of the plumbing work fully exposed to sight. It is occasionally necessary to run a soil-pipe or other waste-pipe in a position where it ought to be concealed; but I should, when I could, avoid such situations, and when possible I should resort to some frank decoration of the pipe rather than to its concealment behind a casing.

Wherever pipes pass through floors in going from one story to another, I should make an absolutely tight blocking of the channel. As generally arranged, the soil-pipe and other pipes run through bungling openings in the floor concealed behind carpentry of one sort or another, and the pipes themselves are boxed in so that the whole system constitutes a free run-way for vermin, and a free channel for the diffusion from cellar to garret, and between floors and behind partitions, of whatever foul air an ill-kept cellar and closet-fixtures may produce. The diffusion throughout a steam-heated and ill-ventilated house of the floating results of hidden decomposition is apparent to a fresh nostril in many a "first-class house." There is no minor item connected with house-drainage that is productive of such an obvious improvement in the atmosphere of the rooms as the shutting off of this means of intercommunication.

I should use only extra-heavy soil-pipe, or pipe at least with extra-strong hubs, so that the lead calking can be driven so tightly home as to make leakage under any pressure absolutely impossible.

I should try to avoid the placing of plumbing fixtures of any sort in the cellar of a house, unless they could be so arranged as to deliver into a soil-pipe or drain not concealed under the floor. In exceptional cases, where an underground drain is necessary, I should not follow the regulations and lay a masonwork trench with a movable cover, so that access to the pipe could be gained at pleasure. I should have the pipe laid in an open trench, and so thoroughly calked that under a pres-

sure equal to the height of one story not a drop should escape at any joint; and then, a safe conduit being secured, I should inclose it in a concreting of the best cement, inclosing it so completely and so securely that if the iron should rust out and be washed away, the cement itself would constitute a safe channel.

I should make it a chief aim to secure for all needed fixtures the greatest simplicity, and for all their waste-pipes the greatest absence of complication. I should use sinks without grease-traps, bath-tubs without inaccessible overflows, wash-basins free as far as possible from fouling places, and water-closets without valves, connecting rods, or machinery. Such restriction would limit very materially the range of selection, and would lead to discarding many things that are now in common use. This suggestion is a radical one, and it will fail of acceptance in many most respectable quarters. There can be, however, no question as to the propriety of expressing one's firm convictions in the most distinct way. What I am endeavoring to convey is not the well-known average opinion of engineers and sanitarians,— only my own opinions. These may be entirely wrong; but they are the outgrowth of the best thought that I have been able to give to the subject, and it must be conceded that no harm will result to the health of the people if they are carried out in practice.

The main purpose of house-drainage, as we now understand it, is to remove all such wastes of domestic life as are suited for transportation in running water with the greatest completeness and with the greatest attainable safety. To secure this object, the drainage system must be so constructed as to carry away, completely and immediately, everything that may be delivered into it; to be constantly and generally well ventilated; to be frequently and thoroughly flushed; and to have each of its openings into the house guarded by a secure and reliable obstacle to the movement of air from the interior of the drain or pipe into the room. It is no longer a question of "sewer-gas." Wherever the offensive exhalations designated by this term exist, wherever the effluvium of putrid waste may be detected, there is inevitably defective arrangement, or defective workmanship, or both. It is no longer to be considered the best policy to shut off sewer-gas from the house by confining it to the sewer. The true course should be to seek the seat of the evil and to remove its cause. The foul air in a defective sewer or in a defective house-drain — and it is more often in the latter — is invariably the result of the accumulation and retention of filth,— its retention for a long enough time to allow it to enter into putrid decomposition. There is but one proper way to cure it: that is, to prevent the accumulation. Such removal is to be secured only by thorough flushing, either by a copious stream accompanying the discharge, or by frequent periodic washings sufficient to sweep all deposits away. No flushing will prevent some sliming of the pipes, but good ventilation will take care of this.

All drains, soil-pipes, and waste-pipes should be absolutely tight, not only against the leakage of liquid, but against the leakage of air; they should be so reached, in every part, by a flushing stream of one sort or another, that deposit and accumulation will be impossible; they should be as thoroughly ventilated in every part as the safety of the water-seal will permit. The exterior drain, and ultimately the sewer into which it delivers, should have the same general characteristics, it being understood that the freest possible ventilation is to be given to both sewer and house-drain, by the admission of air from without and the delivery of air to the open sky, without the possibility of its entering the house at any point, in any manner, or at any time. All fixtures should be so trapped that this exclusion of the air of the drain shall be assured, but at the same time in such a manner that at each use of every fixture all the filth that it delivers shall be carried completely away, the trap being immediately refilled with fresh water.

Such are the leading sanitary requirements of house-drainage. These being secured, it is a matter of little sanitary consequence whether the fixtures themselves are cheap or costly, simple or elaborate, ornamented or plain. As, however, these appliances are devoted to the meaner uses of the household, good taste would indicate that their most appropriate "elegance" is to be secured by making them and their belongings as simple as possible, and as inexpensive as the securing of the best results will allow. They should be conspicuous, if at all, by their purity and cleanliness.

Having thus set forth the general principles that should govern the construction of the drainage work of houses of all classes, we may next consider its details.

(To be continued.)

George E. Waring, Jr.

THE SONG BY THE BARADA.

OVER the brow of Lebanon,
In a blaze of splendor sank the sun,
  Its gold on the valley glowing;
After a day now dark, now fair,
With a wild sirocco sweeping bare
The mountain paths, as we journeyed there,
  To stately Baalbec going.

All in the dusk our tents gleamed white
Where lone Barada lulled the night,
  Cool from the snows of Hermon;
Around us, rose and hawthorn blooms
Hung, sad, above Abila's tombs;
And her ruined temples, through the glooms,
  Looked with a voiceless sermon.

The wild wind fell; and, past compare,
Up in the wonderful depths of air
  Floated the starry islands;—
Floated so calm, so bright, so near,
From the curtained door I leaned to hear,
Perchance, some song of the blessed, clear
  In the great o'erarching silence.

By the tethered horses, from man to man
Speech and laughter alternate ran,
  Where the muleteers were lying;
But story and merriment fainter grew,
Till the only sound the tent-court knew
Was the dragoman's footfall echoing through,
  Or the wind in the walnut sighing.

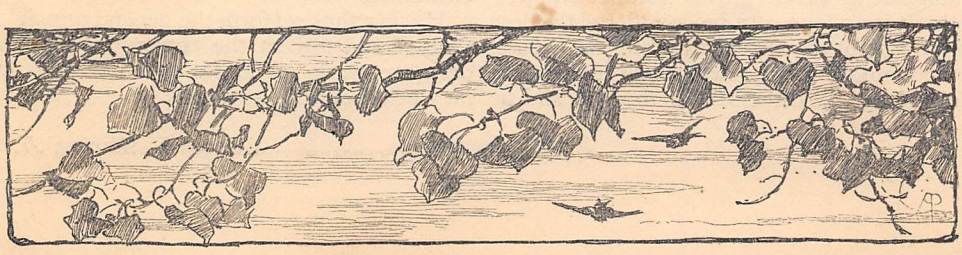
Listen! what steals on the air? has the breeze
Wafted down from the shining seas
  A song of the seraphs seven?—
Low and soft as the soothing fall
Of the fountains of Eden; sweet as the call
Of angels over the jasper wall,
  That welcomes a soul to heaven.

It swells! it mounts! it fills the vale!
The hawthorns tremble; the roses pale
  At its passionate, glorious mazes!—
'Tis a Peri hymning of Paradise!
'Tis the plaint of a spirit that yearns and sighs,
Though lapped in the nameless bliss of the skies,
  For a lost-love's embraces!

A moment's hush with the falling strain;—
And the wild wind, rising, roared amain
  O'er the stream and the covert shady;—
Breathless I stood in the curtained door,
But the ravishing melody came no more;
And the dragoman, crossing the tent before
  Cried, "The Nightingale, my lady."

Yet still, when April suns are low,
I hear the wild sirocco blow,
  And see, in memory's vision,
Abila's ruins strew the hill;
The stars the Syrian azure fill;
While, listening, all my pulses thrill
  As soars that song Elysian.

Edna Dean Proctor.



THE LOST MINE.

In the upper valley of the Rio Grande for a hundred years the Christian Spaniards had wrought evil in Christ's name. From their stronghold in the town of the Holy Faith their cruel power had spread out over all the valley-lands, constraining the Pueblo Indians, in the fear of death, to grievous toil in the mines, and to a yet more grievous service in the worship of the Spanish gods. And the Pueblos, in whose breasts hope scarce longer had a home, almost had ceased to beg from their own god deliverance. That was a most cruel and wicked time.

And it was in that time that marvelous treasure flowed from a certain mine up in the Sangre de Cristo mountains that was called, because it belonged to the Fathers whose monastery was at Santa Clara, *la mina de los Padres*. Of all the many rich mines in this silver-strewn range, the Mine of the Fathers was incomparably the richest. From it came wealth so great that even the avarice of those who fattened upon its kingly revenue was almost sated. And yet, as its shafts sank deeper, and as its galleries penetrated yet further into the bowels of the mountain, richer and richer grew its yield. So over all the realm of New Spain, and thence across seas even to the old Spanish country, the fame of *la mina de los Padres* went abroad.

But, with the story of its wondrous product of glittering silver, never a word was told of the bitter misery of those who toiled in its dark depths,—driven more harshly than ever beasts were driven, crushed down by toil to cruel and painful death, that the treasure might be wrung from the rock and brought within the reach of man. Nor was there any sign in the triumphant tidings sent homeward of the thousands of converts to the Christian faith at what cost of death to hundreds these thousands, through terror of death, had been won to the service of the Christian God; at what cost of rigid, ruthless mastership this service was maintained.

So at last, in that direful summer of the year 1680, the wind that the Spaniards had sown for a century came up a whirlwind of flame and blood, sweeping over and devastating all the land. Out from a clear sky came the storm. In a moment was upon them, in its terrible might and majesty, the pursuing wrath of God. Almost to a man the dwellers in the outpost towns—Taos, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Santa Cruz—were slain. At last even Santa Fe itself was abandoned, and the conquered masters fled pitifully southward for refuge from their conquering slaves. So was a great wrong punished; so at last was justice done to the Pueblos: when the God who is God of both pagan and Christian in his pity gave them his strength.

Long years passed by before the Spaniards again made good their hold upon the land; and when at last their strength in possession was restored, and the new dwellers in the monastery at Santa Clara sought to reopen the Mine of the Fathers, out of which those before them had drawn so great a revenue, no trace of the mine could they anywhere find! That the maps and plans of it which had been in the monastery should be gone was no surprising matter; but strange it was that the very mine itself should have vanished from the earth! Seeking it diligently, but finding it not, they came to know that the Pueblos, remembering the horror of their toil in former times, had destroyed the trail leading up to it among the mountains; with infinite labor had filled in the great main shaft, and had taken away all traces of the workings from around about the shaft's mouth. And knowing this, they sought to wrest the secret from them. Some were put to the torture, some were slain outright, that the living might be driven by dread of a like fate to tell where the mine was hid. But neither biting pain nor fear of death sufficed to shake their stern resolve. Bravely, grimly, in painful life and in dying agony, they held the secret locked within their breasts.

So the years drifted by and were marshaled into centuries; the power of the Spaniards waned to a shadow and vanished; a new race came in and possessed what, in times of old, had been their possessions; and while, through these fleeting years and slow-moving centuries, through all this wreck and change, the fame of *la mina de los Padres* lived on as a legend, the mine itself never was known of men.

In the legend of it that survived, 'twas said that upon him who should find it again would fall the curse of the Pueblos' god.

There is no more beautiful sight in all the fair land that once was the realm of New Spain than the view at sunset from Santa Clara looking westward, down the valley of the Rio

Grande. The town — a score or so of brown adobe houses, clustered around the old church and the now partly ruined monastery — stands upon a little promontory, the last low wave of the foot-hills of the Sangre de Cristo range. The mountain ramparts which tower on each side of the valley go down in grand perspective toward the west, their peaks standing out blue-gray against the brighter blue-gray of the evening sky. And off toward the dying sun the sky takes a violet tint, and then a rose, and then a soft, rich red, and then a glowing crimson that is flecked and spangled with a great glory of flaming gold. Yet is the setting sun not seen, for, cutting off sight of it completely, the great castellated mountain of San Ildefonso raises the level lines of its broad battlements darkly, sharply against the dazzle of light and color beyond. Leading downward, as though it were a glittering highway to this lordly castle's gates, the Rio Grande flows smoothly between its low banks: the red and golden gleamings of the evening sky reflected on its rapid current. Each night there is fresh joy in beholding anew this magnificent resplendency, this perfect picture fresh from the hand of God.

Techita, sitting in a nook in the bluff below the walls of the old monastery, loved greatly to look upon this God-given picture; to watch its glory grow as the sun dropped down beyond the mountain of San Ildefonso and thence sent up rich colorings over all the western sky; to watch its glory wane as the sun sank yet lower behind the far mountains beyond, and the color-music slowly died away. And then, when the edge of night was come, and gray darkness was shutting in the west, and in the east only faint, soft colorings remained, it was her wont to go gently into the dusky church, and there, before the old picture of the sweet Santa Clara, make her pure offering of thankfulness in prayer.

Nor would Techita's thankfulness be lessened, as she walked slowly away from the church in the twilight, by catching sight of Juan standing by the doorway of his little home in a corner of the old monastery, and by seeing, even in the half darkness, the love-light shining in his eyes. Yet with her gladness that Juan loved her would come troublous doubts into Techita's heart. For, down in this old Mexican town, these two were living over the story that is as old as human life itself, and that ever is sorrowfully new — the story of a hopeless love.

A stranger coming to Santa Clara — at least a stranger from the barbarous northern country — would have perceived no outward difference in the estates of old Pablo, Techita's father, and of Techita's lover, Juan. Such a stranger, supposing that he had taken the trouble to think anything about them at all, would have "sized them up," after the abrupt, uncivil manner of *Americanos* generally, simply as a pair of poverty-stricken Mexicans; and he might have gone a step further, and wondered how on earth they managed to keep body and soul together, anyway. But so far as old Pablo was concerned, this estimate would have been very far astray. In point of fact, old Pablo was a rich man. Half a mile of the best land along the river was his; his also was the great flock of goats that every night at milking-time came trooping homeward to the corral; his also was the great herd of cattle that pastured on the *mesa negra*, half a dozen leagues away to the north; and in his granaries was a vast store of barley and beans and corn.

But Juan had neither flocks nor herds nor lands! All his earthly possessions were the few household things in the little home that the Padre, pitying him, had suffered him to make for himself in a corner of the old monastery. All his wealth was his strong young body and stout heart and ready hands.

Of a truth, this handsome Juan had been born into the world under an unlucky star. While he was yet a boy, the dreadful *viruelas* had swept down upon Santa Clara, and in a month's time his father and his mother, together with half the little town, were huddled into hastily dug graves. And he was still a boy when the old aunt who had cared for him died also, and left him to make his fight for life alone. Then it was that the good Padre had found for him a home in an odd corner of the old monastery, long since deserted of its old-time tenants and falling slowly into complete decay. Here, for a dozen years and more, he had made shift to live, helping the Padre in the offices of the church, herding goats in the fallow season of the year, and in the growing season working in the fields. The Padre, whose heart was tender, greatly loved the lonely boy; and by the Padre's care he had become a prodigy of learning. Actually, he could read! And, still more wonderful, he could sign his name! and make about it, too, as brave a maze of flourishes as any Mexican in all the land. But for all his headful of knowledge, Juan was the poorest of the poor.

No wonder, then, that his love for Techita was hopeless. Pablo was a shrewd old fellow, with a keen eye — for all his look of sleepiness — for money-holding; and that his daughter (who also was his only child, for Pablito and Pablito's mother had died together in a single day in that dismal small-pox time) should marry a rich man was the

dearest purpose of his heart. During the past year or two, since Techita had begun to blossom into womanhood, the gossips of the little town had affirmed that the solemn old Don José, who owned the great *hacienda* at Abiqui, was the husband for Techita whom old Pablo had in mind. But there were those who said — saying it beneath the breath, for Señor Don Pablo was one whom it was not well to offend — that to put such a fate upon Techita would be a crime. And others, still bolder, declared that Juan and Techita, the handsomest couple in all the valley's length, were sent thus together into the world by the good God that they might be man and wife. But these whisperings never came to old Pablo's ears; and had they come, he would have laughed at them as old women's foolishness, so right it seemed to him that his daughter should wed her wealth with greater wealth; so absurd would have seemed to him the suggestion that she should wed with such a one as this goat-herding, field-working Juan.

Therefore it was that Techita, knowing well and dreading much her father's will concerning her, felt her heart troubled within her by knowing of the love that Juan had for her; by knowing that her own love was given to Juan in return. And often, as she knelt in the church as the daylight passed away, she prayed that the gentle Santa Clara would soften her father's heart, so that happiness might come to her and to her lover. But the time went on, and no change came to open the way whereon she longed to go; and each passing month now, as she grew rapidly into womanhood, made the time more near for her to be the wife of Don José.

Thus matters stood when all the valley was filled with wonder by the sudden incoming of the *Americanos* from the North — not as an army waging war, as they had come three and thirty years before, but as an army building a railroad. What a railroad was these people — whose only notions of locomotion were their own legs, and the legs of *burros*, and heavy wooden carts — did not at all know; but as it was an invention of the *Americanos* there could be no doubt that it was something devilish. Presently, as their fields were laid waste, and their cherished water-courses broken, all possible doubts of the absolute devilishness of the railroad were removed. It was a thing to be abhorred. And when, the railroad being builded, all manner of evil *Americanos* — cut-throats, desperadoes, the advance-guard of rascality that pours into each newly opened region of the West — came down upon them, destroying the pleasant peacefulness of their quiet land, their hatred of their old-time enemies grew yet more bitter and intense; the more intense because, instinctively, they knew their own powerlessness to stay the incoming stream.

The wave that surged down upon them was a mighty one; for, now that the railroad had opened the way to it, the ancient fame of the treasure-laden Sangre de Cristo was remembered, and everywhere the mountains were dotted with prospectors' camps. Once more the legend of the Mine of the Fathers was revived, and in many a camp hearts beat quicker and breath came shorter as the story of its marvelous riches was told anew. Again it was sought for, with not less eagerness and with more skill than it had been sought for two hundred years before; and again was the search fruitless and in vain. One after another they who sought for it gave up their search as hopeless, or were satisfied with making lesser strikes, until only one man remained to carry the search on. But this man stuck grimly to the purpose that had brought him southward from the States.

Dick Irving was a person who did what he made up his mind to do. Up in Pueblo — the Colorado town in the Arkansas Valley — he had come across a trooper of Price's old command, who had fought his way down from Taos to Santa Fe in 1847; and who, the fighting ended, had married a Mexican wife and had settled himself for life in the land that he had helped to win. There are not a few of these bits of army drift scattered over the country north of Santa Fe. And this old soldier told so glowing a story of *la mina de los Padres* that Irving forthwith sold out his interest in the "Rattling Meg," up at Leadville, and in a week's time was down in the Sangre de Cristo with his prospecting outfit, and at work.

"I'll find that mine or I'll die for it!" he told his Leadville partner before he left for the south; and he added, his hand resting easily on the handle of his forty-four:

"If any man is ahead of me, by ——, I'll shoot him and jump his claim!"

In matters of this nature Dick Irving was a man who kept his word.

TECHITA sat in her nook under the edge of the bluff and watched the sun go down, and very, very heavy was her heart. At last the stroke that she had dreaded for so long had fallen: her father had told her that the time had come when she must be the wife of Don José. Nor would he so much as listen to her entreaties that this might not be. Breaking in upon her words, he had said, "It is my will" — and so had left her, desolate of hope.

That night there was no beauty for her

in the sunset; and when the glory was gone out of the sky, and she went slowly through the dimness of twilight into the darkness of the church, bitter sorrow was upon her and her eyes were weary with their weight of tears. She knelt before the picture of the saint, as was her habit, but from her lips there came no prayer. What was the good of praying? she thought. Had she not prayed again and again with all the faith and strength that was in her that she might be spared that which now had come? The saint was far away in heaven — too far to heed the pleadings of a poor, lonely child on earth. Ah! would that she were safe in heaven, too!

And then, still kneeling upon the clay floor before the picture of the saint, she fell into a dreary reverie, thinking of the life-time of happiness for which she had hoped, of the life-time of sorrow that now she must endure. Yet, while she knelt thus, looking the while sadly, steadfastly upon the saint's sweet face, shining out from the surrounding darkness as a gleam from the sunset's afterglow struck full upon it through the little window beneath the roof, she seemed to see a look of loving pity come into the gentle eyes, to see upon the tender lips a pitying smile; and the hope came to her that the saint, forgiving her for doubting her saintly power to comfort and to aid, even yet through the saving strength of heavenly grace would turn her mourning into joy. So there came into her troubled soul a little thrill of happiness.

"Techa!"

A quiver went over her, and for a moment her heart stopped beating, as the thought fell upon her that, in very truth, the saint had spoken — and then she knew that the voice sounding low in the darkness was the voice of Juan.

"Techa, art thou here? I must speak with thee. I have to tell thee of a great joy."

She made a little sound in answer, while rushing in upon her came the glad hope that the promise given her by the saint's pitying glance and smile was coming true.

"My Techa, listen! The good God has had pity for our sorrow, and the bar between us is broken down. A great wonder has happened, that has made me richer than thy father by a thousand fold. By God's grace I have found again the wonderful mine in the mountains that belonged to the Fathers back in the long-past time. I am rich, rich even beyond thought; and richer than all, because now thou also wilt be mine."

Then Juan told the story of the good fortune that had come to him. One corner of his dwelling-place in the old monastery — the corner in which was the little triangular fire-place — long had been in a ruinous state that promised at any time a fall. That day the fall had come, and from the broken wall had dropped out a roll of tough hide, in which were wrapped securely the lost plans of the ancient mine. Thus had they been hidden, by hands soon still in death, on that August day, two hundred years before, when the Pueblos rose in revolt against their Spanish task-masters: the visible agents of the avenging wrath of God.

Yellow with age were the plans, pale the once black drafting, but still the plotting was distinct and clear: showing the site of the monastery; showing the long-lost trail leading up beyond the *arroyo* of San Pedro into the mountains; showing the mine itself, a league or more away, at the trail's end. To one knowing the country well, as Juan did, everything was clear. Over the mountain-side, high up above the cañon wherein the mine was sunk, he had driven his goats a hundred times. There was no uncertainty about his discovery: *la mina de los Padres* was found, and was his!

With a quickly beating heart Techita listened to this wonderful story of good fortune; and as she listened a great gladness filled her soul. It was only the wealth of Don José, she knew, that had made him seem pleasant in her father's eyes; Juan, with his incomparably greater wealth, need have no fears now that his suit would be rejected. Happiness enveloped her, for now at last her happiness was sure. In perfect thankfulness she knelt again before the sweet Santa Clara's picture, drawing Juan also on his knees beside her; and there, with grateful thoughts, for their hearts were all too full for words, they gave praise silently for the great goodness which, through Santa Clara's intercession, had come to them from the merciful and loving God.

Yet, even as she thus knelt, fear and misgiving came into Techita's soul. Mingled with her Spanish blood was the blood of the Pueblo race, of the pagans whom her Christian ancestors had treated so cruelly in the time of old; and together with her Christian faith was, if not faith, at least a fearful reverence for the Pueblos' god. In dread she remembered now, in the undercurrent of thought below her thoughts of thankfulness and praise, the direful prophecy that upon whomsoever should find again the Mine of the Fathers the curse of the Pueblos' god would fall.

Standing outside the door of the church, the young moon, just risen over the mountains in the east, shining faintly down upon them, Techita falteringly told her fears; and Juan, full of gladness now that his long sor-

row was at an end, laughed lightly and bade her fear no more.

"We are good Christians, my Techa," he said, "and our valiant God and his brave saints watch over us. What need we fear from this false god, who for ages has been dead and gone?"

But as thus irreverently he spoke, there fell upon him also a strange sense of dread; for he also had Pueblo faith deep down in his heart, because of the Pueblo blood which flowed in his veins. By an effort he stirred himself and drove the dread away. In the faint light Techita did not mark the change that for a moment came over his face as he ceased to speak, and so had comfort from his cheerful words. It was indeed true, she thought, that the blessed saints were brave defenders against all evil powers; and she was well assured now that one of the saints at least — this gracious Santa Clara — had promised to them her potent aid. Therefore had she a firm foundation whereon to rest her faith and hope. Yet, as she walked slowly homeward, vague forebodings of coming sorrow forced themselves upon her; nor could she, with all her faith in Santa Clara's helpfulness, with all her bright hopes of the happiness that was to come, wholly drive these dark thoughts away.

Dick Irving was puzzled. He believed, and with good reason, that what he did not know about prospecting was not worth the finding out. And yet it was a point in prospecting that was puzzling him now, and, to use his own words, puzzling him "the worst kind."

The knotty question that was too much for him was where a piece of "float" came from that he had found in the *arroyo* of San Pedro. When he had found that particular piece of loose rock, it had made his heart jump and his mouth water. In the course of his extended experience in prospecting, he never had come across anything that for richness came anywhere near it; it was richer than the best of the Leadville carbonates, richer than the best of the ruby silver down in the Gunnison. On a rough calculation, he concluded that the vein where it came from would mill-run not less than a thousand ounces. If the vein had any body to it, that meant more millions than he could think of at once without shivering.

But the trouble was that the beginning of his prodigious find was also the end of it. The bit of float was like the foot-print on Robinson Crusoe's island; there it was, solitary — not a sign to tell whence it came and what it belonged to. He was certain that there was not any more of it, for he had spent nearly a month in the *arroyo* turning over carefully every stone, and running his knowing eyes jealously along every crevice in its rocky walls. And now his mad was getting up. His reputation as a prospector was at stake. And more than this, he knew that close at hand, on the flanks of one of the two mountains which towered above him, was a mine which to find was to make his everlasting fortune; which to miss was to miss the great chance of his life — and the pleasing conviction was growing upon him more strongly every day that he was going to miss it.

He knew, of course, that almost his only chance was to follow up the float; and that was the reason why he had put in such thorough work upon the *arroyo*. When this failed him he took to the mountains themselves. It was a desperate chance, but it was the only chance left to him. He put in another barren month in this fashion, and then he was about ready to own himself beaten; to own that for once he had walked all around and all over the mine that he was looking for without being able to make even a good guess as to where it was. Once, indeed, for a moment, he had felt hopeful. In a little cañon, hard to enter because of a great wall formed across its mouth by jagged masses of rock which had fallen from the cliffs above, he came upon some surface rock that was identical with the bit of float that he had found. The ledge was oddly broken about its middle by a heap of gray, weather-worn fragments of stone. He never had come upon a formation like this, and had he been a geologist he would have found a good deal in it to interest him. Being simply a prospector, he examined the ledge purely with an eye to business; and from this point of view it was eminently unsatisfactory. There were, to be sure, traces of mineral, but not the least suggestion of the inexhaustible wealth that he knew must be in the rock to which his specimen belonged. Therefore he kicked the ledge contemptuously, swore at his own ill luck and stupidity with the mellow fluency that can be acquired only by long residence in mining camps, and so turned sullenly away.

It would have strengthened Dick Irving's fast-lessening faith in his own instinct as a prospector, however, had he known that it was the art of man and not a freak of nature that was leading him astray; had he known that at the very moment when he was cursing his own stupidity *la mina de los Padres* was beneath his feet! Had he but tossed aside the piece of rock whereon he stood, he would have found — wasted by rust, but still recognizable — an old hammer-head from which the handle long since had moldered away;

and so, to his quick intelligence, would have had proof enough that he had found the rich prize that he had sworn to find when he came down into the South.

On the evening of the day after that on which Juan had told Techita of his great discovery, he came to her again in the church to tell her that all had gone well with him in his search in the mountains, and that in very truth he had found the long-lost mine. In glad proof of his words he showed her a rusty hammer-head that he had pulled out from beneath a rock in the mouth of the filled-in shaft—the very hammer-head that Dick Irving, for all his cleverness, had failed to find.

"God has been very good to us, my Techa," he said, as they stood again beneath the picture of the gentle Santa Clara in the soft darkness that was stealing down upon the dying day. "His mercy has come to us in our sorrow, and through the entreaty of the dear saint, He has given us comfort in hope. All is well with us now. Thy father would indeed have refused thee to the goat-herd Juan, but to Señor Don Juan, the owner of the Mine of the Fathers, he will not say no. I shall have thee for my very own, my Techita; and for all our lives long, in our love and happiness, we will praise thankfully and worship reverently this sweet saint who has taken from us our sorrow, and given us in its stead great joy.

"And see, my little one," he added, lightly, after they had stood for a little space with hands clasped closely and eyes turned gratefully upon the saint's face—"see! I have found the mine, and yet the curse has not fallen! There was only folly in thy fears, my little heart. The blessed saints are strong to stay and to save them who have faith in their holy goodness; strong to drive back the evil power of this false god, whom long ago they conquered and threw down."

And again, as he spoke these daring words, Juan felt a shudder of dread go through him. For all the bravery of his manliness the thought would come: What if, in defiance of the power for good of the blessed saints, the power for evil of the Pueblos' god even yet lived on?

Upon Techita's heart lay heavily this same dread; nor was it greatly lightened by Juan's cheerfulness. Almost was she persuaded by her great love for him to bid him give up the treasure that he had found; to suffer herself, a sacrifice for her love's sake, to be wed in accordance with her father's will. Better even this great misery, she thought, than that harm should come to her lover.

Thinking these doubting thoughts, she stood irresolute, her eyes turned questioningly upon Santa Clara's face; and again, in the soft, faint light that shone upon it, the sweet face seemed to smile upon her a promise of protection that bade her trust and hope. Therefore she hushed the doubts which were in her heart, and listened welcomingly to Juan's glad promises of the joy which was to be. And in making these promises Juan also forgot the fears which had beset him, and felt only a brave elation in the certainty of the happiness that had come to them from the good God. So, in the pale moonlight, they parted again, having in the brightness of their future a full and joyous faith.

Yet, in despite of this faith, through the long darkness of the night Techita, waking, was oppressed by dread; and in her sleep there came to her fearful dreams. And in waking and in sleeping the thought that possessed her was that out of the very fullness of her happiness a desolating, irremediable sorrow was to come.

Nor did the brightness of the sunshine, when at last day came again, chase away her dark forebodings. A great heaviness lay upon her soul; a dreary belief weighed upon her that the sorrow which was surely coming was very near at hand. Nor could she doubt that whatever this sorrow was to be, it must come to her through Juan. As she knew, Juan had gone once more into the mountains, along the way that he had told her of, to the old mine. Had he been in the village, or working in the near-by fields, she would have braved her father's displeasure and gone to him—so keen was her deep consciousness that a malignant power was loosed to do him harm.

Slowly the day wore on, each hour in passing adding to her restlessness and nervous dread. And at last, when the still time of noon was come, and all the town was hushed in sleep, she no longer could restrain the impulse that was upon her to go to him; to brave with him whatever was the danger; to defend him living; to lie down and die beside him should he be dead. Out from the silent house, out from the sleeping village, up the rock-strewn *arroyo* of San Pedro, Techita walked firmly; in her heart a great daring born of her greater love.

That day also Dick Irving went up into the mountains. He acknowledged to himself savagely that he had about got to the end of his rope, and this would be the last day of his foolery. For once he would have to own up that he had tackled a job that was too big for him; and he was the more ugly over it because the piece of float that he had in his pocket made him believe absolutely that all that was

told of *la mina de los Padres* was true. He *knew* that the mine was somewhere up beyond the *arroyo* of San Pedro; and knowing this, and knowing how all his skillful search for it had ended in failure, he gritted his teeth together in sullen rage.

He thought himself more than half a fool for making this last expedition, for his faith that it would end in anything but another failure was very weak indeed. But he was a conscientious man,—as a prospector, that is,—and he was not quite satisfied to go north again without having one more look at the ledge of rocks in the little cañon. This was the one place in the mountains where he had struck rock identical with his specimen; and while he had convinced himself by his first exploration that there was no mineral in the ledge at all comparable with that in the float, his absolute failure in all other directions made him desirous of having yet another look here. Moreover, his careful study of the locality had shown him that, all things considered, the cañon was the most likely place from which the bit of float could have come. But for the mass of rocks in the cañon's mouth, he would have been quite certain that it was from there that his specimen had started. And this wall of rocks across the mouth of the cañon bothered him. In all the years that he had been prospecting he never had seen anything like it. If such a thing had not been impossible upon its face, he would have believed that the rocks had been broken loose deliberately and thrown down from the cliffs above, not by nature, but by man. The more that his mind had dwelt upon the oddity of this barrier, and upon the equal oddity of the mass of broken rocks in the line of the ledge, the more was his interest aroused. There was something queer about the place that attracted him, and he was determined to see it again. Of course, as he said to himself, with a good deal of hard swearing at his general brainlessness, there was nothing to be found there, and he only was going on a fool's errand again. But, all the same, with the dogged perseverance that was characteristic of him, he pulled himself together for the tough tramp up the *arroyo* and the mountain-side beyond.

It was a tough tramp, and no mistake; and as he had not any heart worth speaking of in what he was doing, he went slowly and made many halts. This was not his usual way of working, but he was low in his mind and was thinking gloomy thoughts, which quite took the customary spring out of his toes and heels. There is but little satisfaction to a man in knowing that he has had his hand very nearly on great good fortune for two months and more, and yet is losing it after all. Dick Irving, whose nature was not a gentle one, was in a state of glowing rage as he reflected that this was just about where he was — rage at his luck, at himself, at all the world. About the one thing that could have given him any comfort just then would have been a fight. He was fairly aching to balance his own misfortunes by taking them out on somebody else's hide.

Suddenly he was aroused, by the deepening shadows in the *arroyo*, to the fact that the end of the day was not far off. As he had intended camping for the night in the cañon, this fact did not disconcert him, but it made him very considerably quicken his steps. Yet, for all his haste, the sun was near setting when he climbed the mass of stones lying in a great ridge across the cañon's mouth. Fortunately for his purposes, the cañon faced westward, and all within it was a blaze of mellow light from the level rays of the setting sun.

As he climbed the barrier he heard a clicking noise, that made him start as though he had received a blow; and as he cautiously peered over the barrier's crest he saw a sight that sent the blood with a rush to his heart, and then fiercely tingling through all his veins. For the sound that he heard was the click of a pick against rock, and the sight that he saw was a man, not a hundred yards away from him, at work on the very ledge itself! If here truly was the lost mine, then was he too late; another set of stakes was in ahead of his!

Luckily, the other man had not heard him scrambling over the rocks, and so, for the present, at least, he was master of the situation. Getting into a good position for observation, and crouching so that he could see, yet could not be seen, he carefully studied the ground. Evidently the man had been at work for many hours, and had worked hard. The loose rocks which had lain in the break in the ledge were rolled away in all directions,—Dick could not but feel instinctive respect for the set of muscles that had dealt successfully with the tough lifting and hauling that this piece of work involved,—and the earth that had washed in between the stones had been carefully shoveled away. This was about all that had been accomplished. But it was enough. For there, clearly defined in the line of the ledge, was the square-cut mouth of the old shaft. *La mina de los Padres*, lost for two hundred years, again was found!

As Dick Irving realized the situation, the rage that had been upon him all day culminated. He was in a white heat of passion — and as tranquil as a morning in June. There

was just one thing to be done, and he meant to do it.

"Only a Greaser, anyway," he muttered. "The idea," he added, disdainfully, "of a d——d Greaser owning the Mine of the Fathers!" In the excess of contemptuous disgust that this thought caused him he spat upon the ground.

Over the sights of his revolver he measured the distance carefully with his eye, and with commendable coolness decided that it was too great for certainty. As the business had to be done, he did not want to make a mess of it; moreover, as he prudently reflected, around the shoulder of the cañon there might be another man. With these judicious thoughts in mind, he worked his way softly across the wall of rocks,—keeping well in the shelter of the great fragments,—and down on its inner side. Once within the cañon, there was no difficulty in slipping from rock to rock, until he stopped at last behind two great bowlders, and through the rift between them covered his man at a distance of less than a dozen yards.

Juan had stopped in his work, and stood leaning on the handle of his pick. Over him and around him shone a blaze of rich red light, the last rays of the setting sun. His face had a weary look, and his strained muscles were relaxed; but stronger than his look of weariness was his look of joy, and even the pose of his tired body was elate. For the great triumph of his life was won: at last he knew himself a victor over Fate. In his happiness he spoke his thought aloud: "My Techa! the joy-time of our life has come!"

And even as he spoke these words the sharp crack of Dick Irving's revolver rattled and pealed and roared between the rocky walls of the cañon—and Juan sank down across the newly opened shaft of the Mine of the Fathers with a bullet through his heart. At that instant the sun dropped below the level of the wall of rocks, and all the lower portion of the cañon was left in dusk; duskier because in the upper portion the light still shone full and clear.

Through the cañon, mingling with the echoes of the pistol-shot, yet rising above them, shrilly, wailingly sounded a cry of mortal agony; a cry despairing, desolate, charged with the burden of a life-time of bitter woe; a cry that made Dick Irving's weather-hardened face turn pale, and that sent a chill into the very depths of his tough heart; and while he wondered, doubtingly, tremblingly, whence came this woful sound, Techita had sprung down from the crest of the ridge of rocks and was standing by her dead lover's side.

Her figure, seen in the gloom of the cañon and through the powder smoke that lingered in the rift between the bowlders, loomed tall and indistinct against the darkness of the rocks beyond. He could not see her form; he could not see her face—wrenched with the agony that comes when love dies suddenly before despair. Raising her hand heavenward, like a prophetess of old, her voice hushed to the deep, solemn tone of one who stands upon the very border of Time, and sees out clearly into the awful mysteries of Eternity, she spoke: "The curse has fallen—the curse of the Pueblos' god!"

Dick Irving was satisfied with the good stroke of business that he had done, and his finer feelings rebelled against doing any more business of that sort just then. On the other hand, his sturdy common sense told him that there was only one course that he could rationally pursue; that he had gone too far for drawing back to be possible.

"As nasty a job as ever I got into," he said to himself, standing beside the shaft, as he drew two fresh cartridges from his belt, and dropped them into the emptied chambers of his revolver. Then, presently, in a burst of righteous indignation: "Confound her! It aint my fault, anyway. Why couldn't she have had the sense to say she was a woman?" And then, as his nerves grew steadier, he added more cheerfully: "Well, after all, it's nothing but a pair of Greasers—lucky whack it was for me that I got here to-day, and in time to save the mine!"

SLOWLY the glory of the sunset spread across the west. Rising against the red and golden splendor, the battlements of San Ildefonso stood sharply lined; high into the gray-blue sky shot red and golden rays; over the broad waters of the Rio Grande played red and golden lights: all heaven and all the earth beneath seemed blended in a red and golden symphony. Then, slowly, all this splendor passed away, until nothing was left of it save, in the far east, over the distant mountains, a little rosy cloud.

In the still church, where hung the picture of the sweet Santa Clara, was loneliness; in the still cañon, high up on the mountain, was death. Over all the earth, darkening the silent church, darkening the silent cañon, had come gray night.

THE Lucky Whack Mining Company, as Dick Irving himself declares,—and he ought to know, for he is president of it, and lives East in a style that proves that he has lots of pay dirt somewhere,—is a rattling success. Daily output, two thousand ounces—and millions in sight.

Thomas A. Janvier.



AT THE LOST MINE.



DONATELLO, Verrocchio, Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Majano — their very names are a sweet music in our ears, calling up visions of ineffable grace and beauty. Their charming art has influenced the best art of our own day more, perhaps, than any other. From the time when Paul Dubois turned to them for inspiration, and produced his little "Saint John Baptist" and his "Florentine Singer," a new and glorious epoch of French sculpture began, and Falguière, Mercié, and the rest of that brilliant school, with such men as our own St. Gaudens, owe much of what is purest and best in their works to the study and the example of these old Italians. Many even of the best painters of to-day would own their deep indebtedness to the "sweet influence" of this placid constellation shining serenely through the ages.

Since, then, the work of these men is so great a factor in molding the art-thought of to-day,— since they have had, and bid fair to have in the future, so eminently healthful and invigorating an influence upon contemporary sculpture, — it may be well to consider them somewhat closely, to endeavor to comprehend their aims and their methods, and to find, if possible, the secret of that subtle, evanescent, yet enduring charm which steals upon the senses

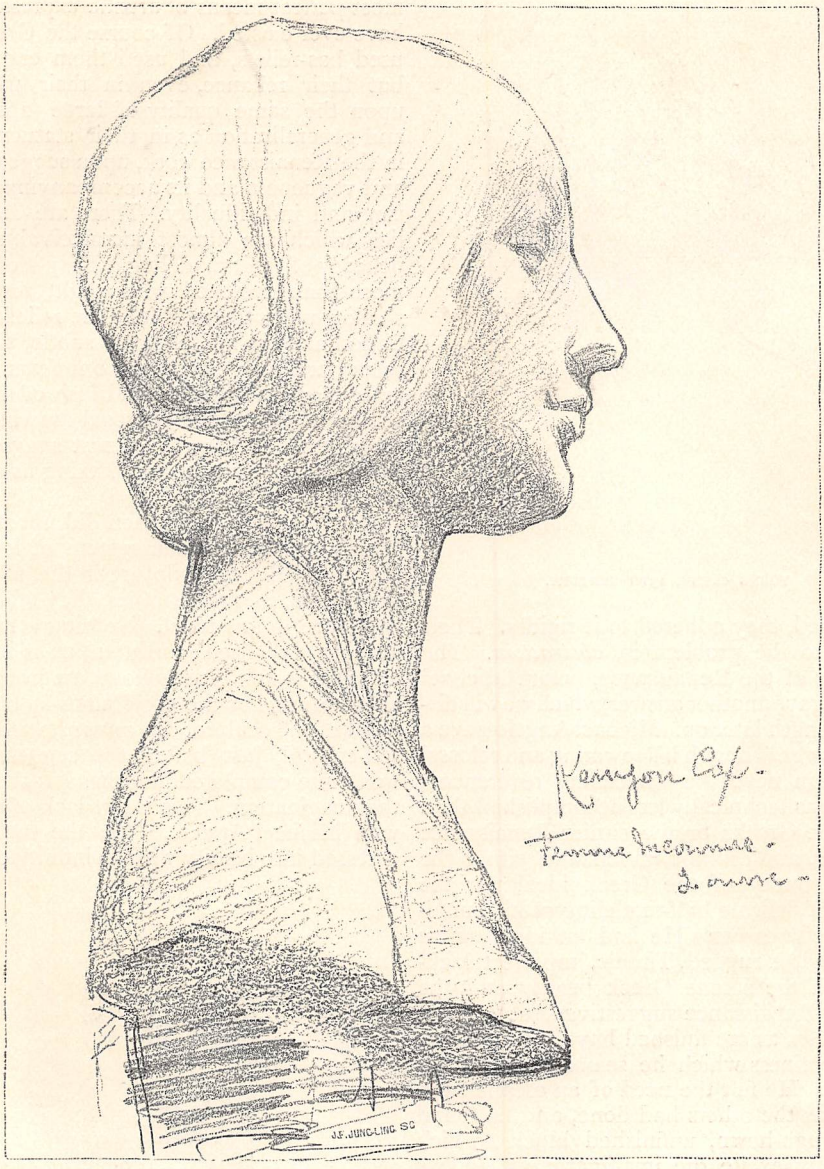
> "Like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor."



COUNT DELLA LUNA — MINO DA FIESOLE.

To do this, we will begin at what may seem at first a long distance from the subject.

It has often been remarked that the schools of painting in which color has been predominant have been the great naturalistic schools as well, and there have been various speculations as to the cause of this fact. Ruskin's theory, that the production of beautiful color *requires* an absolute fidelity to nature, any deviation from natural fact introducing a discordant note and so ruining the color-harmony, certainly seems untenable. Would it not be truer to say that beautiful color *permits* fidelity to nature? There seems to be in the human mind a natural shrinking from bare, hard fact. The absolute truth of things as they are, with no softening of angles or hiding of uglinesses,— Mother Isis without her veil, — would be intolerable to us. The schools of color restore her veil to Nature and wrap her in the mystery of atmosphere; they charm us with deep, vague harmonies, and entice the imagination into impenetrable shadows. With them everything is mysterious, and therefore nothing is shocking. They can afford to give us the facts of nature because they give them to us mitigated as they are in nature. But the schools of the line strip nature of her atmosphere and her color. With them everything is hard, dry, and defined, and they feel instinctively that the least ugliness — the least falling short of ideal beauty — would become unbearable under the glare of their white light. They cannot bear the least defect, the least commonness, the least *naturalness* — of nature, but refine upon and polish their forms, finding nothing pure or noble enough for them, and



UNKNOWN WOMAN, LOUVRE.

forever missing the rough grandeur and homely beauty of this every-day world which is constantly to their hand.

If it is, then, so difficult to avoid the matter-of-fact in painting, which deals only with appearances, think how much more difficult it is in sculpture, which deals with actual substance. A statue is much more definite than any picture. It is not a representation of form, it *is* form. It is itself a *fact*. This is the great problem: How is the sculptor, with his stubborn material of solid stone or massive bronze, to avoid the stumbling-block of too great reality?

There have been three great schools of sculpture which have differed widely in their solution of this problem. The Greeks may be compared to the schools of form in painting — what are known as the *classic* schools. They sought relief from the hard facts of nature in nobly ideal forms, abstracted from all accident and all individuality. They could not give the mystery and infinitude of nature, and they would not give the material imperfections of things divested of nature's mystery. They therefore formulated an ideal of what nature ought to be, of what seemed to them the primal type, freed from the thousand variations of its actual carrying-out; and this ideal once



YOUNG CLERK, 15TH CENTURY.

established, they adhered to it rigidly. Their answer to the problem is, *abstraction*. The sculptors of the Renaissance, before Michael Angelo, gave another answer, which we will discuss at length later on. Michael Angelo gave a third answer. Though his towering and colossal genius can never be sufficiently reverenced, yet he was technically less accomplished than either the Greeks or the earlier Renaissance sculptors, and did not understand either the glorious purity of the Greek ideal nor the system of delicate half-modeling of his immediate predecessors. He had an ideal of his own, but it is rugged, Titanic, imperfect, lacking both the serene Greek beauty and the delicate Renaissance suggestiveness; such of his marbles as are finished have a certain unsatisfactoriness which he seems to have felt himself. He felt the need of an escape from reality, as the others had done, and he found it in rough-hewn, unfinished blocks, which powerfully excite the imagination. He has had no followers in this, and constitutes a school by himself. His answer to our problem (not an altogether satisfactory one) is, *unfinish*.

The answer of the Renaissance sculptors was, *lowness of relief*. They are the colorists of sculpture. Their aim was to give something which should answer to the atmosphere and mystery of painting, and so to be enabled to give its variety, individuality, and naturalness also. To do this (working more or less unconsciously, as artists do, and probably without analyzing their aims or processes) they invented and carried out a system of low relief which is one of the loveliest and most perfect means of artistic expression that have ever existed. Of course the Greeks had used bas-reliefs, and used them exquisitely; but their reliance, even in their medals, is upon the same quality of large abstraction and generalization as in their statues, not, as in the Renaissance work, upon suggestiveness and vagueness and its accompanying naturalism and individuality. There are Italian reliefs which are almost inconceivable in the delicacy of their modeling. They seem hardly more than sketched with slight touches of shadow upon the marble. The relief is so infinitesimal, the modeling so subtle, that they seem hardly to exist; and one fears to obliterate them with a careless brush of the hand, as one might a slight charcoal-drawing. They are not form, but the merest suggestion of form, faint and vague and fleeting as a beautiful dream.

But these wonderful men did not stop here. Having perfected their system of low relief, they applied it to sculpture in the round. In their busts, in their statues, they still model, as it were, in low relief. Nothing is made out, nothing is realized; the intention is indicated, and that is all. The hollows are not as deep as in nature, nor the projections as high. The hand of the sculptor has paused, with delicate self-control, just before the suggested form was quite completed, and has left the rest to the imagination. This is not lack of finish, as with Michael Angelo. No; the surfaces are caressed into beauty with an infinity of loving



WARRIOR—MINO DA FIESOLE.



LAUGHING CHILD — DONATELLO.

care. It is an intentional stopping short of complete realization; it is lowness of relief. This application of low relief to sculpture in the round is the great discovery of the Renaissance. They had learned how to give nature with its mystery and its atmosphere; how to give, not form, but the appearance of form. They cast a thin veil over the hard facts of nature, which the imagination delights to penetrate.

Their reward was a nearness to natural truth which the Greeks could not dream of. No art gives us such an invigorating sense of freshness of inspiration as this. "The world is all before them where to choose"; as they realize no facts, they can suggest all; through the veil of their illusive modeling they can show us the infinite variety and individuality of nature, and, Antæus-like, they rise with renewed strength from their constant contact with mother earth. They are no longer bound to a definite type of ideal beauty, but can wander at will among the thousand accidental graces and half-awkward beauties of real

human beings. They give us, not a magnificent abstract conception of Olympus, but an endlessly delightful portrait of the world we live in.

Lowness of relief: Have we not found at last the true answer to our problem? It is hard to say that this art is greater than Greek art, but is it not more human? Does it not appeal more closely to our human nature? Does it not instruct and charm us more? It has the charm of the "intimate." How quaint, how sincere, how naif those old Florentines were! With what wide-open, truth-seeing eyes they looked at the universe, and with what manly simplicity and frankness they recorded what they saw! What a vital, living art! Every one of their statues is a portrait: one has but to look at it to be convinced of that. So, and not otherwise, must the real original have looked. Many of their best works are professed portraits, and their *living* quality is extraordinary. Look at the Count della Luna, for example, or Mino da Fiesole's "Warrior," or the "Young Clerk," or the "Lady with the Rose." Look at any of the portrait-busts by these men. Can fidelity, truth, vitality, be carried further? Are not these very people alive before you? Do you not feel an intimate acquaintance with them — a profound conviction that you must have met them yesterday? Do you not love the women, and like or hate or admire the men?

But the concentration and quintessence of Renaissance art is in that masterpiece of an unknown hand, known and loved by all artists as the *Femme Inconnue* of the Louvre. Here are the lowness and vagueness of relief, the floating, undefined modeling, the delicate finish of surfaces, the exquisite modulation and subtle curvature of line, the frank simplicity of aim, and the individuality and vitality of the whole, all in their utmost perfection. What a work of art! and, O ye gods! what a woman! There she is as she lived in Florence four centuries ago, with her daintily poised head in its demure cap, her slender, graceful neck and half-developed breast, her bewitching eyes, and her indefinable, evanescent smile, a very pearl of women!



LADY WITH THE ROSE — VERROCCHIO.



UNKNOWN WOMAN, LOUVRE. (ANOTHER VIEW.)

She lived in Florence centuries ago,
That lady smiling there.
What was her name or rank I do not know —
I know that she was fair.

For some great man — his name, like hers, forgot
And faded from men's sight —
Loved her — he *must* have loved her — and has wrought
This bust for our delight.

Whether he gained her love or had her scorn,
Full happy was his fate.
He saw her, heard her speak; he was not born
Four hundred years too late!

Kenyon Cox.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH CHARLES READE,

WITH LETTERS HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

In writing of Charles Reade, the summer of 1859 comes to mind as a period crowded with uncommon opportunities. To a young American who is to see England for the first time, the land of our old home is in itself excitement and inspiration; but to have acquaintance with living England then was a privilege such as persons born in another age might justly envy.

The roll of illustrious men and women who were then at the height of their power is easily recalled by lovers of English literature; and Hawthorne also was in England. The greatness of the past was in harmony with the marvel of the present. It was the land of Shakspere indeed; but if it proved to be Tennyson, and not Shakspere, who read his poems to us, if we sat under the cedar of Lebanon while he questioned —

> "Oh, art thou sighing for Lebanon
> In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East, . . .
> Dark cedar!"

rather than walked under the mulberry at Cambridge, listening to the voice of Milton, one seemed hardly less a miracle than the other; surely the marvel was equal to young and reverent eyes. It was only a part of this enchantment when Charles Reade took rooms for us at Oxford, during a few days of the long vacation, close by Magdalen College, where he was then Bursar. Summer days at Oxford, in rain and sun (it was chiefly rain!) and almost perfect solitude, walking through cloisters and parks, gardens and libraries and museums, seeing everything through the partial eyes and scholarly initiation of our friend, that might indeed be called "seeing Oxford." Lest his visitors should be lost in the mazes of the Old World, the following had been sent in a note to them:

> "PROGRAMME.
>
> "1st. Ask for the Angel and Star 'Bus.
>
> "2d. Tell it to take you to Mr. Whiting's, 79 High street.
>
> "3d. Deposit your heavy luggage there.
>
> "4th. Come on to Magdalen College.
>
> "On entering the college you will find yourselves in a cloister. Turn to the left. After about eighty yards you will come to a small opening. Pass through it, and you will see a long line of buildings before you, at some distance. Cross the grass slantindicular, bearing to the right a little, and you will hit on
>
> STAIRCASE, NO. 2.
>
> Up this staircase two flights you will find a door with DR. READE written over it.
>
> THAT'S ME!"
>
> . . . . . .

This was not, however, our first acquaintance with Charles Reade. He was not a man to receive strangers, or friends of correspondence merely, into his retirement, and bear with equanimity a purposeless infringement on his time; but he was full of ardor and a kind of chivalrous devotion to his real friends, which made no sacrifice seem too great in their behalf. This loyalty of nature, which was a strong characteristic, was early discerned in his business correspondence. Among the many letters to his American publishers, between the publication of his first tale, "Peg Woffington," in 1855, and our visit to Oxford in 1859, I find this trait continually appearing.

The American editions of "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," and "Clouds and Sunshine," all bear the date of 1855, and the earliest letters in my possession from Charles Reade appear to have been written after that time, and during the preparation of "It is Never too Late to Mend," which was reprinted in America in 1856. It will be remembered that the title of this romance, as originally announced, was "Susan Merton," but was changed by the author while the work was in press to the name it now bears.

The following note is sufficiently characteristic to be printed in full:

> "193 PICCADILLY, Sept. 26.
>
> "DEAR SIR: I saw Bentley, Jun., to-day, and had a friendly talk with him about our business. He maintained publisher's right to dispose of the early sheets; but acknowledged his firm had but a small pecuniary interest. I told him I had concluded with Messrs. Ticknor, and could not draw back.
>
> "He said he must talk with his father, and meantime begged me to go no farther with Messrs. Ticknor. I replied that it was not possible to go farther, for that I was completely committed to them.
>
> "There the matter rests at present, but my impression is that Bentley will not give us much trouble. I am not so sure about Messrs. Appleton. If you write to Ticknor & Field [*sic*], beg them not to worry themselves any more about

this. *They have done all they can do.* They have proposed terms which I distinctly accept, and the matter now rests with me. Their interest is mine, and my sense of justice is on the side of the firm who have *made* me in the States. To conclude, tell them there will be no difficulty after 'Susan Merton,' and in her case the difficulties *must* be overcome, if any.

"I am yours sincerely,

"READE."

One month later, to the same person, probably the celebrated London publisher, Trübner, he wrote as follows:

". . . I propose to Messrs. Ticknor & Field, then, to allow me so much upon each copy sold of 'S. M.'; in short, to treat me in *some measure* as an American writer.

"I propose this at once, because it is the only basis of business that can be permanent with me, and as we must look beyond 'Susan Merton' some day, we had better do it now.

"An arrangement of this sort is the fairest, and stimulates the writer to do his *very best* in every case; and we all need every stimulus of this sort, so easy is it to write, and so cruelly hard is it to write well.

"I wait, then, the firm's answer to my proposal, and protect their interest in the meantime.

"Tell those gentlemen I am *charmed* with the copies; both works are well printed, and bound and lettered to perfection. The type of 'Christie Johnstone,' in particular, is supreme, sharp, clean, and open.

"Need I add that I am much gratified and *cheered* by the good opinion my brothers and sisters over the water appear to have of me?"

These letters seem to be among the first of an interesting series respecting the details of the publication of his books in America; but as there is no year given in any one of the letters, and often no date, the precise time of writing must in some cases be only a matter of conjecture.

Charles Reade's anxiety concerning the minutest questions of printing and illustration was not easily allayed, but when the result was at all satisfactory he was quick and hearty in his words of commendation.

It would seem that the following passage must have been written at the same period of nervous excitement with the foregoing, just after his first short stories were printed, and before the appearance of his three-volume venture of "Susan Merton," or "Never too Late to Mend." He writes to his Boston publishers from the Garrick Club:

"Will you be so kind as to collect for me all the honest critiques that shall be printed about the work in your country, favorable or adverse, and send them over to me?

"I am afraid I have tried your patience hard with the three-volume novel, but you must consider that while you have been kept waiting the work has been growing in importance; and believe me, that great successes are not to be achieved without time and labor.

"It would never have done for me to produce three mediocre volumes. As it is, I think I can promise you a success in the U. S.

"In this country it is very doubtful. I shock their prejudices so, poor dear old souls."

And in still another letter on the same subject he says:

"The MS. has been returned to me, and even now I have not yet begun to print, being very anxious to secure you an ample start. At the same time I must tell you I am a little uneasy at not hearing from you upon any matter of detail connected with the work.

"There was time, I think, if you acted on my last advice, for me to correct the first half-dozen sheets of your copy. . . .

"No copy of 'Clouds and Sunshine' has reached me. It is a matter deeply to be regretted that I cannot see your copy all in print before it goes to the public. I defy any man to polish and correct MS. as well as he can print. I have done the best for you I can, but I hope you will send me an interleaved copy as soon after issue as possible, and no pains shall be spared to bring the American edition to perfection."

However interesting such letters may be as portraying the character of the writer, they possess at this time a wider value. To the authors and publishers of books they give a picture of the difficulties which were just then beginning to assume grave proportions respecting the reprinting of English books and the remuneration of English authors. Long before this time Charles Dickens had brought all the brilliant powers of his genius to bear in behalf of righteous dealing between the nations; but, foiled in the attempt, he had returned to England silenced and forever discouraged. Nevertheless, there was still courtesy among publishers, and a prior right to reprint was sufficient to prevent thieving and to allow the English author to receive a good sum for his work from the honest publisher.

Still acting upon this ground, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields paid Charles Reade a fair price for his work, but not such a price as the work deserved, could they have been themselves assured against loss.

The great popularity of his books excited anew the rapacity of publishers, and, in spite

of all possible care and foresight, there was trouble and loss of money. All restrictions against reprinting were finally broken down, so that from that time and until the possible future of a righteous law no English or American author can ever again receive the money due to him from the public. When Walter Scott was dying from overwork, it was calculated that if he could receive one cent from each of his American readers he could at least pay his debts and close his eyes in peace. From that sad hour until this moment the peoples of England and America have continued to steal the labor of men, the value of which to the world is greater than all the gold that has ever been coined.

The following letters, therefore, sufficiently explain themselves:

"GARRICK CLUB.

"DEAR SIRS: . . . Trübner tells me these shipments of MS. have cost you nearly £20. I confess this terrifies me. Surely such expense is not necessary. The whole MS., 'Susan Merton,' remains in my hands. No part of it will go to an English publisher until you are in a condition to print.

"Why throw your dollars into the Atlantic? It really is not worth while sending these books by post.

"However, one comfort: this will never occur again. *Should the work succeed*, the publishing of the next will be entirely in my hands, and you may come out a month before I am advertised in London, if you like; and should it fail, I shall write no more stories, since everything else is so much easier to write.

"I assure you the labor I have bestowed on this story seems to me disproportioned to the result I have obtained.

"You inquire after 'Live and Let Live.' I can only tell you that —— purchased this story of me two years ago, that he has had it by him ever since, and that with it lying in his drawer he brings out, from time to time, some of the feeblest trash that ever dribbled from a human pen in the way of narrative. I wish I could tell you why he does those two things, either of them, but it is impossible. We can fathom a wise man, but fools are inscrutable. But be assured that if 'Live and Let Live' were a very important story, I would, to meet your wishes, send to the old ninny and buy it back again; but it is not worth this — at least I think not.

"I have read a very amusing critique in the 'North American Review.' It seems you have annoyed Messrs. Crosby and something or other, by publishing Mr. Reade. May I venture to hope from the pique so clumsily concealed that the volumes are selling? . . .

"I met, the other day, a charming countryman of yours, Mr. N. Hawthorne. I had too little opportunity of conversing with him, but the impression is delightful. Item: He has an eye like a violet with a soul in it.

"He mentioned your name to me. Said you had told him to make my acquaintance. I am much obliged to you if you did.

"I beg you will correspond with me fully upon any matter that interests you.

"And am

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES READE."

"You asked me to recommend you books. I recommend you to read the biography (I don't know the exact title) of Hedley Vicars, a very religious young captain, who fell before Sebastopol. It will not interest Boston so much as it does London, but still a Public is a public, and there is in this book a *feature* — the Public goes for a *strong feature*. Here you have a fighting saint — a religious red-coat — a man who cuts down a Russian with the gospel of mercy in his mouth. This card has never failed from Cromwell downward. Cut out *one-third* judiciously. Publish the rest, and I will pay all you lose by it. It is not well written — not one book in a hundred is — but there is a touch of sincerity and warmth."

When the reader calls to mind that these are but a selection from the letters of Reade at this period, it is wonderful the amount of writing and anxious thought he bestowed, not only upon his stories, but also upon their safe and lawful reproduction.

"6 BOLTON ROW, MAYFAIR.

"GENTLEMEN: I have to inform you that upon calculating my MS., 'Susan Merton,' as it stands (unfinished), I find there are more than 3 vols. octavo written. I have therefore nothing to do but to reduce it by excision.

"I will forward you next week instructions for cutting your copy. The severest cuts will be made in the prison business, vol. 2, which is very wordy in parts.

"I have more MS. copied for you, and will send some next week; but first should like to cut wherever I can.

"Heart-breaking work this, I assure you.

"I am

Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES READE."

"GARRICK CLUB, KING STREET,
"COVENT GARDEN, LONDON,
"July 20.

"DEAR SIR: Herewith you will receive more of our printed sheets corrected by me.

"You must not mistake my motive in sending them out.

"I am quite content to stand upon the MS. I have sent you, and I secretly hope that you have already printed and published that MS. But I have taken for granted that you would at all events like to be kept informed what we are doing here. Moreover, I need not tell you that print always reveals some blots to an author, however carefully his MS. may have been polished.

"I make it my particular request that as soon as ever you are out you will send me an interleaved copy. By means of this I will prepare you a second edition that shall be as faultless as I can make any work. With these printed sheets I send you a sketch of 'The Southern Cross,' the South Polar Constellation, which is to figure on my pages in vol. 3, English, and in what I presume will be your 2d volume.

"I cannot help feeling some anxiety about your wood-cuts, and this anxiety is increased by your silence, which leads me to fear I have not succeeded in showing you the importance of those effects I aim at by them.

"These are no vulgar illustrations; they are not done upon the common plan of illustrations. *They take the place of the text, and the reader reads them as well as views them.*

"The more important is it that they should be finely executed, and, above all, true. However, at present I can only repeat what I have said to you before, that it will be worth your while to look closely into the matter and reject all *inaccurate or feeble representations* of tombstones and knives with gold-dust on them. I have an appendix to 'It is Never too Late to Mend.' This appendix contains some curious matter: 'The Autobiography of a Thief,' and critical remarks thereon by the Parson. Now, this appendix I do not mean to print unless the novel should meet with greater success than I dare hope for. Still, as the matter is as good as anything in the story, I shall send it you out with this understanding, that you run the novel first without it. After your first sale, should any U. S. publisher try to interfere with your monopoly, it *might* be worth while to issue a second edition, with this 'Autobiography of a Thief' added by the author's hand. You would then have something to offer your public which would be inaccessible to any rival publisher. Since I shall not print the said appendix in England, you see that I am not indifferent to our joint interest in the U. S."

He winds up one letter full of business detail with these words, which appear to be the foreshadowing of another of his famous books: "I hate a lie in yellow, white, blue, just as much as I do in black and white, and would not for the world one should go to the American or any public in my name." These words were written with reference to what he considered an imperfect illustration which had been forwarded to him of "Susan Merton."

Again he writes, with his anxieties unabated:

"I have promised to pay the sum Bentley was to receive for early sheets from Appleton.

"I needed not to do this. I have never acknowledged his right to sell my sheets out of England, but in a case of such deep importance I would not leave you without any additional safeguard a few pounds could buy. . . .

"'Susan Merton' is a very bad title, because, under that title, the book is a *failure*, Susan Merton being a third-rate character in point of invention and color.

"This title, too, would prepare the public for a disappointment. I have written two novels with female titles and female heroes,—women the principal characters.

"It would be a signal want of judgment in me to let a three-volume novel, competing with one-vol. novels, be disgracefully defeated.

"How would you like to hear your public saying of Susan Merton: Oh! she is not to be compared with Christie Johnstone or Peg Woffington? This sort of remark, though leveled at the character, would hit the work, if I were so unwise as to make the work and the character one.

"My new novel is an original and important work, but both its originality and its importance — moral and pictorial — are unconnected, or slightly connected, with Susan Merton. The scenes in which she figures are the stale and conventional part of the work. The soul of it are the scenes in which a bad man is despaired of and tortured by fools, and afterward not despaired of by a wise and good man, but encouraged, softened, converted. These psychological scenes and the melodramatic scenes that follow, in which the thief's understanding is convinced as well as his heart, are the immortal part of the work. The rest dozens of men and women on both sides the water could have written, and better than I have done them. I stand, therefore, on my ace of spades and not on

my nine of hearts, and the title of the work is 'It's Never too Late to Mend.'

"On this I am peremptory and sensitive, too. As it is cruel to make you lose the effect of past advertisements, I suppose you must add 'or "Susan Merton,"' if you are bent on it; but, if so, mind, 'It is Never too Late to Mend' must be the first title. But even this is against my judgment.

"If you can't do the diggers' knife and gold so that a digger, seeing them, should acknowledge the likeness, cut out the whole passage 'Would you know,' etc.—cut and all. Your public will never miss it, and besides, it ends a volume with us, so that a *coup* is required, but it will come in the heart of your second volume, where no *coup* is required. To conclude, in this and other details remember that at present our most important object is to occupy the ground — to produce at once in Boston a reasonably correct edition of 'Never too Late to Mend.'

"Publish at once; but print for once on movable type. This is my advice. The work published, send me over a copy to Trübner's (not by a private hand, for God's sake). I will collate your edition and Bentley's, correcting his by yours, which is far superior in places, and yours by his where print has revealed, as print always does, a few blots and superfluities, and produce a uniform second edition for both countries, identical *ad litera*. Meantime, if you are ready, publish without fear. I repeat that I will stand or fall by the *Boston MS., as corrected by those elisions* which I sent you out by letter two months or more ago. Should these elisions not have been *comprehended*, the London sheets may be useful.

"Many thanks for your wish that I was at Boston. I should be there if I was not a fool. For I have received magnificent offers from countrymen of yours if I would come over and lecture to them about 'the Drama,' a subject I am not ignorant of, and I have a nobler temptation in a grand and untouched theme; for nothing can be more obvious to any man who *thinks* than that no human creature, Yankee or Briton, has ever really sung or painted the United States or the men and women who make them what they are. But alas! I shall never see that glorious land, I shall never see the great Anglo-Saxon race going ahead, with the fetters of fog and mist and prejudice taken off their souls and brains and bodies, and shall never have the honor of giving the world poetical pictures of things and men known here only by sordid caricatures — and all because I cannot live eight days at sea. Well, mind, you have not the same excuse for not coming to see me, for you have crossed the Atlantic and can again.

"Write to me oftener; you have had about four letters from me for one you have sent me, and this was a mistake. However, I will take care that we have never all this bother about a work again. But there have been peculiar difficulties in this case, as you are well aware.

"However, I venture to hope that, two months hence, you will not grudge them nor repent the trouble you have taken with me.

"I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"CHAS. READE."

Careful as his publishers were, his anxious spirit was always up and a-field before them. Here is a truly business-like epistle:

"193 PICCADILLY, Oct. 4.

"GENTLEMEN: I am quite satisfied with your offer, ten per cent. on each copy sold and paid, and am ready, on these conditions, to hold myself engaged to you with respect to 'Susan Merton' and future works.

"But I must ask you to withdraw one clause in your proposal, 'provided we are not printed upon by any other publisher.' Now, it is not in my power to prevent a New York or Boston publisher from issuing an edition *after* yours. To this your exertions, not mine, must and will be addressed. All I can do is to give you a long start, and so the *cream* of the business. If Messrs. A or B, publishing from your sheets, as you from mine, should rob us of the *milk*, or some of it, this would be our joint misfortune. I should share it with you in the proportion of ten per cent. (since my profit depends on your sales), and I think you ought to share it with me.

"Mr. Trübner agrees with me, and would, I believe, as your agent, commit you to this view of our relation; but as there is time to refer the question to you, it is fairer to you to do so. This, therefore, is under consideration.

"As, however, I have no doubt your answer will be satisfactory, I shall act in your favor, and by advice of Mr. Trübner, pending your answer.

"I am having a MS. written out in a copper-plate hand, and from this MS., carefully corrected by me, you will perhaps have to print a considerable portion of the novel.

"Perhaps you will think me very precise in settling the exact terms of our relation; but you must consider that this is no slight or temporary business. I think I am now building a connection which, if the foundation be perfect, will last my whole career."

Hope and fear respecting the success of his labors swiftly alternated and troubled his mind

at this period. Unhappily his book was not to be as successful as he hoped.

He wrote again:

"Who is so sick of 'Susan Merton' as I am?

"But I am a writer. I *cannot scribble.* A three-volume novel is a great prose epic. I hope never to write another, and this one must not lower me. My delay is caused by labor, and labor is seldom wasted."

Later on he says, speaking of the plans and prospects for his new book: "Do not talk to me of four thousand copies of such a work as 'Never too Late to Mend'—*please.*" And then I find this intermediate letter before the result was known in America, which is given in full as follows:

"HOTEL RIVOLI, RUE RIVOLI,
"PARIS, Oct. 4.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter 8 Sept. has just been forwarded to me, and relieves me of considerable anxiety, although I had provided for the correction of your sheets by my friend Tom Taylor.

. . . . . .

"I am happy to inform you that the title is as successful as I expected—letters have been written in the journals under the signature 'It Is Never Too L,' etc., and many public allusions show that the title has hit.

"I cannot tell you what measure of success the book has, for I don't know. But it is a success, and they have really made a cut into a second edition; I hope you will not sell it too cheap. I shall never write another fiction of that bulk and solidity—5 vols., the size of 'Christie Johnstone'!—(are you aware that is its precise magnitude?), and I naturally look for remuneration to the country where I know my success is really great.

"As far as England is concerned the book is a dead loss to me. Two years out of my life, the brains out of my skull, and the heart out of my body—for what?

"Bernard Tauchnitz publishes me in Leipsic upon an agreement, and the French are translating 'Christie Johnstone.'

"In about a fortnight I hope to be at my home in 6 Bolton Row, where any friends of yours, or any countrymen, who shall have provided themselves with a line from you, will be cordially received. Be so good as to make this known as widely as possible.

"It is a small acknowledgment of respect and affection toward a great public that has had the pluck to form a decided opinion (right or wrong) upon a living author, and *at once.*

"I am, dear sir,
"Yours very truly,
"CHARLES READE."

Too soon, alas! came the word of discouragement, proving that his American publisher understood "the pulse of the machine" only too well. Reade replied:

"Four thousand copies is a small return, and bears a very slight proportion to the English sale, whereas until now the American sale of my work has far exceeded the English sale. . . . The cheap English edition has been dishonestly brought out. . . . Were he the only publisher in the British isles, he should never publish another work for me, except by fraud or violence. . . . You will perhaps be glad to hear there is a chance of my next work being a single volume, such as would make one good dollar's worth for you." . . .

Reade's interest in every-day life, in the social condition of the people, in the world outside of books, was like that of a child born and bred in city streets, when first allowed to enjoy "green growing things" and the freedom of the country. He was as native to the world of books as a bee to a clover-field, and might well distrust his own personal, because comparatively narrow, experience of men; therefore he was always crying out to have extracts sent him from American newspapers, and asks that his correspondent shall "take note of any very gallant actions that are done in your part of the world. I am going to write something where this would be useful. No matter whether the brave fellows are soldiers, sailors, tinkers, or tailors. Will you make a note of this?"

"Never too Late to Mend" was far from being his last story. It was his first great ship launched out into the sea of novel-writing. His brain was teeming with plans, and it was only necessary for him to watch the retreating figures of one drama, to behold another company entering by the opposite wing upon the theater of his mind.

It seemed a very pleasant spring morning in London, whatever the weather may have been, when Charles Reade came to breakfast, and we heard him talk for the first time. Two or three hours slipped away while he excited himself by eagerly describing a case at law in which he was interested for charity's sake. I remember he said the case had been deferred, and for every three months' delay permitted by Lord Campbell he was obliged to expend seventy pounds. He also described the ingratitude of the person for whom he had undertaken the suit. But the details of conversation have necessarily vanished. I can only recall with singular distinctness the ardor of the converser, and the scintillations of his wit. He spoke with the fire of the same man who had written the scene in "Peg Woffing-

ton," where the heroine dances with the Triplets and their children, and he soon proved himself to be the author of Peggy's reconciliation with Mrs. Vane.

In a later visit, although the subject was different, the same power of self-excitement was apparent, as well as a kind of pre-Raphaelism in his studies from life. Each new fact startled him, and seemed to present itself as the corner-stone of a fresh romance.

"The Cloister and the Hearth" was seriously progressing at this period, and for this he was making studies during his summer vacation at Oxford. Nevertheless his "mediæval story," as he was wont to call it in his letters, was delayed, cast and recast, printed in part, with another title, in "Once a Week," and, in short, left to float in mid-air, while "White Lies," "The Eighth Commandment," and "Love me Little, Love me Long" appeared in swift succession. There was more or less correspondence respecting each of the books, but "The Cloister and the Hearth" seems to have been a favorite with the author.

I can recall his taking down the "Autobiography of Erasmus" from the shelf in the great library at Oxford, and showing us a brief description (only a line or two) of the father and mother of Erasmus, with a few dates concerning them, saying, "There is all the foundation for my story, 'A Good Fight.'" This was the title he gave to the first draught of the "mediæval story." In one of his letters he writes:

"You may well be surprised that I am so long over 'Good Fight,' but the fact is, it is not the writing but the reading which makes me slow. It may perhaps give you an idea of the system in which I write fiction, if I get down the list of books I have read, skimmed, or studied to write this little misery.

"The great work, 1. 'Lacroix and Sire on the Middle Ages;' 5 thick quartos. 2. 'Du Sommerard,' do.; the plates only. 5. 'Strutt's Works,' and 9. 'Hone's Day-books, Table-books,' etc. 10. 'Leland's Itinerary.' 11. Fynes' Moryson's do. 12. 'Bouyer's History of the Popes.' 13. Ranke's ditto. 14. 'Erasm. Colloquia.' 15. 'Erasm. Parabola.' 16. Munster's 'Cosmographia.' 17. Luther's 'Table Talk.' 18. Wanley's 'Little World.' 19. Victor Hugo's 'Hunchback.' Scott's 'Quentin D.' 'Monastery.' 22. 'Abbot.' 23. Fosbrooke's 'British Monachism.' 24. Newcome's 'Abbey of St. Albans.' 25. 'Fox on Monasteries.' 26. M. H. Bloxam on ditto. 27. 'Monumenta Franciscana.' 28. 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.' 29. Mosheim. 30. Jamieson's 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' ditto. 31. 'Sacred and Legendary Art.' 32. Vasari. 33. Bryant. 34. Mrs. Merrifield's 'History of Painting.' 35. 'Mores Catholici.' 36. 3 vols. Southey's 'Common-Place Book.' 37. 'History of the Dominicans,' Marchese. 38. Hallam's 'Middle Ages.' 39. Lit. Europe. 41. Humphrie's two works on do. 42. Shaw's 'Dresses and Decorations.' 43. Maitland's 'Dark Ages.' 44. Pugin and Smith, 'Ecclesiastical Vest.' 45. Warton's 'Early English Poetry.' 46. 'The Harleian Miscellany.' 47. 'The Paston Letters.' 48. 'Correspondence, Henry and Wolsey,' Government Publication. 49. Grove's 'Antiquarian Repository.' 50. Index 'Gentleman's Magazine.' 51. Do. 'Archæological Journal.' 52. Labarti's 'Handbook of the Middle Ages.' 53. 'Les Voyages de Montaigne.' 54. Coryat's 'Crudities.' 55. Monteil's 'Vie Privée des Français.' 56. 'Le Grand d'Aupy,' ditto. 57. 'Dutch Geography,' Reynolds G. Van Reschied. 58. Knight's 'Life of Erasmus.' 59. Jortin's. 60. Bayle's in Dict. 61. 'Chronique de Flandres.' 62. Henry's 'History Great Britain.' 63. Sharon Turner's ditto. 64. Froissart. 65. Monstrelet. 66. Philippe de Comines. 67. Barante's 'Dukes of Burgundy.' 68. Brandt's 'History of the Reformation.' 69. Liber Vagatorum. 70. Hecker's 'Epidemics of the Middle Ages.' 71. Welars de Honecort's 'Sketch-book.' 72. Norica. 73. John Guttenberg. 75. Ben Jonson's 'Alchemist,' and 'Volpone,' the old plays in Dodsley, and especially 76. 'The Four P's.' 77. 'Le Livre d'Or des Meteors,' by Michel & Fournier. 78. Pugin's 'Contrasts.' 79. Monuments Français inedits, etc., etc.

"This system, wasted on an Old World story, has kept you and me apart some months, which I regret; but then I hope your time will come to benefit by it; for surely this *must be* the right method. Any way, I shall apply the same diligence and research to the subject of our own day I am preparing for you, that I have expended, perhaps wasted, on a mediæval tale. Luckily a great part of the research is already done. I shall not venture next year on the theme I mentioned to you; that must be reserved for 1862 or '3, if I am alive.

"But I have a theme for which I have already collected many invaluable facts, and a living character or two. Then I have got what Ben Jonson called 'brave notions' in my head. So keep a good slice of the 'Atlantic' for me in May, and we will do something considerable together."

Later he writes again: "My mediæval story has been interrupted by cruel lawsuits in defense of my copyrights which have laid me on a sick-bed, as well as hindered my work."

And in another letter: "Let us hope that 'White Lies' will not be quite so dead a failure as 'Never too Late to Mend.'" And yet again: "Let me express a hope that your Government will some day deign to remember that we have the honor to be more nearly related to you in blood than we are to France, Prussia, Saxony, etc., etc.; and will hold us out a hand as these nations have done."

All the loss, uncertainty, and trouble he experienced through the absence of copyright culminated at last in that extraordinary production, "The Eighth Commandment," regarding which he writes in one of his letters: "I think that 'Eighth Commandment' is a bit of good seed, which will bear fruit in time, and that sooner or later it will be an honor both to publisher and author to have stood firm in so just and honorable a cause."

This is a modest reference to a book which stands among the first of Charles Reade's works in dramatic power. His sketch of the life of M. Maquet is unrivaled, and if novel-readers fail to read the book for lack of a love-story, no author should fail to read it as an example of vigorous wit infused into a dry subject.

In the following letter he describes an unexpected outgrowth from its publication:

"There is no news in England. Parliament dissolved; literature taking her usual rest. Nothing going but Garibaldi.

"There is one Garibaldian in our house, which came about thus: Mr., or, as we *used* to call them at his age, *Master* ——— saved my life, by which I mean my copyright. *Vide* Appendix to 'Eighth Commandment'—

> "'You take my house, when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
> When you do take the means whereby I live.'
> SHAKESPEARE.

—or something to that effect. I was very much obliged to him, and showed it, after the manner of authors, in sentences tolerably well turned. Imposed on by the sound of these, he writes to me one day that he is tired of being a vegetable and wants to be an active member of society, and will I help? Yes. Then what he wants is 'to fight for Italian liberties, and to go upon the ground at *somebody else's* expense, having no money, but only pluck.' I reply that I understand the only conditions on which the Signor Garibaldi will allow a Briton to be knocked on the head in his sacred cause are, that the said Briton shall be so disposed of at his own cost and charges. But I placed my house at his service and invited him to come and try if he could not make a better bargain with the agents of Garibaldi aforesaid. Well, he comes and haunts the town for a fortnight, and finds several men of words, but not one man of dollars, shillings, and so on.

"At last, the very day before he had arranged to go back to Dublin, turns up from Italy one of Garibaldi's staff, Captain Styles, an Englishman, very scarlet, very bedizened, and wearing a scimitar ⊣⌣ that shape instead of the good old-fashioned toasting-fork of Anglo-Saxon armies. This hero came to recruit for Garibaldi, and he did it on this wise:

"First he called for pen and ink, 'which did come at his command,' and wrote to 'The Times' a letter that would have done no discredit to an attorney. It invited Englishmen to *visit* Italy, and undertook to make the voyage easy to them and to furnish them with the means of protecting themselves against all the dangers of the country. At this equivocating proclamation the law winked, and the ardent spirits called on Styles and enlisted. Then went Styles down to the House of Commons, so scarlet and so green, so scimitared and bedizened, that, instead of passing their bills, the members were all Styles-struck; and while they sat gazing at his plumage, legislation died out like the snuff of a candle, the clock struck unawares, the session had ended, and there was an end of *them.* That afternoon two M. P.'s enlisted, and ordered their regimentals of Isaacs, 71 Jermyn st. And now I shall relate a lamentable incident at the corner of 'Bridge st.,' Westminster. Outside a shop hung a cage in which was an Australian parrot gorgeous to behold. This bird looked down on jays and goldfinches, and even western parrots, with just disdain, and life-guardsmen passing did but provoke a smile.

"Styles sauntered by after electrifying the House, and at sight of him the wretched bird gave one squawk and the next minute was found on the floor of his cage dead of envy.

"Styles passed on as if nothing had happened, and on reaching his humble lodging, whose dinginess set off his preternatural brightness, he found my Irishman waiting for him. (Mark how the simplest narrative of true events falls sometimes into the forms of art.) They soon struck the bargain. Italy to find the voyage out, the plumage, the rifle, and one shilling per day. Dublin to find the man, the valor, and the voyage back. This last, however, is an inconsiderable item, the costume being such that no rifleman *can* miss it, and the Neapolitan army possessing rifles amongst its implements of war.

"In Styles's lodgings was stuck up a placard to this effect: 'Whereas Englishmen are noto-

riously fond of excursions at the slack time of year, and as Italy, with its rare beauties of art and nature, is becoming every year a more popular field of those excursions, Signor Garibaldi, anxious to show his appreciation of the sympathy his country and her sorrows excite in noble England, has placed a steamboat at the English excursionists' disposal. On arriving they will find the country in a troubled state; they will therefore be provided with arms against all who might otherwise molest them with impunity. However, Signor Garibaldi's precautions will not end there. Being strangers in a foreign land, they will be provided with a uniform costume, by means of which the excursionists will at once recognize each other, and sustain, defend, and support each other in case of any serious danger, which, however, is not expected.'

"And so they keep on the windy side of the law. It is, however, to be hoped they will not manœuvre so profoundly as this on the field of battle; for, if they do, the Bourbons are safe at Naples for my day.

"At this juncture comes to me a letter from Dublin, in a lady's hand. The Garibaldian brings it in to me, and says in a peculiar tone: 'That's from my people.' I look up and see his face the color of his future uniform. My mind misgives me. The letter is from the mamma *du petit* Garibaldian, and at the first word I suspect I am not held at Dublin the benevolent character I have been all along considering myself, nor at all the friend of the Three Stars Family. Letter begins not 'Dear Sir,' nor 'Horned Sir' (misspelling for Honored Sir), nor even 'Sir,' but

"'Mr. Reade.'

"*Voilà qui est sec.*

"In short, I learn from my correspondent that under all this chivalry my young hero is a bit of a liar. That he had read to his family, not my letters about Garibaldi, but carefully selected extracts, in which no Italian name was mentioned; and thus he had easily obtained the maternal consent to visit me and London, and had him furnished with money for sights and amusements (bloodless ones). His secret intentions, however, had been betrayed by his sweetheart, doubtlessly on the principle that to betray a traitor is as fair as to spoil an Egyptian.

"Nice lot, the Irish.

"I wrote a short explanation, and in answer to mamma's question, whether I approved his going to Garibaldi, I said certainly not, unless the alternative was to be a life of absolute nullity and dependence. Whereupon I advised her either to propose to the boy some way of life, or to give him her blessing and let him start for Italy, but under the distinct understanding that her door and arms are to be open to him, should fillibustering disappoint him. Comes a reply, beginning, 'My dear sir,' and withdrawing her objection to Garibaldi; but in the body of the letter she quietly, and without saying I must undeceive you on one point, or any such phrase, just lets me know the various businesses and professions that had been offered to her poor foolish boy, as she mildly calls him (this is so like a woman), and by him rejected either without trial or upon a short trial.

"On this I catch my crusader, and explain to him that however foolish an act may be, there is a creditable and discreditable way of doing it. Item: I let him know that out of my house romantic young blockheads must go to the devil on the square, or not at all.

"Finally, his better angel gets the upper hand, probably for a while only, and off he goes to Dublin, where I hope he will stay, or at least not go without his friends' cordial advice.

"Now, what do you think of this young scamp getting money to go to London, meaning all the time to go to Italy, nay farther, to seek that 'bourne no traveler returns,' by running among rifles in the dress of a popinjay? Here endeth part the first of

"THE TALE OF A CRUSADER.

"And if you want to hear the rest, first, it will have to happen, and secondly, you will have to write to me and pretend you are interested in it. Adieu!"

About this period he writes further:

"I have read the critiques on 'Eighth C.' with interest, and amusement at the variety of opinion on a matter so little open to doubt.

"But the feeling seems much to preponderate in favor of Moses, and leans, though very properly in a less degree, in favor of me. I am content with the success of my chief."

In a foot-note at the end of the "Eighth Commandment," he says:

"Besides my losses at Croydon" (where the case was tried of which he wrote), "it costs me, at least, £1000 to write such a book as this, the sale of which will not pay its expenses. Yet, with the same labor, I could have produced three volumes of lucrative fibs."

It was not extraordinary, therefore, that, in our first interview, he should have appeared strangely excited in discussing the subject of the courts. He had already began to struggle against the wrongs of the time.

But he *loved* something else, and he was

fond of "his lucrative fibs," as he disdainfully called his stories. I may say, more justly, it was his "enthusiasm for humanity," driven into channels native to his genius, which made him a story-teller first of all. When he turned into the world of romance, he was like a lamb turned into a green field, and the story began to tell itself to him and to the world.

Meanwhile, the letters of the busy author continue to give an idea of his life and condition.

"2 ALBERT TERRACE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
"January 10.

"DEAR FIELDS: I was very glad to hear from you of your safe arrival, and thank you much for your hospitable invitation to the U. S. It is, indeed, a land attractive to bodily and also to mental gluttons. But how about the Atlantic? Your bill of fare does not mention the salt water.

"Now I have something nice in store for you, viz., a Thunderclap. Know, my worthy friend, that in a weak moment the devil tempted me, and I fell — to a certain extent. I was guilty of the meanness of setting a spy on you and your fair companions.

"There is a wise American, a man called Howard, who lives by locomotions,—he it was who went four times round the wandering Jew, between San Francisco and Damascus. I requested him to cross in the ship with you and report to me. 'Keep your eye on that little lot,' said I, 'and tell me how they sail.' He accepted the commission at once; he doesn't care where he goes, so that he goes. I told him there were two of the party he might even find it agreeable to keep his eye on; but that was superfluous; all he wanted was to be in motion.

"Well, this sorry blade crossed the water with you, landed, ate one plate of fried oysters, and came back to me directly, open-mouthed. 'They were ill all the time. I never saw them on deck but once.' Thus speaking he went off to Egypt like an arrow from a bow.

"The tidings thus obtained have daunted my nautical ardor, if I ever had any — off paper; and I propose to send across that honored water sprightly letters, kind messages, ideas,— if by some immense fortuity I should ever have any,—proof-sheets, and, in short, any thing, or things, that can't be sick.

"At the present moment, however, I fear I can send you nothing worth the voyage, for I am ill, and stupid, and half-mad with headache, and generally good for nothing.

"However, I send you my best and kindest regards to yourself and —— ——, and also to —— ——, and tell her I often think of her; and to P. W., with his high views of the sanctity of property. To fill up this paper — could you procure me, in the way of business, catalogues of your first-class public libraries — the Astor, etc., and of a good law library or two? Item: Should you encounter a medium who will work gratis, please entrance her, and learn who was the enlightened citizen that lately sent me over *four* canvas-back ducks, anonymously. I am aware that charity, in its highest form, courts obscurity; but the receivers are not bound to coöperate. I think it concerns mankind that superlative virtue should not be allowed to hide its head and its very name, while vice marches openly with blazoned heart. Excuse my eloquence, and all the other nonsense in the letter, and believe me,

"Yours truly,
"CHAS. READE."

The next letter shows his real sympathy with the North during the war, as well as something of the timidity and unfaith of a time when fear almost conquered hope in the heart of many an English cousin. He writes:

". . . I can fully enter into your feelings in the present crisis, though I have a sad foreboding that you will all bitterly repent the labor, the courage, the wealth, that has been and will be expended to keep those Southern States a part of the great American Union. If you succeed, all the better for them. For separated, they would have sunk in the scale of nations, and you would have risen, until they would have come sneaking back, and begged for reannexation. Meanwhile, you have this consolation, among the rest, that you did not provoke this civil war.

"The Southern States elect President after President who favors their views, and the Northern States submit, like good citizens, to a constitutional act. At last the Northern interest elects *one*. It is only for four years; yet these fire-eaters cannot even wait two months to see whether his acts will be as extreme as his opinions (and when a man takes the helm of a great country, his opinions always do moderate), but dash into rebellion or civil war. Therefore, those members of the English press are either very unjust or ignorant, who refuse to see a distinction between the revolt of the Southern States from the Federal Government and the revolt of the original colony from Great Britain.

"The 'Annual Register' is British; yet it is impossible to read it without admiring the calmness, the patient dignity, and high but stern resolve of the original separatists; and more, the affectionate reluctance to part from

the mother country, with which they began the struggle. Moreover, in England the great spirits of the day — the Camdens, Chathams, Burkes — said from the first they were in the right, and now everybody can see it, and, *malgré* 'The Times,' I must take leave to distinguish between a just revolt and an unjust one.

"Still I wish you had let those States go; that is to say, I wish it for your sake. In reality, you are champions at a terrible cost of oppressed humanity. For, freed from the control of their civilized brethren, those States would have spread slavery over the continent of America, or so much of it as they could annex or conquer. There, these are my vague opinions. You know I am no politician, and that my good-will toward my Northern friends is far greater than my ability to scope all the points of a disaster so complicated as this civil war.

"Doubtless there is more at bottom than any Englishman knows or understands. When you are tired of it, you two, come to me at Oxford, and I will seat you on smooth turf in cool umbrageous recesses, and with nothing in sight more modern than buildings that saw the wars of the Red and White Roses. And that reminds me, however is it that your people can read a mediæval story in the middle of a civil war? I thought we should sell two copies of the 'Cloister,' etc. But my friend Cornwallis reports a success. If true (I can't believe it), I am the more sorry I could not persuade a certain firm in Boston to venture on it. . . . "

It is a hard task to select from among the numerous letters which lie before me; difficult to consign any of them to the dust, and still more difficult to make sure when private letters should be printed. But the thirst for biography, grown so conspicuous in our time, is one, I believe, that should be respected. There are many parallelisms between the lives of the humblest of men and those whom the world calls great; how natural it is, therefore, that we should crave a knowledge of the means and opportunities for development, the inheritances and circumstances, surrounding and molding men who have helped to feed or form our own lives.

Again he writes from Magdalen College:

"I have been trying to qualify myself by hard reading to write a story of the day. I don't know whether you remember a dome-shaped building called the Radcliffe Library. This building has lately been made a reading-room for students, in connection with the Bodleian; and, unlike all other public libraries in this country, it is well lighted and kept open till ten at night. This affords me facilities I cannot meet with in London. Unfortunately a set-off has come in the shape of gout or something very like it, which impairs my powers, so behold me in anxiety and despondency about my forthcoming production. . . .

"I will read Trollope's 'America,' since you tell me it is endurable. I had no intention of reading it otherwise, or anything else the man writes. He is mediocrity incarnate.

"Tell Mr. Meadows I have got a tidy little house in Bolton Row, with a drawing-room and bedroom for you two. Literature cannot flourish amongst bayonets, and he really ought to come and do a little here where he has made so many friends. . . . . "

Oxford was Charles Reade's true home. He visited elsewhere, he had a house in London, but he wrote and thought and found room for his true life in Magdalen College. Here it was we found him first, as I have said, in the summer of 1859, when he was delighted to show the beauties of Oxford to his American friends. The president's rooms had just then been refitted in the style suited to their real antiquity. It was a new idea at that time, and we followed him with delight as he showed us the oriel windows refilled with old Flemish glass, and observed that the very handles and hinges of the doors were modeled after the old forms. His own rooms were antique enough (they were built in 1485), and there were no fine restorations; but I remember an old cider-cup in the center of the dinner-table, of silver overladen with gold, which was quite as ancient as the college and very ornamental. Many a delightful hour went like a breath in that room. I recall especially his enthusiasm for Victor Hugo, one volume of whose plays had been thrown into a corner, and was the only book to be seen; and how the tea-kettle was always on the hob; and how one night he read aloud the last chapters of "A Good Fight." He showed us one old cloister with walnut roof, "in which the spiders never build," and the only authentic picture of Cardinal Wolsey, and all the works of Erasmus in their mighty folios. I remember there was much speculation as to how the huge folios of old were paid for —"not those of Erasmus; there is no doubt about those," said Mr. Fields, "because twenty thousand copies of his works were sold"; and so they talked together, making the ancient things seem affairs of yesterday, but a yesterday of great lessons and of good men.

And the late summer afternoon returns half like a dream, when we wandered into the rooms of one of Reade's friends high up under

the roof of Magdalen. There were hanging gardens outside the windows, and a forest-like tangle of pleasant things inside; but it was a rainy day outside, and the light was beginning to fade when Reade opened a small piano in one corner, and sang two or three quaint English songs with a pathos all his own. The singing was as strange and dream-like as the place. We sat there in the gloaming until the sound of the pattering rain seemed like the tears of the last song, and then we rose silently and closed the doors behind us forever.

Reade himself was a strangely compacted character, as his letters, together with his books, have testified. He was himself a mediæval knight suddenly awakened in the heart of the nineteenth century. He could never quite tell, I am sure, what had become of his breast-plate and helmet, nor when he last slept upon his shield. The prose garments for mind and body, lying in wait for him every morning, were very unsatisfying; and the Bursar's cap and gown, which he contrived to wear for a few months every year, were a kind of cloistral compensation which suited the sad new era.

He was always ready to ride forth on some new tilt or tourney in behalf of the Right. "The Eighth Commandment" is a series of pictures portraying such readiness. He was often mistaken, doubtless, in the means he employed, and often, too, in the value of the end he desired to obtain. Let us remember, however, that although he was mediæval he was always ready to serve. The story of "James Lambert" is an excellent illustration of his eagerness to recognize and uphold the good. In 1874 he sent out to the "New York Tribune" this story of a poor blind swimmer, who had lost his eyesight while struggling to save drowning men. Reade's attention was first drawn to the existence of such a person by hearing the tale of a child who was drowned in the Clyde, while the people stood screaming upon the bank and watching the sinking boy. As the child's figure rose for the last time a man, who was stone-blind, was seen making his way to the brink, holding the hand of a girl, and crying: "Let me to him! I'll save him yet!" But he was withheld by his granddaughter, who clung to him and would not lead him to the shore. Then he threw up his arms in distress, and cried: "It was a laddie flung away; clean flung away!" And so Reade, as he says, "began to weigh the vulgar griefs of men against James Lambert's high distress. . . . Summer and winter he plunged into the Clyde, and saved men and women with his bare body. . . . And what was his reward on earth? For his benevolent courage he was stricken blind, through so many immersions of his heated body in icy water. . . . He was potent as ever in the water, but impotent on land; and they would not help him into the water; and so a young life was flung away that he could have saved, and he went home flinging his arms about in agony, and weeping tears that angels might be proud to dry with loving wing. . . . It made me desire to see James Lambert, and give him my poor sympathy."

And so the great writer hunted up the obscure old man some years after he first heard the tale, and wrote out the heroic story to gather together a small sum and make his declining years more comfortable. He wrote, in answer to a word of recognition of this labor of love: "I am pleased to hear that this true tale strikes fire in American hearts. One thing: those hearts have a great deal of fire in them, so it is not so hard to strike it with a bit of true steel like James Lambert.

"My more pachydermatous friend has received the blow with his usual composure. But, as I have resolved to bleed him a bit, for the benefit of my poor old Jamie, I am going at him again with a pamphlet and the advertising sheet."

The son of an Oxfordshire squire, Charles Reade could not allow his two American friends to leave England without seeing Ipston House, where he was born. It was the month of May, and the hawthorn was in bloom, and the "little speedwell" covered the ground with its "darling blue." He surrendered the livelong day to driving and walking with us over the familiar neighborhood, and visiting the church where lie the bodies of crusaders. He was a generous and enthusiastic host, and nothing could make old England live again more vividly than such a visit with such a man to Ipston and the home of his youth.

Ten years passed before we saw Charles Reade again. Year after year he continued to write, perpetually finding new incidents to excite his imagination, and ever beginning with fresh ardor.

The next time we met was in the charming house in London, at Albert Gate, of which Mr. Robert Buchanan speaks in his "Recollections," lately printed in the "Pall Mall Gazette." He says: "There, surrounded by his books of wonderful memoranda, he was ever happy to hold simple wassail with the few friends he loved." The house looked directly upon Hyde Park at its liveliest part, what is called "The Ladies' Mile," and was a quaint place enough. There was a dramatic glamour over everything; the pictures were chosen for that quality of interest; there were pretty lamp-glasses, like flowers, to illuminate the dining-room, and tall oriental

plants standing here and there; the fire was burning brightly on the hearth, while the doors which gave on the little garden stood wide open; there were steps leading to rooms on different levels, and draperies half concealing mirrors, so placed as to make the rooms appear much larger than they really were.

Again he sang to us; this time Mercy Vint's song, and some old English ditty unfamiliar to me. There was a plaintive strain in his voice and a tenderness peculiar to the singer's self.

One of his favorite topics of conversation, and one which never lost its interest, was the life of Shakspere and the numberless speculations regarding his personal career. On this occasion he talked of him chiefly as a playwright, saying it was not wonderful his plays were not printed during his life, nor did this show any disregard for them on the part of the writer. In looking up some law cases of that period, he found that printing a play in those days prevented an author from receiving the same amount when it was represented on the boards; therefore, as there were comparatively few readers at that period, a play was seldom printed until it had ceased to draw at the theater. "Hamlet" and one or two others were printed in Shakspere's lifetime; the rest only after his death.

He was severe in his denunciation of Hawthorne for giving countenance to anything so puerile as Miss Bacon's argument; but I am sure if he could have heard Hawthorne's own disapproval of himself on this head he would have been disarmed of his keen weapon. "Any one," Reade said, "who had ever made a study of either mind or style must see how clearly impossible it is that the works of Bacon and Shakspere could be evolved from the same brain. As well hold an eagle under water twenty minutes and expect him to come up the better for it."

"It is wonderful to see how genius can borrow!" he continued. "Look at the Seven Ages, as Horace has treated the subject after his own philosophical manner; how fine and yet how unlike Shakspere, who chose to borrow the subject and make a new thing of it. Take the scene also in 'Macbeth,' which he gets from Holinshed (between *Malcolm* and *Macduff*), a piece of wretched nonsense, but turned from prose into poetry by the simplest transposition of words. The Witches' scene, which also comes from Holinshed, is equally wonderful, leaving the prose almost untouched, but touched so finely as to transform, not change, it into poetry. It would be well worth your while," he added, "to go to any library and compare the two. It is most curious and beautiful work, such as only genius can do.

"Most people think there is nothing to be learned at Stratford in these days, that they must come to London for all things. But I find, in looking up my cases in law, that Shakspere probably had a better chance for studying the courts of law in Stratford than he could obtain in London. People have speculated much as to where Shakspere could have studied the horrors of the charnel-house described by *Juliet*, but at that time there was a large charnel-house on the street in Stratford, and I can believe that young Will looked through those iron bars often enough to be perfectly familiar with its dreadful contents.

"Clearly, Shakspere's object in life, after he had done his work, was to make money enough to buy a house and lands in Stratford.

"It is indeed strange there should be no manuscript left, but at the time of the Ireland forgeries, or just before, it was said that an enormous mass of manuscript had been destroyed in that same house. This, and the great London fires, may account for much."

Mr. Buchanan says very justly that "any personal recollections of Charles Reade would be incomplete without some reference to his connection with the stage. From first to last he followed, with eager pertinacity, the will-o'-the-wisp of theatrical fame. . . . His love for the stage amounted to a passion." All this was native to the mediæval knight we called our friend. The world to him was always a wondrous show, and he brought a child's naïveté into his dealings with it.

Once more, and again nearly ten years later, I saw him for the last time. He was at Oxford with a group of young people about him, whom he was entertaining. Sorrow and disappointment had lain heavily upon him, and the old joys had vanished; but the pleasure of giving pleasure, which always remains with us, was still sustaining him. He drew me aside once and told me of his hopes and fears for that future whither his mind was now often voyaging; but he stretched out his hands like a child groping in the dark, sorrowing for what had been, and a stranger among things unseen.

In his last note, written in 1883, to introduce a young friend, he added: "Alas! evidence of what we both pine to believe comes not to me; I am one of little faith." A few months later, without long waiting, he was mercifully granted that evidence.

Annie Fields.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.*

JULY 21, 1861.



A LOUISIANA TIGER.

SOON after the first conflict between the authorities of the Federal Union and those of the Confederate States had occurred in Charleston Harbor, by the bombardment of Fort Sumter,—which, beginning at 4:30 A. M. on the 12th of April, 1861, forced the surrender of that fortress within thirty hours thereafter into my hands,—I was called to Richmond, which by that time had become the Confederate seat of government, and directed to "assume command of the Confederate troops on the Alexandria line." Arriving at Manassas Junction, I took command on the 2d of June, forty-nine days after the evacuation of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson.

Although the position at the time was strategically of commanding importance to the Confederates, the mere *terrain* was not only without natural defensive advantages, but, on the contrary, was absolutely unfavorable. Its strategic value was that, with close proximity to the Federal capital, it held in observation the chief Federal army then being assembled in the quarter of Arlington by General McDowell, under the immediate eye of the commander-in-chief, General Scott, for an offensive movement against Richmond; and while it had a railway approach in its rear for the easy accumulation of reënforcements and all the necessary munitions of war from the southward, at the same time another (the Manassas Gap) railway, diverging laterally to the left from that point, gave rapid communications with the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, then teeming with live-stock and cereal subsistence, as well as with other resources essential to the Confederates. There was this further value in the position to the Confederate army: that during the period of accumulation, seasoning, and training, it might be fed from the fat fields, pastures, and garners of Loudon, Fauquier, and the lower Shenandoah valley counties, which otherwise must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. But, on the other hand, Bull Run, a petty stream, was of little or no defensive strength; for it abounded in fords, and although for the most part its banks were rocky and abrupt, the side from which it would be approached offensively was in most places the higher, and therefore commanded the opposite ground.

At the time of my arrival at Manassas, a Confederate army under General Joseph E. Johnston was in occupation of the lower Shenandoah valley, along the line of the upper Potomac, chiefly at Harper's Ferry, which was regarded as the gateway of that valley and of one of the possible approaches to Richmond; a position from which he was speedily forced to retire, however, by a flank movement by a Federal army, under the veteran General Patterson, thrown across the Potomac at or about Martinsburg.† On my other or right flank, so to speak, a Confederate force of some twenty-five hundred men under General Holmes occupied the position of Acquia Creek on the lower Potomac, upon the line of approach to Richmond from that direction through Fredericksburg. The other approach, that by way of the James River, was held by Confederate troops under Generals Huger and Magruder. Establishing small outposts at Leesburg to observe the crossings of the Potomac in that quarter, and at Fairfax Court House in observation of Arlington, with other detachments in advance of Manassas toward Alexandria on the south side of the railroad, from the very outset I was anxiously aware that the sole military advantage at the moment to the Confederates was that of holding the *interior lines*. On the Federal or hostile side were all material advantages, including superior numbers, largely drawn from the old militia organizations of the great cities of the North, decidedly better armed and equipped than the troops under me, and strengthened by a small but incomparable body of regular infantry as well as a number of batteries of regular field artillery of the high-

† It was Patterson upon whom the Government at Washington depended to neutralize Johnston as an element in McDowell's contest with Beauregard. But, whether from the faultiness of Scott's instructions or of Patterson's understanding of them, or from his failure or inability to execute them,—all of which is matter of controversy,—Patterson neither held Johnston nor reënforced McDowell.—ED.

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est class, and a very large and thoroughly organized staff corps, besides a numerous body of professionally educated officers in command of volunteer regiments,*— all precious military elements at such a juncture; add to this the immensely superior industrial and mechanical resources and an unrestrictable commercial access to the markets and workshops of Europe, with all the accumulated wealth of the Northern people to draw upon.

Happily, through the foresight of Colonel Thomas Jordan,— whom General Lee had placed as the Adjutant-General of the forces there assembled before my arrival,— arrangements were made which enabled me to receive regularly, from private persons at the Federal capital, most accurate information, of which politicians high in council, as well as War Department clerks, were the unconscious ducts. Moreover, my enterprising, intelligent pickets were watchfully kept in the closest possible proximity to General McDowell's headquarters, and, by a stroke of good fortune on the fourth of July, happened upon and captured a sergeant and soldier of the regulars, who were leisurely riding for recreation not far outside their lines. The soldier, an intelligent, educated Scotchman, proved to be a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office of General McDowell, intrusted with the special duty of compiling returns of his army — a work which he confessed, without reluctance, he had just executed, showing the forces under McDowell about the first of July. His statement of the strength and composition of that force tallied so closely with that which had been acquired through my Washington agencies, already mentioned, as well as through the leading newspapers of New York and Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, regular files of which were also transmitted to my headquarters from the Federal capital, that I could not doubt them.

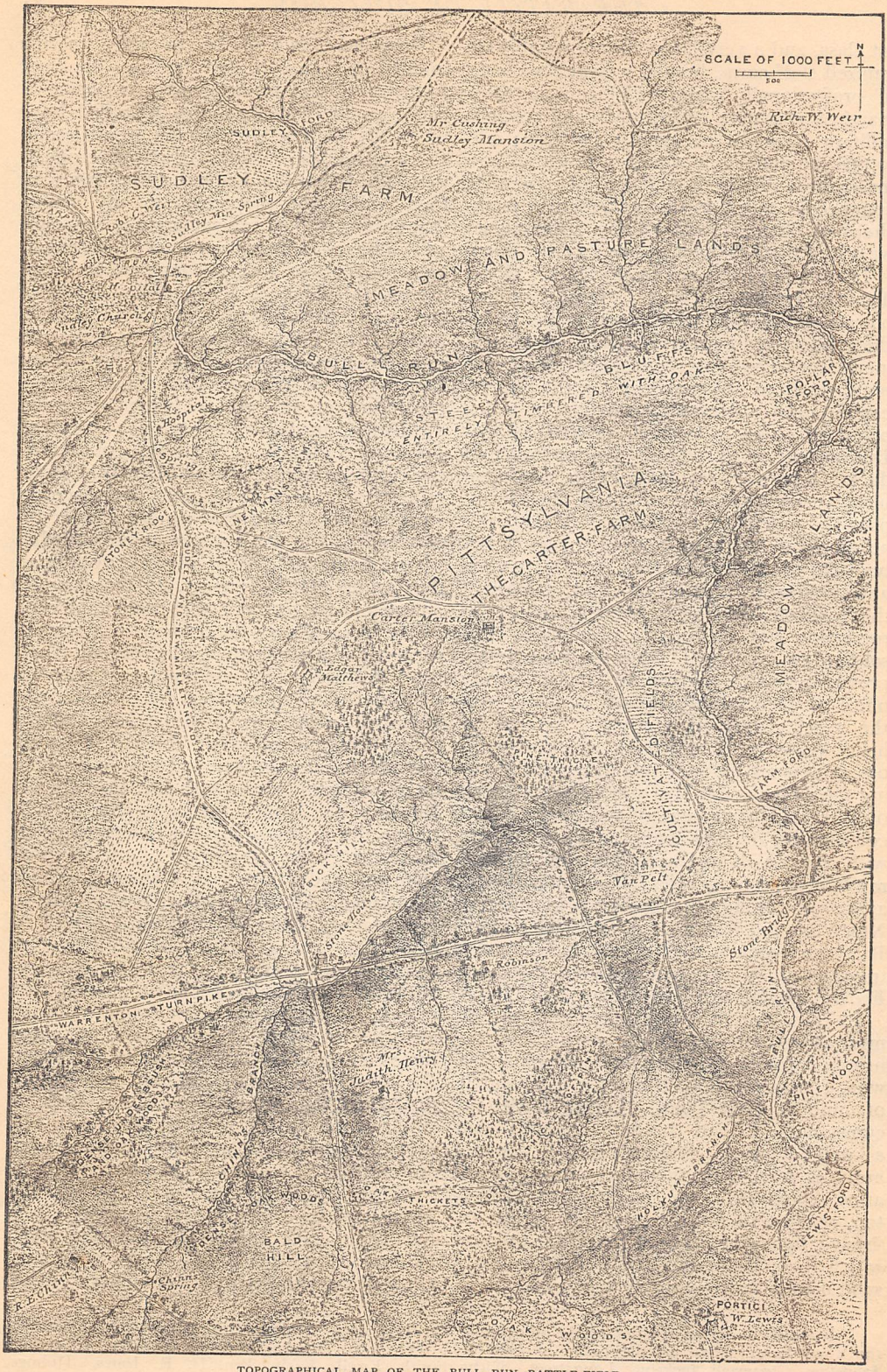
In these several ways, therefore, I was almost as well advised of the strength of the hostile army in my front as its commander, who, I may mention, had been a classmate of mine at West Point. Under those circumstances I had become satisfied that a well-equipped, well-constituted Federal army at least fifty thousand strong, of all arms, confronted me at or about Arlington, ready and on the very eve of an offensive operation against me, and to meet which I could muster barely eighteen thousand men with twenty-nine field-guns.

Previously, indeed, or as early as the middle of June, it had become apparent to my mind that through only one course of action could there be a well-grounded hope of ability on the part of the Confederates to encounter successfully the offensive operations for which the Federal authorities were then vigorously preparing in my immediate front, with so consummate a strategist and military administrator as Lieutenant-General Scott in general command at Washington, aided by his accomplished heads of the large General Staff Corps of the United States Army; this course was to make the most enterprising, warlike use of the interior lines which we possessed, for the swift concentration at the critical instant of every available Confederate force upon the menaced position, at the risk, if need were, of sacrificing all minor places to the one clearly of major military value,— then to meet our adversary so offensively as to overwhelm him, under circumstances that must assure immediate ability to assume the general offensive even upon the territory of the adversary, and thus conquer an early peace by a few well-delivered blows.

My views of such import had been already earnestly communicated to the proper authorities; but about the middle of July, satisfied that McDowell was on the eve of taking the offensive against me, I dispatched Colonel James Chesnut, of South Carolina, a volunteer aid-de-camp on my staff who had served on an intimate footing with Mr. Davis in the Senate of the United States, to urge in substance the necessity for the immediate concentration of the larger part of the forces of Johnston and Holmes at Manassas, so that the moment McDowell should be sufficiently far detached from Washington, I would be enabled to move rapidly around his more convenient flank upon his rear and his communications, and attack him in reverse, thus cutting off his retreat upon Arlington in the event of his defeat, and insuring as an immediate consequence the crushing of Patterson, the liberation of Maryland, and the capture of Washington.

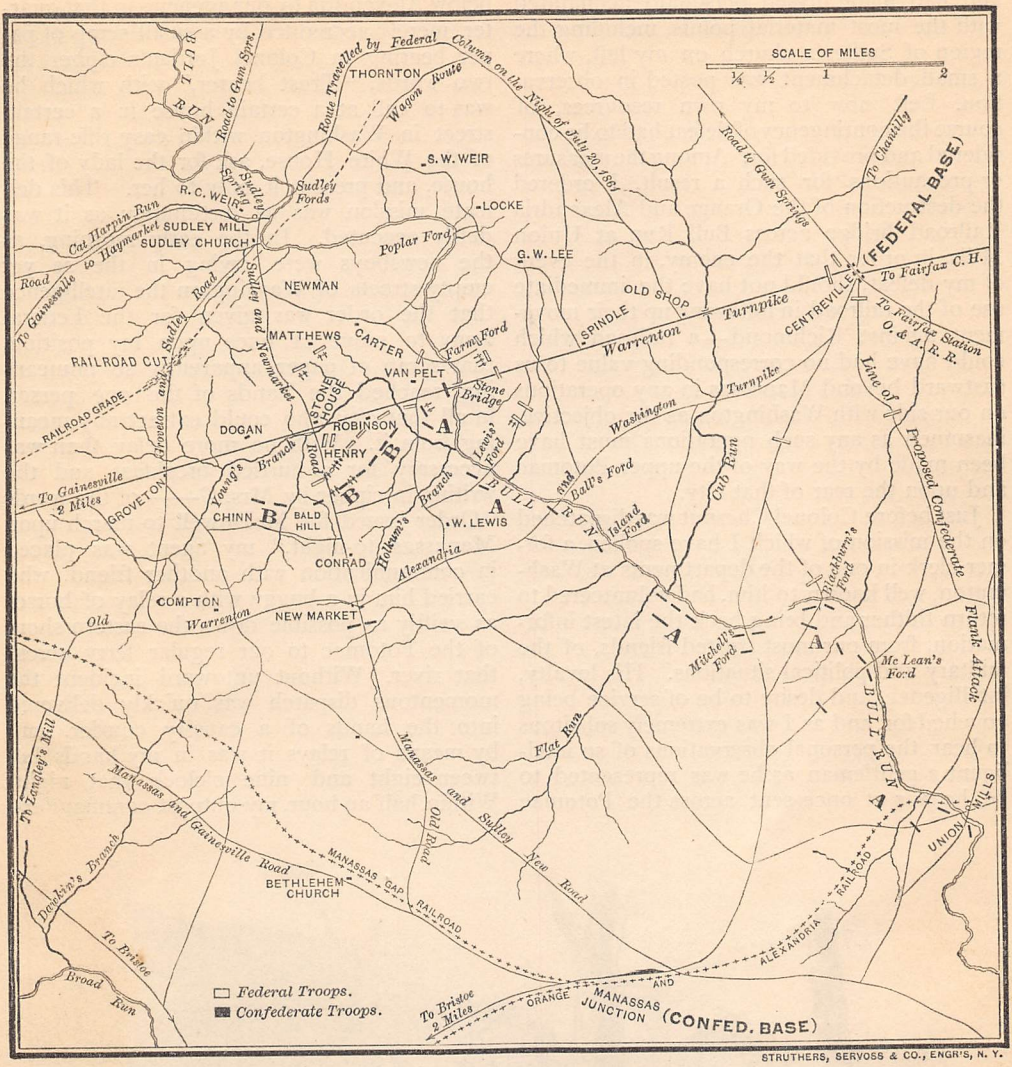
This plan was rejected by Mr. Davis and his military advisers (Adjutant-General Cooper and General Lee), who characterized it as "brilliant and comprehensive," but essentially impracticable. Furthermore, Colonel Chesnut came back impressed with the views entertained at Richmond,— as he communicated at once to my Adjutant-General,— that

* It should be borne in mind, on the other hand, that there were many professionally educated officers on the Confederate side. In the battle of Bull Run there were General Beauregard himself, Generals Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Kirby Smith, Ewell, Early, Bee, D. R. Jones, Holmes, Evans, Elzey, and Jordan, all in prominent positions, besides others not so prominent. The General Staff Corps contributed many efficient men to the Confederacy, including General R. E. Lee.—ED.



TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF THE BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

[The original of this map was made for General Beauregard, soon after the battle, from actual surveys by Captain D. B. Harris, assisted by Mr. John Grant. It is here reproduced by the courtesy of General H. L. Abbot, U S. A., from a photograph in his possession.]



STRUTHERS, SERVOSS & CO., ENGR'S, N. Y.

OUTLINE MAP OF THE BULL RUN REGION.

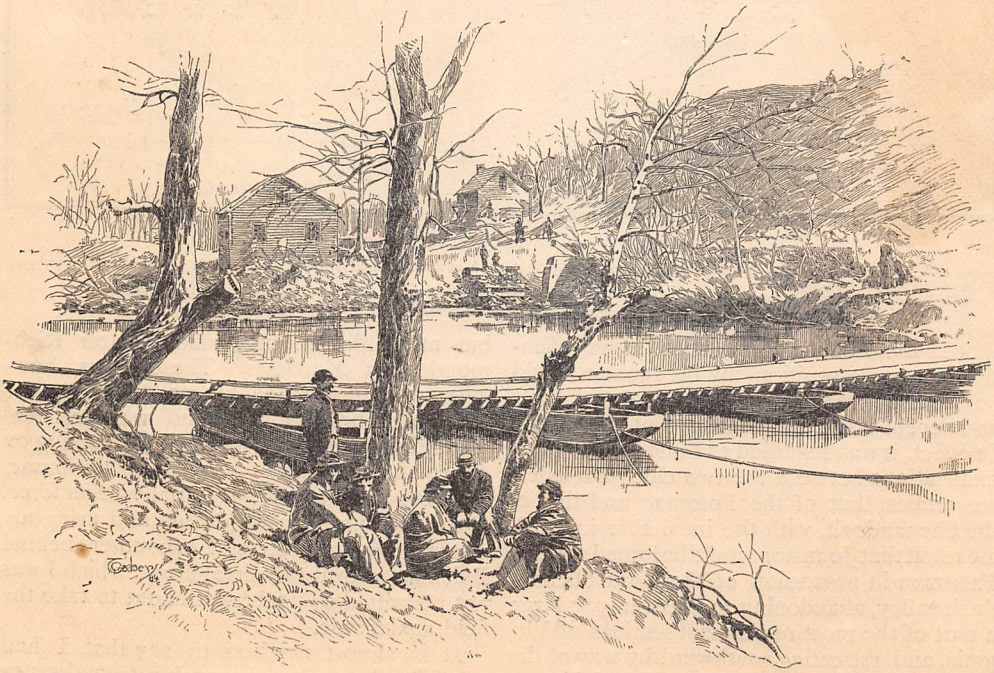
A, A, A, A, A. General line of Confederate dispositions during the skirmish at Mitchell's and Blackburn's Fords (July 18), and until the morning of the main engagement (July 21).
B, B, B. General line of Confederate dispositions, made to repel McDowell's flank attack by the Sudley and Newmarket Road.
The Federal dispositions are represented as they were at the climax of the fighting on the Henry plateau.

should the Federal army soon move offensively upon my position, my best course would be to retire behind the Rappahannock river and accept battle there instead of Manassas. In effect, it was regarded as best to sever communications between the two chief Confederate armies, that of the Potomac and that of the Shenandoah, with the inevitable immediate result that Johnston would be forced to leave Patterson in possession of the lower Shenandoah valley, abandoning to the enemy so large a part of the most resourceful sections of Virginia, and, retreating southward by way of the Luray valley, pass across the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap and unite with me after all, but at Fredericksburg, much nearer Richmond than Manassas. These views, however, were not made known to me at the time, and happily my mind was left engrossed with the grave problem imposed upon me by the rejection of my plan for the immediate concentration of a materially larger force, —*i. e.*, the problem of placing and using my resources for a successful encounter behind Bull Run with the Federal army, which I was not permitted to doubt was about to take the field against me.

It is almost needless to say that I had caused to be made a thorough reconnaissance of all the ground in my front and flanks,

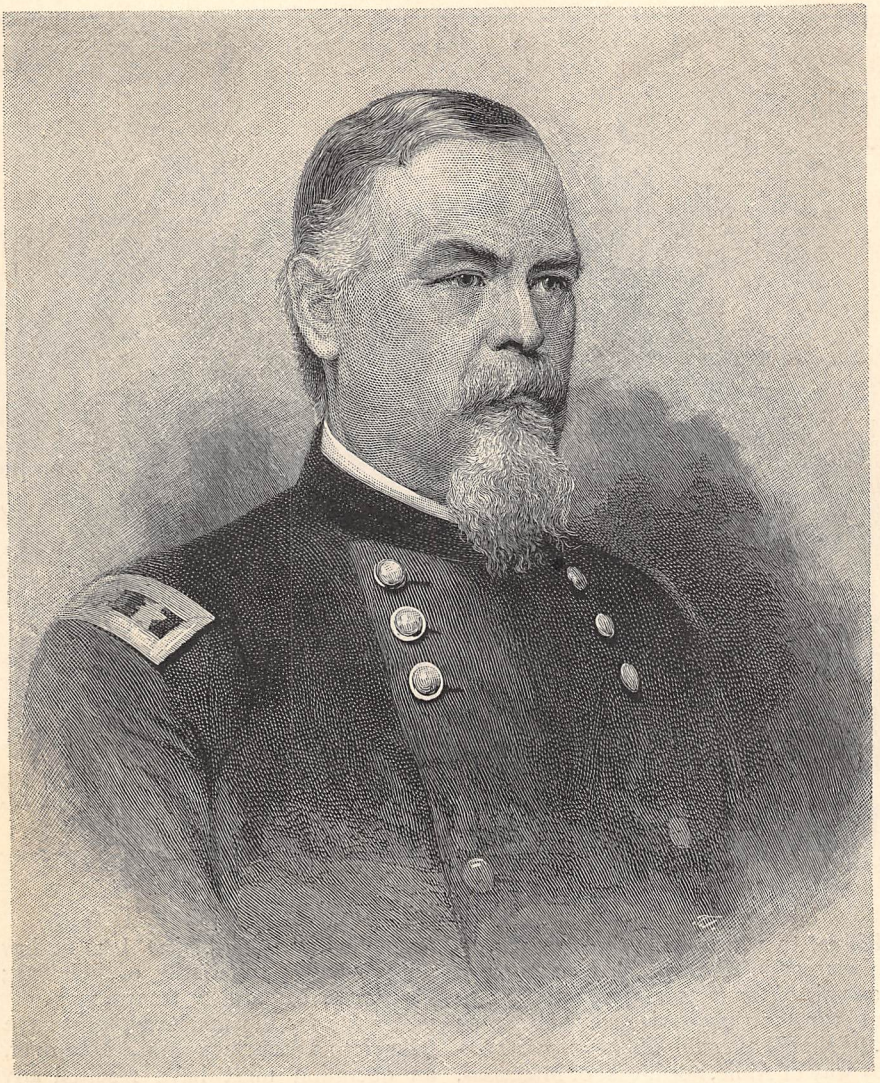
and had made myself personally acquainted with the most material points, including the region of Sudley's church on my left, where a small detachment was posted in observation. Left now to my own resources, of course the contingency of defeat had to be considered and provided for. Among the measures or precautions for such a result, I ordered the destruction of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad bridge across Bull Run at Union Mills, in order that the enemy, in the event of my defeat, should not have the immediate use of the railroad in following up their movement against Richmond—a railroad which could have had no corresponding value to us eastward beyond Manassas in any operations on our side with Washington as the objective, inasmuch as any such operations must have been made by the way of the upper Potomac and upon the rear of that city.

Just before Colonel Chesnut was dispatched on the mission of which I have spoken, a former clerk in one of the departments at Washington, well known to him, had volunteered to return thither and bring back the latest information, from our most trusted friends, of the military and political situations. His loyalty, intelligence, and desire to be of service being vouched for, and as I was extremely solicitous to hear the personal observations of so intelligent a gentleman as he was represented to be, he was at once sent across the Potomac below Alexandria by our agencies in that quarter, merely accredited by a small scrap of paper bearing in Colonel Jordan's cipher the two words, "Trust bearer," with which he was to call at a certain house in a certain street in Washington within easy rifle-range of the White House, ask for the lady of the house, and present it only to her. This delicate mission was as fortunately as it was deftly executed. In the early morning, as the newsboys were crying in the as yet empty streets of Washington the intelligence that the order was given for the Federal army to move at once upon my position, that scrap of paper, apparently so unmeaning, reached the hands of the one person in all that city who could extract any meaning from it. With no more delay than was necessary for a hurried breakfast and the writing in cipher by Mrs. G—— of the words "Order issued for McDowell to march upon Manassas to-night," my agent was placed in communication with another friend, who carried him in a buggy with a relay of horses as swiftly as possible down the eastern shore of the Potomac to our regular ferry across that river. Without untoward incident the momentous dispatch was quickly delivered into the hands of a cavalry courier, and by means of relays it was in my hands between eight and nine o'clock that night. Within half an hour, my outpost commanders,



BULL RUN, NEAR BLACKBURN'S FORD.

[After a photograph taken in March, 1862, when the Confederate troops had been withdrawn.]



Irwin McDowell

(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.)

advised of what was impending, were directed, at the first evidence of the near presence of the enemy in their front, to fall back in the manner and to positions already prescribed in anticipation of such a contingency in an order confidentially communicated to them four weeks before, and the detachment at Leesburg was directed to join me by forced marches. Having thus cleared my decks for action, I next acquainted Mr. Davis with the situation, and ventured once more to suggest that the Army of the Shenandoah, with the brigade at Fredericksburg or Acquia Creek, should be ordered to reënforce me,—suggestions that were at once heeded so far that General Holmes was ordered to carry his command to my aid, and General Johnston was given discretion to do likewise. After some telegraphic discussion with me, General Johnston was induced to exercise this discretion in favor of the swift march of the Army of the Shenandoah to my relief; and to facilitate that vital movement, I hastened to accumulate all possible means of railway transport at a point designated on the Manassas Gap railroad at the eastern foot of the



THE STONE HOUSE ON THE WARRENTON TURNPIKE. FROM PHOTOGRAPH, MARCH, 1862.

[The stream in the foreground is Young's Branch. The Sudley road crosses a little to the left of the picture. See map.]

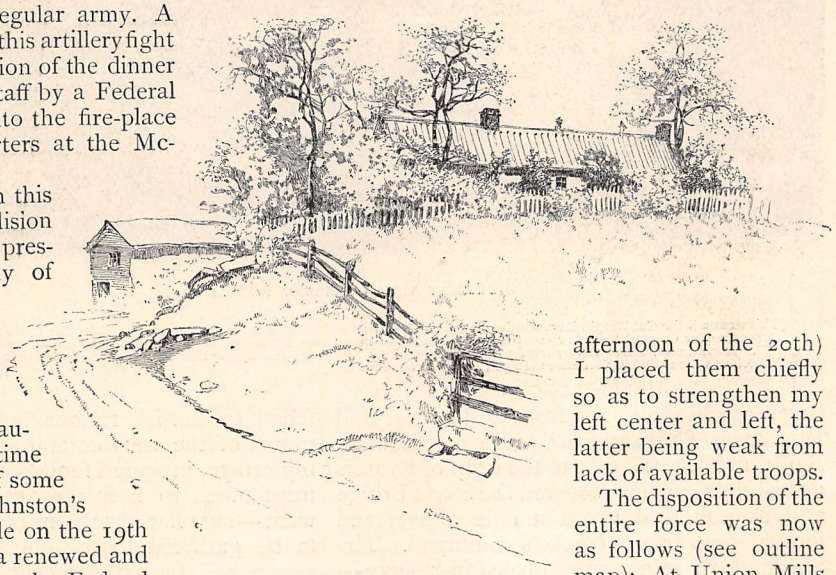
Blue Ridge, to which Johnston's troops directed their march. However, at the same time, I had submitted the alternative proposition to General Johnston, that, having passed the Blue Ridge, he should assemble his forces, press forward by way of Aldie, north-east of Manassas, and fall upon McDowell's right rear; while I, prepared for the operation, at the first sound of the conflict, should strenuously assume the offensive in my front. The situation and circumstances specially favored the signal success of such an operation. The march to the point of attack could have been accomplished as soon as the forces were brought ultimately by rail to Manassas Junction; our enemy, thus attacked so nearly simultaneously on his right flank, his rear, and his front, naturally would suppose that I had been able to turn his flank while attacking him in front, and, therefore, that I must have an overwhelming superiority of numbers; and his forces, being new troops, most of them under fire for the first time, must have soon fallen into a disastrous panic. Moreover, such an operation must have resulted advantageously to the Confederates, in the event that McDowell should, as might have been anticipated, attempt to strike the Manassas Gap railway to my left, and thus cut off railway communications between Johnston's forces and my own, instead of the mere effort to strike my left flank which he actually essayed.*

It seemed, however, as though the deferred attempt at concentration was to go for naught, for on the morning of the 18th the Federal forces were massed around Centreville, but three miles from Mitchell's ford, and soon were seen advancing upon the roads leading to

*"I am, however, inclined to believe he [the enemy] may attempt to turn my left flank by a movement in the direction of Vienna, Frying-pan Church, and, possibly, Gum Spring, and thus cut off Johnston's line of retreat and communication with this place [Manassas Junction] *via* the Manassas Gap railroad, while threatening my own communications with Richmond and depots of supply by the Alexandria and Orange railroad, and opening his communications with the Potomac through Leesburg and Edwards' Ferry."—*(Extract from letter addressed by Gen. Beauregard to Jefferson Davis, July 11, 1861.)*

that and Blackburn's ford. (See outline map.) My order of battle, issued in the night of the 17th, contemplated an offensive return, particularly from the strong brigades on the right and right center. The Federal artillery opened in front of both fords, and the infantry, while demonstrating in front of Mitchell's ford, endeavored to force a passage at Blackburn's. Their column of attack, Tyler's division, was opposed by Longstreet's forces, to the reënforcement of which Early's brigade, the reserve line at McLean's ford, was ordered up. The Federals, after several attempts to force a passage, met a final repulse and retreated. After their infantry attack had ceased, about one o'clock, the contest lapsed into an artillery duel, in which the Washington Artillery of New Orleans won credit against the renowned batteries of the United States regular army. A comical effect of this artillery fight was the destruction of the dinner of myself and staff by a Federal shell that fell into the fire-place of my headquarters at the McLean House.*

Our success in this first limited collision was of special prestige to my army of new troops, and, moreover, of decisive importance by so increasing General McDowell's caution as to give time for the arrival of some of General Johnston's forces. But while on the 19th I was awaiting a renewed and general attack by the Federal army, I received a telegram from the Richmond military authorities urging me to withdraw my call on General Johnston on account of the supposed impracticability of the concentration—an abiding conviction which had been but momentarily shaken by the alarm caused by McDowell's march upon Richmond.† As this was not an order in terms, but an urgency which, notwithstanding its superior source, left me technically free and could define me as responsible for any misevent, I preferred to keep both the situation and the responsibility, and continued every effort for the prompt arrival of the Shenandoah forces, being resolved, should they come before General McDowell again attacked, to take myself the offensive. General McDowell, fortunately for my plans, spent the 19th and 20th in reconnaissances;‡ and, meanwhile, General Johnston brought 6000 men from the Shenandoah valley, with 20 guns, and General Holmes 1265 rank and file, with six pieces of artillery from Acquia Creek. As these forces arrived (most of them in the afternoon of the 20th) I placed them chiefly so as to strengthen my left center and left, the latter being weak from lack of available troops.



SUDLEY SPRINGS HOTEL.
(FROM THE STREAM NEAR THE MILL.)

The disposition of the entire force was now as follows (see outline map): At Union Mills ford, Ewell's brigade, supported by Holmes's; at McLean's ford, D. R. Jones's brigade, supported by Early's; at Blackburn's ford, Longstreet's brigade; at Mitchell's ford, Bonham's brigade. Cocke's

* It is denied that a serious attempt "to force a passage" was made by the Federal troops on the 18th. (See "McDowell and Tyler in the Campaign of Bull Run," by General James B. Fry, who was Assistant Adjutant-General to General McDowell in this campaign. N. Y., Van Nostrand, 1884.) This engagement was called by the Confederates the Battle of Bull Run, the main fight on the 21st being known in the South as the battle of Manassas (pronounced Ma-nass'-sa).—ED.

† [TELEGRAM.]

RICHMOND, July 19, 1861.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD, Manassas, Va.

We have no intelligence from General Johnston. If the enemy in front of you has abandoned an immediate attack, and General Johnston has not moved, you had better withdraw your call upon him, so that he may be left to his full discretion. All the troops arriving at Lynchburg are ordered to join you. From this place we will send as fast as transportation permits. The enemy is advised at Washington of the projected movement of Generals Johnston and Holmes, and may vary his plans in conformity thereto.

S. COOPER, Adjt.-Gen.

‡ Lack of rations, as well as the necessity for information, detained McDowell at Centreville during these two days.—ED.



PRESENT VIEW OF SUDLEY SPRINGS FORD.

[This stream is the Cat Harpin Run, which empties into Bull Run a short distance to the right. In making the flank movement the Federal troops, under General Hunter, crossed from right to left of the picture, followed later in the day by the ambulances and munition wagons. The retreat, also, was chiefly by this ford. The ruins of the Sudley Sulphur Spring House are shown on the left, and the Sudley church, which was the main hospital after the fight, is a short distance away.]

brigade held the line in front and rear of Bull Run from Bonham's left, covering Lewis's, Ball's, and Island fords, to the right of Evans's demi-brigade, which covered the Stone Bridge and a farm ford about a mile above, and formed part also of Cocke's command. The Shenandoah forces were placed in reserve—Bee's and Bartow's brigades between McLean's and Blackburn's fords, and Jackson's between Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords. This force mustered 29,188 rank and file and 55 guns, of which 21,923 infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with 29 guns, belonged to my immediate forces, *i. e.*, the Army of the Potomac.

The preparation, in front of an ever-threatening enemy, of a wholly volunteer army, composed of men very few of whom had ever belonged to any military organization, had been a work of many cares not incident to the command of a regular army. These were increased by the insufficiency of my staff organization, an inefficient management of the quartermaster's department at Richmond, and the preposterous mismanagement of the Commissary-General, who not only failed to furnish rations, but caused the removal of the army commissaries, who, under my orders, procured food from the country in front of us to keep the army from absolute want—supplies that were otherwise exposed to be gathered by the enemy. So specially severe had been the recent duties at headquarters, aggravated not a little by night alarms arising from the enemy's immediate presence, that, in the evening of the 20th, I found my chief-of-staff sunken upon the papers that covered his table, asleep in sheer exhaustion from the overstraining and almost slumberless labor of the last days and nights. I covered his door with a guard to secure his rest against any interruption, after which the army had the benefit of his usual active and provident services.

There was much in this decisive conflict about to open, not involved in any after battle, which pervaded the two armies and the people behind them and colored the responsibility of the respective commanders. The political hostilities of a generation were now face to face with weapons instead of words. Defeat to either side would be a deep mortification,



J. E. Johnston

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, TAKEN IN NOVEMBER, 1867.]

but defeat to the South must turn its claim of independence into an empty vaunt; and the defeated commander on either side might expect, though not the personal fate awarded by the Carthaginians to an unfortunate commander, at least a moral fate quite similar. To the judge of chances the issue must have seemed to incline strongly to the North, on account of their great superiority in numbers and all else that goes to make up advantage in the field, excepting the personal worth of the individual soldiers. However, though disappointed that the concentration I had sought had not been permitted at the moment and for the purpose preferred by me, and notwithstanding the non-arrival of some five thousand troops of the Shenandoah forces, my strength was now so increased that I had good hope of successfully meeting my adversary, despite all unfavoring odds.

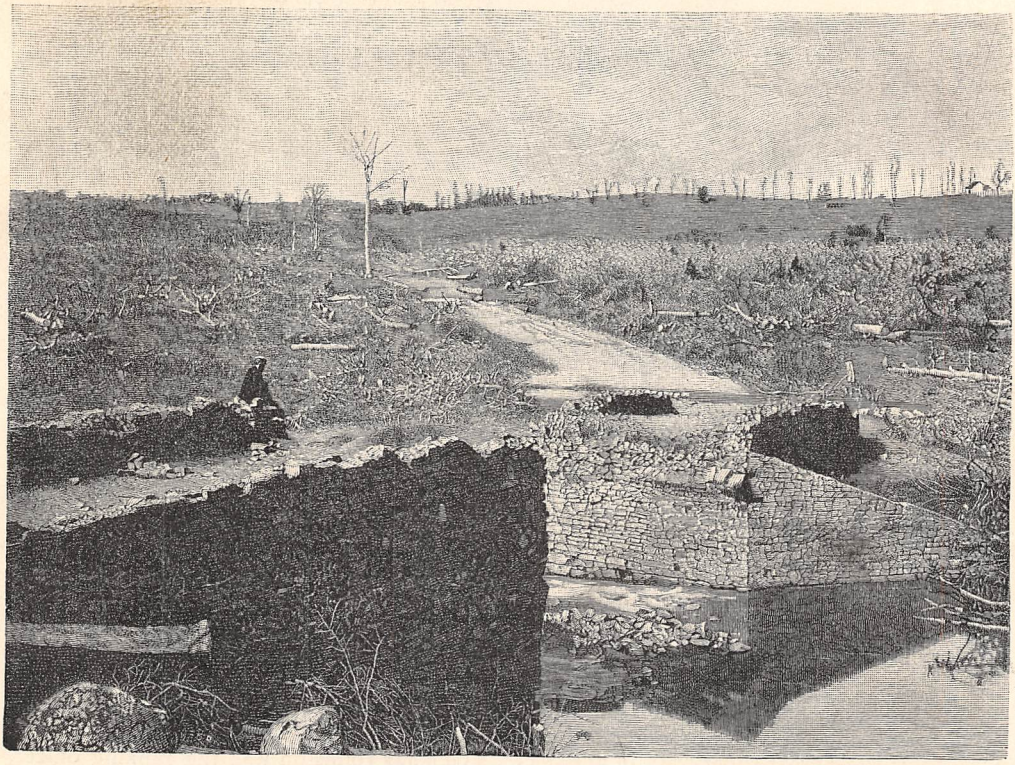
General Johnston was the ranking officer, and entitled, therefore, to assume command of the united forces; but as the extensive field of operations was one which I had occu-



COLONEL F. S. BARTOW. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

pied since the beginning of June, and with which I was thoroughly familiar in all its extent and military bearings, while he was wholly unacquainted with it, and, moreover, as I had made my plans and dispositions for the maintenance of the position, General Johnston, in view of the gravity of the impending issue, preferred not to assume the responsibilities of the chief direction of the forces during the battle, but to assist me upon the field. Thereupon, I explained my plans and purposes, to which he agreed.

SUNDAY, July 21st, bearing the fate of the new-born Confederacy, broke brightly over the fields and woods that held the hostile forces. My scouts, thrown out in the night toward Centreville along the Warrenton turnpike, had reported that the enemy was concentrating along the latter. This fact, together with the failure of the Federals in their attack upon my center at Mitchell's and Blackburn's fords, had caused me to apprehend that they would attempt my left flank at the Stone Bridge, and orders were accordingly issued by half-past four o'clock to the brigade commanders to hold their forces in readiness to move at a moment's notice, together with the suggestion that the Federal attack might be expected in that quarter. Shortly afterward the Federals were reported to be advancing from Centreville on the Warrenton turnpike, and at half-past five o'clock as

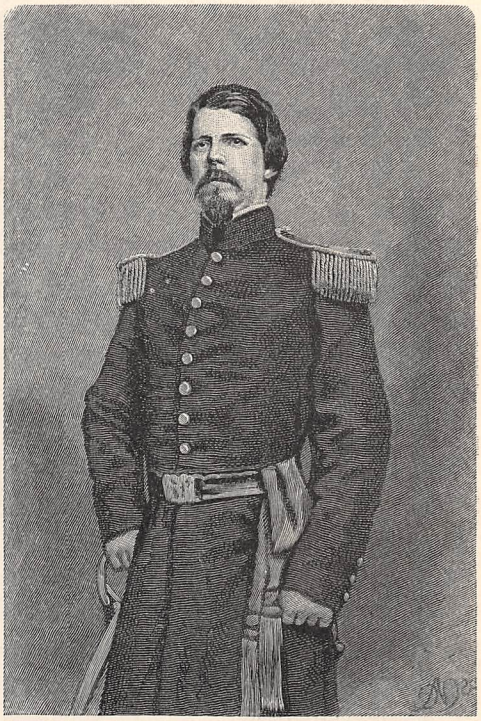


RUINS OF THE STONE BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD THE BATTLE-FIELD.

[This view is from a photograph taken in March, 1862, the region having been left open to the Federals by the withdrawal of the Confederate forces, whereupon the bridge probably was destroyed by the latter. The battery which commanded the bridge was placed on the left in the felled timber, which formed an abatis across the road. The battle was opened from beyond the small house on the right by the Rhode Island troops.]

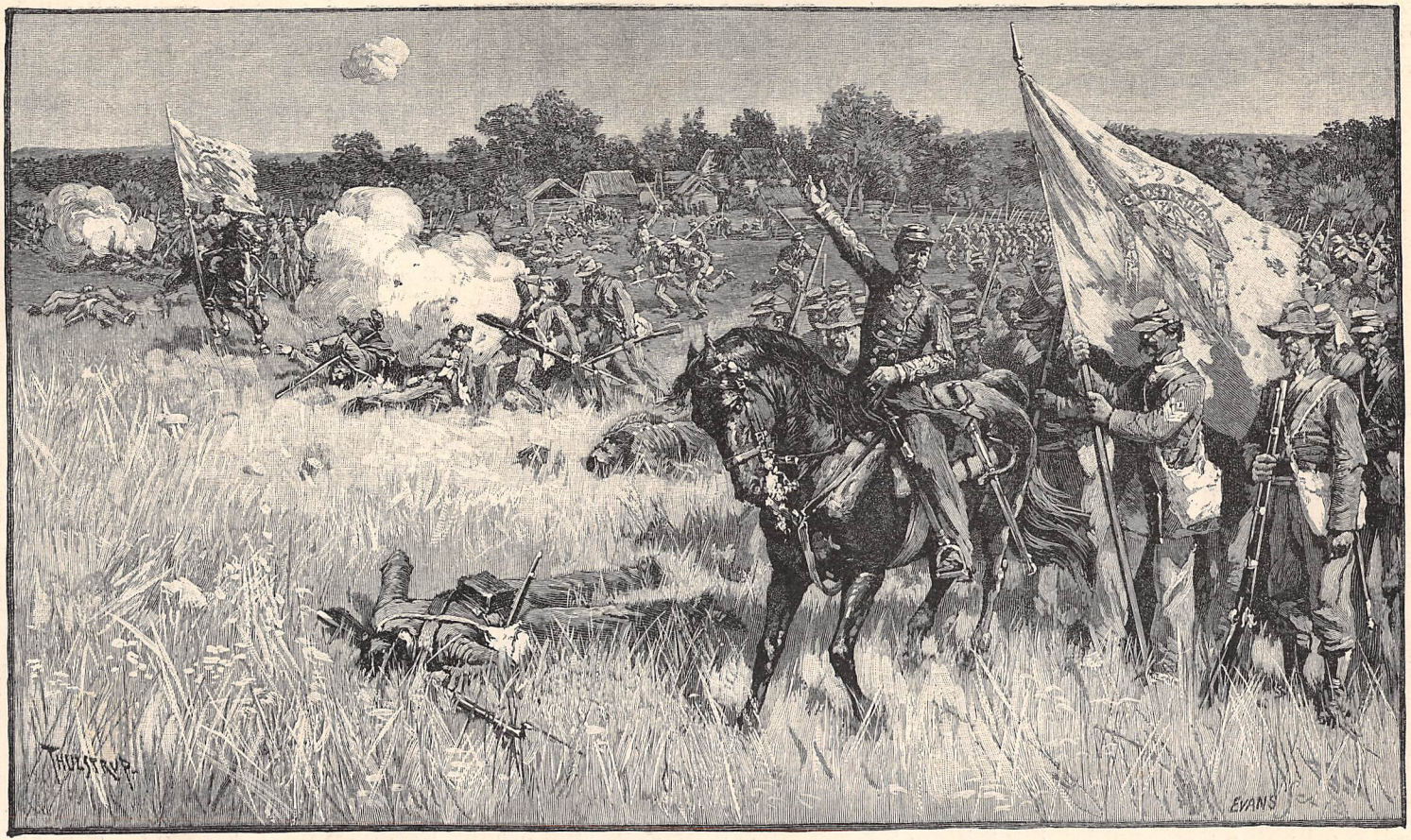
deploying a force in front of Evans. As their movement against my left developed the opportunity I desired, I immediately sent orders to the brigade commanders, both front and reserves, on my right and center to advance and vigorously attack the Federal left flank and rear at Centreville, while my left, under Cocke and Evans with their supports, would sustain the Federal attack in the quarter of the Stone Bridge, which they were directed to do to the last extremity. The center was likewise to advance and engage the enemy in front, and directions were given to the reserves, when without orders, to move toward the sound of the heaviest firing. The ground in our front on the other side of Bull Run afforded particular advantage for these tactics. Centreville was the apex of a triangle — its short side running by the Warrenton turnpike to Stone Bridge, its base Bull Run, its long side a road that ran from Union Mills along the front of my other Bull Run positions and trended off to the rear of Centreville, where McDowell had massed his main forces; branch roads led up to this one from the fords between Union Mills and Mitchell's. My forces to the right of the latter ford were to advance, pivoting on that position; Bonham was to advance from Mitchell's ford, Longstreet from Blackburn's, D. R. Jones from McLean's, and Ewell from Union Mills by the Centreville road. Ewell, as having the longest march, was to begin the movement, and each brigade was to be followed by its reserve. In anticipation of this method of attack, and to prevent accidents, the subordinate commanders had been carefully instructed in the movement by me in conference the night before, as they were all new to the responsibilities of command. They were to establish close communication with each other before making the attack. About half-past eight o'clock I set out with General Johnston for a convenient position,—a hill in rear of Mitchell's ford,— where we waited for the opening of the attack on our right, from which I expected a decisive victory by midday, with the result of cutting off the Federal army from retreat upon Washington.

Meanwhile, about half-past five o'clock, the peal of a heavy rifled gun was heard in front of the Stone Bridge, its second shot striking through the tent of my signal officer, Captain E. P. Alexander; and at six o'clock a full rifled battery opened against Evans and then against Cocke, to which our artillery remained dumb, as it had not sufficient range to reply. But later, as the Federal skirmish-line advanced, it was engaged by ours, thrown well forward on the other side of the Run. A scattering musketry fire followed, and meanwhile, about seven o'clock, I ordered Jackson's brigade, with Imboden's and five guns of Walton's battery, to the left, with orders to support Cocke as well as Bonham; and the brigades of Bee and Bartow, under the command of the former, were also sent to the support of the left.



BRIG.-GEN. BARNARD E. BEE (IN THE UNIFORM OF A CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY OF THE OLD SERVICE). (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TUCKER AND PERKINS.)

At half-past eight o'clock Evans, seeing that the Federal attack did not increase in boldness and vigor, and observing a lengthening line of dust above the trees to the left of the Warrenton turnpike, became satisfied that the attack in his front was but a feint, and that a column of the enemy was moving around through the woods to fall on his flank from the direction of Sudley ford. Informing his immediate commander, Cocke, of the enemy's movement, and of his own dispositions to meet it, he left four companies under cover at the Stone Bridge, and led the remainder of his force, six companies of Sloan's Fourth South Carolina and Wheat's battalion of Louisiana Tigers, with two six-pounder howitzers, across the valley of Young's Branch to the high ground beyond it. Resting his left on the Sudley road, he distributed his troops on each side of a small copse, with such cover as the ground afforded, and look-

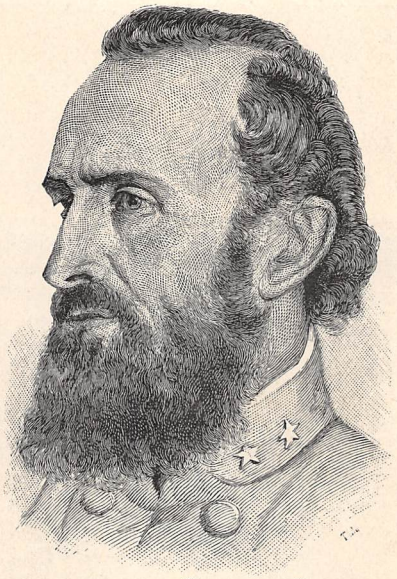


RALLYING THE TROOPS OF BEE, BARTOW, AND EVANS, BEHIND THE ROBINSON HOUSE.

ing over the open fields and a reach of the Sudley road which the Federals must cover in their approach. His two howitzers were placed one at each end of his position, and here he silently awaited the masses of the enemy now drawing near.

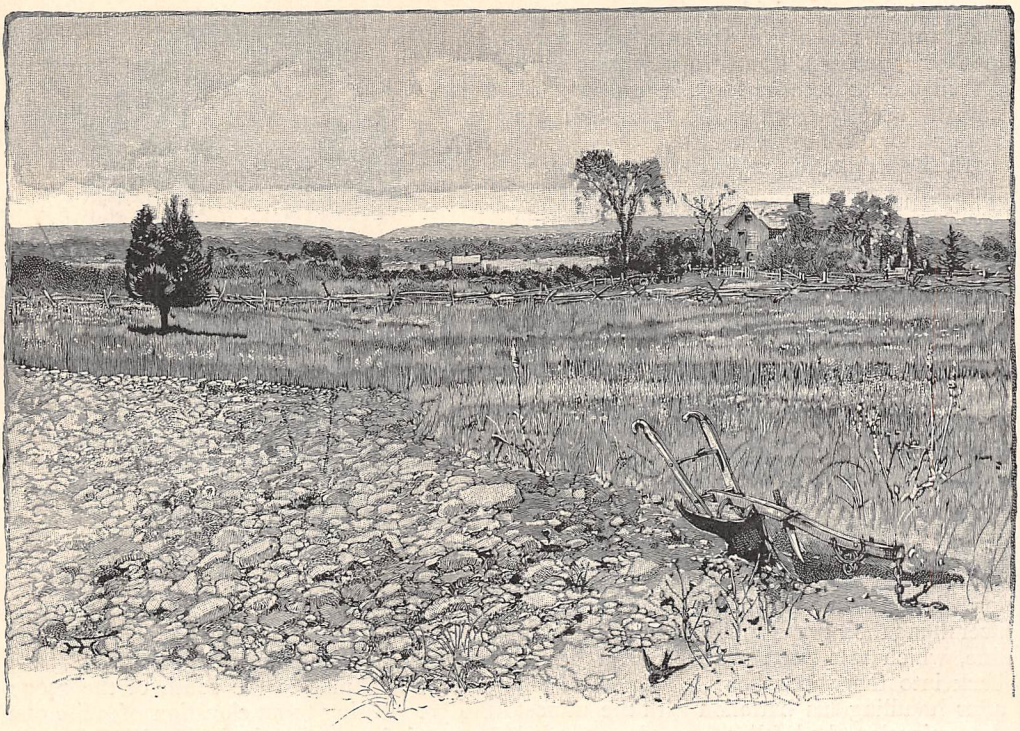
The Federal turning column, about eighteen thousand strong, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, had moved down from Centreville by the Warrenton turnpike, and after passing Cub Run had struck to the right by a forest road to cross Bull Run at Sudley ford, about three miles above the Stone Bridge, moving by a long circuit for the purpose of attacking my left flank. The head of the column, Burnside's brigade of Hunter's division, at about 9:45 A. M. debouched from the woods into the open fields, in front of Evans. Wheat at once engaged their skirmishers, and as the Second Rhode Island regiment advanced, supported by its splendid battery of six rifled guns, the fronting thicket held by Evans's South Carolinians poured forth its sudden volleys, while the two howitzers flung their grape-shot upon the attacking line, which was soon shattered and driven back into the woods behind. Major Wheat, after handling his battalion with the utmost determination, had fallen severely wounded in the lungs. Burnside's entire brigade was now sent forward in a second charge, supported by eight guns; but they encountered again the unflinching fire of Evans's line, and were once more driven back to the woods, from the cover of which they continued the attack, reënforced after a time by the arrival of eight companies of United States regular infantry, under Major Sykes, with six pieces of artillery, quickly followed by the remaining regiments of Andrew Porter's brigade of the same division. The contest here lasted fully an hour; meanwhile Wheat's battalion, having lost its leader, had gradually lost its organization, and Evans, though still opposing these heavy odds with undiminished firmness, sought reënforcement from the troops in his rear.

General Bee, of South Carolina, a man of marked character, whose command lay in reserve in rear of Cocke, near the Stone Bridge, intelligently applying the general order given to the reserves, had already moved toward the neighboring point of conflict, and taken a position with his own and Bartow's brigades on the high plateau which stands in rear of Bull Run in the quarter of the Stone Bridge, and overlooking the scene of engagement upon the stretch of high ground from which it was separated by the valley of Young's Branch. This plateau is inclosed on three sides by two small water-courses, which empty



GENERAL THOMAS J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TANNER AND VAN NESS.]

into Bull Run within a few yards of each other, a half mile to the south of the Stone Bridge. Rising to an elevation of quite one hundred feet above the level of Bull Run at the bridge, it falls off on three sides to the level of the inclosing streams in gentle slopes, but furrowed by ravines of irregular directions and length, and studded with clumps and patches of young pines and oaks. The general direction of the crest of the plateau is oblique to the course of Bull Run in that quarter and to the Sudley and turnpike roads, which intersect each other at right angles. On the north-western brow, overlooking Young's Branch, and near the Sudley road, as the latter climbs over the plateau, stood the house of the widow Henry, while to its right and forward on a projecting spur stood the house and sheds of the free negro Robinson, just behind the turnpike, densely embowered in trees and shrubbery and environed by a double row of fences on two sides. Around the eastern and southern brow of the plateau an almost unbroken fringe of second-growth pines gave excellent shelter for our marksmen, who availed themselves of it with the most satisfactory skill. To the west, adjoining the fields that surrounded the houses mentioned, a broad belt of oaks extends directly across the crest on both sides of the Sudley road, in which, during the battle, the hostile forces contended for the mastery. General Bee, with a soldier's eye to the situation, skillfully disposed his forces. His two brigades on either side of Imboden's battery — which he had borrowed from his neighboring reserve,



THE MAIN BATTLE-GROUND. — NO. 1.

[View of the Henry house, looking west from the spot where General Bee fell. The Bull Run mountains and Thoroughfare Gap appear in the distance. The Sudley road, a few rods beyond the house, under the hill, runs parallel with the rail fence in the middle ground, behind which were Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries. Near the house stands the Union Monument, commemorating the battle.]

Jackson's brigade — were placed in a small depression of the plateau in advance of the Henry house, whence he had a full view of the contest on the opposite height across the valley of Young's Branch. Opening with his artillery upon the Federal batteries, he answered Evans's request by advising him to withdraw to his own position on the height; but Evans, full of the spirit that would not retreat, renewed his appeal that the forces in rear would come to help him hold his ground. The newly arrived forces had given the Federals such superiority at this point as to dwarf Evans's means of resistance, and General Bee, generously yielding his own better judgment to Evans's persistence, led the two brigades across the valley under the fire of the enemy's artillery, and threw them into action — one regiment in the copse held by Colonel Evans, two along a fence on the right, and two under General Bartow on the prolonged right of this line, but extended forward at a right angle and along the edge of a wood not more than a hundred yards from that held by the enemy's left, where the contest at short range became sharp and deadly, bringing many casualties to both sides. The Federal infantry, though still in superior numbers, failed to make any headway against this sturdy van, notwithstanding Bee's whole line was hammered also by the enemy's powerful batteries, until Heintzelman's division of two strong brigades, arriving from Sudley ford, extended the fire on the Federal right, while its battery of six ten-pounder rifled guns took an immediately effective part from a position behind the Sudley road. Against these odds the Confederate force was still endeavoring to hold its ground, when a new enemy came into the field upon its right. Major Wheat, with characteristic daring and restlessness, had crossed Bull Run alone by a small ford above the Stone Bridge, in order to reconnoiter, when he and Evans had first moved to the left, and, falling on some Federal scouts, had shouted a taunting defiance and withdrawn, not, however, without his place of crossing having been observed. This disclosure was now utilized by Sherman's (W. T.) and Keyes's brigades of Tyler's division; crossing at this point, they appeared over the high bank of the stream and moved into position on the Federal left. There was no choice now for Bee but to retire — a movement, however, to be accomplished under different circumstances than when urged by him upon Evans. The three leaders endeavored to preserve the steadiness of the ranks as they withdrew over the open fields, aided



THE MAIN BATTLE-GROUND.— NO. 2.

[View of the Robinson house, looking north from the spot on the Henry plateau where General Bee fell. At one P. M. this ground lay between the hostile lines, which were (roughly speaking) parallel with the sides of the picture: Confederates on the right, Federals on the left. The foreground was between the centers of the positions.
As these two views are taken from the same spot, the reader will best understand their relation by holding the pages at right angles to each other.]

by the fire of Imboden's guns on the plateau and the retiring howitzers; but the troops were thrown into confusion, and the greater part soon fell into rout across Young's Branch and around the base of the height in the rear of the Stone Bridge.

Meanwhile, in rear of Mitchell's ford, I had been waiting with General Johnston for the sound of conflict to open in the quarter of Centreville upon the Federal left flank and rear (making allowance, however, for the delays possible to commands unused to battle), when I was chagrined to hear from General D. R. Jones that, while he had been long ready for the movement upon Centreville, General Ewell had not come up to form on his right, though he had sent him between seven and eight o'clock a copy of his own order which recited that Ewell had been already ordered to begin the movement. I dispatched an immediate order to Ewell to advance; but within a quarter of an hour, just as I received a dispatch from him informing me that he had received no order to advance in the morning, the firing on the left began to increase so intensely as to indicate a severe attack, whereupon General Johnston said that he would go personally to that quarter.

After weighing attentively the firing, which seemed rapidly and heavily increasing, it appeared to me that the troops on the right would be unable to get into position before the Federal offensive should have made too much progress on our left, and that it would be better to abandon it altogether, maintaining only a strong demonstration so as to detain the enemy in front of our right and center, and hurry up all available reënforcements— including the reserves that were to have moved upon Centreville— to our left and fight the battle out in that quarter. Communicating this view to General Johnston, who approved it (giving his advice, as he said, for what it was worth, as he was not acquainted with the country), I ordered Ewell, Jones, and Longstreet to make a strong demonstration all along their front on the other side of the run, and ordered the reserves below our position, Holmes's brigade with six guns, and Early's brigade, also two regiments of Bonham's brigade, near at hand, to move swiftly to the left. General Johnston and I now set out at full speed for the point of conflict. We arrived there just as Bee's troops, after giving way, were fleeing in disorder behind the height in rear of the Stone Bridge. They



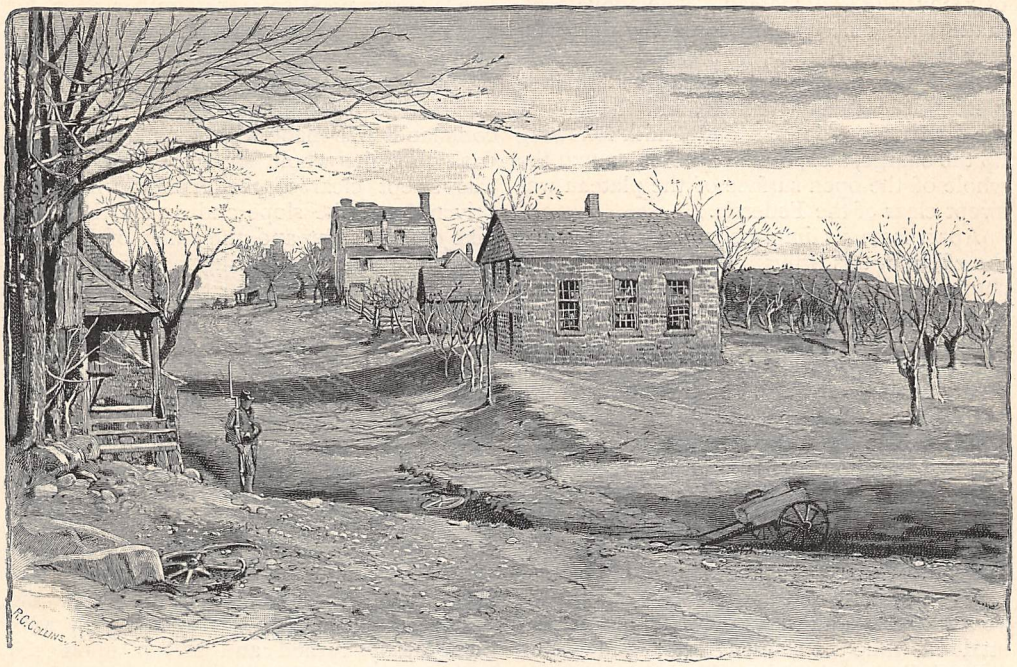
CAPTAIN JAMES B. RICKETTS.

had come around between the base of the hill and the Stone Bridge into a shallow ravine which ran up to a point on the crest where Jackson had already formed his brigade along the edge of the woods. We found the commanders resolutely stemming the farther flight of the routed forces, but vainly endeavoring to restore order, and our own efforts were as futile. Every segment of line we succeeded in forming was again dissolved while another was being formed; more than two thousand men were shouting each some suggestion to his neighbor, their voices mingling with the noise of the shells hurtling through the trees overhead, and all word of command drowned in the confusion and uproar. It was at this moment that General Bee used the famous expression, "Look at Jackson's brigade! It stands there like a stone wall"—a name that passed from the brigade to its immortal commander. The disorder seemed irretrievable, but happily the thought came to me that if their colors were planted out to the front the men might rally on them, and I gave the order to carry the standards forward some forty yards, which was promptly executed by the regimental officers, thus drawing the common eye of the troops. They now received easily the orders to advance and form on the line of their colors, which they obeyed with a general movement; and as General Johnston and myself rode forward shortly after with the colors of the Fourth Alabama by our side, the line that had fought all morning, and had fled, routed and disordered, now advanced again into position as steadily as veterans. The Fourth Alabama had previously lost all its field officers; and noticing Colonel S. R. Gist, an aide to General Bee, a young man whom I had known as Adjutant-General of South Carolina, and whom I greatly esteemed, I presented him as an able and brave commander to the stricken regiment, who cheered their new leader, and maintained under him, to the end of the day, their previous gallant behavior. We had come none too soon, as the enemy's forces, flushed with the belief of accomplished victory, were already advancing across the valley of Young's Branch and up the slope, where they had encountered for a while the fire of the Hampton Legion, which had been led forward to the Robinson house and the turnpike in front, covering the retreat and helping materially to check the panic of Bee's routed forces.

As soon as order was restored I requested General Johnston to go back to Portici (the Lewis house), and from that point—which I considered most favorable for the purpose—forward me the reënforcements as they would come from the Bull Run lines below and those that were expected to arrive from Manassas, while I should direct the field. General Johnston was disinclined to leave the battle-field for that position. As I had been compelled to leave my chief-of-staff, Colonel Jordan, at Manassas to forward any troops arriving there, I felt it was a necessity that one of us should go to this duty, and that it was his place to do so, as I felt I was responsible for the battle. He considerately yielded to my urgency, and we had the benefit of his energy and sagacity in so directing the reënforcements toward the field as to be readily and effectively assistant to my pressing needs and insure the success of the day.

As General Johnston departed for Portici, I hastened to form our line of battle against the oncoming enemy. I ordered up the Forty-ninth and Eighth Virginia regiments from Cocke's neighboring brigade in the Bull Run lines. Gartrell's Seventh Georgia I placed in position on the left of Jackson's brigade, along the belt of pines occupied by the latter on the eastern rim of the plateau. As the Forty-ninth Virginia rapidly came up, its colonel, ex-Governor William Smith, was encouraging them with cheery word and manner, and, as they approached, indicated to them the immediate presence of the commander. As the regiment raised a loud cheer, the name was caught by some of the troops of Jackson's brigade in the immediate wood, who rushed out calling for General Beauregard. Hastily acknowledging these happy signs of sympathy and confidence, which reenforce alike the capacity of commander and troops, I placed the Forty-ninth Virginia in position on the extreme left next to Gar-

trell, and as I paused to say a few words to Jackson, while hurrying back to the right, my horse was killed under me by a bursting shell, a fragment of which carried away part of the heel of my boot. The Hampton Legion, which had suffered greatly, was placed on the right of Jackson's brigade, and Hunton's Eighth Virginia, as it arrived, upon the right of Hampton; the two latter being drawn somewhat to the rear so as to form with Jackson's right



STONE CHURCH, CENTREVILLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MARCH, 1862.)

regiment a reserve, and be ready likewise to make defense against any advance from the direction of the Stone Bridge, whence there was imminent peril from the enemy's heavy forces, as I had just stripped that position almost entirely of troops to meet the active crisis on the plateau, leaving this quarter now covered only by a few men, whose defense was otherwise assisted solely by the obstruction of an abatis.

With six thousand five hundred men and thirteen pieces of artillery, I now awaited the onset of the enemy, who were pressing forward twenty thousand strong, with twenty-four pieces of superior artillery and seven companies of regular cavalry. They soon appeared over the farther rim of the plateau, seizing the Robinson house on my right and the Henry house opposite my left center. Near the latter they placed in position the two powerful batteries of Ricketts and Griffin of the regular army, and pushed forward up the Sudley road, the slope of which was cut so deep below the adjacent ground as to afford a covered way up to the plateau. Supported by the formidable lines of Federal musketry, these two batteries lost no time in making themselves felt, while three more batteries in rear on the high ground beyond the Sudley and Warrenton cross-roads swelled the shower of shell that fell among our ranks.

Our own batteries, Imboden's, Stanard's, five of Walton's guns, reënforced later by Pendleton's and Alburtis's (their disadvantage being reduced by the shortness of range), swept the surface of the plateau from their position on the eastern rim. I felt that, after the accidents of the morning, much depended on maintaining the steadiness of the troops against the first heavy onslaught, and rode along the lines encouraging the men to unflinching behavior, meeting, as I passed each command, a cheering response. The steady fire of their musketry told severely on the Federal ranks, and the splendid action of our batteries was a fit preface to the marked skill exhibited by our artillerists during the war. The enemy suffered particularly from the musketry on our left, now further reënforced by the Second Mississippi — the troops in this quarter confronting each other at very short range. Here two companies of Stuart's cavalry charged through the Federal ranks that filled the Sudley road, increasing the disorder wrought upon that flank of the enemy.

But with superior numbers the Federals were pushing on new regiments in the attempt to flank my position, and several guns, in the effort to enfilade ours, were thrust forward so near the Thirty-third Virginia that some of its men sprang forward and captured them, but were driven back by an overpowering force of Federal musketry. Although the enemy were held well at bay, their pressure became so strong that I resolved to take the offensive, and ordered a charge on my right for the purpose of recovering the plateau. The movement, made with alacrity and force by the commands of Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Hampton, thrilled the entire line, Jackson's brigade piercing the enemy's center, and the left of the line under Gartrell and Smith following up the charge, also, in that quarter, so that the whole of the open surface of the plateau was swept clear of the Federals.

Apart from its impression on the enemy, the effect of this brilliant onset was to give a short breathing-spell to our troops from the immediate strain of conflict, and encourage them in withstanding the still more strenuous offensive that was soon to bear upon them. Reorganizing our line of battle under the unremitting fire of the Federal batteries opposite, I prepared to meet the new attack which the enemy were about to make, largely reënforced by the fresh troops of Howard's brigade, newly arrived on the field. The Federals again pushed up the slope, the face of which partially afforded good cover from the numerous ravines that scored it and the clumps of young pines and oaks with which it was studded, while the sunken Sudley road formed a good ditch and parapet for their aggressive advance upon my left flank and rear. Gradually they pressed our lines back and regained possession of their lost ground and guns. With the Henry and Robinson houses once more in their possession, they resumed the offensive, urged forward by their commanders with conspicuous gallantry.

The conflict now became very severe for the final possession of this position, which was the key to victory. The Federal numbers enabled them so to extend their lines through the woods beyond the Sudley road as to outreach my left flank, which I was compelled partly to throw back, so as to meet the attack from that quarter; meanwhile their numbers equally enabled them to outflank my right in the direction of the Stone Bridge, imposing anxious watchfulness in that direction. I knew that I was safe if I could hold out till the arrival of reënforcements, which was but a matter of time; and, with the full sense of my own responsibility, I was determined to hold the line of the plateau, even if surrounded on all sides, until assistance should come, unless my forces were sooner overtaken by annihilation.

It was now between half-past two and three o'clock; a scorching sun increased the oppression of the troops, exhausted from incessant fighting against such heavy odds, many having been engaged since the morning. Fearing lest the Federal offensive should secure too firm a grip, and knowing the fatal result that might spring from any grave infraction of my line, I determined to make another effort for the recovery of the plateau, and ordered a charge of the entire line of battle, including the reserves, which at this crisis I myself led into action. The movement of the several commands was made with such keeping and dash that the whole surface of the plateau was swept clear of the enemy, who were driven down the slope and across the turnpike on our right and the valley of Young's Branch on our left, leaving in our final possession the Robinson and Henry houses, with most of Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries, the men of which were mostly shot down where they bravely stood by their guns. Fisher's Sixth North Carolina, directed to the Lewis house by Colonel Jordan from Manassas, where it had just arrived, and thence to the field by General Johnston, came up in happy time to join in this charge on the left. Withers's Eighteenth Virginia, which I had ordered up from Cocke's brigade, was also on hand in time to follow and give additional effect to the charge, capturing, with the Hampton Legion, several guns, which were immediately turned and served upon the broken ranks of the enemy by some of our officers. This handsome work, which broke the Federal fortunes of the day, was done, however, at severe cost. The soldierly Bee, and the gallant, impetuous Bartow, whose day of strong deeds was about to close with such credit, fell a few rods back of the Henry house, near the very spot whence in the morning they had first looked forth upon Evans's struggle with the enemy. Colonel Fisher also fell at the very head of his troops. Seeing Captain Ricketts, who was badly wounded in the leg, and having known him in the old army, I paused from my anxious duties to ask him whether I could do anything for him. He answered that he wanted to be sent back to Washington. As some of our prisoners were there held under threats of not being treated as prisoners of war, I replied that that must depend upon how our prisoners were treated, and ordered him to be carried to the rear. I mention this because the report of the Federal Committee on the Conduct of the War exhibits Captain Ricketts

as testifying that I only approached him to say that he would be treated as our prisoners might be treated. I sent my own surgeons to care for him, and allowed his wife to cross the lines and accompany him to Richmond; and my Adjutant-General, Colonel Jordan, escorting her to the car that carried them to that city, personally attended to the comfortable placing of the wounded enemy for the journey.

That part of the enemy who occupied the woods beyond our left and across the Sudley road had not been reached by the headlong charge which had swept their comrades from the plateau; but the now arriving reënforcements (Kershaw's Second and Cash's Eighth South Carolina) were led into that quarter. Kemper's battery also came up, preceded by its commander, who, while alone, fell into the hands of a number of the enemy, who took him prisoner, until a few moments later, when he handed them over to some of our own troops accompanying his battery. A small plateau (Bald Hill), within the south-west angle of the Sudley and turnpike cross-roads, was still held by a strong Federal brigade — Howard's fresh troops, together with Sykes's battalion of regulars; and while Kershaw and Cash, after passing through the skirts of the oak wood along the Sudley road, engaged this force, Kemper's battery was sent forward by Kershaw along the same road, into position near where a hostile battery had been captured, and whence it played upon the enemy in the open field.

Quickly following these regiments came Preston's Twenty-eighth Virginia, which, passing through the woods, encountered and drove back some Michigan troops, capturing Brigadier-General Willcox. It was now about three o'clock, when another important reënforcement came to our aid. Elzey's brigade, seventeen hundred strong, of the Army of the Shenandoah, which, coming from Piedmont by railroad, had arrived at Manassas station, six miles in rear of the battle-field, at noon, and had been without delay directed thence toward the field by Colonel Jordan, aided by Major T. G. Rhett, who that morning had passed from General Bonham's to General Johnston's staff. Upon nearing the vicinity of the Lewis house, the brigade was directed by a staff officer sent by General Johnston toward the left of the field. As it reached the oak wood, just across the Sudley road, led by General Kirby Smith, the latter fell severely wounded; but the command devolved upon Colonel Elzey, an excellent officer, who was now guided by Captain D. B. Harris of the Engineers, a highly accomplished officer of my staff, still farther to the left and through the woods, so as to form in extension of the line of the preceding reënforcements. Beckham's battery, of the same command, was hurried forward by the Sudley road and around the woods into position near the Chinn house; from a well-selected point of action, in full view of the enemy that filled the open fields west of the Sudley road, it played with deadly and decisive effect upon their ranks, already under the fire of Elzey's brigade. Keyes's brigade, which had made its way across the turnpike in rear of the Stone Bridge, was lurking along under cover of the ridges and a wood in order to turn my line on the right, but was easily repulsed by Latham's battery, already placed in position over that approach by Captain Harris, aided by Alburtis's battery, opportunely sent to Latham's left by General Jackson, and supported by fragments of troops collected by staff officers. Meanwhile, the enemy had formed a line of battle of formidable proportions on the opposite height, and stretching in crescent outline, with flanks advanced, from the Pittsylvania (Carter) mansion on their left across the Sudley road in rear of Dogan's, and reaching toward the Chinn house. They offered a fine spectacle as they threw forward a cloud of skirmishers down the opposite slope, preparatory to a new assault against the line on the plateau. But their right was now severely pressed by the troops that had successively arrived; the force in the south-west angle of the Sudley and Warrenton cross-roads were driven from their position, and, as Early's brigade, which, by direction of General Johnston, had swept around by the rear of the woods through which Elzey had passed, appeared on the field, his line of march bore upon the flank of the enemy, as he was now retiring in that quarter.

The movement upon my extreme left was masked by the trend of the woods from many of our forces on the plateau; and bidding those of my staff and escort around me raise a loud cheer, I dispatched the information to the several commands, with orders to go forward in a common charge. Before the full advance of the Confederate ranks the enemy's whole line, whose right was already yielding, irretrievably broke, fleeing across Bull Run by every available direction. Major Sykes's regulars, aided by Sherman's brigade, made a steady and handsome withdrawal, protecting the rear of the routed forces, and enabling many to escape by the Stone Bridge. Having ordered in pursuit all the troops on the field, I went to the Lewis house, and, the battle being ended, turned over the command to General Johnston. Mounting a fresh horse,— the fourth on that day,— I started to press the

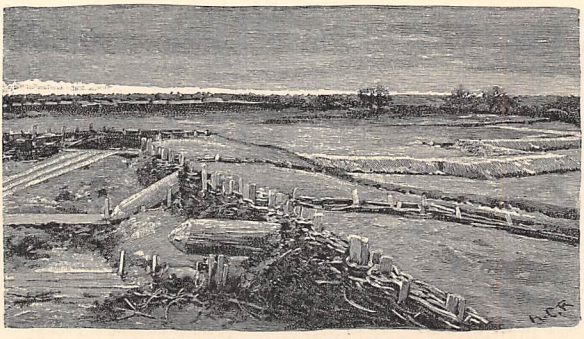


CAPTAIN CHARLES GRIFFIN.

pursuit which was being made by our infantry and cavalry, some of the latter having been sent by General Johnston from Lewis's ford to intercept the enemy on the turnpike. I was soon overtaken, however, by a courier bearing a message from Major T. G. Rhett, General Johnston's chief-of-staff on duty at Manassas railroad station, informing me of a report that a large Federal force, having pierced our lower line on Bull Run, was moving upon Camp Pickens, my depot of supplies near Manassas. I returned, and communicated this important news to General Johnston. Upon consultation it was deemed best that I should take Ewell's and Holmes's brigades, which were hastening up to the battle-field, but too late for the action, and fall on this force of the enemy, while reënforcements should be sent me from the pursuing forces, who were to be recalled for that purpose. To head off the danger and gain time, I hastily mounted a force of infantry behind the cavalry-men then present, but, on approaching the line of march near McLean's ford, which the Federals must have taken, I learned that the news was a false alarm caught from the return of General Jones's forces to this side of the run, the similarity of the uniforms and the direction of their march having convinced some nervous person that they were a force of the enemy. It was now almost dark, and too late to resume the broken pursuit; on my return I met the coming forces, and, as they were very tired, I ordered them to halt and bivouac for the night where they were. After giving such attention as I could to the troops, I started for Manassas, where I arrived about ten o'clock, and found Mr. Davis at my head-quarters with General Johnston. Arriving from Richmond late in the afternoon, Mr. Davis had immediately galloped to the field, accompanied by Colonel Jordan. They had met between Manassas and the battle-field the usual number of stragglers to the rear, whose appearance belied the determined array then sweeping the enemy before it, but Mr. Davis had the happiness to arrive in time to witness the last of the Federals disappearing beyond Bull Run. The next morning I received from his hand at our breakfast-table my commission, dated July 21, as General in the Army of the Confederate States, and after his return to Richmond the kind congratulations of the Secretary of War and of General Lee, then acting as military adviser to the President.

It was a point made at the time at the North that, just as the Confederate troops were about to break and flee, the Federal troops anticipated them by doing so, being struck into this precipitation by the arrival upon their flank of the Shenandoah forces marching from railroad trains halted *en route* with that aim — a statement that has been repeated by some writers on both sides, and by an ambitious but superficial French author.

There were certain sentiments of a personal character clustering about this first battle, and personal anxiety as to its issue, that gladly accepted this theory. To this may be added the general readiness to accept a sentimental or ultra-dramatic, explanation — the magic wrought by the delay or arrival of some force, or the death or coming of somebody,



CONFEDERATE QUAKER GUNS.

[View of fortifications after their evacuation by the Confederates in the spring of 1862. The muzzle of the log was painted black and the breech was covered with brush to conceal its character from observation by balloon.]

or any other single magical event — whereby history is easily caught, rather than to seek an understanding of that which is but the gradual result of the operation of many forces, both of opposing design and actual collision, modified more or less by the falls



CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS ABOUT MANASSAS JUNCTION.
[This view is from a photograph taken in March, 1862. It represents the works substantially as they were at the time of the battle.]

of chance. The personal sentiment, though natural enough at the time, has no place in any military estimate, nor place of any kind at this day. The battle of Manassas was, like any other battle, a progression and development from the deliberate counter-employment of the military resources in hand, affected by accidents, as always, but of a kind very different from those referred to. My line of battle, which had twice not only withstood the enemy's attack, but taken the offensive and driven him back in disorder, was becoming momentarily stronger from the arrival, at last, of the reënforcements provided for; and if the enemy had remained on the field till the arrival of Ewell and Holmes, they would have been so strongly outflanked that many who escaped would have been destroyed or captured.

Though my adversary's plan of battle was a good one against a passive defensive opponent, such as he may have deemed I must be from the respective numbers and positions of our forces, it would, in my judgment, have been much better if, with more dash, the flank attack had been made by the stone bridge itself and the ford immediately above it. The plan adopted, however, favored above all things the easy execution of the offensive operations I had designed and ordered against his left flank and rear at Centreville. His turning column — eighteen thousand strong, and presumably his best troops — was thrown off by a long ellipse through a narrow forest road to Sudley ford, from which it moved down upon my left flank, and was thus dislocated from his main body. This severed movement of his forces not only left his exposed left and rear at Centreville weak against the simultaneous offensive of my heaviest forces upon it, but the movement of his turning column would have been disconcerted and paralyzed by the early sound of this heavy conflict in its rear, and it could not even have made its way back so as to be available for maneuver before the Centreville fraction had been thrown back upon it in disorder. A new army is very liable to panic, and, in view of the actual result of the battle, the conclusion can hardly be resisted that the panic which fell on the Federal army would thus have seized it early in the day, and with my forces in such position as to wholly cut off its retreat upon Washington. The commander of the front line on my right, who failed to move because he received no immediate order, was instructed in the plan of attack, and should have gone forward the moment General Jones, upon whose right he was to form, exhibited his own

order, which mentioned one as having been already sent to that commander. I exonerated him after the battle, as he was technically not in the wrong; but one could not help recalling Desaix, who even moved in a direction opposite to his technical orders when facts plainly showed him the service he ought to perform, whence the glorious result of Marengo,— or help believing that if Jackson had been there, the movement would not have balked. The Federal commander's flanking movement, being thus uninterrupted by such a counter-movement as I had projected, was further assisted through the imperfection and inefficiency of the staff organization of the army, through which I was left unacquainted with the actual state of affairs on my left. The Federal attack, already thus greatly favored, and encouraged, moreover, by the rout of General Bee's advanced line, failed for two reasons: their forces were not handled with concert of masses (a fault often made later on both sides), and the individual action of the Confederate troops was superior, notwithstanding inferiority in numbers, arms, and equipments, and for a very palpable reason. That one army was fighting for union and the other for disunion is a political expression; the actual fact on the battle-field, in the face of cannon and musket, was that the Federal troops came as invaders, and the Southern troops stood as defenders of their homes, and further than this we need not go. The armies were vastly greater than had ever before fought on this continent, and were the largest volunteer armies ever assembled since the era of regular armies. The personal material on both sides was of exceptionally good character, and collectively superior to that of any subsequent period of the war.* The Confederate army was filled with generous youths who had answered the first call of the country. For certain kinds of field duty they were not as yet adapted, many of them having at first come with their baggage and servants; these they had to dispense with, but, not to offend their susceptibilities, I then exacted the least work from them, apart from military drills, even to the prejudice of important field-works, when I could not get sufficient negro labor; they "had come to fight, and not to handle the pick and shovel," and their fighting redeemed well their shortcomings as intrenchers. Before I left that gallant army, however, it had learned how readily the humbler could aid the nobler duty.

As to immediate results and trophies, we captured a great many stands of arms, batteries, equipments, standards, and flags, one of which was sent to me, through General Longstreet, as a personal compliment by the Texan "crack shot," Colonel B. F. Terry, who lowered it from its mast at Fairfax Court House, by cutting the halyards by means of his unerring rifle, as our troops next morning reoccupied that place. We captured also many prisoners, including a number of surgeons, whom (the first time in war), were treated not as prisoners, but as guests. Calling attention to their brave devotion to their wounded, I recommended to the War Department that they be sent home without exchange, together with some other prisoners, who had shown personal kindness to Colonel Jones, of the Fourth Alabama, who had been mortally wounded early in the day.

SUBSEQUENT RELATIONS OF MR. DAVIS AND THE WRITER.

THE military result of the victory was far short of what it should have been. It established as an accomplished fact, on the indispensable basis of military success, the Government of the Confederate States, which before was but a political assertion; but it should have reached much further. The immediate pursuit, but for the false alarm which checked it, would have continued as far as the Potomac, but must have stopped there with no greater result than the capture of more prisoners and material. The true immediate fruits of the victory should have been the dispersion of all the Federal forces south of Baltimore and east of the Alleghanies, the liberation of the State of Maryland, and the capture of Washington, which could have been made only by the upper Potomac. And from the high source of this achievement other decisive results would have continued to flow. From my experience in the Mexican war I had great confidence in intelligent volunteer troops, if rightly handled; and with such an active and victorious war-engine as the Confederate Army of the Potomac could have immediately been made,— reënforced, as time went, by numbers and discipline,— the Federal military power in the East could never have reached the head it took by McClellan being

* This battle was noteworthy for the number of participants whose names are now prominently associated with the war. On the Confederate side, besides Generals Johnston and Beauregard, were Generals Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Ewell, Early, J. E. B. Stuart, Kirby Smith, Wade Hampton, Fitz-Hugh Lee, Jordan, Rodes, and others. On the Federal side were Generals McDowell, Sherman, Burnside, Hunter, Heintzelman, Howard, Franklin, Slocum, Keyes, Hunt, Barry, Fry, Sykes, Barnard, Wadsworth, and others. Portraits of most of these must be deferred to other engagements. A likeness of General Beauregard will appear with General Grant's paper on Shiloh.—ED.

allowed to organize and discipline at leisure the powerful army that, in the end, wore out the South. In war one success makes another easier, and its right use is as the step to another, until final achievement. This was the use besought by me in the plan of campaign I have mentioned as presented to Mr. Davis on the 14th of July, a few days before the battle, but rejected by him as impracticable, and as rather offering opportunity to the enemy to crush us. To supply the deficiency of transportation (vehicles few in number, and many so poor as to break down in ordinary camp service), I myself had assigned to special duty Colonel (since Governor) James L. Kemper, of Virginia, who quickly obtained for me some two hundred good wagons, to which number I had limited him so as not to arouse again the jealousy of the President's staff. If my plan of operations for the capture of Washington had been adopted, I should have considered myself thereby authorized and free to obtain, as I readily could, the transportation necessary. As it was — although the really difficult part of this "impracticable" plan of operations had been proven feasible, that is, the concentration of the Shenandoah forces with mine (wrung later than the eleventh hour through the alarm over the march upon Richmond, and discountenanced again nervously at the twelfth hour by another alarm as to how "the enemy may vary his plans" in consequence), followed by the decisive defeat of the main Federal forces — nevertheless the army remained rooted in the spot, although we had more than fifteen thousand troops who had been not at all or but little in the battle and were perfectly organized, while the remaining commands, in the high spirits of victory, could have been reorganized at the tap of the drum, and many with improved captured arms and equipments. I had already urged my views with unusual persistency, and acted on them against all but an express order to the contrary; and as they had been deliberately rejected in their ultimate scope by Mr. Davis as the commander-in-chief, I did not feel authorized to urge them further than their execution had been allowed, unless the subject were broached anew by himself. But there was no intimation of any such change of purpose, and the army, consistently with this inertia, was left unprovided for maneuver with transportation for its ammunition; its fortitude, moreover, as a new and volunteer army, while spending sometimes twenty-four hours without food, being only less wonderful than the commissary administration at Richmond, from which such a state of affairs could proceed even two weeks after the battle of Manassas. Although certain political superstitions about not consolidating the North may then have weighed against the action I proposed, they would have been light against a true military policy, if such had existed in the head of the government. Apart from an active material ally, such as the colonies had afield and on sea in the war of Independence with Great Britain, a country in fatal war must depend on the vigor of its warfare; the more inferior the country, the bolder and more enterprising the use of its resources, especially if its frontiers are convenient to the enemy. I was convinced that our success lay in a short, quick war of decisive blows, before the Federals, with their vast resources, could build up a great military power; to which end a concerted use of our forces, immediate and sustained, was necessary, so that, weaker though we were at all separate points, we might nevertheless strike with superior strength at some chosen decisive point, and after victory there reach for victory now made easier elsewhere, and thus sum up success. Instead of this, which in war we call concentration, our actual policy was diffusion, an inferior Confederate force at each separate point defensively confronting a superior Federal force; our power daily shrinking, that of the enemy increasing; and the avowed Federal policy of "attrition" of the bigger masses left free to grind the smaller, one by one, to naught. Out of this state we never emerged, when the direction of the government was, as almost always, necessary, excepting when "Richmond" was immediately in danger.

Thus, in the fall of 1861, about three months after the battle of Manassas, — after throwing my whole force forward to Fairfax Court House, with outposts flaunting our flags on the hills in sight of Washington, in order to chafe the Federals to another battle, but without success,—I proposed that the army should be raised to an effective of 60,000 men, by drawing 20,000 for the immediate enterprise from several points along the seaboard, not even at that time threatened, and from our advanced position be swiftly thrown across the Potomac at a point which I had had carefully surveyed for that purpose, and moved upon the rear of Washington, thus forcing McClellan to a decisive engagement before his organization (new enlistments) was completed, and while our own army had the advantage of discipline and prestige — seasoned soldiers, whose term, however, would expire in the early part of the coming summer. This plan, approved by General Gustavus W. Smith (then immediately commanding General Johnston's own forces) as well as by General Johnston, was submitted to Mr. Davis in a conference at my headquarters, but rejected because

he would not venture to strip those points of the troops we required. Even if those points had been captured, though none were then even threatened, they must have reverted as a direct consequence to so decisive a success. I was willing, then, should it have come to that, to exchange even Richmond temporarily for Washington. Yet it was precisely from similar combinations and elements that the army was made up, to enable it next spring, under General Lee, to encounter McClellan's then perfectly organized army of 150,000 men at the very door of Richmond. If that which was accepted as a last defensive resort against an overwhelming aggressive army had been used in an enterprising offensive against that same army while yet in the raw, the same venture had been made at less general risk, less cost of valuable lives, and with immeasurably greater certain results. The Federal Army of the Potomac would have had no chance meanwhile to become tempered to that magnificent military machine which, through all its defeats and losses, remained sound, and was stronger, with its readily assimilating new strength, at the end of the war than ever before; the pressure would have been lifted from Kentucky and Missouri, and we should have maintained what is called an active defensive warfare, that is, taken and kept the offensive against the enemy, enforcing peace.

No people ever warred for independence with more relative advantages than the Confederates; and if, as a military question, they must have failed, then no country must aim at freedom by means of war. We were one in sentiment as in territory, starting out, not with a struggling administration of doubtful authority, but with our ancient State governments and a fully organized central government. As a military question, it was in no sense a civil war, but a war between two countries—for conquest on one side, for self-preservation on the other. The South, with its great material resources, its defensive means of mountains, waterways, railroads, and telegraph, with the immense advantage of the interior lines of war, would be open to discredit as a people if its failure could not be explained otherwise than by mere material contrast. The great Frederick, at the head of a little people, not only beat back a combination of several great military powers, but conquered and kept territory; and Napoleon held combined Europe at the feet of France till his blind ambition overleaped itself. It may be said that the South had no Fredericks or Napoleons; but it had at least as good commanders as its adversary. Nor was it the fault of our soldiers or people. Our soldiers were as brave and intelligent as ever bore arms; and, if only for reasons already mentioned, they had a determination superior to the enemy's. Our people bore a devotion to the cause never surpassed, and which no war-making monarch ever had for his support; they gave their all—even the last striplings under the family roofs filling the ranks voided by the fall of their fathers and brothers. But the narrow military view of the head of the government, which illustrated itself in the outset by ordering from Europe, not 100,000 or 1,000,000, but 10,000 stands of arms, as an increase upon 8000, its first estimate, was equally narrow and consequently timid in its employment of our armies.

The moral and material forces actually engaged in the war made our success a moral certainty, but for the timid policy which—ignoring strategy as a science and boldness of enterprise as its ally—could never be brought to view the whole theater of war as one subject, of which all points were but integral parts, or to hazard for the time points relatively unimportant for the purpose of gathering for an overwhelming and rapid stroke at some decisive point; and which, again, with characteristic mis-elation, would push a victorious force directly forward into unsupported and disastrous operations, instead of using its victory to spare from it strength sufficient to secure an equally important success in another quarter. The great principles of war are truths, and the same to-day as in the time of Cæsar or Napoleon, notwithstanding the ideas of some thoughtless persons—their applications being but intensified by the scientific discoveries affecting transportation and communication of intelligence. These principles are few and simple, however various their deductions and application. Skill in strategy consists in seeing through the intricacies of the whole situation, and bringing into proper combination forces and influences, though seemingly unrelated, so as to apply these principles, and with boldness of decision and execution appearing with the utmost force, and, if possible, superior odds, before the enemy at some strategic, that is, decisive, point. And although a sound military plan may not be always so readily conceived, yet any plan that offers decisive results, if it agree with the principles of war, is as plain and intelligible as these principles themselves, and no more to be rejected than they. There still remains, of course, the hazard of accident in execution, and the apprehension of the enemy's movements upsetting your own; but hazard may also favor as well as disfavor, and will not unbefriend the enterprising any more than the timid. It was this fear of possible consequences that kept our forces scat-

tered in inferior relative strength at all points of the compass, each holding its bit of ground till by slow local process our territory was taken and our separate forces destroyed, or, if captured, retained by the enemy without exchange in their process of attrition. To stop the slow consumption of this passive mode of warfare I tried my part, and, at certain critical junctures, proposed to the Government active plans of operation looking to such results as I have described,— sometimes, it is true, in relation to the employment of forces not under my control, as I was the soldier of a cause and people, not of a monarch nor even of a government. Two occasions there were when certain of the most noted Federal operations, from their isolated or opportune character, might, with energy and intelligent venture on the Confederate side, have been turned into fatal disaster; among them Grant's movement in front of Vicksburg, and his change of base from the north to the south of the James River, where I was in command, in his last campaign against Richmond. I urged particularly that our warfare was sure of final defeat unless we attempted decisive strokes that might be followed up to the end, and that even if earlier defeat might chance from the risk involved in the execution of the necessary combinations, we ought to take that risk and thereby either win or end an otherwise useless struggle. But in addition to the radical divergence of military ideas — the passive defensive of an intellect timid of risk and not at home in war, and the active defensive reaching for success through enterprise and boldness, according to the lessons taught us in the campaigns of the great masters — there was a personal feeling that now gave cold hearing or none to any recommendations of mine. Mr. Davis's friendship, warm at the early period of the war, was changed, some time after the battle of Manassas, to a corresponding hostility from several personal causes, direct and indirect, of which I need only mention that, my report of the campaign and battle of Manassas having contained, as part of its history, a statement of the submission of my plan of campaign already described for concentrating our forces, crushing both McDowell and Patterson and capturing Washington. Mr. Davis strangely took offense thereat, and his self-accused responsibility for rejecting the plan he sought, after the demonstration of events, to get rid of by denying that such a plan had ever been submitted — an issue, for that matter, easily settled by my production of the contemporaneous report of Colonel James Chesnut, the bearer of the mission, who moreover at the time of the controversy was on Mr. Davis's own staff, where he remained. Mr. Davis made an endeavor to suppress the publication of my report of the battle of Manassas. The matter came up in a secret debate in the Confederate Congress, where a host of friends were ready to sustain me; but I sent a telegram disclaiming any desire for its publication, and advising that the safety of the country should be our solicitude, and not personal ends.

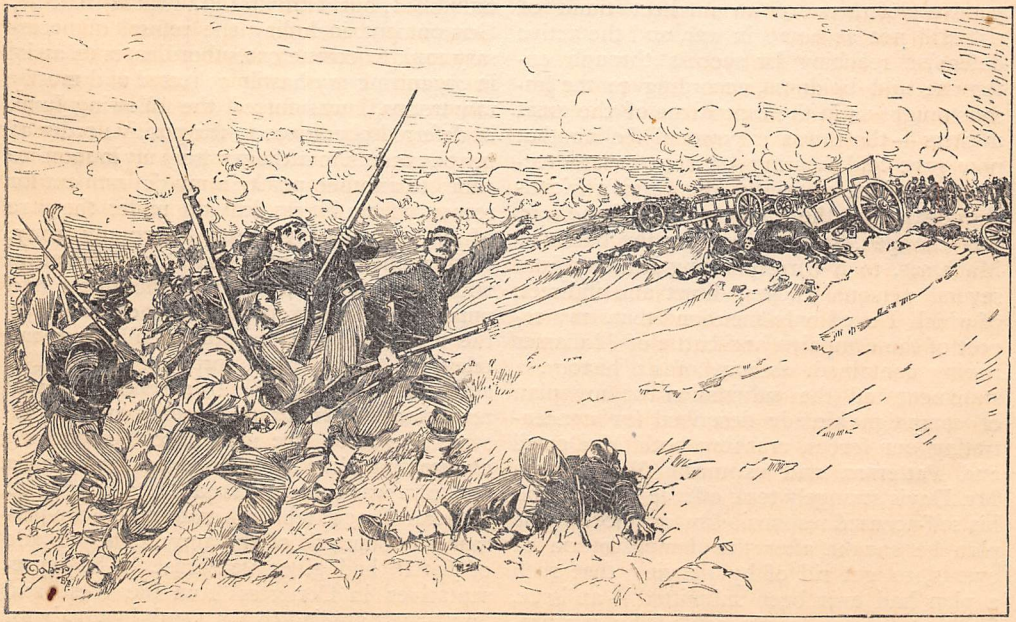
Thenceforth his hostility was watchful and adroit, neglecting no opportunity, great or small; and though, from motives all its opposite, it was not exposed during the war by any murmurs of mine, it bruited sometimes in certain circles of its own force. Thus, when in January, 1862, the Western representatives expressed a desire that I should separate myself for a time from my Virginia forces and go to the defense of the Mississippi Valley from the impending offensive of Halleck and Grant, it was furthered by the Executive with inducements which I trusted, in disregard of Senator Toombs's sagacious warning, that under this furtherance lurked a purpose to effect my downfall, urged in one of his communications through his son-in-law, Mr. Alexander, in words as impressive as they proved prophetic: "Urge General Beauregard to decline all proposals and solicitations. The Blade of Joab. *Verbum Sapienti.*"* After going through the campaign of Shiloh and Corinth, not only with those inducements unfulfilled, but with vital drawbacks from the Government, including the refusal of necessary rank to competent subordinates to assist in organizing my hastily collected and mostly raw troops, I was forced, the following June, in deferred obedience to the positive order of my physicians, to withdraw from my immediate camp to another point in my department for recovery from illness, leaving under the care of my lieutenant, General Bragg, my army, then unmenaced and under reorganization with a view to an immediate offensive I had purposed. In anticipation and exclusion of the receipt of full dispatches following my telegram, the latter was tortuously misread, in a manner not creditable to a school-boy and repugnant to Mr. Davis's exact knowledge of syntax, so as to give pretext to the shocking charge that I had abandoned my army, and a telegram was sent in naked haste directly to General Bragg, telling him to retain the permanent command of the army. The "Blade of Joab" had given its thrust. The representatives in Congress from the West and South-west applied to Mr. Davis in a body for my restoration; and when, disregarding his sheer pretext that I had abandoned my army, they still insisted, Mr. Davis declared that I

* II. Samuel, 3, 27.

should not be restored *if the whole world should ask it!* This machination went to such length that it was given out in Richmond that I had softening of the brain and had gone crazy. So carefully was this report fostered (one of its tales being that I would sit all day stroking a pheasant *) that a friend of mine, a member of the Confederate Congress, thought it his duty to write me a special letter respecting the device, advising me to come directly to Richmond to confound it by my presence — a proceeding which I disdained to take. I had not only then, but from later still more offensive provocation, imperative cause to resign, and would have done so but for a sense of public obligation. Indeed, in my after fields of action the same hostility was more and more active in its various embarrassments, reckless that the strains inflicted upon me bore upon the troops and country depending on me and relatively upon the cause, so that I often dreaded failure more from my own government behind me than from the enemy in my front; and, when success came in spite of this, it was acknowledged only by some censorious official "inquiry" contrasting with the repeated thanks of Congress. I was, however, not the only one of the highest military rank with whom Mr. Davis's relations were habitually unwholesome. It is an extraordinary fact that during the four years of war Mr. Davis did not call the five Generals together into conference with a view to determining the best military policy or settling upon a decisive plan of operations involving the whole theater of war, though there was often ample opportunity for it. We needed for President either a military man of a high order, or a politician of the first class (such as Howell Cobb) without military pretensions. The South did not fall crushed by the mere weight of the North; but it was nibbled away at all sides and ends because its executive head never gathered and wielded its great strength under the ready advantages that greatly reduced or neutralized its adversary's naked physical superiority. It is but another of the many proofs that timid direction may readily go with physical courage, and that the passive defensive policy may make a long agony, but can never win a war.

G. T. Beauregard.

* This silly tale was borrowed from an incident of Shiloh. Toward the end of the first day's battle a soldier had found a pheasant cowering, apparently paralyzed under the ceaseless din, and brought it to my headquarters as a present to me. It was a beautiful bird, and after receiving it I gave directions to place it in a cage, as I intended sending it as a pleasant token of the battle to the family of Judge Milton Brown, of Jackson, Tennessee, from whom I had received as their guest, while occupying that place, the kindest attentions; but in the second day's conflict the poor waif was lost. —G .T. B.



CHARGE OF THE FEDERAL LINE TO RETAKE THE HENRY HILL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—I.*

(INCLUDING THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.)



A SOLDIER OF 1861 (14TH NEW YORK).†

BEFORE the war had really begun I enlisted. I had read the papers, and attended flag-raisings, and heard orators declaim of "undying devotion to the Union." One speaker to whom I listened declared that "human life must be cheapened," but I never learned that he helped on the work experimentally. When men by the hundred walked soberly and deliberately to the front and signed the enlistment papers, he didn't show any inclination that way. As I came out of the hall with conflicting emotions, feeling as though I should have to go finally or forfeit my birthright as an American citizen, one of the orators who stood at the door, glowing with enthusiasm and patriotism, and shaking hands effusively with those who enlisted, said to me:

"Did you enlist?"

"No," I said. "Did you?"

"No; they wont take me. I have got a lame leg and a widowed mother to take care of."

Another enthusiast I remember, who was eager to enlist — others. He declared the family of no man who went to the front should suffer. After the war he was prominent among those in our town who at town-meeting voted to refund the money to such as had expended it to procure substitutes during the war. He has, moreover, been fierce and uncompromising toward the ex-Confederates since the war closed, and I have heard him repeatedly express the wish that all the civil and general officers of the late Confederacy might be court-martialed and shot.

I was young, but not unobserving, and did not believe, from the first, in a sixty days' war; nor did I consider ten dollars a month, and the promised glory, large pay for the services of an able-bodied young man. Enlistment scenes are usually pictured as entirely heroic, but truth compels me to acknowledge that my feelings were mixed. At this moment I cannot repress a smile of amusement and pity for that young recruit — myself. It was the news that the Sixth Massachusetts regiment had been mobbed by roughs on their passage through Baltimore which gave me the war fever. When I read Governor Andrew's pathetic telegram to have the hero martyrs "preserved in ice and tenderly sent forward," somehow, though I felt the pathos of it, I could not reconcile myself to the ice. Ice in connection with patriotism did not give me agreeable impressions of war, and when I came to think of it, the stoning of the heroic "Sixth" didn't suit me; it detracted from my desire to die a soldier's death. I lay awake all night thinking it over, with the "ice" and "brickbats" before my mind. However, the fever culminated that night, and I resolved to enlist.

"Cold chills" ran up and down my back as I got out of bed after the sleepless night, and shaved, preparatory to other desperate deeds of valor. I was twenty years of age, and when anything unusual was to be done, like fighting or courting, I shaved. With a nervous tremor convulsing my whole system and my heart thumping like muffled drum-beats, I stood before the door of the recruiting-office, and, before turning the knob to enter, read and re-read the advertisement for recruits posted thereon, until I knew all its peculiarities. The promised chances for "travel and promotion" seemed good, and I thought I might have made a mistake in considering war so serious, after all. "Chances for travel!" I must confess now, after four years of soldiering, that the "chances for travel" were no myth. But "promotion" was a little uncertain and slow.

* Copyright, 1884, by The Century Co. All rights reserved. It is proper to say at the beginning of these papers that while they relate in chief part the experiences of the writer, he also (as in the case of the latter portion of the present article) has availed himself of the reminiscences of comrades known to him to be trustworthy. The general title of the papers must therefore not be read literally.—ED.

† The battle of Bull Run was notable in a minor way for the variety of uniforms worn on both sides — a variety greater than was shown in any later engagement. The Federal blue had not yet been issued, and the troops wore either the uniforms of their militia organizations or those furnished by their several States. Besides the Zouave regiments there was one in Highland dress (the 79th New York). The Confederate uniforms exhibited similar variety; some regiments were in citizens' dress, and several of the general officers who had been in the old service — including, we are informed, Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and Longstreet — still wore the dress of the U. S. Army.—ED.

I was in no hurry to open the door. Though determined to enlist, I was half inclined to put it off awhile; I had a fluctuation of desires; I was faint-hearted and brave; I wanted to enlist, and yet ——. Here I turned the knob, and was relieved. I had been more prompt, with all my hesitation, than the officer in his duty; he wasn't in. Finally he came, and said: "What do you want, my boy?" "I want to enlist," I responded, blushing deeply with upwelling patriotism and bashfulness. Then the surgeon came to strip and examine me. In justice to myself, it must be stated that I signed the rolls without a tremor. It is common to the most of humanity, I believe, that, when confronted with actual danger, men have less fear than in its contemplation. I will, however, make one exception in favor of the first shell I heard uttering its hoarse anathema and its blood-curdling hisses, as though a steam locomotive were traveling the air. With this exception I have found danger always less terrible face to face than on the night before the battle.

My first uniform was a bad fit: my trowsers were too long by three or four inches; the flannel shirt was coarse and unpleasant, too large at the neck and too short elsewhere. The forage cap was an ungainly bag with pasteboard top and leather visor; the blouse was the only part which seemed decent; while the overcoat made me feel like a little nib of corn amid a preponderance of husk. Nothing except "Virginia mud" ever took down my ideas of military pomp quite so low.

After enlisting I didn't seem of so much consequence as I expected. There was not so much excitement on account of my military appearance as I deemed justly my due. I was taught my facings, and at the time I thought the drill-master needlessly fussy about shouldering, ordering, and presenting arms. The musket, after an hour's drill, seemed heavier and less ornamental than it had looked to be. The first day I went out to drill, getting tired of doing the same things over and over, I said to the drill-sergeant: "Let's stop this fooling and go over to the grocery." His only reply was addressed to a corporal: "Corporal, take this man out and drill him like h—l;" and the corporal did. I found that suggestions were not as well appreciated in the army as in private life, and that no wisdom was equal to a drill-master's "Right face," "Left wheel," and "Right, oblique, march." It takes a raw recruit some time to learn that he is not to think or suggest, but obey. Some never do learn. I acquired it at last, in humility and mud, but it was tough. Yet I doubt if my patriotism, during my first three weeks' drill, was quite knee high. Drilling looks easy to a spectator, but it isn't. Old soldiers who read this will remember their green recruithood and smile assent. After a time I had cut down my uniform so that I could see out of it, and had conquered the drill sufficiently to see through it. Then the word came: On to Washington!

Our company was quartered at a large hotel near the railway station in the town in which it was recruited. Bunks had been fitted up within a part of the hotel but little used. We took our meals at the regular hotel table, and found fault with the style. Six months later we should have considered ourselves aristocratic to have slept in the hotel stables with the meal-bin for a dining-table. There was great excitement one morning at the report that we were going to be sent to the front. Most of us obtained a limited pass and went to see our friends for the last time, returning the same night. All our schoolmates and home acquaintances "came slobbering around camp," as one of the boys ungraciously expressed it. We bade adieu to our friends with heavy hearts, and lightly as I may here seem to treat the subject, it was no light thing for a boy of twenty to start out for three years into the unknown dangers of a civil war. Our mothers — God bless them! — had brought us something good to eat,— pies, cakes, doughnuts, and jellies. It was one way in which a mother's heart found utterance. Our young ladies (sisters, of course) brought an invention, generally made of leather or cloth, containing needles, pins, thread, buttons, and scissors, so that nearly every recruit had an embryo tailor's shop — with the goose outside. One old lady, in the innocence of her heart, brought her son an umbrella. We did not see anything particularly laughable about it at the time, but our old drill-sergeant did. Finally we were ready to move; our tears were wiped away, our buttons were polished, and our muskets were as bright as emery-paper could make them. How our buttons and muskets did shine! We were brilliant there, if nowhere else.

"Wad" Rider, a member of our company, had come from a neighboring State to enlist with us. He was about eighteen years of age, red-headed, freckled-faced, good-natured, and rough, with a wonderful aptitude for crying or laughing from sympathy. Another comrade, whom I will call Jack, was honored with a call from his mother, a little woman, hardly reaching up to Jack's shoulder, with a sweet, motherly, careworn face. At the last moment, though she had tried hard to preserve her composure, as is the habit of New England people, she threw her arms around her boy's neck, and with an outburst of sob-

bing and crying, said: "My dear boy, my dear boy, what will your poor old mother do without you? You are going to fight for your country. Don't forget your mother, Jack; God bless you, God bless you!" We felt as if the mother's tears and blessing were a benediction over us all. There was a touch of nature in her homely sorrow and solicitude over her big boy, which drew tears of sympathy from my eyes as I thought of my own sorrowing mother at home. The sympathetic Wad Rider burst into tears and sobs. His eyes refused, as he expressed it, to "dry up," until, as we were moving off, Jack's mother, rushing toward him with a bundle tied like a wheat-sheaf, called out, in a most pathetic voice, "Jack! Jack! you've forgotten to take your pennyroyal." We all laughed, and so did Jack, and I think the laugh helped him more than the cry did. Everybody had said his last word; we were on the cars and off. Handkerchiefs were waved at us from all the houses we passed, and we cheered till we were hoarse, and then settled back and swung our handkerchiefs. Handkerchiefs did double duty that day. Just here let me name over the contents of my knapsack, as its contents were a fair sample of what all the volunteers started with. There were in it a pair of trowsers, two pairs of drawers, a pair of thick boots, four pairs of stockings, four flannel shirts, a blouse, a looking-glass, a can of peaches, a bottle of cough-mixture, a button-stick, chalk, razor and strop, the "tailor's shop" spoken of above, a Bible, a small volume of Shakspere, and writing utensils. To its top was strapped a double woolen blanket and a rubber one. It was boiling over, like a ripe cotton-pod. I remember, too, many other things left behind because of lack of room in or about the knapsack. We would have packed in a portable cooking-stove each had there been room.*

On our arrival in Boston we were marched through the streets — the first march of any consequence we had taken with our knapsacks and equipments on. Our dress consisted of a belt about the body, which held a cartridge-box and bayonet, a cross-belt, also a haversack and tin drinking-cup, a canteen, and, last but not least, the knapsack strapped to the back. The straps ran over, around, and about one, in confusion most perplexing to our unsophisticated shoulders; the knapsack giving one constantly the feeling that he was being pulled over backward. We marched along the streets, my canteen banging against my bayonet, both the tin cup and bayonet badly interfering with the butt of my musket, while my cartridge-box and haversack were constantly flopping up and down — the whole jangling like loose harness and chains on a runaway horse. I felt like old Atlas, with the world on his shoulders and the planetary system suspended around him. We marched into Boston Common, and I involuntarily cast my eye about for a bench. But for a former experience in offering advice, I should have proposed to the captain to "chip in" and hire a team to carry our equipments. Such was my first experience in war harness. Afterward, with hardened muscles, rendered athletic by long marches and invigorated by hardships, I could look back upon those days and smile, while carrying a knapsack as lightly as my heart. That morning my heart was as heavy as my knapsack. At last the welcome orders came: "Prepare to open ranks! Rear, open order, march! Right dress! Front! Order arms! Fix bayonets! Stack arms! Unsling knapsacks! In place, rest!"

The tendency of raw soldiers is to overload themselves on their first march. Experience only can teach them its disadvantages, and the picture I have attempted to draw is not exaggerated. On the first long march the reaction sets in, and the recruit goes to the opposite extreme, not carrying enough of the absolutely necessary baggage, and thereby becoming dependent upon his obliging comrades when a camp is reached. Old soldiers preserve a happy medium. I have seen a new regiment start out with all the indescribable material carried by raw troops, sometimes including sheet-iron stoves, and come back after a long march covered with more mud than baggage, stripped of everything except their blankets, haversacks, canteens, muskets, and cartridge-boxes. These were the times when the baggage of the new recruits was often worth more than their services.

During that afternoon in Boston, after marching and countermarching, or, as one of our farmer-boy recruits expressed it, after "hawing and geeing" around the streets, we were sent to Fort Independence for the night for safe-keeping. A company of regulars held the fort; guards walked their post with a stiffness and uprightness that was astonishing. They acted more like pieces of mechanism than men. Our first impression of these old regulars was that there was a needless amount of "wheel about and turn about, and walk just so," and of saluting, and presenting arms. We were all marched to our quarters within the fort, where we unslung our knapsacks. The first day's struggle with a

* It is said by a member of the Monticello Guards, a Confederate organization that took part in the Battle of Bull Run, that most of its members started to the front with an abundant supply of fine linen shirts.—ED.

knapsack over, the general verdict was "got too much of it." At supper-time we were marched to the dining-barracks, where our bill of fare was beefsteak, coffee, wheat bread, and potatoes, but not a sign of milk or butter. It struck me as queer when I heard that the army was never provided with butter and milk.

The next day we were started for Washington, by rail and boat, and the following morning we took breakfast in Philadelphia, where we were attended by matrons and maidens, who waited upon us with thoughtful tenderness, as if they had been our own mothers and sweethearts instead of strangers. They feasted us and then filled our haversacks. God bless them! If we did not quite appreciate them then, we did afterward. After embarking on the cars at Philadelphia, the waving of handkerchiefs was less and less noticeable along the route. We arrived in Baltimore late at night and marched through its deserted streets silently, as though we were criminals instead of patriots. On our arrival in Washington the next morning, we were marched to barracks, dignified by the name of "Soldiers' Retreat," where a half loaf of "soft-tack," as we had already begun to call wheat bread, was issued, together with a piece of "salt junk," about as big and tough as the heel of my government shoe, and a quart of coffee,— which constituted our breakfast. Our first day in Washington was spent in shaving, washing, polishing our brasses and buttons, and cleaning-up for inspection. A day or two later we moved to quarters not far from the armory, looking out on the broad Potomac, within sight of Long Bridge and the city of Alexandria. We were at the front, or near enough to satisfy our immediate martial desires.

The weather was so mild in that February, 1862, that many of us used the river for bathing, and found its temperature not uncomfortable. Here and there the sound of a gun broke the serenity, but otherwise the quiet seemed inconsistent with the war preparations going on around us. In the distance, across the wide bay, we could see the steeples and towers of the city of Alexandria, while up stream, on the right, was the Long Bridge. Here and there was to be seen the moving panorama of armed men, as a regiment crossed the bridge; a flash of sunlight on the polished muskets revealed them to the eye; while the white-topped army baggage-wagons filed over in constant procession, looking like sections of whitewashed fence in motion. The overgrown country village of that period, called Washington, can be described in a few words. There were wide streets stretching out from a common center like a spider's web. The Capitol, with its unfinished dome; the Patent Office, the Treasury, and the other public buildings, were in marked and classic contrast with the dilapidated, tumble-down, shabby look of the average homes, stores, groceries, and groggeries, which increased in shabbiness and dirty dilapidation as they receded from the center. Around the muddy streets wandered the long-faced, solemn-visaged hog, uttering sage grunts. The climate of Washington was genial, but the mud was fearful. I have drilled in it, marched in it, and run from the provost-guard in it, and I think I appreciate it from actual and familiar knowledge. In the lower quarter of the city there was not a piece of sidewalk. Even Pennsylvania Avenue, with its sidewalks, was extremely dirty; the cavalcade of teams, artillery caissons, and baggage-wagons, with their heavy wheels stirred the mud into a stiff batter for the pedestrian.

Officers in tinsel and gold lace were so thick on Pennsylvania Avenue that it was a severe trial for a private to walk there. The salute exacted by officers, of bringing the hand to the visor of the cap, extending the arm to its full length, then letting it drop by the side, was tiresome when followed up with the industry required by this horde. Perhaps I exaggerate, but in a half-hour's walk on the avenue I think I have saluted two hundred officers. Brigadier-generals were more numerous there than I ever knew them to be at the front. These officers, many of whom won their positions by political wire-pulling at Washington, we privates thought the great bane of the war; they ought to have been sent to the front rank of battle, to serve as privates until they had learned the duties of a soldier. Mingled with these gaudy, useless officers were citizens in search of fat contracts, privates, "non-com's," and officers whose uniforms were well worn and faded, showing that they were from the encampments and active service. Occasionally a regiment passed through the streets, on the way to camp; all surged up and down wide Pennsylvania Avenue.

This was shortly before the battle of Fort Donelson; and the first Bull Run, being the only considerable pitched battle up to that time, was still a never-failing topic of discussion and reminiscence among the men. When we fell in with soldiers who had been in the fight, we were inquisitive. Before enlisting, and while on a visit to a neighboring town, I was one evening at the village store, when the talk turned upon the duration of the war. Jim Tinkham, the clerk of the grocery store, announced his belief in a sixty days' war. I modestly asked for more time. The older ones agreed with Jim and argued, as was common at that time, that the Government would soon block-

ade all the Rebel ports and starve them out. Tinkham proposed to wager a supper for those present, if the Rebels did not surrender before snow came that year. I accepted. Neither of us put up any money, and in the excitement of the weeks which followed I had forgotten the wager. During my first week in Washington, who should I meet but Jim Tinkham, the apostle of the sixty-day theory. He was brown with sunburn, and clad in a rusty uniform which showed service in the field. He was a veteran, for he had been at the battle of Bull Run. He confidentially declared that after getting the order to retreat at that battle, he should not have stopped short of Boston if he had not been halted by a soldier with a musket, after crossing Long Bridge.

"They were enlisting a regiment for three months in our town," he said, "and I thought I'd come out with the rest of the boys and settle the war. Our regiment was camped near Alexandria, and the whole of us, the recruits, grew impatient to end the war and get home to see the folks. I tell you, we were glad when we were told to get ready for a march. We left our knapsacks and heavy luggage in camp with a few old fellows and sick ones, who grieved because they couldn't go on the excursion and help the Secesh out of Virginia.

"They gave us rations of salt junk, hardtack, sugar, and coffee. Each man carried his rubber and woolen blanket, forty rounds of cartridges, a canteen, his gun and equipments, and most of us a patent drinking-tube. I threw away the salt junk and hardtack, and filled my haversack with peach-pie, cakes, and goodies. I hadn't been on the march an hour before I realized that it might not be such fun, after all. There was a thirty-two-pound gun mooring on the road, with sixteen or eighteen horses to pull it. Finally, two or three companies were detailed to help the horses. The weather was scorching hot, but the most trying thing was the jerky way they marched us. Sometimes they'd double-quick us, and again they'd keep us standing in the road waiting in the hot sun for half an hour, then start us ahead again a little way, then halt us again, and so on. The first day we marched until after sundown, and when we halted for the night we were the tiredest crowd of men I ever saw.

"The next day was the 17th of July. I had eaten up all my pies and cakes and was hungry, so I stopped at a house and asked if they would sell me something to eat. There were three negro girls, a white woman, and her daughter, in the house. The white folks were proud and unaccommodating. They said the Yankees had stolen everything — all their 'truck,' as they called it; but when I took out a handful of silver change, they brought me a cold Johnny-cake and some chicken. As I was leaving the house, the daughter said: 'You'n Yanks are right peart just now, but you'ns'll come back soon a right smart quicker than yer'r going, I recken!' — a prophecy we fulfilled to the letter.

"We marched helter-skelter nearly all night without orders to stop, until, just before daylight, we halted near a little building they called a church (Pohick Church). I kept up on the march with my company, though my feet were blistered and my bones ached badly.

"The first gun of the fight I heard," added Tinkham, "was when we were eight or ten miles from Centreville, on the afternoon of the 18th of July, the engagement at Blackburn's ford. We were hurried up at double-quick and marched in the direction of the firing until we reached Centreville, about eleven o'clock that night. It looked like war, and no mistake, in the morning. Batteries and stacked arms lined the roads; officers on horseback were everywhere; regiments were marching on to the field, and excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. On the 20th more Virginians came into camp, looking, as they said, for negroes, and complaining of our soldiers. We got new rations of beef and pork, and, very early on the morning of the 21st, we marched through Centreville up the turnpike road. Near Cub Run we saw carriages and barouches which contained civilians who had driven out from Washington to witness the operations. A Connecticut boy said: 'There's our Senator!' and some of our men recognized Senator Wilson and other members of Congress. Every one of us expected to have our names in the papers when we got home. We thought it wasn't a bad idea to have the great men from Washington come out to see us thrash the Rebs.

"That day was the hottest one I ever experienced. We marched and marched and double-quicked, and didn't appear to get ahead at all. Every one of whom we inquired the distance to Manassas Junction said five miles, and after a while they would say ten miles instead of five, and we know now that that was under the truth. Then we began to throw away our blankets. After a while we turned off from the main road into a cart path which led through the woods and dry, dusty, worn-out fields. At last we arrived at Sudley's ford and rested, while several regiments, under General Hunter, waded Bull Run. While here we could see shells bursting in little round clouds in the air far to the left of us down the Run. The dust rising on the roads ahead was said to be the Rebel army advancing to

fight us. We were going to have a fight; there was but little doubt about it now!

"We soon followed the others across Bull Run and came to a field on a hill (near the Matthews house), where we saw dead and wounded men. It made me feel faint to look at them. A battery of the enemy had just left a position in front of us. An officer here rode up, pointed toward the enemy, and said something which was not distinguishable to me, but the boys began exclaiming: 'Hurrah, they are running!'—'The Rebels are running!'—'It's General McDowell! He says they are running!' On the right of us was a battery, in the field, the guns of which were fired as fast as the men could load. One of the men on the battery told me afterward that they made the Rebel battery change position every fifteen minutes. We advanced to the crest, fired a volley, and saw the Rebels running toward the road below (the Warrenton turnpike). Then we were ordered to lie down and load. We aimed at the puffs of smoke we saw rising in front and on the left of us. The men were all a good deal excited. Our rear rank had singed the hair of the front rank, who were more afraid of them than of the Rebels.

"The next thing I remember was the order to advance, which we did under a scattering fire; we crossed the turnpike, and ascending a little way, were halted in a depression or cut in the road which runs from Sudley's ford. The boys were saying constantly, in great glee: 'We've whipped them.' 'We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree.' 'They are running.' 'The war is over.' About noon there wasn't much firing, and we were of the opinion that the enemy had all run away. There was a small wooden house on the hill, rising from the left-hand side of the road as we were going, where, we afterward heard, a Mrs. Henry, an invalid, had been killed in the engagement.* About one o'clock the fence skirting the road at the foot of the hill was pulled down to let our batteries (Griffin's and Ricketts's) pass up to the plateau. The batteries were in the open field near us. We were watching to see what they'd do next, when a terrible volley was poured into them. It was like a pack of Fourth-of-July fire-crackers under a barrel, magnified a thousand times. The Rebels had crept upon them unawares, and the men at the batteries were about all killed or wounded."

Here let me interrupt Tinkham's narrative to say that one of the artillery-men there engaged has since told me that, though he had been in several battles since, he had seldom seen worse destruction in so short a time. He said they saw a regiment advancing, and the natural inference was that they were Rebels. But an officer insisted it was a New York regiment which was expected for support, and so no order was given to fire on them. "Then came a tremendous explosion of musketry," said the artillery-man, "and all was confusion. Wounded men with dripping wounds were clinging to caissons, to which were attached frightened and wounded horses. Horses attached to caissons rushed through the infantry ranks. I saw three horses galloping off, dragging a fourth, which was dead.

"The dead cannoniers lay with the rammers of the guns and sponges and lanyards still in their hands. The battery was annihilated by those volleys in a moment. Those who could get away didn't wait. We had no supports near enough to protect us properly, and the enemy were within seventy yards of us when that volley was fired. Our battery being demolished in that way was the beginning of our defeat at Bull Run," said this old regular.

"Did the volunteers fight well?" I inquired.

"Yes, the men fought well and showed pluck. I've seen a good deal worse fighting and I've seen better since. I saw the Rebels advance and try to drag away those eleven guns three times, but they were driven back by steady volleys from our infantry. Then some of our men tried to drag the guns away, but were ordered to take their places in the ranks to fight. They couldn't be spared!"

But, to return to Tinkham's recollections of the fight:

"It must have been four o'clock in the afternoon," he said, "at a time when our fire had become scattered and feeble, that the rumor passed from one to another that the Rebels had got reënforcements. Where are ours? we asked. There was no confusion or panic then, but discouragement. And at this juncture, from the woods ahead, on each side of the Sudley ford road, there came terrible volleys. The Confederates were in earnest. A wounded Southerner lying near me said earnestly and repeatedly: 'Thank God, I die for my country!' Our men began to feel it was no use to fight without reënforcements. They fell back steadily, cursing their generals because no reënforcements were sent to them. The men had now in most cases been marching and fighting thirteen hours. The absence of general officers con-

* Mrs. Judith Henry, bedridden from old age, was living in the house with her children. When the battle opened near the Matthews house, a mile away, Mrs. Henry was carried for safety into a ravine on the left, below the Sudley road. A little later the house seemed to be the safest place, and she was carried back to her bed. For a time the house was in the line of the artillery fire from both sides. Mrs. Henry received five wounds from fragments of shells and died two hours after the battle.— ED.

vinced us more than anything else that it was no use to fight longer. The enemy were pressing us, and we fell back. We didn't run!"

Complaint against the officers, like this by Tinkham, was common among the privates with whom I talked. Said another man to me:

"The fault was, we were not well disciplined or officered. I noticed in the reports that several Rebel generals and commissioned officers were killed and wounded. You'll notice, on the other hand, that but very few of ours were.* Companies, and in some instances regiments, were commanded by non-commissioned officers, on account of the absence of those of higher rank."

An old regular said to me regarding the stampede:

"That was the fault of the officers who allowed the baggage-wagons to come to the front, instead of being parked at Centreville. The stampede and confusion began among them first. Why, the men were so little frightened when they began to fall back in groups scattered through the fields that I saw them stop frequently to pick blackberries. Frightened men don't act in that way. At Cub Run, between the Stone Bridge and Centreville, the irresponsible teamsters, with the baggage-wagons, were all crowded together near the bridge, and were in a desperate hurry to cross. A Rebel battery began dropping shell in among them, and thus demolished some of the wagons and blocked the way. The confusion and hurry and excitement then began. The drivers on the south side, finding they couldn't cross with their wagons, now began to cut their traces and mount their horses and hurry away. Those who drove baggage-wagons on the safe side of Cub Run then began to desert them and cut the traces and shout and gallop off. The infantry, seeing this confusion and not understanding the cause of it, quickened their pace. Soon the narrow road became filled with flying troops, horses, baggage-wagons, and carriages. Then the volunteers began to throw away their muskets and equipments, so as to stand an even chance in the race. Here and there, all along the route, abandoned wagons had been overturned and were blocking the way. One white-headed citizen, an old man, looking very sorrowful, stood directing the soldiers on their way to Washington, saying: 'You'd better hurry on, or the cavalry will cut off your retreat!' The houses all along the route were filled with wounded men, while the ambulances were filled with officers hastening to Washington. Soldiers here and there marched in groups, and sorrowfully discussed the situation and its causes. The expression heard on every side among them was: 'Why were not the reserves brought up from Centreville to help us?' 'Why didn't they bring up the troops from Fairfax Court House?'"—questions, it seems to me, hard to answer, even if they did come from private soldiers running away from the field of Bull Run!

Warren Lee Goss.

* The official reports show the losses of officers to be — Federal: killed, 19; wounded, 64; missing, 40; total, 123. Confederate: killed, 25; wounded, 63; missing, 1; total, 89. In view of these figures, it would seem that the Federal officers were at least as exposed to danger as the Confederates. That they were relatively to the enemy no less brave than their own men, would appear from this table (from official records) of losses of enlisted men — Federal: killed, 462; wounded, 947; missing, 1176; total, 2585. Confederate: killed, 362; wounded, 1519; missing, 12; total, 1893. The proportion of officers lost to men lost is, on the Federal side, 1 to 21; on the Confederate side, 1 to 21.27; too slight a difference upon which to formulate theories of bravery. — ED.

A PHASE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

IN a striking passage in his "History of England" (vol. I., p. 332, Am. ed.) Macaulay calls attention to the contrast between the social condition of England in the seventeenth century and the nineteenth. He says:

"There is scarcely a page in the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harder. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. . . . As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of an humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there,

whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. . . . The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the negro slave — which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winches at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer."

It is nearly thirty years since these words were written. It is interesting to speculate how much more strongly and strikingly they might have been emphasized if they had been written to-day. What we call social science, or the study which concerns itself with the elevation of men in their homes and in their social and municipal relations, was then comparatively in its infancy. The wide-spread activity of individuals and associations busying themselves with the condition of the pauper and criminal classes; the devotion of women of wealth, leisure, and social refinement to the reform and improvement of our jails and hospitals and almshouses; the active interest and expenditure of capitalists in the improvement of the homes of the poor; the scientific study of questions of drainage and ventilation, of foods and food supply; the whole subject of the rights of women and their emancipation from restrictive and oppressive prejudices; the mutual obligations of employer and employed, with the closely related questions of strikes and trades-unions, coöperative building and manufacturing schemes, and the like; the societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and for the better provision for the education and recreation of the poor, the laboring classes, the crippled, the blind, and the deaf and dumb,— all these manifold forms of activity in the interest of the advancement and elevation of society are largely the product of the last quarter of a century.

What now is their relation to Christian ethics? or, to put the question, as I prefer to do, in a more concrete and homely way, What has the religion of the New Testament to say to our modern social science?

Two things, it seems to me, it has to say with equal emphasis and explicitness, one of them in the way of warning and the other of encouragement.

And, first, in the way of warning. The moment that men begin to grapple with the evils which afflict society, they are in danger of forgetting or ignoring the everlasting principle of personal responsibility. In the face of poverty, disease, unemployed labor, intemperance, and kindred forms of human wretchedness, the first impulse of a humane spirit is to devise some means of relieving these various ills without adequately recognizing the causes which have produced them. Hence we have those public and private institutions of charity which are so preëminently the characteristic of our own generation. No sooner does the cry of want arise than some benevolent hand opens the door of a refuge or lodging-house, where men and women are fed and housed without money and without price. No sooner does a man fall behind in the strife of trade or the professions than he turns to the charitable to carry him over the hard times until some rising tide of prosperity shall fill the channels of his wonted calling. No sooner does an unscrupulous father abandon his family, or an extravagant mother prefer to appropriate her earnings to drink or dress instead of spending them in the decent maintenance of her children, than some institution steps forward to take the custody of the children and relieve the parents of their charge. "Don't you think we had better send such a one's children to the Home for the Friendless?" said a warm-hearted woman to a neighbor. "On what ground?" was asked. "Because their mother neglects them so habitually," was the answer, as though it would be wiser to disband a family than to educate its head into a wiser and more Christian recognition of her duty to her own offspring. A man may make his home a hell and his children congenital drunkards and vagabonds, and the most efficient method of dealing with his vices which we seem thus far to have devised is to send his family to the poor-house and himself to the inebriate asylum. Over against every form of thriftlessness and prodigality we erect an institution to interpose between the individual and the righteous penalty of his own extravagance. It is the bitterest cause of the philanthropy of our generation that it has created a sentiment among the poor, the reckless, the intemperate, and the indolent, that, somehow or other, come what may, they will be provided for.

I arraign this policy on the ground that it traverses the plain teaching of that most helpful volume which has ever been given to men, and which we know as the New Testament. I open the pages of that volume and I read: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." I open them again and I read: "He that provideth not for his household is worse than an infidel." And again: "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." And yet

again: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." I find the great Apostle to the Gentiles setting an example of self-respecting independence which is at once an inspiration and a rebuke to all subsequent time, by working at his trade as a tent-maker with his own hands. I read in his letter to the Church at Ephesus: "Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good"; and in all these various passages I see so many side-lights throwing into stronger relief the great principle that that social compassion is neither wise nor Christian which lifts the burden of individual obligation or interposes to arrest the penalty of personal unfaithfulness.

Nay, more, I arraign our social policy on another and still higher ground. A Christian socialism must needs be based on the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and in its practical workings it will think more of the influence of what it does upon its brother man than upon its own feelings. But our ordinary dealing with the social problems of our own time is like that of a weak mother who will not chastise her child nor suffer him to be chastised because of the pain which it causes to her own feelings. It does not occur to her that such a course of conduct is inspired, not by maternal love, but by personal selfishness. If you loved your child you would deal with him, not as your mere feelings dictated, but as his highest interests demanded; and even so, if you love your brother man you will do for him, not what he wants you to do for him, but what he needs to have done for him. But we have cultivated a morbid sentimentalism in regard to individual suffering until there must be no form of misery which we cannot straightway hustle out of sight or effusively relieve. It is enough for us that a sturdy personage sits on the curb-stone begging. Where did he come from? How long has he been there? What is the truth or falsehood of his story? These are questions for which we have no time and less taste. "Here is a half-dollar, my man! A plague on those hard-hearted theorists who declaim against the giving of doles in the street! Do you say that you want more? Well, then, here is a ticket for a night's lodging or a free bed in the Home for the Homeless;" and, having buttoned up our pocket-books once more, we pass on with a comfortable sense of our superior benevolence. Here, again, it does not occur to us that we should have done better if we had merely given our brother a kick and passed on. Yes, a thousand times better! for a kick would have been, at most, merely a physical indignity, whereas, as it is, we have subjected this fellow-creature of ours to the keenest moral indignity, for we have said to him, by an act far more eloquently expressive than any words, "Morally you are already on the way to that most abject degradation, a state of chronic pauperism. Well, then, lie there where you are in the gutter and rot. I have no time or inclination to help you to stand upon your own feet. It is easier and more congenial to leave you where you are, and by what I may do for you to encourage you to stay there." It is high time for men to ask the question whether this is or is not substantially the teaching of our social beneficence, as we actually see it about us.

And here, as I believe, enters the domain of Christian ethics. There is much of human suffering, ignorance, and poverty which is the fruit of misfortune, that it is our plain duty always and everywhere to relieve. There is much more which is the fruit of indolence and thriftlessness and vice. To interfere between this latter and its penalty is not and never was meant to be the promise of our social science; nor, if I read the New Testament aright, is this the teaching of its pages or of the Master himself. "Give us of your oil," cry the improvident and foolish virgins to their wise and more provident companions, and according to the teaching of our modern socialism and of much of our modern philanthropy the answer ought to have been, "Certainly, dear sisters, take the larger share, and so learn how generous we can be to others less forecasting than ourselves"; but in fact the answer is, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you, but go ye and *buy for yourselves.*"

But again, the mission of Christian ethics to our modern social science is to speak not only a word of warning, but also a word of encouragement. That branch of science has concerned itself largely in our own generation with the relations of capital to labor, with the improvement of men's homes and streets, of prisons and almshouses and hospitals. One of the most encouraging features of the social progress of our time has been the hearty and often generous interest which landlords and capitalists, men of science and men of the various professions, have shown in bringing every latest scientific discovery to bear upon the practical elevation of the poor, and the physical and intellectual improvement of the less favored. The immense sums of money spent for placing educational advantages within the reach of the masses who spend their lives in daily toil, and the sums, scarcely less vast, which, in our mother country if not in our own, have been spent in building model cot-

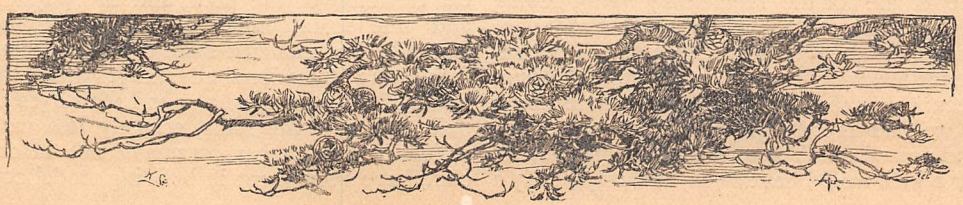
tages and tenements, and even factories for the poor, is a demonstration of this. But in all this expenditure of money and wealth there is often involved an experience of discouragement which it is idle to ignore. The classes who are most benefited by these reforms do not care for social science. Model dwellings and rules of hygiene are equally distasteful and uninteresting to them. If you appeal to them to conform their lives to wiser rules of cleanliness, temperance, frugality, and forecast, too often you appeal to them in vain. Essays on light and drainage and ventilation, which laboriously you circulate among them, are left unread. Even the most elaborate and costly schemes for their advantage fail of any practical effect. It is tolerably well ascertained, for instance, that the Peabody lodging-houses have not reached, or, at any rate, have not greatly benefited, the class for whom they were designed. These have shunned homes involving rules of decency, cleanliness, and self-restraint, which would have been to them intolerable, as they would have shunned a prison; and the Peabody model tenements became the homes of the better class of skilled mechanics, and even of clergymen and other professional men, by whom they were in no sense needed. In other words, no argument of the science of sociology by itself was strong enough efficiently to reach the class to whom it was addressed.

But when social reforms have allied themselves to the spirit and motives of the New Testament, when a woman like Octavia Hill has gone into the homes of the poor to reform the evils of London tenements, not with the power of mere money or mere organization, or merely scientific theories, but with the power of personal sympathy, the situation has been wholly changed. The transforming power of his love who "having loved his own, loved them unto the end," has transfused the spirit of scientific reform with the spell of self-sacrificing and Christ-like enthusiasm. It has taught men that highest motive for coöperating in the upbuilding of a higher and purer social law and life, which is to be found in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. It has quickened the brain and the hand of science with the magic spell of love. It has enlarged the vision of the reformer to see in human society, here and now, the type and prophecy of that diviner society yet to be. And so, when men's hearts have grown cold and their hands weary, with what has seemed so often a futile and fruitless grapple with the evils which afflict society, it has bidden them lift their eyes to One who gave *himself* for his brethren, and so has taught them a lesson of immortal hope and patience!

And this is the message of encouragement which Christian ethics brings to our social science of to-day. How shall we deal with these urgent social problems of the hour — whether they concern the reclaiming of our fallen brethren and sisters here at our very side, or our fellow-creature, the despised Chinaman, who has found his way to our far-off Pacific coast, save as we look at each and every one of them in the light that streams from the cross of One who gave himself *to lift men up?* In such a spirit is the mighty influence that is to reach and redeem society; and when our whole social philosophy is interpenetrated and saturated with that spirit, then and not till then shall our social problems find their final solution.

And therefore, when we find ourselves discouraged — as who of us does not?—with the slowness of that progress which any social reform makes among us,— when we face the obduracy, the prejudice, the dense and stolid ignorance, which almost any and every movement in the interests of a sounder social science is sure to encounter,— this becomes at once our loftiest motive and our most lasting encouragement. We are not working for an hour or a day; we are not striving for the advance of a race which was born yesterday and will perish to-morrow. Our faith in social progress is at once part and prophecy of a grander future. Over all that *we* do to make life cleaner and wiser and healthier, moves the plan of Him whose will it is to make His children immortal. And our social science will be a spell of power and blessing among men just in so far as it is transfused by His spirit and ennobled by His love.

Henry C. Potter.



FREE JOE AND THE REST OF THE WORLD.



THE name of Free Joe strikes humorously upon the ear of memory. It is impossible to say why, for he was the humblest, the simplest, and the most serious of all God's living creatures, sadly lacking in all those elements that suggest the humorous. It is certain, moreover, that in 1850 the sober-minded citizens of the little Georgian village of Hillsborough were not inclined to take a humorous view of Free Joe, and neither his name nor his presence provoked a smile. He was a black atom, drifting hither and thither without an owner, blown about by all the winds of circumstance and given over to shiftlessness.

The problems of one generation are the paradoxes of a succeeding one, particularly if war, or some such incident, intervenes to clarify the atmosphere and strengthen the understanding. Thus, in 1850, Free Joe represented not only a problem of large concern, but, in the watchful eyes of Hillsborough, he was the embodiment of that vague and mysterious danger that seemed to be forever lurking on the outskirts of slavery, ready to sound a shrill and ghostly signal in the impenetrable swamps and steal forth under the midnight stars to murder, rapine, and pillage; a danger always threatening, and yet never assuming shape; intangible, and yet real; impossible, and yet not improbable. Across the serene and smiling front of safety the pale outlines of the awful shadow of insurrection sometimes fell. With this invisible panorama as a background, it was natural that the figure of Free Joe, simple and humble as it was, should assume undue proportions. Go where he would, do what he might, he could not escape the finger of observation and the kindling eye of suspicion. His lightest words were noted, his slightest actions marked.

Under all the circumstances it was natural that his peculiar condition should reflect itself in his habits and manners. The slaves laughed loudly day by day, but Free Joe rarely laughed. The slaves sang at their work and danced at their frolics, but no one ever heard Free Joe sing or saw him dance. There was something painfully plaintive and appealing in his attitude, something touching in his anxiety to please. He was of the friendliest nature, and seemed to be delighted when he could amuse the little children who had made a playground of the public square. At times he would please them by making his little dog Dan perform all sorts of curious tricks, or he would tell them quaint stories of the beasts of the field and birds of the air; and frequently he was coaxed into relating the story of his own freedom. That story was brief, but tragical.

In the year of our Lord 1840, when a negro-speculator of a sportive turn of mind reached the little village of Hillsborough on his way to the Mississippi region, with a caravan of likely negroes of both sexes, he found much to interest him. In that day and at that time there were a number of young men in the village who had not bound themselves over to repentance for the various misdeeds of the flesh. To these young men the negro-speculator (Major Compton was his name) proceeded to address himself. He was a Virginian, he declared, and, to prove the statement, he referred all the festively inclined young men of Hillsborough to a barrel of peach brandy in one of his covered wagons. In the minds of these young men there was less doubt in regard to the age and quality of the brandy than there was in regard to the negro-trader's birthplace. Major Compton might or might not have been born in the Old Dominion,— that was a matter for consideration and inquiry; but there could be no question as to the mellow pungency of the peach brandy.



THE GREAT GAME OF POKER.

In his own estimation Major Compton was one of the most accomplished of men. He had summered at the Virginia Springs; he had been to Philadelphia, to Washington, to Richmond, to Lynchburg, and to Charleston, and had accumulated a great deal of experience, which he found useful. Hillsborough was hid in the woods of middle Georgia, and its general aspect of innocence impressed him. He looked on the young men who had shown their readiness to test his peach brandy as overgrown country boys who needed to be introduced to some of the arts and sciences he had at his command. Thereupon the Major pitched his tents, figuratively speaking, and became, for the time being, a part and parcel of the innocence that characterized Hillsborough. A wiser man would doubtless have made the same mistake.

The little village possessed advantages that seemed to be providentially arranged to fit the various enterprises that Major Compton had in view. There was the auction-block in front of the stuccoed court-house, if he desired to dispose of a few of his negroes; there was a quarter-track, laid out to his hand and in excellent order, if he chose to enjoy the pleasures of horse-racing; there were secluded pine thickets within easy reach, if he desired to indulge in the exciting pastime of cock-fighting; and various lonely and unoccupied rooms in the second story of the tavern, if he cared to challenge the chances of dice or cards.

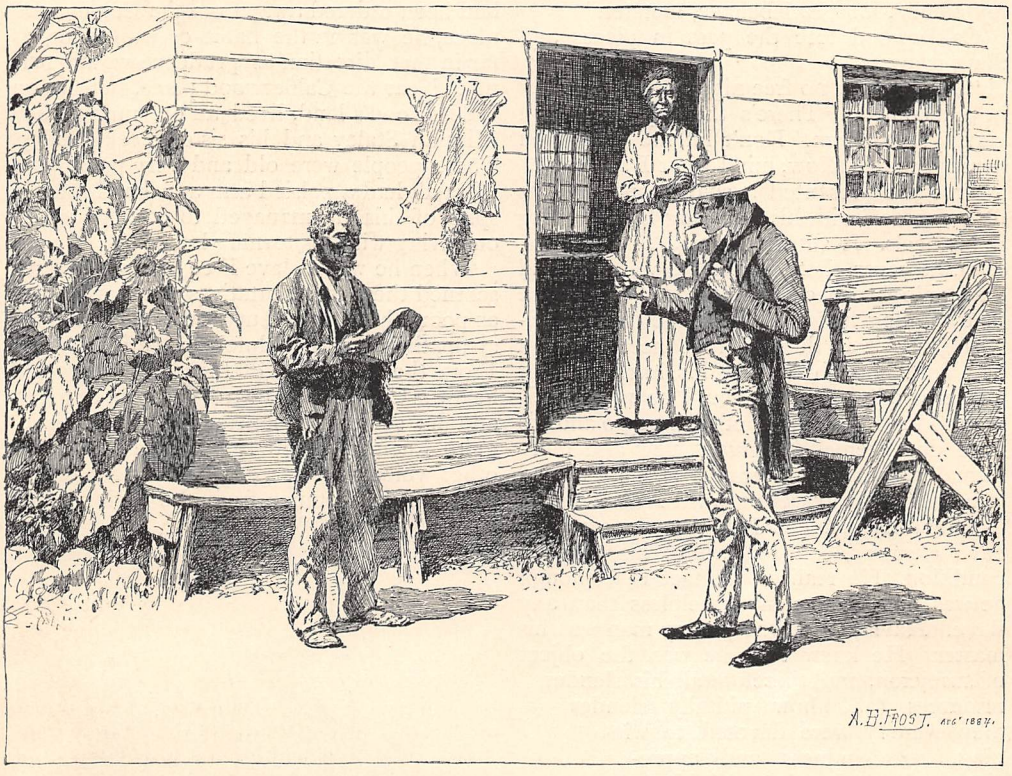
Major Compton tried them all with varying luck, until he began his famous game of poker with Judge Alfred Wellington, a stately gentleman with a flowing white beard and mild blue eyes that gave him the appearance of a benevolent patriarch. The history of the game in which Major Compton and Judge Alfred Wellington took part is something more than a tradition in Hillsborough, for there are still living three or four men who sat around the table and watched its progress. It is said that at various stages of the game Major Compton would destroy the cards with which they were playing, and send for a new pack, but the result was always the same. The mild blue eyes of Judge Wellington, with few exceptions, continued to overlook "hands" that were invincible—a habit they had acquired during a long and arduous course of training from Saratoga to New Orleans. Major Compton lost his money, his horses, his wagons, and all his negroes but one, his body-servant. When his misfortune had reached this limit the Major adjourned the game. The sun was shining brightly, and all nature was cheerful. Is is said that the Major

also seemed to be cheerful. However this may be, he visited the court-house and executed the papers that gave his body-servant his freedom. This being done, Major Compton sauntered into a convenient pine thicket and blew out his brains.

The negro thus freed came to be known as Free Joe. Compelled, under the law, to choose a guardian, he chose Judge Wellington, chiefly because his wife Lucinda was among the negroes won from Major Compton. For several years Free Joe had what may be called a jovial time. His wife Lucinda was well provided for, and he found it a comparatively easy matter to provide for himself; so that, taking all the circumstances into consideration, it is not matter for astonishment that he became somewhat shiftless.

When Judge Wellington died, Free Joe's troubles began. The Judge's negroes, including Lucinda, went to his half-brother, a man named Calderwood, who was a hard master and a rough customer generally — a man of many eccentricities of mind and character. His neighbors had a habit of alluding to him as "Old Spite," and the name seemed to fit him so completely that he was known far and near as "Spite" Calderwood. He probably enjoyed the distinction the name gave him; at any rate, he never resented it, and it was not often that he missed an opportunity to show that he deserved it. Calderwood's place was two or three miles from the village of Hillsborough, and Free Joe visited his wife twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday nights.

One Sunday he was sitting in front of Lucinda's cabin when Calderwood happened to pass that way.



"CALDERWOOD READ IT ALOUD SLOWLY."

"Howdy, marster?" said Free Joe, taking off his hat.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Calderwood abruptly, halting and staring at the negro.

"I'm name' Joe, marster. I'm Lucindy's ole man."

"Who do you belong to?"

"Marse John Evans is my gyardeen, marster."

"Big name — gyardeen. Show your pass."

Free Joe produced that document, and Calderwood read it aloud slowly, as if he found it difficult to get at the meaning:

"*To whom it may concern: This is to certify that the boy Joe Compton has my permission to visit his wife Lucinda.*"

This was dated at Hillsborough, and signed "*John W. Evans.*"

Calderwood read it twice and then looked at Free Joe, elevating his eyebrows and showing his discolored teeth.

"Some mighty big words in that there. Evans owns this place, I reckon. When's he comin' down to take hold?"

Free Joe fumbled with his hat. He was badly frightened.

"Lucindy say she speck you wouldn't min' my comin', long ez I behave, marster."

Calderwood tore the pass in pieces and flung it away.

"Don't want no free niggers 'round here," he exclaimed. "There's the big road. It'll carry you to town. Don't let me catch you here no more. Now, mind what I tell you."

Free Joe presented a shabby spectacle as he moved off with his little dog Dan slinking at his heels. It should be said in behalf of Dan, however, that his bristles were up, and that he looked back and growled. It may be that the dog had the advantage of insignificance, but it is difficult to conceive how a dog bold enough to raise his bristles under Calderwood's very eyes could be as insignificant as Free Joe. But both the negro and his little dog seemed to give a new and more dismal aspect to forlornness as they turned into the road and went toward Hillsborough.

After this incident Free Joe appeared to have clearer ideas concerning his peculiar condition. He realized the fact that though he was free he was more helpless than any slave. Having no owner, every man was his master. He knew that he was the object of suspicion, and therefore all his slender resources (ah! how pitifully slender they were!) were devoted to winning, not kindness and appreciation, but toleration; all his efforts were in the direction of mitigating the circumstances that tended to make his condition so much worse than that of the negroes around him—negroes who had friends because they had masters.

So far as his own race was concerned Free Joe was an exile. If the slaves secretly envied him his freedom (which is to be doubted, considering his miserable condition), they openly despised him, and lost no opportunity to treat him with contumely. Perhaps this was in some measure the result of the attitude which Free Joe chose to maintain toward them. No doubt his instinct taught him that to hold himself aloof from the slaves would be to invite from the whites the toleration which he coveted, and without which even his miserable condition would be rendered more miserable still.

His greatest trouble was the fact that he was not allowed to visit his wife; but he soon found a way out of this difficulty. After he had been ordered away from the Calderwood place, he was in the habit of wandering as far in that direction as prudence would permit. Near the Calderwood place, but not on Calderwood's land, lived an old man named Micajah Staley and his sister, Becky Staley. These people were old and very poor. Old Micajah had a palsied arm and hand, but, in spite of this, he managed to earn a precarious living with his turning-lathe.

When he was a slave Free Joe would have scorned these representatives of a class known as poor white trash, but now he found them sympathetic and helpful in various ways. From the back door of their cabin he could hear the Calderwood negroes singing at night, and he sometimes fancied he could distinguish Lucinda's shrill treble rising above the other voices. A large poplar grew in the woods some distance from the Staley cabin,



FREE JOE AT THE POPLAR.

and at the foot of this tree Free Joe would sit for hours, with his face turned toward Calderwood's. His little dog Dan would curl up in the leaves near by, and the two seemed to be as comfortable as possible.

One Saturday afternoon Free Joe, sitting at the foot of this friendly poplar, fell asleep. How long he slept he could not tell; but when he awoke little Dan was licking his face, the moon was shining brightly, and Lucinda, his wife, stood before him, laughing. The dog, seeing that Free Joe was asleep, had grown somewhat impatient, and he concluded to make an excursion to the Calderwood place on his own account. Lucinda was inclined to give the incident a twist in the direction of superstition.

"I 'uz settin' down front er de fire-place," she said, "cookin' me some meat, w'en all of a sudden I year sumpin at de do'— scratch, scratch. I tuck'n tu'n de meat over, en make out I aint year it. Bimeby it come dar 'gin — scratch, scratch. I up en open de do', I did, en, bless de Lord! dar wuz little Dan, en it look like ter me dat his ribs done grow tergeer. I gin 'im some bread, en den, w'en he start out, I tuck'n foller 'im, kaze, I say ter myse'f, maybe my nigger man mought be some'rs 'roun'. Dat ar little dog got sense, mon."

Free Joe laughed and dropped his hand lightly on Dan's head. For a long time after that he had no difficulty in seeing his wife. He had only to sit by the poplar-tree until little Dan could run and fetch her. But after a while the other negroes discovered that Lucinda was meeting Free Joe in the woods, and information of the fact soon reached Calderwood's ears. Calderwood was what is called a man of action. He said nothing; but one day he put Lucinda in his buggy and carried her to Macon, sixty miles away. He carried her to Macon and came back without her, and nobody in or around Hillsborough, or in that section, ever saw her again.

For many a night after that Free Joe sat in the woods and waited. Little Dan would run merrily off and be gone a long time, but he always came back without Lucinda. This happened over and over again. The "willis-whistlers" would call and call, like phantom huntsmen wandering on a far-off shore; the screech-owl would shake and shiver in the depths of the woods; the night-hawks, sweeping by on noiseless wings, would snap their beaks as though they enjoyed the huge joke of which Free Joe and little Dan were the victims; and the whip-poor-wills would cry to each other through the gloom. Each night seemed to be lonelier than the preceding, but Free Joe's patience was proof against loneliness. There came a time, however, when little Dan refused to go after Lucinda. When Free Joe motioned him in the direction of the Calderwood place, he would simply move about uneasily and whine; then he would curl up in the leaves and make himself comfortable.

One night, instead of going to the poplar-tree to wait for Lucinda, Free Joe went to the Staley cabin, and, in order to make his welcome good, as he expressed it, he carried with him an armful of fat-pine splinters. Miss Becky Staley had a great reputation in those parts as a fortune-teller, and the school-girls, as well as older people, often tested her powers in this direction, some in jest and some in earnest. Free Joe placed his humble offering of light-wood in the chimney-corner, and then seated himself on the steps, dropping his hat on the ground outside.

"Miss Becky," he said presently, "whar in de name er gracious you reckon Lucindy is?"

"Well, the Lord he'p the nigger!" exclaimed Miss Becky, in a tone that seemed to reproduce, by some curious agreement of sight with sound, her general aspect of peakedness. "Well, the Lord he'p the nigger! haint you been a-seein' her all this blessed time? She's over at old Spite Calderwood's, if she's anywheres, I reckon."

"No'm, dat I aint, Miss Becky. I aint seen Lucindy in now gwine on mighty nigh a mont'."

"Well, it haint a-gwine to hurt you," said Miss Becky, somewhat sharply. "In my day an' time it wuz allers took to be a bad sign when niggers got to honeyin' 'roun' an' gwine on."

"Yessum," said Free Joe, cheerfully assenting to the proposition—"Yessum, dat's so, but me an' my ole 'oman, we 'uz raise tergeer, en dey aint bin many days w'en we 'uz 'way fum one 'n'er like we is now."

"May be she's up an' took up wi' some un else," said Micajah Staley from the corner. "You know what the sayin' is, 'New master, new nigger.'"

"Dat's so, dat's de sayin', but taint wid my ole 'oman like 'tis wid yuther niggers. Me en her wuz des natally raise up tergeer. Dey's lots likelier niggers dan w'at I is," said Free Joe, viewing his shabbiness with a critical eye, "but I knows Lucindy mos' good ez I does little Dan dar — dat I does."

There was no reply to this, and Free Joe continued:

"Miss Becky, I wish you please, ma'am, take en run yo' kyards en see sump'n n'er 'bout Lucindy; kaze ef she sick, I'm gwine dar. Dey ken take en take me up en gimme a stroppin', but I'm gwine dar."

Miss Becky got her cards, but first she picked up a cup, in the bottom of which were some

coffee-grounds. These she whirled slowly round and round, ending finally by turning the cup upside down on the hearth and allowing it to remain in that position.

"I'll turn the cup first," said Miss Becky, "and then I'll run the cards and see what they say."

As she shuffled the cards the fire on the hearth burned low, and in its fitful light the gray-haired, thin-featured woman seemed to deserve the weird reputation which rumor and gossip had given her. She shuffled the cards for some moments, gazing intently in the dying fire; then, throwing a piece of pine on the coals, she made three divisions of the pack, disposing them about in her lap. Then she took the first pile, ran the cards slowly through her fingers, and studied them carefully. To the first she added the second pile. The study of these was evidently not satisfactory. She said nothing, but frowned heavily; and the frown deepened as she added the rest of the cards until the entire fifty-two had passed in review before her. Though she frowned, she seemed to be deeply interested. Without changing the relative position of the cards she ran them all over again. Then she threw a larger piece of pine on the fire, shuffled the cards afresh, divided them into three piles, and subjected them to the same careful and critical examination.

"I can't tell the day when I've seed the cards run this a-way," she said after a while. "What is an' what aint, I'll never tell you; but I know what the cards sez."

"W'at does dey say, Miss Becky?" the negro inquired, in a tone the solemnity of which was heightened by its eagerness.

"They er runnin' quare. These here that I'm a-lookin' at," said Miss Becky, "they stan' for the past. Them there, they er the present; and the t'others, they er the future. Here's a bundle,"—tapping the ace of clubs with her thumb,—"an' here's a journey as plain as the nose on a man's face. Here's Lucinda ——"

"Whar she, Miss Becky?"

"Here she is — the queen of spades."

Free Joe grinned. The idea seemed to please him immensely.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Ef dat don't beat my time! De queen er spades! W'en Lucindy year dat hit'll tickle 'er, sho'!"

Miss Becky continued to run the cards back and forth through her fingers.

"Here's a bundle an' a journey, and here's Lucinda. An' here's ole Spite Calderwood."

She held the cards toward the negro and touched the king of clubs.

"De Lord he'p my soul!" exclaimed Free Joe with a chuckle. "De faver's dar. Yesser, dat's him! W'at de matter 'long wid all un um, Miss Becky?"

The old woman added the second pile of cards to the first, and then the third, still running them through her fingers slowly and critically. By this time the piece of pine in the fire-place had wrapped itself in a mantle of flame, illuminating the cabin and throwing into strange relief the figure of Miss Becky as she sat studying the cards. She frowned ominously at the cards and mumbled a few words to herself. Then she dropped her hands in her lap and gazed once more into the fire. Her shadow danced and capered on the wall and floor behind her, as if, looking over her shoulder into the future, it could behold a rare spectacle. After a while she picked up the cup that had been turned on the hearth. The coffee-grounds, shaken around, presented what seemed to be a most intricate map.

"Here's the journey," said Miss Becky, presently; "here's the big road, here's rivers to cross, here's the bundle to tote." She paused and sighed. "They haint no names writ here, an' what it all means I'll never tell you. Cajy, I wish you'd be so good as to han' me my pipe."

"I haint no hand wi' the kyards," said Cajy, as he handed the pipe, "but I reckon I can patch out your misinformation, Becky, bekaze the other day, whiles I was a-finishin' up Mizzers Perdue's rollin'-pin, I hearn a rattlin' in the road. I looked out, an' Spite Calderwood was a-drivin' by in his buggy, an' thar sot Lucinda by him. It'd in-about drapt out er my min'."

Free Joe sat on the door-sill and fumbled at his hat, flinging it from one hand to the other.

"You aint see um gwine back, is you, Mars Cajy?" he asked after a while.

"Ef they went back by this road," said Mr. Staley, with the air of one who is accustomed to weigh well his words, "it must 'a' bin endurin' of the time whiles I was asleep, bekaze I haint bin no furder from my shop than to yon bed."

"Well, sir!" exclaimed Free Joe in an awed tone, which Mr. Staley seemed to regard as a tribute to his extraordinary powers of statement.

"Ef it's my beliefs you want," continued the old man, "I'll pitch 'em at you fair and free. My beliefs is that Spite Calderwood is gone an' took Lucindy outen the county. Bless your heart and soul! when Spite Calderwood meets the Old Boy in the road they'll be a turrible scuffle. You mark what I tell you."

Free Joe, still tumbling with his hat, rose and leaned against the door-facing. He seemed to be embarrassed. Presently he said:

"I speck I better be gittin' 'long. Nex' time I see Lucindy, I'm gwine tell 'er w'at Miss Becky say 'bout de queen er spades—dat I is! Ef dat don't tickle 'er, dey aint no nigger 'oman never bin tickle'."

He paused a moment as though waiting for some remark or comment—some confirmation of misfortune, or, at the very least, some indorsement of his suggestion that Lucinda would be greatly pleased to know that she had figured as the queen of spades; but neither Miss Becky nor her brother said anything.

"One minnit ridin' in the buggy 'longside er Mars Spite, en de nex' highfalutin' 'roun' playin' de queen er spades. Mon, deze yer nigger gals gittin' up in de pictur's—dey sholy is."

With a brief "Good-night, Miss Becky, Mars Cajy," Free Joe went out into the darkness, followed by little Dan. He made his way to the poplar, where Lucinda had been in the habit of meeting him, and sat down. He sat there a long time; he sat there until little Dan, growing restless, trotted off in the direction of the Calderwood place. Dozing against the poplar, in the gray dawn of the morning, Free Joe heard Spite Calderwood's fox-hounds in full cry a mile away.

"Shoo!" he exclaimed, scratching his head and laughing to himself, "dem ar dogs is des a-warmin' dat old fox up."

But it was Dan the hounds were after, and the little dog came back no more. Free Joe waited and waited until he grew tired of waiting. He went back the next night and waited, and for many nights thereafter. His waiting was in vain, and yet he never regarded it as in vain. Careless and shabby as he was, Free Joe was thoughtful enough to have his theory. He was convinced that little Dan had found Lucinda, and that some night when the moon was shining brightly through the trees, the dog would rouse him from his dreams as he sat sleeping at the foot of the poplar-tree, and he would open his eyes and behold Lucinda standing over him, laughing merrily as of old; and then, he thought what fun they would have about the queen of spades.

How many long nights Free Joe waited at the foot of the poplar-tree for Lucinda and little Dan no one can ever know. He kept no account of them, and they were not recorded by Micajah Staley nor by Miss Becky. The season ran into summer and then into fall. One night he went to the Staley cabin, cut the two old people an armful of wood, and seated himself on the door-steps, where he rested. He was always thankful—and proud, as it seemed—when Miss Becky gave him a cup of coffee, which she was sometimes thoughtful enough to do. He was especially thankful on this particular night.

"You er still layin' off for to strike up wi' Lucindy out thar in the woods, I reckon," said Micajah Staley, smiling grimly. The situation was not without its humorous aspects.

"Oh, dey er comin', Mars Cajy—dey er comin', sho," Free Joe replied. "I boun' you dey'll come, en w'en dey does come, I'll des take en fetch um yer, whar you kin see um wid you own eyes, you en Miss Becky."

"No," said Mr. Staley, with a quick and emphatic gesture of disapproval. "Don't! Don't fetch 'em anywheres. Stay right wi' 'em as long as may be."

Free Joe chuckled and slipped away into the night, while the two old people sat gazing in the fire. Finally Micajah spoke:

"Look at that nigger—look at 'im. He's pine-blank as happy now as a killdee by a mill-race. You can't 'faze 'em. I'd in-about give up my t'other hand ef I could stan' flat-footed an' grin at trouble like that there nigger."

"Niggers is niggers," said Miss Becky, smiling grimly, "an' you can't rub it out; yit I lay I've seed a heap of white people lots meaner'n Free Joe. He grins,—an that's nigger,—but I've ketched his under jaw a-trimblin' when Lucindy's name uz brung up. An' I tell you," she went on, bridling up a little and speaking with almost fierce emphasis, "the Old Boy's done sharpened his claws for Spite Calderwood. You'll see it."

"Me, Rebecca?" said Mr. Staley, hugging his palsied arm. "Me? I hope not."

"Well, you'll know it, then," said Miss Becky, laughing heartily at her brother's look of alarm.

The next morning Micajah Staley had occasion to go into the woods after a piece of timber. He saw Free Joe sitting at the foot of the poplar, and the sight vexed him somewhat.

"Git up from there," he cried, "an' go an' arn your livin'. A mighty purty pass it's come to, when great big buck niggers can lie a-snorin' in the woods all day, when t'other folks is got to be up an' a-gwine. Git up from there!"

Receiving no response, Mr. Staley went to Free Joe and shook him by the shoulder; but the negro made no response. He was dead. His hat was off, his head was bent, and a smile was on his face. It was as if he had bowed and smiled when death stood before him—humble to the last. His clothes were ragged; his hands were rough and callous; his shoes were literally tied together with strings; he was shabby in the extreme. A passer-by, glancing at him, could have no idea that such a humble creature had been summoned as a witness before the Lord God of Hosts.

Joel Chandler Harris.

HOW SHALL WE ELECT OUR PRESIDENTS?

An American writer, of some local repute in his day, addressing his countrymen soon after the Constitution of the United States went into operation, said: "You have nothing to fear from your Constitution; your Constitution has everything to fear from you." This antithesis contained some truth when it was uttered; it contains some now. Our Constitution is, in its theory, the most nearly perfect system of free government that was ever devised. It has but few defects; and although, when it had been completed and was first promulgated, it seemed to that generation very hazardous to commit such powers of government to a central authority acting for the whole people of the United States, so that the Constitution as originally framed had to be amended, the true way in which the system should be regarded, in judging of its merits, is to consider the first ten amendments just as if they had been incorporated into the text of the instrument as it came from the hands of its framers. Thus complemented by the addition of certain restrictive and explanatory clauses, there was as little danger to liberty from the Constitution as there was danger of anarchy, notwithstanding the anxiety felt by our grandfathers when they gave their assent to the new government. But while the people have had nothing to fear from the Constitution, the Constitution has often had a good deal to fear from the people and their public servants. False constructions, loose official interpretations, departures from the intent and spirit of many of its provisions, the strifes of parties, the antagonisms of sections, the conflicts of local interests, the ambitions of individuals,—these, and many other causes for which the Constitution itself is not responsible, have at different times powerfully contributed to bring this nearly perfect system of government into much peril. I do not now propose to treat of the great schism which, nearly a quarter of a century ago, seemed likely to end in a permanent disruption of the Union, and by consequence in the loss of the Constitution. I now seek to direct public attention to an evil that has been growing in magnitude for a period of about fifty years, and which is to-day one of the most serious and menacing of all the causes that may finally lead to an overthrow of this form of government. I allude to the abuses of the electoral system,—abuses of the machinery which the Constitution established for constituting the executive head of the government.

There can be very little question about the intent of the plan by which the framers of the Constitution proposed to have the office of President of the United States filled at stated intervals of four years. Whether this period was or was not too short, there can be no doubt that the method of election was well devised. It interposed between the people of each State and the ultimate choice a body of electors, measured in numbers by the aggregate representation of the State in the two Houses of Congress. The design of this intermediate body was twofold: first, to avoid the tumults that might attend a direct vote of the people for a chief executive officer to whom such great powers were to be committed; and, secondly, to enable the functionaries called electors to exercise a deliberate and independent choice from among the public men of the country for an office of so much dignity and authority. The fact that the first President was chosen under circumstances which operated as a distinct moral instruction to the electors to cast the votes of their States for Washington, does not detract from the obvious design of the electoral system. While the men who made that system anticipated that to insure the success of the experiment of their new government Washington must be and would be the first President, they so framed the electoral machinery that in subsequent elections the choice would, as they believed, take place without any moral or any other kind of instruction to compel the selection of the individual to fall upon a previously designated person. In like manner, although at the time when the Constitution went into operation there were, properly speaking, no parties or party divisions,—for the differences between the friends of the Constitution and its opponents certainly did not amount to organized parties such as we have since known,—yet it was foreseen that questions of administration and public policy would necessarily lead to the formation of parties; and it is quite certain that one of the chief reasons for interposing a body of electors, by whom the office of President was to be filled, was to avoid in some degree the dictation and control of parties, and to allow some scope for the voice of minorities in the electoral colleges. So, too, when we interpret the text of the electoral

system by known historical facts and contemporary documents and discussions, there can be no doubt that one of the chief purposes of this system was to have the President appointed by public functionaries who should act without the control of positive instruction respecting the individual for whom they were to cast the votes of their States. This view of the original design of the electoral bodies leaves to political parties all the scope that they ought to have in the choice of a President; for it leaves the dominant majority of the people of every State to appoint as electors men of their own political faith and opinions, and at the same time it avoids the dictation of the individual to whom the electoral votes of the States are to be given. The members of an electoral college, appointed by the votes of a majority of the people of a State, may properly, and will naturally, cast their electoral votes for some public man who is of the same party; but it is simply an abuse of the electoral system, as it was originally designed to operate, to have the electors put under a moral, an honorary, or any other obligation not in any case to vote for any person but the individual who is designated, or, as it is called, "nominated," by a party convention.

Let us now see what has come about in the past forty or fifty years. Before the advent of the so-called national conventions, nominations for the Presidency were made by bodies called caucuses, composed of the members of Congress who were adherents of the respective parties of the time. This was a method that was open to some of the objections which belong to the convention system of nominations; that is to say, all nominations which operate finally as positive instructions to the State electors, however they may be made, are bad, because they lead to intrigue, to the exclusion of the best men, to more or less of corruption, and, therefore, to a violation of the original design of the electoral system. But the nominating caucuses that were held at the seat of government by the political parties, and were composed of such members of Congress as chose to take part in them, bad as they were on some accounts, did not lead to a tithe of the evils of the convention system. It is to the consequences of this system of national party conventions, as it has operated ever since it was resorted to, that I wish to draw the attention of reflecting men, and then to consider whether anything can be done to put an end to it, and at the same time to leave to political parties all the vigor and activity that they ought to have in a popular government like ours.

The operation of the convention system is this: An irresponsible body, unknown to the Constitution or the laws, the creature of a usage only, and organized by the action in primary assemblies of probably not a tenth part of the American people, assembles in some great city. Some of the delegations come with positive instructions from the political cabals which appointed them to secure the nomination of a particular individual, who may or may not be a person of national reputation. Other delegations are not so positively fettered, but perhaps they are under the operation of a device called the "unit rule," whereby the whole vote of the delegation is thrown by a majority of its members,—an ingenious plan for suppressing the voices of a minority of the delegation in the final count of the votes of the whole convention. In addition to the regular delegates from the different States, come organized bands of noisy partisans, to "work" for their respective candidates. Here and there may be seen eminent citizens, who have traveled great distances from their homes with the patriotic purpose of bringing about a good nomination. The influence, however, of this class of men is often lost in the tumultuary excitements of the scene. The assembly is usually convened in some very large building which admits of enormous crowds in its galleries; and these crowds, composed of the most heterogeneous materials, often partake of some of the characteristics of a mob. It has not seldom happened that wise deliberation and conscientious action have been impossible under such circumstances; and it has sometimes happened that the presiding officer has been unable to distinguish between the decisions of the body itself and the decisions of the surrounding vociferating and excited galleries. In the discussions, conferences, bargains, and combinations that take place out of the sittings of the convention, if money is not used, and used in large sums, to buy votes, these bodies have been belied for many years. The probability is that for at least twenty years, in the nominating conventions of both of the great political parties, money has been a factor. But these transactions are so conducted that they are unknown to any but the vendors and purchasers of the votes. The staple of the argument that is openly pressed for this or that candidate for the nomination is his ability to "carry" this or that State which is supposed likely to be "the battle-ground" or one of the battle-grounds of the election. The "pivotal States," as they are denominated in the political jargon of these occasions, sometimes make the nomination turn upon considerations of the lowest kind. Something in the past history of a public man is supposed to

give him the best chance to capture the "soldier" vote, or the "Irish" vote, or the "German" vote, or the "negro" vote, or the liquor or the anti-liquor interest, or the workingman's interest, and so on through all the catalogue of diversified prejudices and passions which sway, or are supposed to sway, the popular impulses of different localities or classes at these times of the quadrennial ballot for a President. Very little is heard of the solid grounds on which the public character of a statesman ought to be able to challenge public confidence; very little of the qualities which should fit a man for the office. Nearly the whole effective force of a great party is expended in calculation of the elements of what is called the "strength" of the different prominent men of the party. An accurate definition of this curious quality of political strength excludes the personal fitness of a man to be President of the United States, and includes his supposed "availability," which means some adventitious capacity to win more votes in the election than any one else. Undoubtedly, so long as the convention system of nominations, with all their binding force, is continued, the quality that is universally understood as "strength," low as it is in the scale of calculations, is an element of some importance. But let any one follow out the whole process of these nominations and the working of the whole machinery, and then compare it with the obvious design of the electoral system, and he will be convinced that if the framers of the Constitution could have foreseen in what their system was to result, they never would have established it.

The ballotings in these nominating conventions often afford a curious study. The first balloting generally reveals the "strength" of the respective persons for whom the votes are cast. Then ensues a strange kind of lottery. Across the calculations and combinations which, at one moment, have seemed almost certain to bring about a concerted result, wild waves of feeling and impulse sweep with unaccountable force, and some other person comes to the front. Perhaps he is one of those whose candidacy has been contemplated by a part of the public and by a strong body of adherents, so that he belongs to the category of men known to the nation. Perhaps he is that mysterious personage known as the "dark horse," who rides into the arena from comparative obscurity and suddenly carries off the prize, no man can tell how or why. But in some mode, after the contending forces have worked out a majority for somebody, a nomination is made. Then follows the application of the device by which the mouths of all dissenters are to be shut. The nomination is declared to be the unanimous act of the convention, amid loud vociferation, waving of banners, and all the hubbub of an excitement which a calm looker-on would suppose indicated a universal conviction that something of great importance to the public welfare had occurred. Meantime everybody knows that the unanimity is one of those fictions which it is no abuse of language to characterize as lies. To be sure, no one is deceived by it. It is only a formality, meaning nothing.

A certain number of throws from two dice-boxes will inevitably give a major number of points to one or the other of the persons playing; but a by-stander might as well undertake to predict what is to come out of a given number of casts of dice, as to pronounce beforehand who will receive the nomination of a party convention for the great office of President of the United States. Eminent talent, long public service, high character, statesmanlike accomplishments, which would seem to be sure elements of calculation, are the least potent of all the factors which bring about the result; and of those factors which really produce the result, there is no calculation possible,—they are so diverse, contradictory, and inappreciable. The only tangible one of all those factors is money, or its equivalent in the shape of promises of future preferment. But somehow a nomination is made. Thereupon, instantly, all over the land, throughout all the adherents of the party, if white has not become black and black white, it has become inexpedient to speak of the difference. Presses which had previously urged, with all the ability they could command, the high political and moral expediency of electing some eminent statesman to the Presidency, suddenly find themselves advocating the election of a very inferior sort of person. Principles of political conduct which a little while before were thought to be the highest political virtue are speedily put out of sight. Men become boisterous in their praises of what they strongly disapproved one week or two weeks since. The few who will neither surrender their principles nor bury them in silence are stigmatized by a term borrowed from the turf, which describes the refusal of a beast under whip and spur to obey the reins, as "bolters."

We have wandered so far from the principles of the Constitution — they are so little understood at the present day by the great body of citizens — that perhaps the statement that the Constitution does not contemplate or intend that the President shall be conclusively designated by a popular vote will cause some surprise. Yet there is no proposition

concerning the Constitution that can be made more indisputable than this. In the discussions which attended its formation and adoption, we can trace the effort to frame a system by which the President could be appointed without being absolutely elected by the votes of the people. Project after project was brought forward in the Federal Convention, all of them of a different character, but all designed as substitutes for a direct appointment by the people. At one time it was proposed that the national executive should be appointed by the national legislature; at another, by the legislatures of the States; and still another plan was that electors should be chosen by the State legislatures or appointed by the State executives. At length, after the most laborious and careful consideration, the plan was adopted of electors to be appointed by the different States according to the ratio of their representation in Congress. These officers were interposed between the popular vote and the actual choice, with the intent that they should make the choice upon high public motives, without positive instruction, pledge, or obligation binding them to vote for a specified person. It was intended to secure a body of electors whose calm and sound judgment might be relied upon to prevent the executive office from falling into the hands of men of great personal popularity, or influence, or distinction, not accompanied by high qualifications for its duties. It was doubtless not intended to exclude the sense of the people from the consideration of the electors. But it was certainly intended that the electors should exercise a real choice; that they should weigh the sense of the people, but not be controlled by it, if a sound judgment of the public good required them to disregard it. They were to be the agents of the people in choosing *a* President, but not to be their agents for the inevitable selection of a particular individual. No other function in the government was assigned to them. Having discharged their trust, they were to return into the body of their fellow-citizens.

But this wise and careful institution has lost its purpose. The electors exercise no choice, no judgment, no volition. They come into official existence pledged to vote for a particular candidate, and they are assumed to be dishonorable men and traitors to their party if they do not obey its behests. In some States they are appointed by a majority of the voters; in some a plurality only determines the person for whom they are to vote, while a majority of votes have perhaps been cast against him.

It has fared no better with the people. The candidate for whom the electors are expected and required to vote is not only designated before they have assembled, but he is designated by a body that is unknown to the law, that derives its existence and authority from those who choose to get together and institute it, and who are, too, a numerical minority of the political party in whose name they claim to act. But notwithstanding the total want of all proper authority, notwithstanding the fact that the primary assemblies which appoint the delegates to the nominating conventions notoriously embrace but a small part of the voters of a party, the power of these conventions is immense. To break away from their dictation requires an effort that few men who feel party obligations like to make. The people have not only accepted the control of the conventions over the electors, but they have lost all proper freedom of choice in casting their own votes. The election is supposed to be popular. It is not a popular election, if by that is meant that the people, or a majority of them, express their preferences by their votes. They have no opportunity for such an expression. They are just as much debarred from all proper freedom of choice as if a foreign army, able to overrun and overawe the country, were to land on our coast and say: "Choose for your executive one of two men whom we present to you." The people do not choose the President; they determine which of two "candidates" shall be President, and this is all.

Can anything be done to put an end to this state of things? That something ought to be done, if it be possible, few reflecting men will deny. If we can get rid of the pernicious operation of the political maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils," and can confine the function of parties to the promotion of differing views of public policy, we shall have begun a work that may take away one of the principal motives that actuate a large class of our politicians who busy themselves in organizing and conducting the nominating conventions. How potent this motive is, no one need be told. So long as it is left in operation, so long the successful candidate for the Presidency will be obliged to yield to the demands that are made upon him, whether he has or has not entered into previous stipulations to reward his supporters. It requires great firmness of character in any newly elected President to resist the demands of an active and influential politician who can come to him and say: "Sir, I secured your nomination to this great office; more than that, I carried my State for you; the usages of the party, its effective force for the present and the future, its common law of political action, give me a claim to a certain

amount of the public patronage for myself and my friends." Every one knows how these claims are always responded to; how often an administration, and even the usefulness of a successful party, have been wrecked in the effort to reconcile the conflicting claims of the leading political managers of a nomination and a campaign. If there ever was such a degree of political utility in the spoils system as to amount to a plausible necessity for making it a principle of party action, it has come to be such an abuse that the true function of parties is swamped beneath a deluge of corruption. In a government like ours, the only legitimate office of a party is to develop and carry out public policies; and among all the nearly countless public positions which the vast patronage of the Federal Government embraces, there are but a very few which it is in any proper sense necessary to fill with adherents of the party which the President represents. If we ever reach the condition that is aimed at in what is called Civil Service Reform, an administration of any vigor can always find means to prevent inferior officers of the civil service from acting improperly against its public policy, unless the laws which regulate the term of such offices are very unwisely framed. The objection that any fixity of tenure, which will take away the President's power of removal at his pleasure, will tend to the establishment of an oligarchy of office-holders, or a permanent official class, or a bureaucracy, is much more specious than real. Many governments have found by experience that the advantage of retaining civil officers in the public service so long as they well and faithfully perform the duties far outweighs any advantage that can be derived from a universal change at every change of the executive administration. Rotation in office, as such changes are euphemistically denominated, is a principle of republican government only in a sentimental sense. In a practical sense it is of no value excepting as a means of rewarding partisan service and continuing the domination of a party. Just as soon as a party ceases to command the confidence of the people by its public policy, its hold upon the executive as well as the legislative branch of the government ought to cease at the first opportunity for a change; and it is simply absurd to leave in its hands the means of continuing its possession of power by the enormous patronage of a government that disburses more money and employs more public servants than the whole aggregate of the civil lists of all the States in the Union many times over. But be the disadvantages of a fixed tenure of office what they may, the people of the United States are now brought to the necessity of determining which is the greater evil, to have a class of official men not removable from their places excepting for some cause other than the political aims of the existing administration, or to have the enormous patronage of the Federal Government used, as it has heretofore been, for the purpose of getting or keeping power.

The tendency of the existing mode of nominating and electing candidates for the Presidency is to divide American statesmanship into two classes of men of very unequal numbers. The high-toned men, who will not stoop to the acts and use the appliances necessary to procure a nomination, are the exceptions. They may and generally do hold as strongly to the tenets of their party as the men who belong in the other category; their political principles are deep convictions; and ambition, the infirmity of noble minds, may not be, and need not be, wanting to them. But with this class of men ambition is restrained by a self-respect which forbids solicitation or management in their own interest. They may have friends and followers who will gladly do the political work required to effect for them a party nomination, and do it disinterestedly; but they do not allow themselves to be drawn into the schemes necessary to bring it about, nor are their followers likely to be persons willing to embark very far in such schemes. The consequence is that this class of our public men, who have achieved high reputation on the theater of national affairs, and who are the best representatives of the American character as well as of the parties with which they act, are the least possessed of that peculiar recommendation called political strength, and are therefore the least likely to find favor with the nominating conventions of their party. Nevertheless, these are the very men from among whom the Presidential electors ought to select a chief magistrate for the nation.

The emancipation of the country from the evils of the spoils system may do something to break up the convention system of making nominations. But it needs to be supplemented by an emancipation of the people and the Presidential electors from the thralldom which confines the choice of a President to designated candidates. I conceive that the following plan, if it can receive the support of disinterested men of all parties, would go far to accomplish the object. My suggestion involves an amendment of the Constitution; and I am well aware that no amendment can be adopted without the support of the principal statesmen of the country, regardless of party. But if the amendment which I suggest can

receive that support, it can be adopted. It is somewhat invidious to speak of classes in this country, but it is sometimes necessary. There is a very large proportion of the people of the United States who for convenience may be called the middle class: that great body of men who are neither rich nor poor; who vote sometimes with one party, sometimes with another, but who have no selfish objects in their political action. It is quite plain that this system of nominating candidates for the Presidency, and confining the choice by the operation of the binding force of the party nominations upon the consciences of the electors to the designated candidate of the party, in sheer violation of the intent of the electoral system, cannot go on much longer without bringing that system into utter contempt. The middle class of people will see before long that the mode in which these nominations are brought about, and the restriction of choice which the practice entails, deprives the country of the services of its fittest men in the office of President of the United States. Thousands of honest citizens who now deposit their votes in the ballot-boxes with serious misgivings about the candidate for whom their vote will be counted, will not much longer endure the strain upon their consciences and their judgments. They will demand such a modification of the electoral system as will restore its main original design, by freeing the electors from the absolute dictation of a party nomination. This may be done by a single change.

The Constitution, as it stood until the year 1804, after providing for the appointment of electors by each State in such manner as its legislature might direct, required them to meet and ballot in their respective States, but authorized the Congress to determine the time of choosing them and the day on which their votes were to be given, requiring the day to be the same throughout the United States. They were to vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least must not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. A mode was provided for determining which of the two persons voted for was to be the President and which the Vice-President. The electors were to make a list of all the persons voted for and of the number of votes for each, and they were to transmit it, sealed, to the seat of government, directed to the President of the Senate, who, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, was to open all the certificates, and the votes were then to be counted. The twelfth amendment, adopted in 1804, continued the original provision which required the electors to meet and vote in their respective States, but changed the method of balloting so as to designate what person they voted for as President, and what person they voted for as Vice-President, requiring distinct lists of the votes for each of them. The amendment also continued the original method of transmitting the sealed certificates, the opening of the certificates, and the counting of the votes.

It is a well-known historical fact that the framers of the Constitution required the electors to meet and vote in their respective States, and on the same day throughout the United States, in order to prevent intrigue and corruption. Contemplating for each State a body of untrammeled electors who were to make a real choice of two persons, one of whom, having the highest number of all the electoral votes in the Union, was by operation of law to be the President, and the other, having the next highest number of votes, was to be the Vice-President, the framers of the Constitution assumed that the danger of improper influences and corrupt or factious combinations would lie, if anywhere, in the electoral bodies themselves. It could be obviated, as they supposed, by requiring the electors to meet and vote in their respective States, and on the same day. But it was not foreseen that the danger of intrigue and corruption was to arise in another quarter; that this danger would precede the appointment and assembling of the electors; and that the whole system would be deflected from its original purpose, not by any legitimate constitutional change in the function of the electors, but by a practice of party nominations imposing upon the electors of every State an irresistible customary law, of honorary obligation, requiring them to vote and to vote only for a person designated by a party convention. This reduction of the electors to the position of mere automata, restricting their votes to a candidate previously designated by a body in which every art of intrigue and corruption can be successfully applied, and designated often by a hap-hazard process, has rendered the assembling and voting by the electors in their respective States of no value at all. Of what consequence is it where the electors of a State meet and vote, if they have no function but to register the previous decrees of a party convention? Wherever they may meet and vote, they are not often intrigued with or corrupted after they have assembled, or after they have been appointed. They are usually honest and upright persons, of no great consequence as individuals, acting, according to the prevalent customary obligation, as mere instruments to give a formal constitutional shape to the popular vote of their party for some nomi-

nated candidate. They could do this if they were all assembled in one body, just as well as to do it in separate colleges. Wherever they do it, it is certain that the Constitution did not intend that the popular vote should absolutely designate the President by any process whatever.

There is another and a long train of unfortunate consequences that have flowed from the electoral voting in the separate States, accompanied by the requirement of certificates to be transmitted to the President of the Senate, to be opened by him, and then to be acted on by the two Houses of Congress in counting the votes. It is almost unnecessary to advert to the dangerous questions that have arisen out of this process of returning and counting the electoral votes, or to the manner in which these difficulties have been met. Recent occurrences of a very painful nature will be in the recollection of every reader. If any safe and prudent method can be devised, which, while accomplishing other benefits, will take the whole process of counting the electoral votes out of the hands of the two Houses of Congress, it will be a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Both theoretically and practically, the electors appointed by the respective States to ballot for a President ought to be, and the Constitution contemplates that they shall be, persons fit to exercise a peculiar function; and over this function experience has shown that the legislative bodies should have no control. As the Constitution was planned, requiring the electors to meet and vote in their respective States, it became necessary to provide for some central authority to open their certificates, count their votes, and make a public record of the results. It was expedient that this should be a public solemnity; and as some one public officer must receive and open the certificates, and as the votes must be publicly counted, the President of the Senate was designated for one of these purposes and the two Houses for the other. But it is quite obvious that there is an alternative method, which may dispense with a return of certificates to any officer of the government, and with the counting of the votes by the two Houses. We are entirely familiar with the operation of the principle which makes a public body the judge of the elections, qualifications, and returns of its own members; and where the body is a large one, performing a dignified and important function in the government, this principle works in general with as much purity and honesty as any institution can in a government conducted by political parties. It is, at all events, the best principle that can be applied to the determination of a right to sit and act in a public body; and although it may sometimes be found expedient, as of late in the British House of Commons, to delegate the exercise of this power of determination to a judicial or quasi-judicial tribunal, its exercise is always under the control of the body itself. With us this power has never been delegated by our legislative bodies, but is always held and exercised by the public body in which it is vested, without inquiry, appeal, or revision elsewhere. The instance in which this power was in some manner delegated to a commission to determine between conflicting electoral certificates, is not one that stands in history as a fortunate precedent in the working of the system for counting the votes of the Presidential electors.

No more important or dignified function exists in this government of ours than that which is assigned by the Constitution to the Presidential electors. In the aggregate they constitute a very numerous body; as numerous as the whole number of the two Houses of Congress. Chosen for a temporary but most sacred function, and dissolved as soon as they have performed it, they would be, if assembled in one body, less likely to be swayed by improper or factious motives than bodies which are to continue in existence, and are closely connected with the parties and factions of the time. If they can be emancipated from the thralldom which now binds them, we might expect to see men of the highest order of character willing to assume and exercise a function of such transcendent importance, instead of seeing, as we now see, these appointments distributed as empty honors among the politicians, or as party compliments to men to whom there is at present nothing else to give, and who will make as good machines as anybody.

Why not, then, assemble the whole body of the electors at the seat of government, making them an electoral chamber, and constituting the body itself the judge of the elections, qualifications, and returns of its own members? We should thus obviate the necessity for returning the certificates of their appointment to any public officer who was not an officer of the electoral chamber itself, and should vest in the body itself every question that could arise on any of the certificates. Every certificate would be filed with some designated officer of the chamber, and the chamber would proceed to organize itself as other public bodies do in whom the same power is lodged. Of course the different members of the chamber would come with their party affinities and preidlections; but, acting in public, and with a sense of their

responsibility to the nation as well as to their constituents, they would be compelled to decide with decency every preliminary question that could arise. If we are willing to trust this power to every legislative body in the land, why not trust it to the Presidential electors? They will be or might be removed from many of the improper and unfair motives that sometimes sway the action of legislative bodies on questions of contested seats.

Still it may be frankly admitted that this plan could not work well, unless the force of the obligation which now compels every elector to vote for a designated candidate, and not to vote for any other, can be broken. Where, by the law of the State, its electors are chosen on one ticket by a plurality vote of the people, the entire electoral vote of that State is now cast for a candidate who may not be the choice of a majority of all the voters. It is true that where the law of a State admits of the appointment of electors by districts, the elector of any district can make his vote and the wishes of his constituents felt in the final count. But assemble the whole body of the electors in one chamber, and let them vote for a President *per capita*, without regard to the fact whether they were elected on general State tickets or elected in districts, and minorities and sometimes even majorities would be better represented in the final result than they are now. It seems to be a reasonable calculation that this method of voting in the electoral chamber, after it had become appreciated by the people of all the States, would strongly stimulate them to select men worthy of the electoral trust, who would not, under all imaginable circumstances, surrender their judgments to the dictate of a nominating convention, which has perhaps been packed in the interest of some one man.

I am by no means disposed to forget the potency of political parties, nor the force of their machinery. But I am not arguing with the common run of politicians. I put it to the sober sense of the people — if anything that I can think or say can reach them — whether parties are of any value to *them* excepting as a means of carrying out some public policy; and whether our present mode of nominating and electing our Presidents is either necessary or useful to the legitimate objects of a party. I grant that so long as the spoils remain the grand objective point of party exertion and activity, or so long as the control of the public patronage is coupled as a means to the accomplishment of a public policy as an end, so long we must have nominating conventions, and the consequent degradation of the electoral system. But destroy the spoils system, eliminate entirely the cohesive power of the public plunder from the means which hold parties together, and we shall break up this mode of choosing Presidents, and still leave to political parties all their legitimate functions. If we can choose a President in the mode which I have ventured to sketch, he will still be the representative of a party in every sense in which he ought to be; for the electors who appointed him would represent the public policy of a party; but he would not be a President bound to reward with office the partisans who had procured his nomination by a national party convention. We should thus destroy the vice of these conventions, and should still leave to them all the virtue that they can have, for they could still meet and resolve and announce their policies by platforms or otherwise. The vice of the system is the absolute dictation to the electors, which makes it impossible for them to think of but one candidate for the office which *they* are supposed to fill.

But I have been told in answer to this plan that the parties will still make their nominations, and that the force of these nominations will not be lessened by having the electors assemble and act as one chamber. There will be, it is said, just the same dictation, just the same honorary and imperative obligation to vote for the one man only. This may fairly be doubted, if we can once have what Civil Service Reform aims to accomplish. When that is effected, the national party conventions, if they continue to be held, will be attended chiefly by men who will seek to make them exclusively organs for declaring some public policy. It is not at all necessary that some one Presidential candidate should be presented to the people as the sole representative of a party policy. The electors of each State will come to the proposed chamber as representatives of the policy preferred by the voters who have appointed them to exercise the electoral trust. Unrestricted in their choice in all but one respect, they will be at liberty to select from among the public men of the same party the man whom they deem the most eligible for the office. They can therefore give, as they do not now give, due weight to all those considerations of character and capacity which ought to govern their votes. As no bargains have been made by them or for them, or by or for any one else, they will have no stipulations to fulfill by their votes; and the sole restriction that they will be under will be the public expediency of choosing some qualified statesman who concurs in the public policy of the party which made them electors. The President, when thus chosen, will be free to give his attention to the legitimate objects of the party associa-

tion, and will not be obliged to consider how he is to pay his political debts, for he will have none to discharge.

Shall I be told that this scheme is utopian? In a free and popular government, the value of any scheme that is pure and sound in its theory depends upon the practicability of once getting it into operation. No change should be regarded as utopian or visionary, unless there are practical obstacles to its inauguration and trial. I know of but one practical obstacle to the proposed plan, and as this is one that will come chiefly from the interested class of politicians, it is worthy only of a passing notice. The people, says the astute politician, have been so long accustomed to the exercise of a power of designating the man who is to be President as absolutely as if they chose him by a direct vote, that they will never surrender the existing practice. The people never surrender any power which they have once gained, least of all a power to make their will felt directly in their government. This suggestion of what the people will not do, in reference to the present subject, is derived from two sources. One of its sources is the assumption that the people are not intelligent enough to understand, and virtuous enough to secure, their own interest. The other is the fact that the spoils system, in the long history of party conventions, has been the mainspring of party activity and the cement of party consolidation. If, therefore, it is true that we cannot have the benefit of parties without the cohesive and stimulating power of the spoils,— cannot conduct our government without a vicious principle of action that really deprives us of half the legitimate benefits of party association,— our national institutions are on the road to ruin, whatever may be our material prosperity. Recent symptoms would seem to indicate that the people are intelligent enough to see this, and that the politician who shrewdly calculates that they are not is this time at fault.

One of the most palpable and mischievous consequences of the present method of making candidates for the Presidency remains to be noticed. For a long period of time the people of the United States have been, and they will probably continue to be, divided into two great parties. But there are always bodies of men who are associated politically upon some other principle,— some crotchet or other which they deem of supreme importance, but of which the two principal parties make little account, or with which they dabble more or less in certain localities. The formation of these "third parties"— political mushrooms springing up suddenly and suddenly disappearing— is on the whole a public misfortune. They owe their existence, nine times out of ten, to the inability of the two principal parties to satisfy everybody with a "platform" or a candidate. But the advent of a third party into the field, not numerous or powerful enough to elect its own candidate, but able to draw voters away from both the principal parties, has a strong tendency to throw the election of a President into the House of Representatives, or else to bring about the election of a President who will not be the choice of a majority of the whole people of the United States. The secondary election by the House of Representatives, in case no choice is effected by the electors, was a necessary provision, but it is always a great misfortune when it has to be resorted to. It is no less a misfortune when a President is chosen by the votes of a sufficient number of the electors, some of whom may in their respective States owe their places to a mere plurality vote of the people. Would the assembling of the electors in one chamber, and their voting *per capita*, have any tendency to prevent or discourage the formation of third parties? There is good hope that it might, when we consider that these third parties are frequently organized in reference to some question or class of questions that are not matters of national concern, or subjects over which the Federal Government has any jurisdiction. If the true function of the electors can be practically restored, the people of all the States will recognize the importance of clothing the most eminent and independent citizens with this trust, who will act upon truly national considerations, and the chances of the presence in the electoral chamber of men representing some third and, nationally speaking, unimportant party will be thus diminished.

It would seem, then, that the Constitution needs but one change, and that this one would be followed by the elimination of many present evils and by the accomplishment of some important benefits. The appointment of the electors by their respective States in such manner as their legislature shall determine, and the negative qualification which forbids the appointment as an elector of any senator or representative, or any person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, should both by all means be retained. Nor does there seem to be any good reason for changing the provision which empowers Congress to determine the time of choosing the electors. But the reason for their voting in their respective States has passed away. Experience has shown that this practice is utterly powerless to prevent the corruption which lies back of their appointment, in the nominating conventions which

are able to convert them into mere mechanical instruments. As things are now managed, there is nothing to prevent a President from rewarding with an office a politician who has actively aided in bringing about his nomination by a party convention, and has then become an elector to carry out the party decree. But let the electors be assembled and obliged to vote in one chamber, require every member of that chamber to write his name upon the ballot that he gives, make a public record of the votes and of the electors who give them, and we shall do something to forestall the operation of the system which now imposes upon the electors the sole duty of registering a party decree in favor of some one candidate for the Presidency and of him alone. An elector under the present practice is utterly irresponsible for his vote, morally or politically; but an elector who is obliged to discharge his trust in the face of the nation, and to leave on the public records the mode in which he has discharged it, may be made responsible for his vote. He will hardly dare to accept an appointment of any kind from a President whom he has helped to elect; nor would a President have any motive for rewarding an elector in any way, if the people who appointed that elector would take care not to appoint any man who had been a member of a nominating party convention. Doubtless, in order to effectuate the thorough reform that it is desirable to bring about, there are changes in the sphere of political morals that need to be accomplished, and that are out of the domain of positive institution or constitutional provision. But positive institution, if rightly framed, can do much to reform the unwritten code of political morality. If the positive institution and the unwritten law of political morality can be made to help each other, the electoral chamber, assembled and acting in one body, would be a very august assembly, composed of the most eminent citizens, who would be under no party restriction in casting their votes for a President, excepting the obligation to carry out in the best manner the public policy of the party to which they might respectively belong.

As the time for appointing the electors drew near, the public attention would be occupied by the discussion of the policies and aims of the two great parties. All that farrago of whether Mr. A. or Mr. B. could "carry" New York or Pennsylvania or Ohio would be thrust out of existence. There would be no battle-ground to be disputed between two candidates, for there would be no fixed candidates. The electoral chamber would both nominate and elect. The electors would weigh the public characters of the prominent statesmen of their respective parties; and they would vote with a real responsibility to the nation, because they would exercise a real volition. A public functionary who acts without any volition of his own, who obeys an order imposed on him by another will, when he ought to exercise his own judgment and obey the dictates of his own conscience, is completely irresponsible for his conduct. The nominating convention, which now performs the function of naming the sole candidate for the suffrages of a great party, and the unwritten law of party obligation which confines the votes of the electors to that candidate, render the party leaders who have accomplished his nomination irresponsible for anything that they have done. They are actuated by an object which is expressed in the avowal that what they have to do is to win in the popular election. If they can do that, the electors are tied hand and foot to the triumphal car of the successful candidate, who has carried the popular election against another candidate nominated in the same manner, with the same object.

The public, and sometimes the private, character of a man who is to be elevated to the great dignity of President of the United States are matters of public concern. But what is it that gives to discussions of the public and private characters of the candidates nominated by the political parties the ferocity that we are often obliged to endure? It is the fact that the popular election, which in law is nothing but an appointment of a body of electors, is made to designate the inevitable choice that the electors are to make, joined with the other fact that the choice of the people is practically confined to two designated men. When the citizen comes to the polls his vote contributes to the success of one or the other of these two men. Whatever can influence his judgment is intensified by the power which he practically wields; and his judgment is often assailed by the most unscrupulous means, or by means that are irrelevant to the question on which he ought to act. Confine that question to the public policies of the political parties without reference to the individual character of a designated candidate for the Presidency, restore to the electors the function of both nominating and electing a President, and let the citizen feel, when he comes to the polls, that he does nothing but help to constitute a body of public functionaries who are to discharge the electoral trust upon their consciences and their honor, and this savage canvassing of the characters of two candidates will cease. To such a body of men we may safely intrust all the scrutiny into the past lives of our public men

that the public welfare demands. Beyond a doubt this was the purpose of the electoral system. If that purpose cannot be restored to its normal operation, it would be better to do away with the electors entirely, and let the people in contemplation of law vote for a President directly, as they do now in point of actual practice. A great institution, originally designed for a most important purpose, but which has come to be a sham, should not be suffered to remain so. Re-invigorate and renovate it, or put it to a civil death.

In order to give a full and clear idea of the change suggested in this paper, I have cast it into the subjoined form of an amendment of the Constitution. It may be that the order and details of the organization of the electors into an electoral chamber, sketched in this amendment, can be much improved. The great object to be accomplished would of course be a safe mode of organizing such an important assembly. In regard to the time to be allowed to the chamber for effecting an election of a President and a Vice-President, it is obvious that there must be some limitation. I have not specified the number of days, but have left it in blank in each case. It seems to me that they should be kept separate, as in one case the election would go to the House of Representatives and in the other to the Senate, if the electoral chamber did not make a choice.

ARTICLE XVI.

THE electors appointed under Article II. of this Constitution shall assemble in the hall of the House of Representatives in the city of Washington on the first Monday in February next after their appointment by their respective States, and shall, when so assembled and organized, constitute the electoral chamber. They shall have previously met in their respective States, and shall have constituted a chairman of the delegation, who shall bring with him to the seat of government the credentials of the appointment of himself and his colleagues, certified in such manner as the legislature of the State may direct, and shall file the same with the secretary of the chamber, as soon as that officer is appointed. The chamber shall be called to order by the president of the Senate, who shall act as its presiding officer until it is fully organized. For the purposes of the organization, the presiding officer shall cause a roll of the electors to be made from the credentials in the hands of the chairman of each delegation, and the right to sit and vote in the organization shall be determined by this roll. The electors so borne upon the preliminary roll shall then proceed to choose one of their own number as president of the chamber, and one of their own number as its secretary, who shall, before the temporary presiding officer, take and subscribe an oath for the faithful performance of the duties of their respective offices. The temporary presiding officer shall then retire, and the secretary of the chamber shall receive and file the credentials of the electors, and they shall be referred to a committee of one elector from each State, to be appointed by the president of the chamber. The chamber shall be the judge of the elections, qualifications, and returns of its members. On the report of the committee, the secretary shall make a voting roll of all the electors found entitled to sit and vote in the election of President and Vice-President. The voting roll so made by the secretary shall be used in balloting for a President and Vice-President. Before such balloting, each elector shall take and subscribe an oath for the faithful performance of his electoral duties, and also an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

The electors, when so organized, shall vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and each elector shall indorse his name on every ballot by him given. The secretary shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists he shall sign and certify, and shall deposit in the Department of State, directed to the Secretary of State, who shall make and keep a record thereof. The provisions of the twelfth amendment, of this Constitution which determine the choice by the electors of a President and a Vice-President respectively, and which regulate the election of the one by the House of Representatives and of the other by the Senate, in cases where a choice has not been effected by the electors, are hereby continued in force.

The time allowed for an election of a President by the electors shall be limited to full days next after the organization of the chamber, and if within that time no person receive the majority of votes required by the said twelfth amendment, the election shall devolve on the House of Representatives as provided in that amendment: and in like manner the time allowed for an election of a Vice-President shall be limited to full days next after the expiration of the time allowed for an election of a President by the chamber; and if no person have the majority of votes for Vice-President required by the said twelfth amendment, the election shall devolve on the Senate, as is provided in that amendment. When an election of a President or a Vice-President has been effected by the electoral chamber and duly certified to the Secretary of State, he shall make publication thereof in two newspapers published in the city of Washington, and shall notify each of the persons so chosen by furnishing to him a certified copy of the record under the seal of the Department.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives shall designate persons to act as messengers, door-keepers, and peace officers of the electoral chamber, and the Congress shall provide by law for all expenses attending the sitting of the chamber, including mileage and attendance of the electors and compensation of all officers of the chamber.

The provisions of the twelfth amendment of this Constitution inconsistent with the provisions of the present article are hereby repealed.

George Ticknor Curtis.

A TALE OF NEGATIVE GRAVITY.

My wife and I were staying at a small town in northern Italy; and on a certain pleasant afternoon in spring we had taken a walk of six or seven miles to see the sun set behind some low mountains to the west of the town. Most of our walk had been along a hard, smooth highway, and then we turned into a series of narrower roads, sometimes bordered by walls, and sometimes by light fences of reed, or cane. Nearing the mountain, to a low spur of which we intended to ascend, we easily scaled a wall about four feet high, and found ourselves upon pasture land, which led, sometimes by gradual ascents, and sometimes by bits of rough climbing, to the spot we wished to reach. We were afraid we were a little late, and therefore hurried on, running up the grassy hills, and bounding briskly over the rough and rocky places. I carried a knapsack strapped firmly to my shoulders, and under my wife's arm was a large, soft basket of a kind much used by tourists. Her arm was passed through the handles, and around the bottom of the basket, which she pressed closely to her side. This was the way she always carried it. The basket contained two bottles of wine, one sweet for my wife, and another a little acid for myself. Sweet wines give me a headache.

When we reached the grassy bluff, well known thereabouts to lovers of sunset views, I stepped immediately to the edge to gaze upon the scene, but my wife sat down to take a sip of wine, for she was very thirsty; and then, leaving her basket, she came to my side. The scene was indeed one of great beauty. Beneath us stretched a wide valley of many shades of green, with a little river running through it, and red-tiled houses here and there. Beyond rose a range of mountains, pink, pale-green, and purple where their tips caught the reflection of the setting sun, and of a rich gray-green in shadows. Beyond all was the blue Italian sky, illumined by an especially fine sunset.

My wife and I are Americans, and at the time of this story were middle-aged people and very fond of seeing in each other's company whatever there was of interest or beauty around us. We had a son about twenty-two years old, of whom we were also very fond, but he was not with us, being at that time a student in Germany. Although we had good health, we were not very robust people, and, under ordinary circumstances, not much given to long country tramps. I was of medium size, without much muscular development, while my wife was quite stout, and growing stouter.

The reader may, perhaps, be somewhat surprised that a middle-aged couple, not very strong, or very good walkers, the lady loaded with a basket containing two bottles of wine and a metal drinking-cup, and the gentleman carrying a heavy knapsack, filled with all sorts of odds and ends, strapped to his shoulders, should set off on a seven-mile walk, jump over a wall, run up a hill-side, and yet feel in very good trim to enjoy a sunset view. This peculiar state of things I will proceed to explain.

I had been a professional man, but some years before had retired upon a very comfortable income. I had always been very fond of scientific pursuits, and now made these the occupation and pleasure of much of my leisure time. Our home was in a small town; and in a corner of my grounds I built a laboratory, where I carried on my work and my experiments. I had long been anxious to discover the means, not only of producing, but of retaining and controlling, a natural force, really the same as centrifugal force, but which I called negative gravity. This name I adopted because it indicated better than any other the action of the force in question, as I produced it. Positive gravity attracts everything toward the center of the earth. Negative gravity, therefore, would be that power which repels everything from the center of the earth, just as the negative pole of a magnet repels the needle, while the positive pole attracts it. My object was, in fact, to store centrifugal force and to render it constant, controllable, and available for use. The advantages of such a discovery could scarcely be described. In a word, it would lighten the burdens of the world.

I will not touch upon the labors and disappointments of several years. It is enough to say that at last I discovered a method of producing, storing, and controlling negative gravity.

The mechanism of my invention was rather complicated, but the method of operating it was very simple. A strong metallic case, about eight inches long, and half as wide, contained the machinery for producing the force; and this was put into action by means of the pressure of a screw worked from the outside. As soon as this pressure was produced, negative

gravity began to be evolved and stored, and the greater the pressure the greater the force. As the screw was moved outward, and the pressure diminished, the force decreased, and when the screw was withdrawn to its fullest extent, the action of negative gravity entirely ceased. Thus this force could be produced or dissipated at will to such degrees as might be desired, and its action, so long as the requisite pressure was maintained, was constant.

When this little apparatus worked to my satisfaction I called my wife into my laboratory and explained to her my invention and its value. She had known that I had been at work with an important object, but I had never told her what it was. I had said that if I succeeded I would tell her all, but if I failed she need not be troubled with the matter at all. Being a very sensible woman, this satisfied her perfectly. Now I explained everything to her, the construction of the machine, and the wonderful uses to which this invention could be applied. I told her that it could diminish, or entirely dissipate, the weight of objects of any kind. A heavily loaded wagon, with two of these instruments fastened to its sides, and each screwed to a proper force, would be so lifted and supported that it would press upon the ground as lightly as an empty cart, and a small horse could draw it with ease. A bale of cotton, with one of these machines attached, could be handled and carried by a boy. A car, with a number of these machines, could be made to rise in the air like a balloon. Everything, in fact, that was heavy could be made light; and as a great part of labor, all over the world, is caused by the attraction of gravitation, so this repellent force, wherever applied, would make weight less and work easier. I told her of many, many ways in which the invention might be used, and would have told her of many more if she had not suddenly burst into tears.

"The world has gained something wonderful," she exclaimed, between her sobs, "but I have lost a husband!"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, in surprise.

"I haven't minded it so far," she said, "because it gave you something to do, and it pleased you, and it never interfered with our home pleasures and our home life. But now that is all over. You will never be your own master again. It will succeed, I am sure, and you may make a great deal of money, but we don't need money. What we need is the happiness which we have always had until now. Now there will be companies, and patents, and lawsuits, and experiments, and people calling you a humbug, and other people saying they discovered it long ago, and all sorts of people coming to see you, and you'll be obliged to go to all sorts of places, and you will be an altered man, and we shall never be happy again. Millions of money will not repay us for the happiness we have lost."

These words of my wife struck me with much force. Before I had called her my mind had begun to be filled and perplexed with ideas of what I ought to do now that the great invention was perfected. Until now the matter had not troubled me at all. Sometimes I had gone backward and sometimes forward, but, on the whole, I had always felt encouraged. I had taken great pleasure in the work, but I had never allowed myself to be too much absorbed by it. But now everything was different. I began to feel that it was due to myself and to my fellow-beings, that I should properly put this invention before the world. And how should I set about it? What steps should I take? I must make no mistakes. When the matter should become known hundreds of scientific people might set themselves to work; how could I tell but that they might discover other methods of producing the same effect. I must guard myself against a great many things. I must get patents in all parts of the world. Already, as I have said, my mind began to be troubled and perplexed with these things. A turmoil of this sort did not suit my age or disposition. I could not but agree with my wife that the joys of a quiet and contented life were now about to be broken into.

"My dear," said I, "I believe, with you, that the thing will do us more harm than good. If it were not for depriving the world of the invention I would throw the whole thing to the winds. And yet," I added, regretfully, "I had expected a great deal of personal gratification from the use of this invention."

"Now, listen," said my wife, eagerly, "don't you think it would be best to do this: use the thing as much as you please for your own amusement and satisfaction, but let the world wait. It has waited a long time, and let it wait a little longer. When we are dead let Herbert have the invention. He will then be old enough to judge for himself whether it will be better to take advantage of it for his own profit, or just to give it to the public for nothing. It would be cheating him if we were to do the latter, but it would also be doing him a great wrong if we were, at his age, to load him with such a heavy responsibility. Besides, if he took it up, you could not help going into it, too."

I took my wife's advice. I wrote a careful and complete account of the invention, and, sealing it up, I gave it to my lawyers to be

handed to my son after my death. If he died first, I would make other arrangements. Then I determined to get all the good and fun out of the thing that was possible without telling any one anything about it. Even Herbert, who was away from home, was not to be told of the invention.

The first thing I did was to buy a strong leathern knapsack, and inside of this I fastened my little machine, with a screw so arranged that it could be worked from the outside. Strapping this firmly to my shoulders, my wife gently turned the screw at the back until the upward tendency of the knapsack began to lift and sustain me. When I felt myself so gently supported and upheld that I seemed to weigh about thirty or forty pounds, I would set out for a walk. The knapsack did not raise me from the ground, but it gave me a very buoyant step. It was no labor at all to walk; it was a delight, an ecstasy. With the strength of a man and the weight of a child, I gayly strode along. The first day I walked half a dozen miles at a very brisk pace, and came back without feeling in the least degree tired. These walks now became one of the greatest joys of my life. When nobody was looking, I would bound over a fence, sometimes just touching it with one hand, and sometimes not touching it at all. I delighted in rough places. I sprang over streams. I jumped and I ran. I felt like Mercury himself.

I now set about making another machine, so that my wife could accompany me in my walks; but when it was finished she positively refused to use it. "I can't wear a knapsack," she said, "and there is no other good way of fastening it to me. Besides, everybody about here knows I am no walker, and it would only set them talking."

I occasionally made use of this second machine, but I will only give one instance of its application. Some repairs were needed to the foundation-walls of my barn, and a two-horse wagon, loaded with building-stone, had been brought into my yard and left there. In the evening, when the men had gone away, I took my two machines and fastened them with strong chains, one on each side of the loaded wagon. Then, gradually turning the screws, the wagon was so lifted that its weight became very greatly diminished. We had an old donkey which used to belong to Herbert, and which was now occasionally used with a small cart to bring packages from the station. I went into the barn and put the harness on the little fellow, and, bringing him out to the wagon, I attached him to it. In this position he looked very funny, with a long pole sticking out in front of him and the great wagon behind him. When all was ready, I touched him up; and, to my great delight, he moved off with the two-horse load of stone as easily as if he were drawing his own cart. I led him out into the public road, along which he proceeded without difficulty. He was an opinionated little beast, and sometimes stopped, not liking the peculiar manner in which he was harnessed; but a touch of the switch made him move on, and I soon turned him and brought the wagon back into the yard. This determined the success of my invention in one of its most important uses, and with a satisfied heart I put the donkey into the stable and went into the house.

Our trip to Europe was made a few months after this, and was mainly on our son Herbert's account. He, poor fellow, was in great trouble, and so, therefore, were we. He had become engaged, with our full consent, to a young lady in our town, the daughter of a gentleman whom we esteemed very highly. Herbert was young to be engaged to be married, but as we felt that he would never find a girl to make him so good a wife, we were entirely satisfied, especially as it was agreed on all hands that the marriage was not to take place for some time. It seemed to us that in marrying Janet Gilbert Herbert would secure for himself, in the very beginning of his career, the most important element of a happy life. But suddenly, without any reason that seemed to us justifiable, Mr. Gilbert, the only surviving parent of Janet, broke off the match; and he and his daughter soon after left the town for a trip to the West.

This blow nearly broke poor Herbert's heart. He gave up his professional studies and came home to us, and for a time we thought he would be seriously ill. Then we took him to Europe, and after a continental tour of a month or two we left him, at his own request, in Göttingen, where he thought it would do him good to go to work again. Then we went down to the little town in Italy where my story first finds us. My wife had suffered much in mind and body on her son's account, and for this reason I was anxious that she should take outdoor exercise, and enjoy as much as possible the bracing air of the country. I had brought with me both my little machines. One was still in my knapsack, and the other I had fastened to the inside of an enormous family trunk. As one is obliged to pay for nearly every pound of his baggage on the Continent, this saved me a great deal of money. Everything heavy was packed into this great trunk, — books, papers, the bronze, iron, and marble relics we had picked up, and all the articles that usually weigh down a tourist's baggage. I screwed up the negative gravity apparatus

until the trunk could be handled with great ease by an ordinary porter. I could have made it weigh nothing at all, but this, of course, I did not wish to do. The lightness of my baggage, however, had occasioned some comment, and I had overheard remarks which were not altogether complimentary about people traveling around with empty trunks; but this only amused me.

Desirous that my wife should have the advantage of negative gravity while taking our walks, I had removed the machine from the trunk and fastened it inside of the basket, which she could carry under her arm. This assisted her wonderfully. When one arm was tired she put the basket under the other, and thus, with one hand on my arm, she could easily keep up with the free and buoyant steps my knapsack enabled me to take. She did not object to long tramps here, because nobody knew that she was not a walker, and she always carried some wine or other refreshment in the basket, not only because it was pleasant to have it with us, but because it seemed ridiculous to go about carrying an empty basket.

There were English-speaking people stopping at the hotel where we were, but they seemed more fond of driving than walking, and none of them offered to accompany us on our rambles, for which we were very glad. There was one man there, however, who was a great walker. He was an Englishman, a member of an Alpine Club, and generally went about dressed in a knickerbocker suit, with gray woolen stockings covering an enormous pair of calves. One evening this gentleman was talking to me and some others about the ascent of the Matterhorn, and I took occasion to deliver in pretty strong language my opinion upon such ascents. I declared them to be useless, foolhardy, and, if the climber had any one who loved him, wicked.

"Even if the weather should permit a view," I said, "what is that compared to the terrible risk to life? Under certain circumstances," I added (thinking of a kind of waistcoat I had some idea of making, which, set about with little negative gravity machines, all connected with a conveniently handled screw, would enable the wearer at times to dispense with his weight altogether), "such ascents might be divested of danger, and be quite admissible; but ordinarily they should be frowned upon by the intelligent public."

The Alpine Club man looked at me, especially regarding my somewhat slight figure and thinnish legs.

"It's all very well for you to talk that way," he said, "because it is easy to see that you are not up to that sort of thing."

"In conversations of this kind," I replied, "I never make personal allusions; but since you have chosen to do so, I feel inclined to invite you to walk with me to-morrow to the top of the mountain to the north of town."

"I'll do it," he said, "at any time you choose to name." And as I left the room soon afterward I heard him laugh.

The next afternoon, about two o'clock, the Alpine Club man and myself set out for the mountain.

"What have you got in your knapsack?" he said.

"A hammer to use if I come across geological specimens, a field-glass, a flask of wine, and some other things."

"I wouldn't carry any weight, if I were you," he said.

"Oh, I don't mind it," I answered, and off we started.

The mountain to which we were bound was about two miles from the town. Its nearest side was steep, and in places almost precipitous, but it sloped away more gradually toward the north, and up that side a road led by devious windings to a village near the summit. It was not a very high mountain, but it would do for an afternoon's climb.

"I suppose you want to go up by the road," said my companion.

"Oh, no," I answered, "we wont go so far around as that. There is a path up this side, along which I have seen men driving their goats. I prefer to take that."

"All right, if you say so," he answered, with a smile; "but you'll find it pretty tough."

After a time he remarked:

"I wouldn't walk so fast, if I were you."

"Oh, I like to step along briskly," I said. And briskly on we went.

My wife had screwed up the machine in the knapsack more than usual, and walking seemed scarcely any effort at all. I carried a long alpenstock, and when we reached the mountain and began the ascent, I found that with the help of this and my knapsack I could go uphill at a wonderful rate. My companion had taken the lead, so as to show me how to climb. Making a détour over some rocks, I quickly passed him and went ahead. After that it was impossible for him to keep up with me. I ran up steep places, I cut off the windings of the path by lightly clambering over rocks, and even when I followed the beaten track my step was as rapid as if I had been walking on level ground.

"Look here!" shouted the Alpine Club man from below, "you'll kill yourself if you go at that rate! That's no way to climb mountains."

"It's my way!" I cried. And on I skipped.

Twenty minutes after I arrived at the summit, my companion joined me, puffing, and wiping his red face with his handkerchief.

"Confound it!" he cried, "I never came up a mountain so fast in my life."

"You need not have hurried," I said, coolly.

"I was afraid something would happen to you," he growled, "and I wanted to stop you. I never saw a person climb in such an utterly absurd way."

"I don't see why you should call it absurd," I said, smiling with an air of superiority. "I arrived here in a perfectly comfortable condition, neither heated nor wearied."

He made no answer, but walked off to a little distance, fanning himself with his hat and growling words which I did not catch. After a time I proposed to descend.

"You must be careful as you go down," he said. "It is much more dangerous to go down steep places than to climb up."

"I am always prudent," I answered, and started in advance. I found the descent of the mountain much more pleasant than the ascent. It was positively exhilarating. I jumped from rocks and bluffs eight and ten feet in height, and touched the ground as gently as if I had stepped down but two feet. I ran down steep paths, and, with the aid of my alpenstock, stopped myself in an instant. I was careful to avoid dangerous places, but the runs and jumps I made were such as no man had ever made before upon that mountain-side. Once only I heard my companion's voice.

"You'll break your —— neck!" he yelled.

"Never fear!" I called back, and soon left him far above.

When I reached the bottom I would have waited for him, but my activity had warmed me up, and as a cool evening breeze was beginning to blow I thought it better not to stop and take cold. Half an hour after my arrival at the hotel I came down to the court, cool, fresh, and dressed for dinner, and just in time to meet the Alpine man as he entered, hot, dusty, and growling.

"Excuse me for not waiting for you," I said; but without stopping to hear my reason, he muttered something about waiting in a place where no one would care to stay and passed into the house.

There was no doubt that what I had done gratified my pique and tickled my vanity.

"I think now," I said, when I related the matter to my wife, "that he will scarcely say that I am not up to that sort of thing."

"I am not sure," she answered, "that it was exactly fair. He did not know how you were assisted."

"It was fair enough," I said. "He is enabled to climb well by the inherited vigor of his constitution and by his training. He did not tell me what methods of exercise he used to get those great muscles upon his legs. I am enabled to climb by the exercise of my intellect. My method is my business and his method is his business. It is all perfectly fair."

Still she persisted:

"He *thought* that you climbed with your legs, and not with your head."

And now, after this long digression, necessary to explain how a middle-aged couple of slight pedestrian ability, and loaded with a heavy knapsack and basket, should have started out on a rough walk and climb, fourteen miles in all, we will return to ourselves, standing on the little bluff and gazing out upon the sunset view. When the sky began to fade a little we turned from it and prepared to go back to the town.

"Where is the basket? I said.

"I left it right here," answered my wife. "I unscrewed the machine and it lay perfectly flat."

"Did you afterward take out the bottles?" I asked, seeing them lying on the grass.

"Yes, I believe I did. I had to take out yours in order to get at mine."

"Then," said I, after looking all about the grassy patch on which we stood, "I am afraid you did not entirely unscrew the instrument, and that when the weight of the bottles was removed the basket gently rose into the air."

"It may be so," she said, lugubriously. "The basket was behind me as I drank my wine."

"I believe that is just what has happened," I said. "Look up there! I vow that is our basket!"

I pulled out my field-glass and directed it at a little speck high above our heads. It was the basket floating high in the air. I gave the glass to my wife to look, but she did not want to use it.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "I can't walk home without that basket. It's perfectly dreadful!" And she looked as if she was going to cry.

"Do not distress yourself," I said, although I was a good deal disturbed myself. "We shall get home very well. You shall put your hand on my shoulder, and I will put my arm around you. Then you can screw up my machine a good deal higher, and it will support us both. In this way I am sure that we shall get on very well."

We carried out this plan, and managed to walk on with moderate comfort. To be sure, with the knapsack pulling me upward, and the weight of my wife pulling me down, the straps hurt me somewhat, which they had not done before. We did not spring lightly over

the wall into the road, but, still clinging to each other, we clambered awkwardly over it. The road for the most part declined gently toward the town, and with moderate ease we made our way along it. But we walked much more slowly than we had done before, and it was quite dark when we reached our hotel. If it had not been for the light inside the court it would have been difficult for us to find it. A traveling-carriage was standing before the entrance, and against the light. It was necessary to pass around it, and my wife went first. I attempted to follow her, but, strange to say, there was nothing under my feet. I stepped vigorously, but only wagged my legs in the air. To my horror I found that I was rising in the air! I soon saw, by the light below me, that I was some fifteen feet from the ground. The carriage drove away, and in the darkness I was not noticed. Of course I knew what had happened. The instrument in my knapsack had been screwed up to such an intensity, in order to support both myself and my wife, that when her weight was removed the force of the negative gravity was sufficient to raise me from the ground. But I was glad to find that when I had risen to the height I have mentioned I did not go up any higher, but hung in the air, about on a level with the second tier of windows of the hotel.

I now began to try to reach the screw in my knapsack in order to reduce the force of the negative gravity; but, do what I would, I could not get my hand to it. The machine in the knapsack had been placed so as to support me in a well-balanced and comfortable way; and in doing this it had been impossible to set the screw so that I could reach it. But in a temporary arrangement of the kind this had not been considered necessary, as my wife always turned the screw for me until sufficient lifting-power had been attained. I had intended, as I have said before, to construct a negative gravity waistcoat, in which the screw should be in front, and entirely under the wearer's control; but this was a thing of the future.

When I found that I could not turn the screw I began to be much alarmed. Here I was, dangling in the air, without any means of reaching the ground. I could not expect my wife to return to look for me, as she would naturally suppose I had stopped to speak to some one. I thought of loosening myself from the knapsack, but this would not do, for I should fall heavily, and either kill myself or break some of my bones. I did not dare to call for assistance, for if any of the simple-minded inhabitants of the town had discovered me floating in the air they would have taken me for a demon, and would probably have shot at me. A moderate breeze was blowing, and it wafted me gently down the street. If it had wafted me against a tree I would have seized it, and have endeavored, so to speak, to climb down it; but there were no trees. There was a dim street-lamp here and there, but reflectors above them threw their light upon the pavement, and none up to me. On many accounts I was glad that the night was so dark, for, much as I desired to get down, I wanted no one to see me in my strange position, which, to any one but myself and wife, would be utterly unaccountable. If I could rise as high as the roofs I might get on one of them, and, tearing off an armful of tiles, so load myself that I would be heavy enough to descend. But I did not rise to the eaves of any of the houses. If there had been a telegraph-pole, or anything of the kind that I could have clung to, I would have taken off the knapsack, and would have endeavored to scramble down as well as I could. But there was nothing I could cling to. Even the water-spouts, if I could have reached the face of the houses, were imbedded in the walls. At an open window, near which I was slowly blown, I saw two little boys going to bed by the light of a dim candle. I was dreadfully afraid that they would see me and raise an alarm. I actually came so near to the window that I threw out one foot and pushed against the wall with such force that I went nearly across the street. I thought I caught sight of a frightened look on the face of one of the boys; but of this I am not sure, and I heard no cries. I still floated, dangling, down the street. What was to be done? Should I call out? In that case, if I were not shot or stoned, my strange predicament, and the secret of my invention, would be exposed to the world. If I did not do this, I must either let myself drop and be killed or mangled, or hang there and die. When, during the course of the night, the air became more rarefied, I might rise higher and higher, perhaps to an altitude of one or two hundred feet. It would then be impossible for the people to reach me and get me down, even if they were convinced that I was not a demon. I should then expire, and when the birds of the air had eaten all of me that they could devour, I should forever hang above the unlucky town, a dangling skeleton, with a knapsack on its back.

Such thoughts were not re-assuring, and I determined that if I could find no means of getting down without assistance, I would call out and run all risks; but so long as I could endure the tension of the straps I would hold out and hope for a tree or a pole. Perhaps it might rain, and my wet clothes would then

become so heavy that I would descend as low as the top of a lamp-post.

As this thought was passing through my mind I saw a spark of light upon the street approaching me. I rightly imagined that it came from a tobacco-pipe, and directly I heard a voice. It was that of the Alpine Club man. Of all people in the world I did not want him to discover me, and I hung as motionless as possible. The man was speaking to another person who was walking with him.

"He is crazy beyond a doubt," said the Alpine man. "Nobody but a maniac could have gone up and down that mountain as he did! He hasn't any muscles, and one need only look at him to know that he couldn't do any climbing in a natural way. It is only the excitement of insanity that gives him strength."

The two now stopped almost under me, and the speaker continued:

"Such things are very common with maniacs. At times they acquire an unnatural strength which is perfectly wonderful. I have seen a little fellow struggle and fight so that four strong men could not hold him."

Then the other person spoke:

"I am afraid what you say is too true," he remarked. "Indeed, I have known it for some time."

At these words my breath almost stopped. It was the voice of Mr. Gilbert, my townsman, and the father of Janet. It must have been he who had arrived in the traveling-carriage. He was acquainted with the Alpine Club man, and they were talking of me. Proper or improper, I listened with all my ears.

"It is a very sad case," Mr. Gilbert continued. "My daughter was engaged to marry his son, but I broke off the match. I could not have her marry the son of a lunatic, and there could be no doubt of his condition. He has been seen — a man of his age, and the head of a family — to load himself up with a heavy knapsack, which there was no earthly necessity for him to carry, and go skipping along the road for miles, vaulting over fences and jumping over rocks and ditches like a young calf or a colt. I myself saw a most heart-rending instance of how a kindly man's nature can be changed by the derangement of his intellect. I was at some distance from his house, but I plainly saw him harness a little donkey which he owns to a large two-horse wagon loaded with stone, and beat and lash the poor little beast until it drew the heavy load some distance along the public road. I would have remonstrated with him on this horrible cruelty, but he had the wagon back in his yard before I could reach him."

"Oh, there can be no doubt of his insanity," said the Alpine Club man, "and he oughtn't to be allowed to travel about in this way. Some day he will pitch his wife over a precipice just for the fun of seeing her shoot through the air."

"I am sorry he is here," said Mr. Gilbert, "for it would be very painful to meet him. My daughter and I will retire very soon, and go away as early to-morrow morning as possible, so as to avoid seeing him."

And then they walked back to the hotel.

For a few moments I hung, utterly forgetful of my condition, and absorbed in the consideration of these revelations. One idea now filled my mind. Everything must be explained to Mr. Gilbert, even if it should be necessary to have him called to me, and for me to speak to him from the upper air.

Just then I saw something white approaching me along the road. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and I perceived that it was an upturned face. I recognized the hurried gait, the form; it was my wife. As she came near me I called her name, and in the same breath entreated her not to scream. It must have been an effort for her to restrain herself, but she did it.

"You must help me to get down," I said, "without anybody seeing us."

"What shall I do?" she whispered.

"Try to catch hold of this string."

And taking a piece of twine from my pocket, I lowered one end to her. But it was too short; she could not reach it. I then tied my handkerchief to it, but still it was not long enough.

"I can get more string, or handkerchiefs," she whispered, hurriedly.

"No," I said; "you could not get them up to me. But, leaning against the hotel wall, on this side, in the corner, just inside of the garden gate, are some fishing-poles. I have seen them there every day. You can easily find them in the dark. Go, please, and bring me one of those."

The hotel was not far away, and in a few minutes my wife returned with a fishing-pole. She stood on tip-toe, and reached it high in air; but all she could do was to strike my feet and legs with it. My most frantic exertions did not enable me to get my hands low enough to touch it.

"Wait a minute," she said; and the rod was withdrawn.

I knew what she was doing. There was a hook and line attached to the pole, and with womanly dexterity she was fastening the hook to the extreme end of the rod. Soon she reached up, and gently struck at my legs. After a few attempts the hook caught in my trousers, a little below my right knee. Then there was a slight pull, a long scratch down

my leg, and the hook was stopped by the top of my boot. Then came a steady downward pull, and I felt myself descending. Gently and firmly the rod was drawn down; carefully the lower end was kept free from the ground; and in a few moments my ankle was seized with a vigorous grasp. Then some one seemed to climb up me, my feet touched the ground, an arm was thrown around my neck, the hand of another arm was busy at the back of my knapsack, and I soon stood firmly in the road, entirely divested of negative gravity.

"Oh, that I should have forgotten," sobbed my wife, "and that I should have dropped your arms, and let you go up into the air! At first I thought that you had stopped below, and it was only a little while ago that the truth flashed upon me. Then I rushed out and began looking up for you. I knew that you had wax matches in your pocket, and hoped that you would keep on striking them, so that you would be seen."

"But I did not wish to be seen," I said, as we hurried to the hotel; "and I can never be sufficiently thankful that it was you who found me and brought me down. Do you know that it is Mr. Gilbert and his daughter who have just arrived? I must see him instantly. I will explain it all to you when I come upstairs."

I took off my knapsack and gave it to my wife, who carried it to our room, while I went to look for Mr. Gilbert. Fortunately I found him just as he was about to go up to his chamber. He took my offered hand, but looked at me sadly and gravely.

"Mr. Gilbert," I said, "I must speak to you in private. Let us step into this room. There is no one here."

"My friend," said Mr. Gilbert, "it will be much better to avoid discussing this subject. It is very painful to both of us, and no good can come from talking of it."

"You cannot now comprehend what it is I want to say to you," I replied. "Come in here, and in a few minutes you will be very glad that you listened to me."

My manner was so earnest and impressive that Mr. Gilbert was constrained to follow me, and we went into a small room called the smoking-room, but in which people seldom smoked, and closed the door. I immediately began my statement. I told my old friend that I had discovered, by means that I need not explain at present, that he had considered me crazy, and that now the most important object of my life was to set myself right in his eyes. I thereupon gave him the whole history of my invention, and explained the reason of the actions that had appeared to him those of a lunatic. I said nothing about the little incident of that evening. That was a mere accident, and I did not care now to speak of it.

Mr. Gilbert listened to me very attentively.

"Your wife is here?" he asked, when I had finished.

"Yes," I said; "and she will corroborate my story in every item, and no one could ever suspect her of being crazy. I will go and bring her to you."

In a few minutes my wife was in the room, had shaken hands with Mr. Gilbert, and had been told of my suspected madness. She turned pale, but smiled.

"He did act like a crazy man," she said, "but I never supposed that anybody would think him one." And tears came into her eyes.

"And now, my dear," said I, "perhaps you will tell Mr. Gilbert how I did all this."

And then she told him the story that I had told.

Mr. Gilbert looked from the one to the other of us with a troubled air.

"Of course I do not doubt either of you, or rather I do not doubt that you believe what you say. All would be right if I could bring myself to credit that such a force as that you speak of can possibly exist."

"That is a matter," said I, "which I can easily prove to you by actual demonstration. If you can wait a short time, until my wife and I have had something to eat,— for I am nearly famished, and I am sure she must be,— I will set your mind at rest upon that point."

"I will wait here," said Mr. Gilbert, "and smoke a cigar. Don't hurry yourselves. I shall be glad to have some time to think about what you have told me."

When we had finished the dinner, which had been set aside for us, I went upstairs and got my knapsack, and we both joined Mr. Gilbert in the smoking-room. I showed him the little machine, and explained, very briefly, the principle of its construction. I did not give any practical demonstration of its action, because there were people walking about the corridor who might at any moment come into the room; but, looking out of the window, I saw that the night was much clearer. The wind had dissipated the clouds, and the stars were shining brightly.

"If you will come up the street with me," said I to Mr. Gilbert, "I will show you how this thing works."

"That is just what I want to see," he answered.

"I will go with you," said my wife, throwing a shawl over her head. And we started up the street.

When we were outside the little town I

found the starlight was quite sufficient for my purpose. The white roadway, the low walls, and objects about us, could easily be distinguished.

"Now," said I to Mr. Gilbert, "I want to put this knapsack on you, and let you see how it feels, and how it will help you to walk." To this he assented with some eagerness, and I strapped it firmly on him. "I will now turn this screw," said I, "until you shall become lighter and lighter."

"Be very careful not to turn it too much," said my wife earnestly.

"Oh, you may depend on me for that," said I, turning the screw very gradually.

Mr. Gilbert was a stout man, and I was obliged to give the screw a good many turns.

"There seems to be considerable hoist in it," he said directly. And then I put my arms around him, and found that I could raise him from the ground. "Are you lifting me?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes; I did it with ease," I answered.

"Upon — my — word!" ejaculated Mr. Gilbert.

I then gave the screw a half turn more, and told him to walk and run. He started off, at first slowly, then he made long strides, then he began to run, and then to skip and jump. It had been many years since Mr. Gilbert had skipped and jumped. No one was in sight, and he was free to gambol as much as he pleased. "Could you give it another turn?" said he, bounding up to me. "I want to try that wall." I put on a little more negative gravity, and he vaulted over a five-foot wall with great ease. In an instant he had leaped back into the road, and in two bounds was at my side. "I came down as light as a cat," he said. "There was never anything like it." And away he went up the road, taking steps at least eight feet long, leaving my wife and me laughing heartily at the preternatural agility of our stout friend. In a few minutes he was with us again. "Take it off," he said. "If I wear it any longer I shall want one myself, and then I shall be taken for a crazy man, and perhaps clapped into an asylum."

"Now," said I, as I turned back the screw before unstrapping the knapsack, "do you understand how I took long walks, and leaped and jumped; how I ran uphill and downhill, and how the little donkey drew the loaded wagon?"

"I understand it all," cried he. "I take back all I ever said or thought about you, my friend."

"And Herbert may marry Janet?" cried my wife.

"*May* marry her!" cried Mr. Gilbert. "Indeed he *shall* marry her, if I have anything to say about it! My poor girl has been drooping ever since I told her it could not be."

My wife rushed at him, but whether she embraced him or only shook his hands I cannot say; for I had the knapsack in one hand, and was rubbing my eyes with the other.

"But, my dear fellow," said Mr. Gilbert directly, "if you still consider it to your interest to keep your invention a secret, I wish you had never made it. No one having a machine like that can help using it, and it is often quite as bad to be considered a maniac as to be one."

"My friend," I cried, with some excitement, "I have made up my mind on this subject. The little machine in this knapsack, which is the only one I now possess, has been a great pleasure to me. But I now know it has also been of the greatest injury indirectly to me and mine, not to mention some direct inconvenience and danger, which I will speak of another time. The secret lies with us three, and we will keep it. But the invention itself is too full of temptation and danger for any of us."

As I said this I held the knapsack with one hand while I quickly turned the screw with the other. In a few moments it was high above my head, while I with difficulty held it down by the straps. "Look!" I cried. And then I let go, and the knapsack shot into the air and disappeared into the upper gloom.

I was about to make a remark, but had no chance, for my wife threw herself upon my bosom, sobbing with joy.

"Oh, I am so glad — so glad!" she said. "And you will never make another?"

"Never another!" I answered.

"And now let us hurry in and see Janet," said my wife.

"You don't know how heavy and clumsy I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, striving to keep up with us as we walked back. "If I had worn that thing much longer, I should never have been willing to take it off!"

Janet had retired, but my wife went up to her room.

"I think she has felt it as much as our boy," she said, when she rejoined me. "But I tell you, my dear, I left a very happy girl in that little bed-chamber over the garden."

And there were three very happy elderly people talking together until quite late that evening. "I shall write to Herbert to-night," I said, when we separated, "and tell him to meet us all in Geneva. It will do him no harm to interrupt his studies just now."

"You must let me add a postscript to the letter," said Mr. Gilbert, "and I am sure it

will require no knapsack with a screw in the back to bring him quickly to us."

And it did not.

There is a wonderful pleasure in tripping over the earth like a winged Mercury, and in feeling one's self relieved of much of that attraction of gravitation which drags us down to earth, and gradually makes the movement of our bodies but weariness and labor. But this pleasure is not to be compared, I think, to that given by the buoyancy and lightness of two young and loving hearts, reunited after a separation which they had supposed would last forever.

What became of the basket and the knapsack, or whether they ever met in upper air, I do not know. If they but float away and stay away from ken of mortal man, I shall be satisfied.

And whether or not the world will ever know more of the power of negative gravity depends entirely upon the disposition of my son Herbert, when — after a good many years, I hope — he shall open the packet my lawyers have in keeping.

[NOTE.— It would be quite useless for any one to interview my wife on this subject, for she has entirely forgotten how my machine was made. And as for Mr. Gilbert, he never knew.]

Frank R. Stockton.

ROMANCE.

OVER the land, and over the sea, and over the round world's rim,
There blooms and glooms a fair countrie where everything is dim;
Moonlit by night, by day the mist comes drifting from the sea,
And wraps in pearl and amethyst the hills of the fair countrie.

And there a gray old tower stands on a wild craig by the sea,
Advanced before the flowering lands and streams of the fair countrie.
Its Dame has eyes like bright night skies, and hair like a darkling flood,
And a voice that murmurs of mysteries like the voice of a wind-swept wood.

And over the craigs, and over the sea, and over the round world's rim,
Vague tidings come to that far countrie where everything is dim,
That her Desire has anchor weighed, and on his sails the Day
Sits burning red with wings outspread, to chase the mists away.

But from her cloudy perch she's flown, and thunders of the surge,
And to the midmost valley gone, beyond the mountain's verge,
Where green leaves grow, and waters flow, and songs that wild birds trill
Are wise and strong as any song that shakes Parnassus hill.

There every well with dead leaves paved holds stormy seas of passion;
There not a dew-drop glistens but a star will steal its fashion ·
There are the timid valorous, and humble things superb,
And wonders spring from common hap, like blood from bruiséd herb.

And shall the other world of noise, and heat, and dust, and glare,
Break in upon the silent joys, the swift communings rare
Of shy and generous creatures that dwell in flowers or trees,
Or chanting low their wet locks throw upon the lagging breeze?

Oh, no! Oh, no! around they flow, deep-eyed and quivering lipped,
With all her memories and hopes, heart-beats and thoughts equipped,
It must not be; it cannot be! let furies, harpies rise,
Whose looks may fright the reckless knight that threatens her gray skies.

Roger Riordan.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lawyers' Morals.

It is apparently the popular opinion that lawyers' morals are of a different type from those of ordinary human beings. There is evidently great difficulty in fixing the standards of legal morality and defining its rules. So much debate of this topic itself excites misgivings. Is a lawyer bound by the common laws of conduct recognized as binding by reputable men in other callings? Some of the disputants would seem to maintain that he is not, which is startling; and some to insist that he is, which insistence would itself seem to imply an abnormal condition of things.

Nevertheless, the discussion must be fruitful of good. Now and then we get a clear and uncompromising utterance like that of Mr. Theodore Bacon, read at a late meeting of the Social Science Association and printed in its journal. Mr. Bacon recognizes the fact that the typical lawyer is not the type of honesty. "If," he says, "unswerving integrity, if ingenuous simplicity are recognized by the community in the ranks of the legal profession, they are regarded — let us not blind ourselves to this fact — as an incongruous interpolation in the normal type, . . . and the friendly critic will most probably fall into the very phrase of the ancient epitaph, 'An honest man, although a lawyer.' The dominant feeling would still be fairly expressed by Dr. Johnson's pungent saying, who answered an inquiry as to a person who had just left the room: 'I do not wish to be calumnious, but it is my belief that the man is an attorney.'" When an intelligent lawyer admits that such is the "dominant feeling" with respect to his profession, the perennial debate upon lawyers' ethics is explained and justified.

Mr. Bacon's treatment of this theme is trenchant and uncompromising. His view is summed up in this saying: "I can find no different — or rather, I will say no lower — ethical basis of action for the advocate than for any other member of society." This is a wholesome maxim. It blows away a whole firmament of fog. It brings the subject within reach of common minds. If lawyers are amenable to the same ethical rules that govern other men, then it is not presumptuous for laymen to judge their conduct.

Doubtless there is some confusion in the popular mind as to a lawyer's rights and obligations. The common question, whether a lawyer can rightly defend a criminal known to be guilty, — answered so generally in the negative, — is often discussed under a fundamental misconception. "The fallacy involved in the prevalent objection," as Mr. Bacon says, "is in the notion that the interest of morality demands always the punishment of bad men. The error is a grave one. The interest of morality and of social order demands, above all things, that a bad man shall *not* be punished unless he has violated some law; and even that a known violator of law shall not be punished except by the forms of law. . . . And every lawyer who interposes against an eager prosecutor or a passionate jury the shield of a strictly legal defense, declaring, 'You shall not hang or imprison this man, be he guilty or not guilty, until by the established course of procedure, by competent legal evidence, you have proved that he has offended against a definite provision of law, and that the precise provision which you have charged him with violating,' is defending not so much the trembling wretch at the bar as society itself, and the innocent man who may to-morrow be driven by clamor to crucifixion." This view of the lawyer's duty in criminal cases is one that the layman does not always get hold of, but it is entirely just.

The question of the lawyer's relation to iniquitous civil actions is treated by this essayist with less perspicacity. He thinks that the cases are few in which honorable lawyers *know* their clients to be in the wrong. If this be so, then there must be many dishonorable lawyers; for, undeniably, there is a vast number of civil cases in which one side is *palpably* in the wrong. Mr. Bacon says that the honorable lawyer who *knows* beforehand that the case which he is asked to undertake is iniquitous, promptly declines it. And he accounts for the relation of reputable lawyers to bad cases by saying: "It is seldom that the incessant and fervent assurances of the client, the proofs and arguments which, all on one side, he arrays before his counsel, have failed to keep him convinced, from beginning to end, that he must be in the right." With strictly honorable lawyers this is undoubtedly the rule; but it is at this point that the temptation to lower the professional standards is strongest. This is, therefore, precisely one of the points at which the lawyer's morals need toning up. The advocate whose conscience has fallen into a too easily satisfied condition will be a little less thorough in this preliminary examination than he ought to be.

Not only has a lawyer no right to undertake a clearly unjust cause, he has no right to continue in a cause which he undertook, believing in its justice, if, in the course of the trial, he becomes convinced that it is unrighteous. His manifest duty to retire from the conduct of a bad cause, concerning the character of which his client has wantonly deceived him, is clearly maintained by this essayist.

Out of all this discussion it is easy to draw two or three plain maxims, obvious enough to men in other callings, but far from being commonplaces of legal ethics, as all who frequent the courts must know.

1. A lawyer ought to be a gentleman. His function as an attorney gives him no dispensation to disregard the ordinary rules of good manners, and the ordinary principles of decency and honor. He has no right to slander his neighbor, even if his neighbor be the defendant in a cause in which he appears for the plaintiff. He has no right to bully or browbeat a witness in cross-examination, or artfully to entrap that witness into giving false testimony. Whatever the privilege of the court may be, the lawyer who is guilty of such practices in court is no gentleman out of court.

2. A lawyer ought not to lie. He may defend a criminal whom he knows to be guilty, but he may not say to the jury that he believes this criminal to be innocent. He may not in any way intentionally convey to the jury the impression that he believes the man to be innocent. He may not, in his plea, pervert or distort the evidence so as to weaken the force or conceal the meaning of it. He is a sworn officer of the court, and his oath should bind him to the strictest veracity. It would be quixotic to expect him to assist his adversary, but his obligation to speak the truth outranks every obligation that he owes to his client. It is notorious that some lawyers who would think it scandalous to tell a falsehood out of court, in any business transaction, lie shamelessly in court in behalf of their clients, and seem to think it part of their professional duty. That bar of justice before which, by their professional obligations, they are bound to the most stringent truthfulness, is the very place where they seem to consider themselves absolved from the common law of veracity. So long as the legal mind is infected with this deadly heresy, we need not wonder that our courts of justice often become the instruments of unrighteousness.

3. A lawyer ought not to sell his services for the promotion of injustice and knavery. Swindlers of all types are aided by lawyers in their depredations upon society. The mock broker who operates in Wall street, and strips green country speculators of their hard-earned gains by the most nefarious roguery, always has an able lawyer as his accomplice. The gentleman by whose agency a nest of these rascals was lately broken up says: "The great difficulty in stopping swindles of this class is that the rascals make enough money to be able to employ the best of legal advice, and are, moreover, careful to do nothing which will render them liable to arrest." This is the testimony of a lawyer, Mr. Ralph Oakley, of New York. "The best of legal advice" can be had, then, in New York city for such purposes. It would be more difficult to believe this if its truth were not so often illustrated in the stupendous frauds and piracies of great corporations, all of which are carefully engineered by eminent lawyers. Our modern "buccaneers"—our brave railroad wreckers—are in constant consultation with distinguished lawyers. They undeniably have "the best of legal advice" in planning and executing their bold iniquities.

In the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Bacon's paper at Saratoga, the suggestion was made that a better legal education would tend to correct disreputable practices at the bar, whereupon a clergyman put this troublesome question: "I desire to ask, for information, whether it is not the case that in many instances the most highly educated attorneys prove the most facile and unscrupulous instruments, as the advocates of large corporations and monopolists?" The question was not answered. Evidently it was not for the want of facts on which to base an intelligent answer.

So long as lawyers can engage in operations of this nature without losing caste in their profession, it will be needful to continue the discussion of professional ethics. And it would seem that the legal profession ought to lose no time in purging itself of those who are guilty of such practices. In the words of the late Lewis L. Delafield, Esq., of the New York bar, spoken in the discussion to which we have referred: "There are many lawyers—and they are not exclusively confined to our large cities—who should be disbarred without delay for dishonest and corrupt practices; and until some serious and successful attempt is made in this direction, the legal profession must expect, and will deserve, to decline in popular esteem."

In all callings there are disreputable men; the presence of such men in the legal profession brings no necessary discredit upon that profession if it be evident that the professional standards of conduct are high and that lawyers in general are disposed to adhere to them, and to enforce them. This discussion simply raises the question whether the lawyer's ethics is not often confused by unnecessary casuistry, and whether the bar in general is not greatly at fault in neglecting to enforce its own rules against disreputable members. On these points it will be observed that the severest judgments of this article are pronounced by good lawyers. It may be added that the standard here raised is not an impossible ideal; many lawyers in active practice carefully conform to it.

The Bible in the Sunday-school.

THE calling of the Sunday-school teacher is becoming more and more difficult. It was never a sinecure to those who rightly conceived of its duties and responsibilities; but the progress of years, and the movements of thought, render its problems increasingly serious. Indeed, it begins to be evident that the business of teaching, in all departments, is one requiring great skill and wisdom; that it is not well done by those who make it the mere incident of a career devoted to other pursuits; that it requires the most careful study of the human mind, and the most patient adjustment of means to ends. Pedagogy is taking the rank that belongs to it as one of the nobler sciences.

While the work of teaching in general is receiving so much attention, the work of Sunday-school teaching has not been neglected. Sunday-school institutes and Sunday-school assemblies in all parts of the country are discussing methods and criticising theories with diligence and enthusiasm.

The burning question for the Sunday-school teacher is not, however, so much a question of method as of subject-matter. To learn how to teach is easier than to determine what to teach. Doubtless there are thousands of teachers to whom this difficulty has never presented itself; but to the most intelligent and thoughtful among them it is a serious question.

The Unitarian Sunday-school Society has proposed an answer to this question which is likely to awaken discussion. A little book entitled "The Citizen and the Neighbor" has been prepared by a clergyman of that denomination as a manual of instruction in Sunday-schools. This book treats of "men's rights and duties as they live together in the state and in society," and these rights and duties are classified under four heads, as political, economical, social, and international. Each chapter consists of a series of simple elementary statements, followed by well-framed questions, serving not only to draw forth the doctrines taught in the text, but to prompt independent thought. An admirable little manual it is; and in the hands of a judicious teacher it could be made extremely useful. The pastor who should organize the young people of his con-

gregation into a class for the study of this manual on a week-day evening might render them a great service. But most Sunday-school teachers will, we suppose, refuse to entertain the idea of introducing this book into their Sunday classes. The Sunday-school is the Bible-school. That is the name by which it is now frequently called; that is the character which, in the thoughts and sentiments of the great majority of Sunday-school teachers, belongs to it; and it will be a long time before any other book than the Bible is generally adopted as a manual of instruction in the Sunday-school. This conservatism is not irrational. Religion, rather than ethics or sociology, is the concern of the Sunday-school; and the Bible is the book of religion. Even the Dutch critics insist on this; the new theology, as well as the old, holds fast to the Bible as the book of religion.

It is exactly at this point, however, that the difficulty of the honest and intelligent Sunday-school teacher begins. That the Bible is the book of religion he firmly believes; but it is not so in the sense in which it was once believed to be; and the question respecting the character of the Bible — the view that he is to take of it in his teaching; the manner in which he is to use it; the extent to which he is to recognize the clear results of the higher criticism — is a question of great perplexity for every serious teacher. The fact that the Bible occupies a somewhat different place in the thoughts of well-instructed Christians from that which it held twenty-five or fifty years ago is a fact that cannot be denied. Such a book as that of Professor Briggs makes this entirely plain. In the most conservative theological circles it is conceded that the higher criticism has some just claims upon our attention, and that it has reached certain substantial results. It may be true that many of the conclusions of critics like Wellhausen and Robertson Smith are rash and unwarranted; but after their work has been thoroughly sifted and their questionable theories have been thrown out, there remains a residuum of solid truth, in the presence of which the old ideas of the structure, the growth, and the character of the Sacred Scriptures must be considerably modified. A thoroughly cautious and moderate statement was that made not long ago by Professor Harris, of the Andover Theological Seminary, in which he said:

"The doctrine of Sacred Scripture is at present in a state of flux. . . . Certain general statements may be made concerning the inspiration and authority of the Bible, and other statements may be rejected. . . . We hold no theory of the Bible which would be demolished if an erroneous statement is found concerning some matter of detail, or if we find that the writers shared the imperfect knowledge of their times concerning matters which only modern research clearly understands. No man has a right to impose a theory of the Bible which depends for its integrity on the scrupulous accuracy of every statement. We cannot consent that the Holy Book shall be put in such peril."

Now, the simple fact is, that the theory of the Bible which Professor Harris says that no man has a right to impose, is the theory which has been imposed, until quite recently, by almost all Protestant teachers, upon those under their instruction. It is the theory which underlies almost all our Sunday-school teaching. Professor Harris asserts that the Bible is put in peril by the promulgation of such a theory. Every man knows that overstatements are dangerous; that many a precious thing has been rejected because of the reaction produced by an exaggeration of its value. We may well believe that the Bible is the most precious of books, and that its value will be enhanced, and not diminished, by the thorough criticism which is now applied to it; but it is necessary to learn to speak of it with discrimination, to make no claims for the book that it does not make for itself, and to find out, if we can, wherein resides the authority with which it addresses us.

The learning of this lesson is hardly begun as yet by the average Sunday-school teacher. The traditional theory of the absolute historical and scientific infallibility of the Bible is the only one that he has ever permitted himself to entertain. His maxim is, that the extremest views on this subject are the safest; that the admission of a historical error in the book would be fatal to its authority. The notions that he is sedulously imparting to his pupils are sure to be exploded as soon as they become acquainted with the results of modern scholarship. He is helping thus to train a generation of skeptics.

Among the young men of this time there is a vast amount of superficial skepticism. Those who come in contact with it, and are able to estimate its causes, soon discover that it is largely the result of a reaction against extravagant theories of inspiration. These young men have discovered many facts about the Bible that cannot be reconciled with the theory of the Bible that was imposed on them in the Sunday-school, and they have rejected it altogether. It is high time that the Sunday-school should cease to be an active propagator of skepticism.

There are Sunday-school teachers, and their number is growing, who are aware of their responsibility to present the Bible to their pupils in such a way that it shall win and hold their confidence. That its true character may appear as the bright record of a revelation made in the historical progress of a people providentially led from barbarism up to civilization,— that the steadily brightening path of the divine purpose may be followed across the centuries to its culmination in Him whose Life was the Light of men. This is the great problem which many a conscientious teacher is trying to solve. To such teachers it may be useful to make a few practical suggestions.

1. Endeavor to obtain some rational and consistent theory of the Sacred Scriptures. Professor Fisher's essay on "The Christian Religion" is one of the most judicious statements now accessible, and it ought to be carefully read by every Sunday-school teacher.

2. Avoid all language which involves the absolute inerrancy of the Bible.

3. Distinctly recognize the fact that some portions of the book are of far greater value than others.

4. Make the pupils understand that much of the Old Testament legislation was accommodated to the understanding and the moral condition of the people to whom it was given, and is wholly superseded by the law of Christ.

5. Show them that the Scriptures are the record of a development of doctrine and of morals; that the successive stages of such a development must indicate incompleteness of view and moral imperfection;

that this development culminates in Jesus Christ, who, as Christians believe, is the Word of God, and in the light of whose doctrine and life the whole Bible must be studied.

Bribery in Politics.

THE practice of bribing voters has reached a development in this country that calls for thoughtful attention on the part of patriotic men. It has always, no doubt, been carried on to a certain extent, but never on so large a scale as in recent years, and there is reason to fear that it is on the increase. The bribery we speak of is that by means of money, to which the poorest and most ignorant portions of the people are most liable. But, in addition to this, there is the method of bribery by the promise of office, which has been so widely commented on, but which, it is to be hoped, will soon be largely removed by a better system of appointment. Bribery by money, however, cannot be thus removed, although it may be checked; and unless some other remedy can be found the corruption of our politics by that means will go on. The immense number of ignorant voters in the country, the vast interests involved in our national elections, and the large sums now at the disposal of party managers, render it well-nigh certain that until effectual means are taken to counteract it, the evil will continue to grow.

Nor is the bribery of voters the only form of the evil with which we have to contend; some of our legislators and other public men are quite as ready to sell their votes as the most ignorant of the masses are. This purchasing of legislators is notorious; and though it is not always effected by the payment of money, but in some less open way, it is none the less a form of bribery. We are all familiar with the mode of purchasing legislators by means of corporation shares and bonds, distributed by interested parties "where they will do the most good." Even some of the judges are not above suspicion, so that justice is liable to be polluted at its very source; though in most cases the purity of the courts is in refreshing contrast to the corruption prevailing elsewhere.

Such is the evil with which we have to contend, and it is not easy to find a remedy. With corrupt leaders, and corrupt followers, too, the problem of purifying politics is by no means a simple one. The difficulty is increased by the venality of some of the newspapers, by whose influence the people are misled as to the real character of candidates and the conduct of public affairs.

The punishment of both the giver and the taker of bribes would of course remove the evil, if the criminals could be detected and the punishment applied. But experience proves that bribery is one of the most difficult of all crimes to prove; while at the same time the powerful interests involved in most cases of political bribery render it extremely difficult to secure the punishment of the criminals, even when their guilt is undoubted. If candidates that had been elected by purchased votes could always be deprived of their seats in consequence, an effective check would be given to the bribing of voters; but this remedy is rarely available in this country, owing to the partisan character of our legislative bodies. It is notorious that contested election cases are apt to be decided in the interest of the dominant party, with little regard to the justice of the case; and so long as this shameful practice continues no effectual check to bribery can be looked for in this quarter. The reform of the civil service will remove the temptation of the offices, but will not affect the other forms of bribery. It is true that when all officers are secure in their positions they will not be disposed, as many are now, to swell the corruption fund of their party; but there will be no lack of funds for all that. There are so many corporations and other interested parties seeking government favor, and so many rich men seeking office with little regard to the way they get it, that there will never be any lack of means for the purchase of voters and legislators.

It is evident that the only effectual remedy is the improvement of public sentiment and the enlightenment of the public mind as to the evils that bribery produces.

The improvement of public sentiment on this subject must necessarily be a work of time, and it cannot begin too soon. We may say, indeed, that it has already begun with the discussions of this year's canvass; but much more must be done in order to produce the desired effect on the public mind. It is especially incumbent on those who profess to lead and counsel the people on political subjects, whether in official station, in the press, or elsewhere, to lead the public aright in this matter. By exposing cases of bribery that may come to their knowledge, by showing what evils result from it, by denouncing it *especially in their own party*, by setting an example of perfect honesty in their own public life, and, above all, by scorning to use public station to advance their own private and pecuniary interests, they may do much to check the abuse even now, and perhaps remove it almost entirely at some future day.

The trouble is that men who would not themselves descend to bribery are criminally complaisant with regard to the use of foul means, when these are to advance their own interests and those of their own party. They are severe on the subject of buying votes only when the purchases are made in the interest of the other side. Their standard of political morality is high, as applied to candidates whom they are trying to defeat!

False Issues.

IN every political campaign large numbers of voters are moved in their political action by a consideration of side issues, questions not yet fully before the country, and some of which never will be. At times these side issues are legitimate enough, and sometimes serious changes in party politics are due to them; they may be, indeed, the means of originating new and influential parties, and of changing entirely the political history of a nation.

But, in addition to these side issues, there are very apt to be introduced into the canvass questions which are not only aside from the main points at issue, but which may be called absolutely false issues,—issues which are selfish, interested, personal,—which have to do with matters that do not concern voters purely as citizens,—which may even lead to action opposed to the general good of the country. At a time when leading parties imitate each other, instead of opposing each other, in their official declarations of principles, such side issues and false issues especially abound,

and seriously, sometimes disastrously, complicate the situation.

In the present Presidential campaign these side issues and false issues are numerous. Individual independence of political action was, perhaps, never so common in our politics as now, for the reason that party principles, at least as expressed in national "platforms," seem to be well-nigh verging into identity, and for the further reason that the present has come to be (from circumstances only too well known to our readers) a campaign having largely to do with the record, character, and fitness of the principal candidates. The leading side issue in the present campaign is the temperance question; a side issue, we say, not a false issue. It is not a false issue, because, whatever else may be said of the temperance movement in politics, it is not a selfish, interested, and personal movement, but a movement carried on, as its promoters profoundly believe, for the general good of the community, and not for the good, or supposed good, of a class.

As examples of false and illegitimate issues which have been raised during the present campaign, we will mention three. The first is that of religion, in its sectarian sense. The workings of this issue in American national politics are, in the main, subtle and secret; for there are not many nowadays who have the courage to acknowledge that they are moved by such considerations in their political decisions; and, moreover, secrecy is absolutely necessary when there may be danger of reaction were the religious question openly and definitely raised.

A second false issue has to do with the foreign birth or affiliations of portions of our population. In the suggestive article by Mr. Chamberlin in the September CENTURY on "The Foreign Elements in our Population," the author says: "I believe that no one accuses any large or influential portion of the foreign element of a set purpose to spread ideas subversive of our political institutions." It is true that the foreign element in our population would probably be the very last to advocate, for instance, a return to monarchical institutions. But that there are dangers in these foreign elements to the peace of the country, both at home and abroad, cannot be denied. Says Mr. Chamberlin: "No greater danger can threaten than that the population will split into two or more castes, with caste hatreds and conflicts." The old class feeling as between native and foreign-born Americans has already been followed by class feeling between certain of the various foreign elements themselves, and in addition to this there are those among us who have set up as the measure of the fitness of an American to occupy office in his own land his devotion to the affairs of some other country! We yield to none in sympathy for the oppressed of all nations (including our own), be they Catholics, Jews, Protestants, or followers of Confucius; and we believe, with all our hearts, in the dignity of the American name and citizenship; but we resent attempts of demagogues in every party to mix foreign politics with those of the United States.

A third false issue is that which concerns the soldier element in our politics, and has to do with money, and not with principles. We can understand the appeal to soldiers, North or South, to "vote as they fought," and we can comprehend why it may be cordially responded to,—although the appeal is often a misleading and dangerous one, and is fortunately not so often heard now as it once was. We can understand, also, the sentiment that leads one who has been engaged in a conflict of arms to vote with whichever party he believes best represents the principles for which he endangered his life. But, supposing it to be true that the nation has already done its duty by the surviving soldiers, and by the widows and orphans of the lost, the pension issue in a political campaign seems to us an insult to American manhood, a false and sordid "issue," which every self-respecting soldier should disown and condemn.

False issues like those we have alluded to introduce into our politics distracting elements which have no place there. They prevent the unbiased discussion and decision of broader questions. They are a hindrance and a nuisance, and every self-respecting voter should see to it that he does not become entangled in their snares. When it comes to national elections, the true citizen should ask himself only this one question: What is best for the whole community—for the entire country?—not What is best for my pocket, for my class, for my section of the country?

OPEN LETTERS.

A Rallying Point for a New Political Party.

THE peculiar features of the political campaign recall strikingly the prediction made in THE CENTURY on the passage of the Civil Service Reform Bill, nearly a year and a half ago, that the adoption of that measure would inevitably cause the disintegration of the old political parties, which have existed for years solely on the possession or expectation of patronage. As the commercial world on the passage of the Resumption Act began to adjust itself to the only true basis of financial security, so our political world on the adoption of the Civil Service Bill began to adjust itself to the true basis of efficient administration. In little more than a year from the establishment of the reform we see the spoils system, which has been the one controlling feature of the last four Presidential struggles, practically eliminated from the national political contest.

Not a single principle remains which either party unitedly advocates or opposes; and in the absence of any living issue of principle the contest turns on the personal fitness or unfitness of candidates, and, as is inevitably the case in personal discussion, gravitates at once to the lowest level, and becomes merely an exchange of epithets, a bandying to and fro of charges of intellectual incapacity, moral obliquity, and even filth. It is not the "young alumni" nor old alumni

alone who are standing aloof from both political parties, but a vast body of men of all classes who seek in political action and association not mere personal advantage, but the promotion of the general welfare and the establishment of principles which they believe conducive thereto; and they stand thus aloof not because they are indifferent to political results, not from repugnance to active political work, not from fear of the victory or defeat of any particular political principle, but from abject fear of perpetuating power in the hands of one organization or conferring it upon another, when both are equally and totally devoid of any political principle whatever. What choice of evils, even, have we in the present contest? what encouragement for a serious effort to redeem the country from the disgrace of a campaign in which all the indecencies of our later politics have culminated?

The only "third party" movement of note has been captured by a "politician" who repudiates civil service reform, upholds the present odious tariff, and deliberately advocates the taxing of the nation to furnish gratuities to a class.

We have nothing to hope for in this campaign save that the revolt from the old standards may throw the election into the House of Representatives; but during the two years which will elapse before another general election for representatives in Congress, we may hope to organize a party to whose platform the independent voter may subscribe without doing violence either to his intelligence or his integrity. For such an organization there can be no better starting-point than that suggested by Mr. Spahr in his letter in THE CENTURY for August: "Reform of the Civil Service and of the Tariff."

Of the first little need be said; the work is well begun, and must simply be kept going. The reform of our revenue system is now, and is likely to be for many years, the most important issue in national politics. An organization which will champion this movement on lines broad enough to include all its sincere advocates, may hope not only to inaugurate the reform, but to permanently establish it; for such a party may with certainty count on being the dominant power in the nation for the next quarter of a century. But the work must begin with a reform in the terminology of the tariff discussion. Writers and speakers who wish to be read and understood of men must cease to use the word "protection" as synonymous with "high tariff," or as the antithesis of "free trade." The protection of its own interests is what every nation is, or should be, aiming at; and the problem of our current political economy is to find out what particular adjustment of our revenue system will best promote the general welfare. Great Britain, after a long experience of high tariff, concluded that her interests were in general best "protected" by the low tariff, which economists call "free trade," joined with a rigid excise, for the primary and almost exclusive purpose of yielding revenue to the state. It has seemed, or at least it has been made to appear, to a majority of our own people, that our interests as a nation are best protected by a high tariff, which the greed of monopolists and the zeal of their representatives have transformed into a prohibitory tariff—a system as idiotic as it is iniquitous. The organization which undertakes the reform of our revenue system should welcome all voters who are sincerely anxious for a rational adjustment, and willing to subordinate their individual opinions to the slight modifications of a general agreement, which must be under constant revision and steadily tending toward lower duties and greater freedom from commercial restrictions. The most odious feature of the existing tariff is, of course, the enforced tribute to monopolies which results from prohibitory duties; and the next worst feature is the excessive taxation which produces an enormous annual surplus to be prodigally and profligately expended by the votes of log-rolling representatives. We want a system which will give us protection without monopoly and revenue without surplus.

The point at which our interest will be best protected lies somewhere between a prohibitory tariff and absolute free trade. No revenue system can ever reach the point of final adjustment; it must at best be in the condition which physicists call "unstable equilibrium," but should vary as little as possible from a line of maximum efficiency established by the great consensus of the people acting through instructed representatives. In no direction will the beneficent effect of civil service reform be more marked than in the impetus it will give to a rational discussion of tariff and revenue questions, by creating a permanent class of intelligent, expert treasury officials who will rescue our industries from the empirical violence of volunteer tariff-tinkers. When such men, armed with the experience of long official service, shall find a welcome on the floor of the House,— either as members, through the "open constituencies" reform, or as counselors without votes, by virtue of the offices they hold,— we may look for an end to the heresies and abominations of our recent economic legislation.

E. B.

JOHNSVILLE, MICHIGAN.

The "Christian League's" Practicability.

THE September CENTURY contains a criticism upon Dr. Gladden's "Christian League of Connecticut." As a frequent listener to Dr. Gladden's preaching and a firm believer in his doctrines regarding the League, I should like to say a few words in reply.

The attack which is made consists mainly in an exposition of the evils which would result from the consolidation of *discordant* elements. On this point no line of defense need be drawn up, since Dr. Gladden does not hold the position which is assailed. He would be the last man to urge any such consolidation. Because he holds that there ought to be unity among the churches, it does not follow that he believes in forcing such unity upon them. He believes, as the readers of THE CENTURY well know, that there ought to be temperance; but he believes that the laws of temperance must first be written in the hearts of the people. He realizes most thoroughly that though the truths of natural science may be put in practice as soon as they are discovered, the truths of social science can only be put in practice when they are accepted by the public consciousness. In the matter of a Christian League, he would not urge the forcing together of enemies, since that would increase their enmity. He would urge the bringing together of friends, since that would increase their friendship.

The next point made against the League is, that the destruction of denominationalism would hamper the freedom of the pastor. It is said that "he could not speak his honest convictions for fear of offending or differing with a portion of his hearers." The obvious reply to this is the fact that our most independent thinkers are constantly hampered by denominationalism. They are told by their narrow-minded colleagues that they belong to the organization, that the organization supports them, and that they are bound to support it. The result of this is that they lose their independence, and in becoming part of an ecclesiastical machine, they lose their individual and personal power.

Another objection which is urged is, that the existence of one union church, instead of two or three denominational churches, would afford to every one an excuse to shirk his duties of attendance and contribution. If this would be so in a union church, it would be so in all large churches. Do the facts support the theory?

Those who uphold denominationalism always claim that it "tends to spread pure religion by calling attention to the doctrines discussed, and thereby leading to a careful investigation of the teachings of the Bible." There may have been a time when this was true, but it is true no longer. The eccentricity of each denomination, instead of being a rallying point for propagandism, is the rallying point for discord and schism. Those who leave the Calvinistic churches leave them because of their inflexible creed; those who leave the Methodist Church leave it because of its inflexible discipline; those who leave the Episcopal Church leave them because of their inflexible ritual.

Under a Christian League a larger liberty would be permitted. Every church is a tree of life, and the iron-clad box which protected it in its youth must be removed when natural growth is cramped thereby.

In considering the practicability of the Christian League, the most important question is, "To what extent does the Christian public accept its doctrines?" A safe answer would be, "More and more fully every year." We occasionally find bitter denominationalism in the country, but we find very little of it in our cities. I do not know of a single thoughtful man in any city who does not deprecate the fact that the churches do not coöperate. It will not be cynical to say that these denominational churches are conducted like business corporations, competing for "the gilt-edge trade" instead of coöperating for the service of the public. In New York city you have a notable instance of this, when you compare the number of churches on Madison Avenue with the number on Avenue A.

The church as an educational institution is becoming *relatively* less important. The public schools and the press have almost monopolized this function, and both are thoroughly non-sectarian. There are, it is true, denominational colleges and denominational papers; but the best denominational colleges do not teach denominationalism, and the denominational papers which are conducted as organs, and require their contributors to keep in tune, are almost without influence. A minister once told me that the imprint of a denominational publishing house doomed a book with the entire reading public. If this is true, and our educational institutions are all non-sectarian, it is impossible that sectarianism shall long survive.

Our religious thought also is becoming singularly non-sectarian. With the development of other educational institutions there has been a growing conviction that the work of the church is practical rather than doctrinal. Even where the new theology is combated, its spirit dominates. The thoughtful public recognizes that Christianity is neither a ritual nor a creed, but a life lived in the spirit of Christ. The church of the middle ages said: "Receive ye my forms, and ye shall find the way of salvation." The churches of the Reformation said: "Receive ye my doctrines, and ye shall find the truth." The religious thought of to-day says: "Receive ye the spirit of Christ into your hearts, and ye shall find, not the way only, nor the truth only, but 'the way, the truth, and the life.'" The spirit of the new theology is the spirit of the Christian League. It will not permit the details of creed and ritual to bar the way to Christian unity, for in Christ all contradictions are reconciled.

A Methodist Layman.

COLUMBUS, O., August, 1884.

"We of the South."

A CORRESPONDENT in the October number of THE CENTURY expresses his "profound regret and disappointment" that in the story of "Dr. Sevier" I should have said to the Northern soldiers marching down Broadway in 1861 that their cause was just, and that even we of the South can now say it.

I wish to thank the writer for the manly courtesy with which he takes his exception. A Southerner and a Southern soldier myself, I have yet rarely been dealt with in this generous manner by Southern writers dissenting from my utterances, and I hail this as, to me, the initial voice of a new and better form of debate in that South to which I belong, not only by birth, but by rearing and affection.

The passage which has given pain to Mr. McKay, should be read in connection with what goes before and follows if its spirit is to be properly understood. I do not there, and I cannot here, yield to any one in pride in our struggle and in all the noble men and women who bore its burdens; and it is while expressing such feelings as these that, turning to those who, once our foes, are now more than ever before our brethren, I gave to them in turn, not a repetition of those words of affection, too tender for any but our own heroes, but the one word of concession which, on the plane we of the South occupy to-day, we can speak without abating by the weight of a hair our perfect manhood. Englishmen do not change their opinions so readily as Americans; and yet our Anglo-Saxon brethren across the Atlantic soon conceded the justice of the infant American nation's cause in its War of Independence waged against themselves. Why, then, should I withhold my acknowledgment when I grasp in cordial reconciliation the hand of a brother the justice of whose cause has become my own complete conviction?

The right to do this Mr. McKay accords me, on the single condition that I will consent to be counted out of "the South, the best of it." He does not even assert that I stand alone in this attitude. He merely

insists that "the South, the best of it" has arrived at no such position. I think I can answer the objection in a word. He and those who think with him are still dwelling on the old question — I will not say quibble to so courteous a critic — the old question of Constitutional rights; while "*we* of the South" — I must insist upon the pronoun —have come down to the more radical question of moral right and wrong. Allowing, for argument's sake, that a State, not having in so many words given away its right to secede, still held that right beyond all dispute and at its own discretion (a doctrine never universally believed by the South), still we had no good reason for exercising that prerogative. I need not remind the gentleman that it was exercised contrary to the belief and advice of hundreds of thousands of Southern men. That doubtful doctrine was not our cause; if the gentleman is a young man I pray him to leave the preaching of that delusion to the venerable ex-President of the Confederate States. It was only the ground upon which some of our Southern political advisers cast up the defenses behind which our actual cause lay fortified. Our real cause — the *motive* — was no intricate question. A president was elected lawfully by a party that believed simply what virtually the whole intelligence of the South now admits, viz., that African slavery — the existence of which was originally the fault of the whole nation — was an error in its every aspect, and was cursing the whole land. And we chose the risks of war rather than in any manner to jeopardize an institution which we have since learned to execrate.

It is but a few weeks since a personal acquaintance, also an ex-Confederate soldier, asking me to explain the utterance that has given annoyance to Mr. McKay, presently conceded that the success of the principles for which we fought faithfully and gallantly — so far as the fight was for them — would have been ruinous, and that the best founded and profoundest cause of rejoicing in the Southern heart to-day is that, even at such cost, we were saved from the ruin of secession. Now, we may take our choice: Was it a war for slavery? We all know now that slavery was wrong. Was it a war for the right of secession? How can a principle that is ruinous be right? Nay, sir; we thank no man for buffets; we make no pretense of humility; but before an issue where both sides could be brave and conscientious and yet each be wrong in many words and acts; but where, as to the ultimate question, both could not be right; with the verdict of the whole enlightened world against us, it is surely not too much to maintain that in the fullest stature of human dignity we can stand up and say to our brethren,— no longer our adversaries, — "Time has taught us you were right."

"And yet" — I conclude with the same words of tender remembrance that follow the challenged passage in my story —

"'And yet — and yet, we cannot forget ——'

And we would not!"

George W. Cable.

The School of Dishonesty.

IN looking for the primary cause of crime in its multitude of forms, the question arises,— At what period of life did the evil-doer first lose his sense of honesty and integrity? If we knew the facts, how often the answer would be, — At the time that the offender was first placed in contact with the world; when, from one cause or another, he was first forced from the care of his parents and compelled to contend alone for his existence; when he first entered upon his apprenticeship to the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man, the farmer. Perhaps his choice of occupation has been in a measure directed by the conspicuous advertisement of some one in some of the above-named branches of business. He is not long in discovering that the advertisement which led him to ask that employment was a misrepresentation, calculated to deceive the public and induce a patronage which a plain statement of facts would not effect. That boy or young man who has been taught to abhor a lie and a theft, — and taught that to deceive another to that other's injury, or to induce him to pay more or receive less for an article than its value, is as bad as to lie or to steal, is amazed to find that the man he thought exemplary is no better than, if as good as, the man who steals a loaf of bread because of his hunger, and is called a thief. His respect for his employer is gone; he no longer regards him as a great or an honest man, and he learns that it is not honesty and integrity of character that gives to that man his good name and position, but his great wealth, acquired though it be through fraud and deceit.

The next discovery the young man makes is, that he is expected to follow the example of his employer in deceiving his customers as to the quality or value of his goods or wares, in order to obtain their money. Long and hard is the struggle he undergoes. On one hand are certain dismissal from his situation, the disgrace of such dismissal, the suffering it must entail upon those dependent upon him, and the probability that he could not secure another place without a recommendation from this employer, which, under the circumstances, he could not obtain, and would not ask or accept. On the other hand is the loss of self-respect, honor, manhood. He hesitates, and then looks around among business men to learn if other men do the same kind of work. He goes over the various branches of trade with which he has come in contact, and finds to his dismay that a large proportion of men practice the same deceptions, that each day, and many times a day, they wrong their unsuspecting customers. His faith is almost shaken in the correctness of the teachings of his parents; he wonders if they were not in error, if there has not been some great mistake in his education; else why are all these men called honest men, and permitted to practice with impunity that which he has been taught was wrong and dishonest? Still he hesitates; but there comes to his mind those dear ones at home, a widowed mother, perhaps, with little brothers and sisters, already pushed to the verge of starvation. Or, if he be a man with a wife and family, can he return to those whom he loves better than his life and tell them he has no bread for them, when by doing as other men do he may provide for them luxuriously? All other arguments may fail, but he cannot endure the suffering of his family. He lays down his honor, and becomes his employer's slave. He learns to deceive and lie, and, shall it not be said, virtually to steal in behalf of his employer. If he becomes expert and successful in the art, he is praised and pro-

nounced "brilliant" and "sharp." Little by little he loses all regard for truth and even honesty, and hesitates at no deception that will promote his master's interest or his own, so long as it does not come within the statute as a crime.

Once the barrier is broken that guards the path of truth and rectitude, the successive steps are easily taken. He has seen how his employer and others thrive and grow rich upon the gains thus acquired; and how they are honored and lauded as honest and able business men. He has seen how even those who have been sent to the various seats of government to enact laws and provide penalties for a violation thereof, have grown rich without any visible reason therefor, yet who return to the people who sent them without a question as to how they have acquired their riches while in its service; but, as is often the case, with respect and honor proportionate to their added wealth. All this and more has this young man seen, and he knows how false are the deserts upon which is bestowed this esteem. What wonder, then, that when pressed with cares beyond the power of his meager salary to provide, he begins, in his desperation, to practice upon his employer the lessons which he has been taught to perform upon that employer's customers? There is no praise for him now, as he has changed employers and is now working for himself. Now he is called a thief, and is hurried away to jail for robbing his employer. That employer appears and expresses his sorrow that so promising a youth should be guilty of so great a crime; but there is no pity nor forgiveness in that man's heart. He must make an example of this lad that others may be deterred from daring to practice upon the rich and powerful merchant the lessons he has taught them to practice upon his customers.

There is hardly an article of manufactured merchandise made or imported in the United States that has not its adulterations or imitations; and there are but few articles of raw material that are not in some manner adulterated. What is needed is a law that shall compel all men to do an honest business; a law that shall apply alike to the rich and the poor; a law that shall punish the man who sells with a false balance, the same as the man who steals a loaf of bread; a law that shall punish the man who makes and sells a counterfeit article of merchandise, the same as the man who makes and circulates a counterfeit coin.

T. W. Tyrer.

Fiction and Social Science.*

IT seems as if Dr. Holmes's assertion that every man has in him the material for one novel, and Mr. Cable's advice, in his lecture on the art of fiction, that every one should try his hand at story-writing as his particular contribution to the data of social science, were being taken seriously. Probably everybody who is "in society" at all has, at least, one novelist among his personal acquaintances; and about every other educated person, male or female, has made an essay in the fashionable art. The man who has not written a novel is getting to be the exception. Prominent physicians, like Drs. Mitchell and Hammond, are "bitten by the dipsas," and forced to tell their experiences; and ancient mariners roam the earth in search of wedding guests with hospitable button-holes. This is very shocking to admirers of the inarticulate and the eternal silences; but it is, on the whole, a harmless and cheerful form of mental activity. Of course but a small part of the product is literature; an infinitesimal part of it survives the decade. But it fills up the great social picture, it rounds out the world, when every one tells how life has gone with him, how the universe looks from his corner of it. We confess to a preference for the articulate and the conscious. Speech is human; consciousness is a high form of knowledge and observation. Let every one, then, who has seen anything worth telling, raise his voice and tell it. The world may listen or not, as it wills. One thing is plain: we are learning to know our America better. What has become of the old plaint that the uniformity of social conditions, etc., deprived the novelist here of the necessary contrasts, etc., etc.? The volumes of fiction on the lists of American publishers to-day certainly cover enough variety of life and character to satisfy the most exacting.

The South, to begin with, is having its turn. Cable's episodes of New Orleans life and Harris's "Uncle Remus" stories were both delightfully fresh revelations of new fields for the literary artist. Turning away, for the present, from folk-lore and character sketching, Mr. Harris has now brought together in a volume "Mingo, and Other Sketches in Black and White," a few narratives of a more formal kind than he had yet attempted — stories, in fact, rather than sketches, despite his modest title. The most important, or at least much the longest of these, "At Teague Poteet's: a Sketch of the Hog Mountain Range," is a novelette familiar to the readers of THE CENTURY, and dealing with life among the Moonshiners.

There is a striking plot, full of dramatic situations, and having for its background the scenery of the mountains and the habits and dialects of a peculiar race of people. The inhabitants of the Blue Ridge and great Cumberland ranges are a very different class from the poor whites of the lowlands. They are equally poor, rough, and ignorant; but they guard a wild independence, owned few or no negroes, and look with jealousy upon the planters in the valley as "restercrats." During the war they were mostly Union men. They are described as slow in manner and speech, shiftless in appearance, hospitable, but suspicious toward strangers, unprogressive, toughly enduring the poor, hard conditions of their lives, and oppressed with the melancholy silences of the vast, shaggy mountain solitudes among which they dwell. The women are lank, sallow, dirty. They rub snuff, smoke pipes,—even the young girls,—and are great at the frying-pan; full of a complaining patience and a sullen fidelity. These traits are relieved by a dry humor, a fondness for gossip, and an occasional dance-party, when the fiddle and the jug of

* "Mingo, and Other Sketches in Black and White." By Joel Chandler Harris *(Uncle Remus)*. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"In the Tennessee Mountains." By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Crime of Henry Vane." By J. S., of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ." By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers.

crooked whisky, with its corn-cob stopper, produce something faintly resembling gayety. This story is told with great force, originality, and truth.

"Mingo: a Sketch of Middle Georgia," less elaborate than "At Teague Poteet's," is even stronger in execution, and has a real depth of tragic pathos. The lovers in the last-named story are just the least little bit conventional. But in "Mingo" Mr. Harris is on his native heath, and we recognize the "Uncle Remus" touch in his tender, reverent picture of the gray-haired negro who refuses his freedom and devotes himself to the fallen fortunes of "de fambly"; to his little mistress, "Pud Hon" (Pudding Honey), and to her grandma, "Miss F'raishy." The latter — Mrs. Feratia Bivins — is an admirably drawn character and plain of speech. This is the way she talks to "ole miss" who had "Ferginny ways," and had disowned her daughter for marrying Mrs. Bivins's son, but now, stricken with remorse, comes to see her grandchild when its parents are both dead.

"Ef you er come to bother airter Pud, thes* make the trial of it. Thes so much as lay the weight ev your little finger on 'er, an' I'll grab you by the goozle an' t'ar your haslet out."

"In the Tennessee Mountains," by Charles Egbert Craddock, is another delightful contribution to the literature of the new South. It is a collection of eight stories, of which "Drifting down Lost Creek" is perhaps the most ambitious, though "A-Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlemint" and "The 'Harnt' that walks Chilhowee" strike a Northern reader most freshly. The region and the people are the same as those described in "At Teague Poteet's." It is true that Mr. Harris's mountain is in Georgia and Mr. Craddock's in Tennessee; but the mountainous belt that runs from Pennsylvania through southern Tennessee and the northern parts of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama is one in the characteristics of its scenery and its population. There is a wonderful similarity between the stories of these two writers, not merely in the lives, manners, and language described, but in their literary spirit and style. It would not be saying too much to affirm that if "At Teague Poteet's" had been published in Mr. Craddock's book, or if any of Mr. Craddock's tales had been published in Mr. Harris's volume, it would have required a sharp eye to note any difference in the authorship. They might easily have been the work of one man. This says much, of course, for the fidelity of their sketches. Two independent reports by observers so far apart, but concurring so closely in details, give a scientific value to their work, considered as a study of society. Mr. Harris's writing shows a rather more assured touch than Mr. Craddock's. The latter devotes himself to the landscape to a degree which, though not excessive in any single story, becomes somewhat repetitious when they are brought together in a volume. But his descriptions of mountain scenery are so sympathetic and imaginative that it would be ungracious to wish them shorter. In the portraiture of character and the construction of plot we should hesitate to give the preference to either of these accomplished story-tellers. Both of them deserve a hearty welcome from a public of sated novel-readers.

* Just.

We have been getting a good deal of dialect lately — too much of it, some will think, who have difficulty with the polyglot dialogues of "Doctor Sevier." The dialect of the Georgia and Tennessee "mountings" seems to be identical. The acute philological observer may note some minor differences. A ghost, *e. g.*, is a "harnt" in Tennessee and a "ha'nt" in Georgia; but this may be merely a distinction in the spelling. In both sections the minister is called the "rider." "Air" in Tennessee, is "er" in Georgia — *anglice*, "are." Tennesseean "hev" becomes Georgian "uv." In Georgia they say "'stedder" for "instead of"; but in Tennessee, "'stiddier." As for such locutions as "we-uns" and "you-uns," "howdy," "'low" for "think," and to "hone a'ter" for to "long for," they are too widely distributed in the South to be at all local.

In "The Crime of Henry Vane," we get back to civilization — to New York — and to the international point of view occupied by Henry James. It is by the author of "Guerndale." You remember the wonderful undergraduates of "Guerndale"? They were unlike all the undergraduates whom we have been privileged to meet, and our opportunities in that particular have been large. Instead of being the fresh and wholesome, but somewhat raw, boys of *our* experience, they were knowing, *blasé* young gentlemen who had seen a great deal more life than their parents and instructors, and had been rendered cynical thereby. They consented to reside for a time at Cambridge, Mass., and occasionally attended some of the exercises of Harvard College. They had a proper contempt for the pedantic old professors who conducted that institution; but though they refused to patronize their examinations, they contrived somehow, in intervals of gambling and cigarette-puffing, to get well up on most modern literatures and quoted profusely from Heine, Musset, etc., besides giving the faculty points on Lucretius and other classics. Well, Henry Vane is one of those same undergraduates, grown a few years older; only he has been educated in France instead of Massachusetts. At the time the story opens he is loafing about Europe, in possession of an income of four thousand a year — a mere bagatelle, of course, with which a fellow "can neither yacht nor race." He has been rejected by an English girl, and feels that he has no *raison d'être*. However, and all of a sudden, the hero's sister dies; then his father loses his money and dies, and his mother goes mad, and has to be supported in a very expensive French lunatic asylum — her only chance of recovery. Under these circumstances Vane "takes a brace." He goes to America in the steerage, gets a six-hundred-dollar clerkship in a New York banking-house, sternly lives in down-town lodgings at two dollars a week, and devotes his evenings to mediæval history and Italian poetry. At the end of the year the banker — as bankers will, you know, in the "Bab Ballads," if not in Wall street — calls him into his counting-room, presents him with a check for four hundred dollars additional to his salary, and raises the latter to three thousand a year — a really paltry stipend for a man of Vane's financial genius and acquaintance with the Italian poets. After a while he begins to go into society, and meets a Miss Thomas who has dead-black hair and eyes of gentian blue. American ways and American young women are very strange to Vane; and if we

did not know that "J. S., of Dale," knew all about Harvard, etc., we should think that they were equally strange to him — so cleverly does he contrive to shuffle off his long familiarity with this poor, dear America, and give the fresh impressions and the little shocks which American social queernesses make upon his hero — educated in France.

With the appearance of Miss Thomas upon the scene, the story begins in earnest. With her Vane conducts a complicated flirtation, in the course of which they read together "the familiar pages of Ariosto, Tasso, and Dante." It is fair to say that the author describes this very cleverly, and contrives to make his heroine appear a most piquant and desirable young woman. At the end Vane falls in love, and his accomplished adversary, after playing him skillfully through nearly two hundred pages, finally jilts him in the neatest fashion. Whereupon, in a fit of disgust, he shoots himself, leaving a million and a half of dollars. This last, however, quite by the way: the hero of a fashionable novel makes his money with his left hand, incidentally, as it were; his real, serious business is flirtation and love-making. The reader is not called upon to waste much sympathy on Mr. Henry Vane. Very young people in Italy and other southern countries, and more rarely among the lower classes in America, do sometimes kill themselves for love. Older men are often driven to suicide by the grim miseries of real life, by disease, dishonor, grinding poverty, domestic troubles, and overwork. But Vane, we fear, is only one of those "worldlings" of whom Carlyle writes with fierce contempt, that "vomit up their sick existences."

The author of this book has undeniable gifts as a story-teller. He writes a crisp, nervous style, and says a number of good things, approaching the epigrammatic, such as, *e. g.*, "A Frenchman drinks to go to the devil; he rarely goes to the devil because he drinks," and "no one is a pessimist who has to work for his living." One of the best things in the book is the capital description of the summer hotel and its frequenters at "Cinerea Lake," which is not less good because watering-place life has already been described in dozens of hotel-piazza-and-flirtation novels. If "J. S., of Dale," will drop his affectation of cynicism, his affectation of culture, and his little cosmopolitan airs, and give us something genuine, his talent will find worthier employment.

We own to a superstitious respect for a solid, old-fashioned historical romance like General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ," there is so much "information" in it. It must have taken so much labor to write it that one is willing to bestow a great deal in reading it; and when one has come to the last of its five hundred and fifty-two pages he feels that he has not been merely trifling with society nonsense, but has stored his mind by the way with useful knowledge. To be sure, the people are not very real to us; even Ivanhoe is not as credible as he was in our boyhood. But then who expects them to be real? The pleasure is more like that derived from an epic poem. We can read "Hypatia" once in three years without much fatigue.

Still the historical romance is rather of an anachronism nowadays. Even Ebers's learned novels are pronounced wax-work, and a lively lady of our acquaintance, who instantly reads every book of Howells, James, Black, Hardy, etc., as soon as it comes out, cannot be brought, during the intervals between the productions of these fertile narrators, even to dip into "those horrid old B. C. novels." "Ben Hur" is not precisely a B. C. nor yet altogether an A. D. novel. It might better be described as a C. novel. Its hero is a Jew of illustrious birth who has the Old Testament idea of the Messiah, and is waiting his coming to serve him with treasure and armies. The story tells how this Jewish conception is changed into the Christian one by the actual coming of the Christ. It is a good novel of its kind, and a successful one. The author possesses the historic imagination, the great value of which is to assist the reader in getting a definite concrete idea of the life which the regular historians give only in its general aspects. The period chosen is one rich in contrasts between races, religions, and states of society. On one side is the gorgeous, material, sensual civilization of Rome crushing down the eastern provinces with the brute weight of its despotism — its legions and its tax-collectors; on the other, "the living death of Jerusalem among her stony hills," inheriting a spiritual faith which withstands the Roman power, but is so exclusive and ritualistic that it must have a new birth in order to become a means of regeneration to the Gentiles. The splendor and the inhumanity of this old classic world, waiting for its Redeemer, are forcibly brought out in "Ben Hur." There is a spirited description of a chariot race, and an imaginative picture of the wonderful paradise of the Ephesian Diana, the bright consummate flower of Greek and Syrian paganism. And in sharp contrast with these are the vivid portrayals of the slow tortures of the Roman galley slaves and the horrors of leprosy in the caves about Jerusalem. A sage from India, a princess from Egypt, the chief of the wandering tribes of Bedouins, emphasize the mingling of peoples that took place under the Empire; and a Saxon athlete, who is hired to kill the hero, hints at the great impending destiny that hung over the northern borders of the Roman world, whose descent was yet to be postponed for four centuries.

There are some who like their history straight and their fiction straight. Those who prefer them mixed will find a notable addition to their pleasures in "Ben Hur."

H. A. B.

Mr. Watts's Pictures in New York.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R. A., has just decided to yield to the pressure which has been brought to bear upon him by his friends and admirers in America, and has promised to send a collection of his most important pictures to New York, to the charge of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. It is not to be denied that a great many friends and admirers in England will feel, and have felt, a good deal of alarm, and almost of indignation, at this piece of news. When Mr. Watts summoned me to his house, a day or two ago, to announce the fact to me and to ask me to write this "open letter," I confess that I, as the most humble of his friends and admirers, was alarmed and indignant. In a certain sense, there is no English art-product of our day which can so little be permitted to suffer the wear and tear of travel as Mr. Watts's pictures. They are painted in such a manner, and

with such a medium, that they cannot be reproduced with anything like an adequate result. If we were deprived of the actual work of Sir Frederick Leighton or of Mr. Millais, these masters would still live for us in engravings and photographs. But no process reproduces Mr. Watts's pictures successfully. The engravings of one or two of them, published in THE CENTURY for August, 1883, are the best that have been made, and these are very unsatisfactory. Therefore, if the ship that takes this argosy over to New York should founder in mid-ocean, Mr. Watts, as one of the chief glories of our national art, ceases to exist. There actually was once a Royal Academician whose entire works went bodily to the bottom of the sea, and now toss with shells and dead men's bones in the surge of the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Watts's pictures, moreover, are, in a large measure, not the property of private persons, but hoarded by him for a public purpose, and many of them destined at last to be a gift to the nation. No wonder, therefore, that friendship is alarmed and reluctant.

Mr. Watts, however, has consented. He first proposed to send a set of large photographs, painted up in monochrome under his personal direction, so as to give to America the scheme and sentiment of each picture, and everything, indeed, but just the color. To this and other proposals short of entire concession the Metropolitan Museum returned a steady refusal; and now Mr. Watts is gathering together a typical collection of the best pictures of his life-time to send to New York this winter. In the article in THE CENTURY to which I have just referred, Mr. Prothero gave an enthusiastic account of the pictures as they were seen at the Grosvenor Gallery. Most of what he so warmly described will shortly be seen in America — the portraits of men of genius, the "Paolo and Francesca," the "Psyche," the "Orpheus and Eurydice," and above all, the solemn and beautiful "Love and Death." There will, moreover, be certain important recent works not yet seen by the English public — in particular, an exquisite "Love and Life," which is only just finished, the ambrosial god leading the timid feminine incarnation of life up a narrow and rugged mountain pathway — a picture than which the artist has finished none more full of delicate imagination and tender beauty.

My vocation, however, here is not to stand upon Mount Gerizim, but upon Mount Ebal. I must not indulge in the privilege of praising. Mr. Watts desires rather, through me, to warn America of certain qualities which run throughout his work, which are part and parcel of its being, and which may cause disappointment to those who have only read the panegyric of his admirers. We understand in this country that American amateurs take but scanty interest in the development of our art as English art. They are interested, no doubt, in certain English artists, but not in English art. French art, on the contrary, we are told, is almost more interesting to them than French artists. They like the courageous training of the Parisian schools; the undaunted execution, the splendid brush-power, of the young Parisian painters. The youths that paint a piece of a street, with a barouche in it as large as life, or a pilot-boat of the natural size breaking on a reef that seems to roar with the surf,— these, no doubt, present us with a sort of art which is fascinating, marvelous, and peremptory in its demand on the attention. Any one who has been a little behind the scenes knows how these "realists" will pirouette upon their stools before an empty canvas half a year, praying for one little idea, even somebody else's old idea, to descend upon them and give their skillful hands something to exercise that skill upon. We suppose, here in England, that when America contemns our sentimental English art, and looks to Paris, it is this skill that she admires, and that the want of thought that underlies the skill escapes her. Mr. Watts, at least, believes that the one goes with the other; that all this excessive cleverness in execution, in imitation of surfaces and textures, all this wonderful *chic* and *brio* and tricks that are *pschutt*, are signs of artistic decline. Without judging Paris or any living school of art, he is anxious to have it understood, for fear of disappointment, that this cleverness of imitative execution, the fruit that deceives the bird, the curtain that deceives the slave, has never been a matter of solicitude with himself; that in such work as he has carried through, the idea has been preëminent; and that in short he has always approached art from the point of view of a poet, rather than of a mere painter.

I do not think that it would in the least amuse Mr. Watts to be told that any one had fancied his garlands to be composed of real roses, or his nymphs to be hung about with real jewels. This has not been his aim. But if any observer should sincerely say that the "Love and Life" possessed a Virgilian perfume and tenderness, that the "Paolo and Francesca" translated the real sentiment of Dante, or that the Greek landscapes breathed the spirit of Sophocles, that, I think, might be conceived to please him. That Americans should be prepared to find a meaning in the pictures which are about to cross the sea, not that they should be looking forward to dazzling executive effects and juggling with the brush, that seems to be Mr. Watts's desire. That he has never neglected the executive part, and that he might make his boast of his skill if he chose, that is not for me, as his mouthpiece, to insist in this place.

Edmund Gosse.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

A Word from the Organ-loft.

IN our ordinary congregations, from one-fourth to one-third of the time spent in public worship is given to musical exercises of some kind. The management and direction of divine service is entirely in the hands of the minister. He either reads the prayers prescribed by the Liturgy, or offers prayer *ex tempore*. The selection of the Scripture read is in most cases his own, while the subject and matter of his sermon are left entirely to him. For these duties careful preparation has been made during his years in divinity schools, and he feels his competency to direct. But is he competent to direct the Service of Praise? In most cases he is not; and realizing his insufficiency in this respect, his want of knowledge of musical matters, he naturally turns to those who are, or ought to be, proficient, and delegates to them the direction of this part of the service.

Why should he delegate the management and direc-

tion of his Praise Service more than prayer or sermon? "A minister," says Mr. Taylor, "is one who actually or habitually serves at the altar. The *clergyman* who delegates his functions is not a *minister*."

In so important a matter as that of the proper conducting of this one-fourth of our service, as thorough and complete preparation, it would seem, should be afforded students in our seminaries as for the other duties of the sacred calling; but inquiry made of thirteen of our leading theological seminaries develops the remarkable fact that in *not one* of them does music form any part of the studies of its course. Is it to be wondered at, in view of this startling fact, that things even more repugnant to good taste and to the proper conduct of the Service of Praise do not take place than have been recorded in these columns? I venture the assertion that careful inquiry into all the ludicrous cases narrated in Dr. Robinson's letters would develop the fact that not one occurred in a church where the minister was a good musician, and was in weekly consultation with his choir director.

The want of proper musical knowledge upon the part of the minister, the possession of which would enable him understandingly to direct, together with the want of consultation with the chorister, which should be in time to arrange for the Sunday's services, —here is where the fault with the "music in our churches" is to be largely, if not mainly, sought and found.

The remedy, I believe, is of easy application; let our theological seminaries provide competent instructors in music; let there be among the students free and full consultation and criticism in musical matters; let this study be not an "annex" to the course of study, but let it take the place it deserves to occupy among the preparations for the ministry; let the opportunity be given the students for instruction in this important part of the conduct of public worship — whether there be musical talent or not among them; —let this be done, and then, with as careful preparation in *musical* matters as in their other studies, it will doubtless be found after a while that the minister will have no more trouble with the conduct of this part of public worship than with the other parts, for all of which he is equally responsible, and should be alike qualified.

Diapason.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

In Arcadia.

BECAUSE I choose to keep my seat,
Nor join the giddy dancers' whirl,
I pray you do not laugh, my girl,
Nor ask me why I find it sweet
In my old age to watch your glee —
I, too, have been in Arcady.

And though full well I know I seem
Quite out of place in scenes like this,
You can't imagine how much bliss
It gives me just to sit and dream,
As your fair form goes flitting by,
How I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

For, sweetheart, in your merry eyes
A vanished summer buds and blows,
And with the same bright cheeks of rose
I see your mother's image rise,
And o'er a long and weary track
My buried boyhood wanders back.

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast
On your sweet form my swimming glance,
I think your mother used to dance
Just as you do, in that dead past,
Long years ago,— yes, fifty-three,—
When I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

And in the music's laughing notes
I seem to hear old voices ring
That have been hushed, ah! many a spring,
And round about me faintly floats
The echo of a melody
I used to hear in Arcady.

And yonder youth — nay, do not blush,
The boy's his father o'er again;
And hark ye, Miss, I was not plain
When at his age — what! must I hush?
He's coming this way? Yes, I see —
You two yet dwell in Arcady.

R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

YOU can encourage the timid, restrain the bold, punish the wicked, but for the weak there is no help.

THE most reliable people we have are those whose brains are located in their heads.

THERE is nothing like necessity to quicken a man,— I once knew a man who was the laziest fellow on earth, until he lost a leg by accident, after that no able-bodied man could get around the village as quick as he could on one leg and a crutch.

DON'T go back, my friend, after many years, to your old home expecting to be made happy; for, if you ever happened to commit an indiscretion in your boyhood days, people will remember nothing but that, and most of them will remind you of it.

WHAT the world wants the most is novelty and dispatch. Civilization has so quickened all things, that, before another hundred years rolls around, we shall require a quicker kind of lightning than we have now to do our telegraph business with.

THERE are those so pure that they are continually repenting of sins they haven't the pluck to commit.

LEARNING seems to be rapidly driving all the common sense out of the world.

Uncle Esek.

Love Passes By.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

THE pure invisible atoms of air
Palpitate, break into warmth and glory;
The Heavens descend in rays of light.
Earth trembles with silent, unspeakable bliss,
A pang of delight, too dear!
Strange shocks and tumults of harmony
Swell on the winds, and fall and die!
In broken music I seem to hear
Confused, half-told, an exquisite story,
A murmur of kisses and rustling wings.
My eyelids close. What can it be
This marvelous presence so far, so near,
This unseen vision, I dare not see?
Love passes by!

Mary Ainge De Vere.

Not Too Early, Pretty Doves.

How is it, little lady mine,
That you in silence sit and pine?
Well in your teens, and have not heard
How worthless is a youngster's word!
Why, if he'd meant it, kept it true,
It had been worse for both of you.
Boyish vows are better broken,
Misses' secrets never spoken:
Sing well-a-day,
If lasses would say nay
The lads would stay away.

Aha, my stripling, sighing there,
And staring into empty air,
The rustle of a rustic gown
Will trap a fellow fresh from town!
Up, sir, for shame! let folly go,
And thank your stars she served you so.
Shallow brains are better parted,
Soon are cured such broken-hearted:
Sing well-a-day,
If lads would stay away
No lassie could say nay.

Coo not too early, pretty doves;
Pin-feather fancies, callow loves,
My little birdlings, they remain
No more than rainbows after rain.
A girl's a girl, a boy's a fool,
And life it proves a sorry school;
When the chickens fix the feather,
Know there will be change of weather:
Sing well-a-day—
Lo, yonder hies away
Gaius to Tabitha!

John Vance Cheney.

Amy.

AMY, of old a bold knight,
Naming his lady-love true
Ere he went forth to the fight,
Conquered a foeman or two;
Victory surely I might
Claim for my love, for I, too,
Whisper your name in my plight,
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous?*

Amy, *je t-aime;* that is trite,
Tell me how better to woo;
Shall I an Iliad write
Or a perfumed *billet-doux?*
No—are you satisfied quite,
Tell me, my sweetest, are you?
Answer me, mischievous sprite,
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous?*

Amy, why turn from my sight
Eyes of such lovable blue?
Is it for fear that I might
Guess what is hidden from view?
Do your fair cheeks, that were white,
Blush a soft "yes" when I sue;
Do your eyes fill with love-light,
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous?*

L'ENVOI.

Amy, my arms hold you tight,
Captive you are until you
Answer, and answer *aright,*
Amy *aimée, m'aimez-vous?*

H. C. Faulkner.

My Mural Chum.

THAT queer old pattern on the papered wall
Has been my boon companion, so to speak,
From tick to tack of clock, by night and day,
Through many a morbid, melancholy week.

The quaint old pattern, with its tawny blots,
With crack, and scratch, and countless colored stain,
Has furnished me with numerous wondrous scenes,
To please my fancy on this bed of pain.

I've grown familiar with its grim old face;
I've learned to love its blue and yellow chart;
Its meaningless and odd contorted forms
Have won their way into a sick man's heart.

Here is a butterfly, and there a face;
And here, where last year's snow has trickled through,
Blending in one the red and yellow scrolls,
I have a most enchanting mountain view.

Here is a ruined castle on the Rhine,
With distant hills and knights in grand array;
There is the river, flecked with blue and white,
Reflecting boats at anchor in the bay.

There, where a bureau has abrased the wall,
Behold the prairie, with a caravan:
Long sinuous teams of snowy, covered carts;
And in the foreground a Red Indian.

A smear of ink,—a boy and dog at play;
Some fruit-stains, with the pattern mingled, make
A sunset glow on sheet of water fair:
Lucerne, Loch Lomond, or sweet Como's lake.

And there's a goblin glaring with round eyes,
With pointed beard, and ears, and curling nose;
Who taunts me while awake in pain I writhe,
And haunts my dreams when I would seek repose.

It even seems to me, some objects move,
Wagging their heads or smiling back my smiles,
The people in that patterned paper queer,
Are filled with quips, and quirks, and elfish wiles.

Yet still I love it, that old, stained, absurd,
Preposterous, prismatic, rheumy thing,
For it has been a solace in my pain,
And robbed grim loneliness of half its sting.

Frank Bellew.

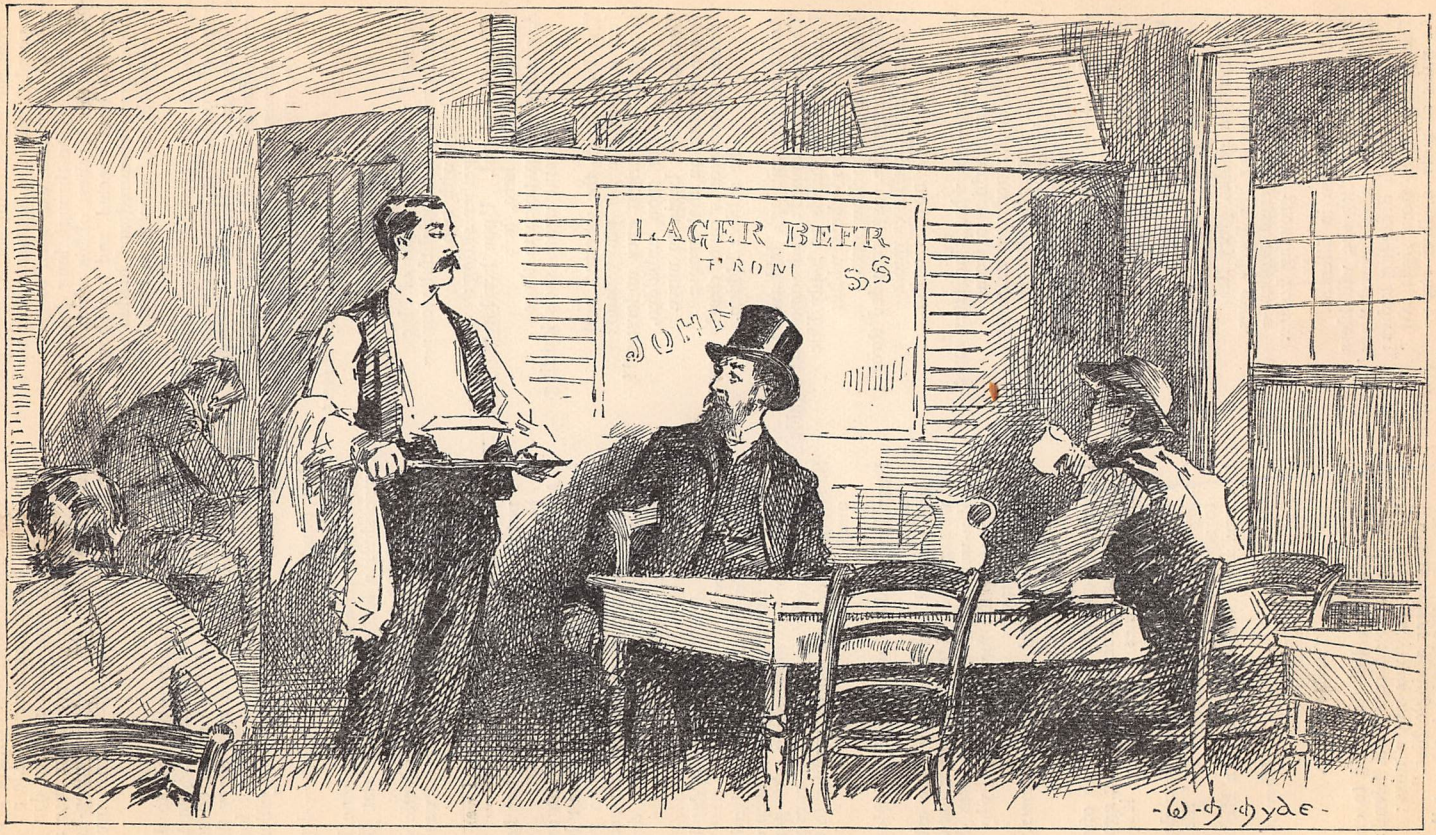
Could She Have Guessed?

COULD she have guessed my coward care?
I knew her foot upon the stair,
Her figure chained my inmost eye;
I only looked a lover's lie,—
I feigned indifference, felt despair.

My very blood leaped up, aware
Of her free step and morning air;
She raised her head, she caught my eye—
Could she have guessed?

I faced her with a chilly stare,
With words so common and so bare!
Her whispering skirts, as she went by,
Swept every sense—a thrilling sigh!
Ah, would her heart have heard my prayer,
Could she have guessed?

Elaine Goodale.



A DISCRIMINATING TASTE.

Jones, reduced to poverty by reverses in Wall Street, enters a Bowery "Restaurant" for dinner, and to his astonishment the waiter who presents himself is his old friend, that great gourmet, Walker.

JONES.—"Great Scott, Walker, you here, and a waiter!"

WALKER (also reduced from the same cause, with dignity)—"Yes; I *wait* here, but I don't *dine* here."

To Modjeska as Rosalind.

WHEN from the poet's brain fair Arden's glades
Were peopled with the lightsome folk we know,
A shade of discontent was seen to grow
Upon his brow, as he through long decades
In vision saw this loveliest of his maids
By beardless boys enacted, and her show
Of maiden grace obscured and hidden so
In guise of youths half won from boyish trades.

Soon changed the vision and through centuries far
A group of women fair he then did see,
Whose hearts, one after other, were beguiled
By some Orlando's youth and bravery,
And in the throng, and radiant as a star,
On *thee*, the mighty master, looking, smiled!

Oscar Fay Adams.

A Cigar.

ALONE I puff soft wreaths of blue
That frame a most delightful view;—
A little library with two
Together sitting:
A youth and girl. Upon her knees
A novel with a hero, he's
A ghostly circumstance to these
Quaint wraps she's knitting.

The lover holds the worsted, and
Just touches one fair pinky hand:
How well her bright eyes understand!
For soon, unbidden,
Two scarlet lips begin to move
A conversation in that groove
Where chosen words quite clearly prove
The subject hidden.

And then the knitting's laid aside;
The needle's dropped; and some sweet guide
Leads both his hands to haply hide
Two others whiter.
I listen, and a mellow note
Slips through the rosy, rounded throat:
I hear the happy lover quote
The novel's writer.

The writer,—ah, what kind fates come
To keep harsh criticism from
His little book: perhaps 'tis some
Such situation;—
A picture similar to this,
Portraying a brief spell of bliss,
And punctuated with a kiss-
Interrogation.

I see the faces slowly meet,
And shy, uncertain glances greet:
The knitting's fallen to her feet;
And on his shoulder
Her head in golden glory lies,
While, fathoming her lovely eyes,
He reads the tenderest replies,—
Love growing bolder.

But, while I dream in idleness,
And wonder whether she will bless
His hearing with a whispered "yes,"—
With drooping lashes;
The picture fades from sight afar
As pales at morn a silver star;
I seek the light of my cigar,
And find but ashes.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Grandfather's Rose.

DOES yo' see dem yaller roses clingin' to de cabin wall,
Whar de bright sunshine twinkle all de day?
I's got a yaller rose dat's sweeter dan dem all,
An' I's gwine to gib my yaller rose away—
Dat pesky dandy Jim, wid his button-hole bouquet,
He knows I's gwine to gib my rose, my yaller rose,
away.

Oh, my yaller rose, it growed close to de cabin flo',
And its mammy lef' it 'fore it 'gun to climb,
But it run kind o' wild in an' out de cottage do',
An' it got roun' de ole man ebery time—
I's mighty loth to do it, but I hasn't long to stay—
So I's gwine to gib my wild rose, my yaller rose, away.

Now, dandy Jim's de parson's son—dey growed up
side by side,
My yaller rose an' dat ar harnsome boy,
Sense she's a leetle creepsy ting, dat Jim has been
her pride;
But now an' den she grows a leetle coy—
But I spec's it's 'cause I tole her—'twas on'y t'other
day—
Dat Jim had got his cabin done, an' I was gwine away.

She put dem little han's in mine, her head upon my
breas',
An' dar she seemed to sort o' sob an' sigh.
I couldn't tell de matter, but it wasn't hard to guess
Dat she moaning 'cause de ole man gwine to die;
So I coax my pretty wild rose wid kisses, and I say,
"De ole man gwine to lib, perhaps, dese many an'
many a day."

Oh! boys, I didn't hab a t'ought dat bressed head
would lay
On any oder breas' but Jim's an' mine;
I t'ought dat I could hold her, to keep or gib away,
But she gone to make some oder garding shine;
Her ma got tired o' waitin' may be, lonesome so to say,
So she axed de king ob de garding to take my rose
away.

Dear lamb! she sleeping sof'ly, widout a tear or
sigh,
Wid de wild flowers on her little cabin bed,
An' we's a-settin' side ob her, poor dandy Jim an' I,
An' a-wailin', an' a-wishin' we was dead.
I'd a-g'in my life for her an' Jim, why couldn't He
let her stay?
I's old an' withered, de Marster knows, but He took
my rose away.

I's bery lonesome an' so is Jim—he's often ober, now,
An' dem honeysuckle faded long ago;
When de sun shines in de cabin, or it's time to milk
de cow,
I kin seem to hear her foot upon de flo';
Oh, my wild rose! my yaller rose! it's mighty hard
to stay;—
It seems as if de Lord forgit when He took my Rose
away.

Mary A. Denison.

The New Play.

THE play was dull from end to end.
The dramatist address'd his friend:
"If not a hit, 'twas not a miss;
I did not hear a single hiss."
"True," said his friend, "but tell me whether
A man can hiss and gape together?"

George Birdseye.



U. S. Grant

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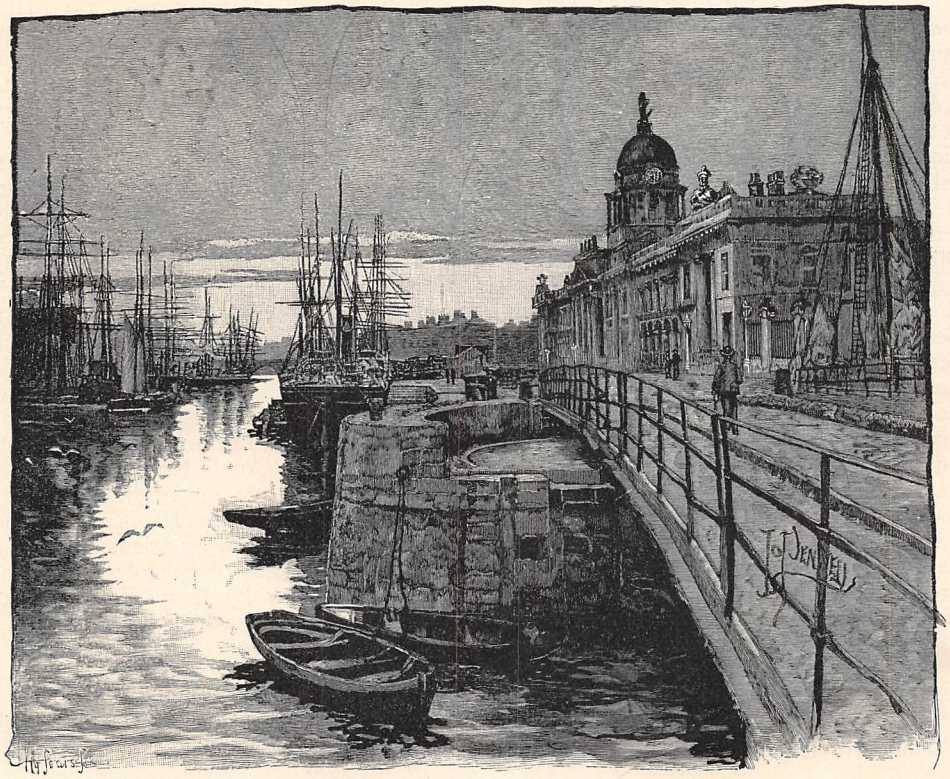
DUBLIN CITY.

DUBLIN is not a provincial city; it is the decayed capital of the English in Ireland. We visit Manchester or Birmingham, and are borne along by a far fuller and fresher tide of life than that which flows in our Dublin streets; noble buildings, dedicated to public uses, have sprung up in those great cities during recent years; the citizens are full of zeal for industry, science, art, even though high in air a solid firmament of mammon and mammon-worship may overarch these, and shut out the spaces and upper gales of heaven; every one is awake and stirring with a lithe activity; no one (unless it be the author of "John Inglesant" at Edgebaston) dreams of the past; and yet all this life is distinctively life in the provinces. We return to Dublin, and move among the traditions of a capital, but of a capital that has fallen into decay. Not that our numbers have declined since the Union; on the contrary, Ptolemy's tribe of Eblani has largely multiplied; but other cities have robbed us of preëminence in point of numbers, and our dignities, which were unique, have disappeared. Seventy years ago Dublin was the second city of the British Empire, and only half a dozen capitals in Europe exceeded it in population and extent. A century since one hundred lords and two or three hundred great commoners brought wealth, and influence, and splendor, and gayety to the chief city of their native land. The Viceroy's court, if he were a liberal and pleasure-loving nobleman, exceeded in brilliance that of George III. The great nobles of Ireland had each his town mansion, many of these as spacious and proud as the palaces of the magnificoes of Florence or Venice. The stone-cutter's chisel, the mason's trowel, rang by the river-side, and in the central thoroughfares; public buildings,—the custom-house, the Four Courts, and others,—conceived on a great scale and with a certain majestic unity of design, were climbing aloft; on one was spent £200,000, on another twice that sum. Now they dominate the streets and quays, noble but inanimate examples of exotic architecture, neo-classical fabrics of the eighteenth century, impressive at a single view, stupid in details; there they stand, and we have little need to build. Wealthy benefactors keep our cathedrals from crumbling and endeavor to renew their beauty, and that is all. If we want a city hall, we move into the deserted Exchange; if we need offices for this public service or that, we borrow an acre of empty rooms from the Custom-house; if we wish to set up a library, a "mendicity institution," or a bank, we can easily acquire possession of the deserted *palazzo* of some absentee Irish nobleman, turning it to better uses possibly than those of its gaudy days.

The capital of Ireland was never an Irish city. "Dubhlinn of Ath Cliath," the "dark waters of the ford of hurdles," was at first only the dusky river flowing from bog and turf, with some few huts, and a wicker bridge by which the great road from Tara—home of kings—was continued across the Liffey. In later years it was the fortress of the Scandinavians, of the Anglo-Normans, or of the English in Ireland; never the center of the native race. At one time His Majesty of England graciously made a present of Dublin to his faithful subjects of Bristol; five hundred of these faithful subjects, on Easter Monday, went forth to disport themselves in the fields, almost on the spot where these lines are written. The Irish on the hills and in the woods were on the watch for them, and swept down suddenly on the luckless Bristolians. The names "Black Monday" and the

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"Bloody Fields" commemorate what happened on that day. It was a custom with the citizens, in later years, to march on each anniversary of the dismal Monday to the scene of slaughter and display their banner in token of contempt for their Irish foes. "The citizens," said Holinshed, "have, from time to time, in sundry conflicts, so galled the Irish, that even to this day the Irish fear a ragged and jagged black standard that the citizens have almost, through tract of time, worn to the hard stumps." These are not the relations which ought to subsist between the capital of a country and the country-folk living around it. When Thackeray visited Ireland in 1842, the first sight that greeted him on landing was a hideous obelisk stuck upon four fat balls, and surmounted with a crown on a cushion, commemorating the sacred spot touched by the foot of George IV. In the Exchange was a pert statue of George III. in a Roman toga, simpering and turning out his toes. Two nursery-maids were keeping company with the statue of George I., who rides on horseback in the center of Stephen's Green. George II. was visible peering over a paling in Dawson street. "How absurd," Thackeray breaks out, "these pompous images look of defunct majesties, for whom no breathing soul cares a halfpenny!" Absurd enough; but only a petty fragment of the huge absurdity that Ireland might do honor to anything, provided only it was not Irish. Even so late as 1856 a writer complains that no public statue of an illustrious Irishman has ever graced the Irish capital. "Dublin," he says, "is connected with Irish patriotism only by the scaffold and the gallows." This complaint of thirty years ago can no longer be uttered. Perhaps at present there is an inclination to brandish the green banner a little too vehemently in the faces of all men; to thrust a pasteboard "sun-burst" high in air and gaze in rapture upon the glorious apparition; to view all things through an emerald mist. "Not Greece of old in her palmiest days," — thus opens a popular life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,— "the Greece of Homer and Demosthenes, of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, of Pericles, Leonidas, and Alcibiades, of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of Solon and Lycurgus, of Apelles and Praxiteles,— not even this Greece, prolific as she was in sages and heroes, can boast such a lengthy bead-roll as Ireland can of names worthy of the immortality of history." With self-criticism comes respect; such a rhodomontade as this means



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.



DUBLIN CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT.

that to render life tolerable we have long had to lap ourselves in dear delusions, and that the habit still clings.

When Dublin broke forth beyond the narrow bounds of the city walls (of which some fragments still remain), its growth was determined by the river with its bridges. Each bridge serving to connect the south side of the city with the north required an outlet for its stream of passengers to north and south, and these avenues were crossed by streets running east and west, parallel with the river. Around all lay a kind of rural boulevard, nine miles in circuit, but this has long been inclosed by suburbs drawn farther and farther away by the fresh air of the hills and of the sea. The charm of Dublin is that it never imprisons you; it lays no intolerable nightmare on the spirit; from its decayed grandeurs, its living squalors, you can escape in half an hour to unspoiled country, where no manufactory chimney belches smoke, no mountain of ash and slag rises hideous; to hills where the furze and heather make a glow in autumn; to sea-buttresses overrun by the daintiest flowers of spring, where the gull floats far below you in mid-air, or descends with his delicate scream to touch the waves where the porpoise tumbles; where in summer, if you scramble down the cliff, you may perchance watch for an hour the seal thrusting ever and anon above green water his grotesque head, lit by two amiable, almost human little eyes. Over some of these spots, now accessible in a brief space of time by tram-car or train from the midst of the city, romantic memories hover. Here in Howth Park stands a cromlech, under which lies Aideen of Ben-Edar, who pined away and died when her husband Oscar, son of Ossian the bard, fell at the battle of Gavra; around her grave the Fenian heroes stood sorrowing:

> "They heaved the stone; they heap'd the cairn;
> Said Ossian, 'In a queenly grave
> We leave her, 'mong her fields of fern,
> Between the cliff and wave.
>
> "'The cliff behind stands clear and bare,
> And bare, above, the heathery steep
> Scales the clear heaven's expanse, to where
> The Danaan Druids sleep.'"

Here, by the sea-shore at Clontarf, King Brian in hoariest old age rode, his golden-hilted sword in one hand, a crucifix in the other, animating his warriors to meet the Norsemen; and here he flung back the invaders, and fell beneath the battle-axe of the sorcerer and apostate Brodar. On that day there were strange presages of death; the god Odin descended on his gray charger, halbert in hand, before the battle; swords leaped at night from their scabbards; a man of Caith-

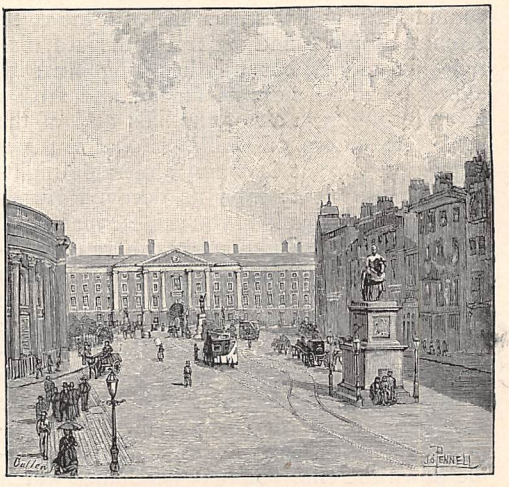


GOLDSMITH'S STATUE, COLLEGE YARD.

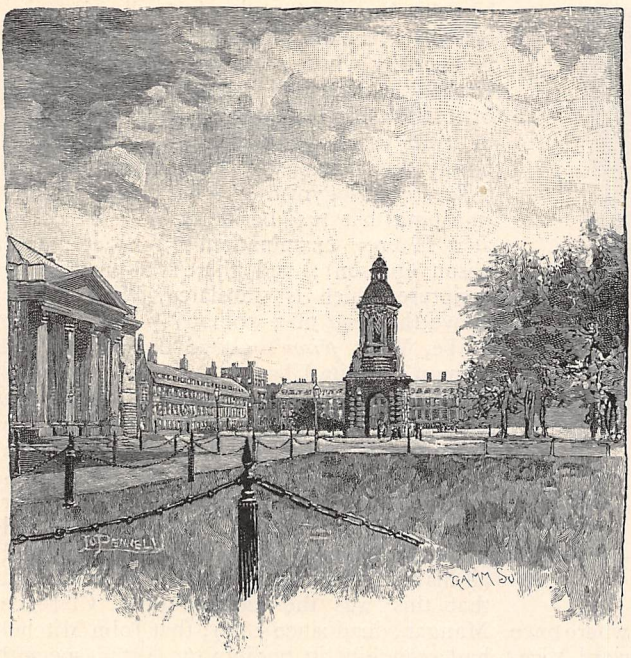
ness caught sight of twelve strange folk riding as the wind, and entering a hill-side; he pursued them and gazed in—they were the Fatal Sisters, Choosers of the Slain; and there they wove the crimson web, with human heads for the weights of their loom, men's entrails for the warp and woof, a sword for shuttle, and arrows for the reels; and as they wove they chaunted that dreadful song which Gray translated from the Norwegian for English readers. Elsewhere, but still on the skirts of Dublin, is a spot fatal, not in the annals of war, but of love—Chapelizod, a village from which rises a gray church tower. Here Sir Tristram of the Round Table, disguised as a harper, and calling himself Tramtrist, was put to the keeping of the beautiful Iseult to be healed of the wound received from her brother's envenomed spear; here, when restored, he was arrayed by Iseult's hand in harness, and sent forth to the jousts—"and right so she put him out at a privy postern, and so he came into the field as it had been a bright angel." More potent than any love-philter with a woman's heart it is to have saved a noble champion from despair and death, and have sent him forth arrayed by her hands to do deeds of high emprise. Iseult's Tower, near Dublin Castle, has disappeared, and Iseult's Fount no longer murmurs and gleams; but Chapelizod, the Chapel of Iseult, is at least a living name. If any one in our nineteenth century should follow Dante to that "second circle of sad hell" where he beheld Tristram, it will be a momentary solace to the afflicted lover to learn that his story is still sung on earth by high poets, and that pilgrims now and again visit the spot where Iseult of Ireland shed tears at his leave-taking.

The traveler from Holyhead to Kingstown must put back his watch five and twenty minutes on touching Irish soil. Evidently the English people get through the twenty-four hours of the day faster than we do. We lounge and loiter through life, knowing that we shall come to the end soon enough. When things around us get a little out of gear, we do not hurry to set them to rights; the peasant stuffs an old stocking into the gap of his window-pane; my Lord Mayor and the Town Councilors watch the Liffey swirl past, a steaming sewer, and proceed to elect a Public Health Committee. We are not oppressed with riches or business. We are a pleasant, gossiping, story-telling, scandal-mongering tribe. We cannot avoid seeing the same faces day after day, and so we watch one another closely, or we should have nothing to gossip about, and should die of ennui. We cannot afford to quarrel with friends whom we meet at every dinner-table; so we make amends by giving our opinion of these friends behind their backs with touching candor. We have no plutocracy among us, and no Bohemians. If a man makes a vast number of hogsheads of beer or barrels of whisky, he becomes a kind of spiritual peer and builds synod-houses or restores cathedrals, and is respected almost as much as if he belonged to the shabby-genteel class; but here we draw the line,—at this point our sense of gentility becomes inexorable. We are equally intolerant of any approach toward the literary or artistic gypsy life, or any wandering propensities in matters of opinion. Revolters are too few among us to have a good time of it together; each must needs be his own center of spiritual activity, and his circumference as well as center; each must warm himself at his internal fires. Even from the University no wave of thought has ever spread abroad and ruffled the blue inane; individual thinkers—we need but name Berkeley—have produced a profound impression, but no general movement of thought and feeling has ever startled society out of the trance of custom.

I am bound in loyalty to look on Trinity College as the central point of our metropolitan city, and as the eye of Ireland. It is an eye which long squinted in the direction of the dominant religion (and yet squinted with a less villainous obliquity than most other Irish institutions), but on the threat of a painful operation it righted itself with miraculous celerity. I have loyally tried to admire the



TRINITY COLLEGE, FROM THE GREEN.



THE COLLEGE GREEN.

college front, with its classic pavilions, stony festoons, pilasters, and deadly rows — three hundred feet long — of barrack windows, and my failure has been signal; but Foley's statues of Burke and Goldsmith make one proud or pensive, and the classical desolation of abomination is for a moment forgotten. Burke, indeed, might be any one else — the philosopher is submerged by the orator; but Goldsmith can be no other than the most beloved, foolish, wise, playful, serious, mirthful, tender of the sons of Ireland. His grave cannot be identified in the burial-ground of the Temple; doubtless he grew weary of lying in English earth, with the perpetual roar of Fleet street in his ears; his heart untraveled turned fondly homeward. I cannot but think that dead or alive he would, in the end, set his face toward Lissoy, bringing back to Ireland his brogue and his blunders; and how gladly the land that gave him birth would catch to her breast the wayward child! One other statue the University should possess — not Swift's, for he has a sufficient monument in Dublin, but that of Berkeley; it should be of marble, and his silent face appear as the index of a mind forever

"Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone."

In consideration of his studies on Rhode Island and his fine dream of a college in the remote Bermoothes, the sculptor (and subscription) might be American; and we should inscribe on the pedestal Berkeley's magnificent prophecy:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The first four Acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama and the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Goldsmith's brutal tutor, Wilder, and Berkeley, possessing every virtue under heaven, represent the fine varieties that have exhibited themselves among the fellows of our college. The Wilders, if any exist, have moved upward, "working out the beast"; the Berkeleys, it is to be feared, have dropped something of the angel. Having after an arduous examination won his fellowship at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, the successful candidate, on condition of performing a moderate amount of daily drudgery, is assured a fair competency for life, and may, if he pleases, grow daily more ignorant during sixty years; thus an almost incredible attainment in ignorance becomes possible. Or he may choose to grow daily more learned during the same period, and the result is equally appalling. Between the two types stands a literary *roi fainéant* who lives upon the reputation of a great unwritten book; the materials have been accumulating during half a century. The author's vast range and abysmal profundity necessarily delay the enterprise; but favored friends have beheld his manuscript — "a sight to dream of, not to tell." Suddenly one morning the college bell booms with a muffled monotone. The great scholar has died of fatty degeneration of the heart. The great treatise seems to have perished by the same disease and to have vanished from existence with its author. Of late the *roi fainéant* has been largely replaced by the genuine scholar. We are proving our right to exist, and trust that the good axe which hewed down cumberers of the ground in Ireland may spare the most useful and flourishing of its institutions. We could brandish brilliant names in the face of the world, but Irishmen are modest. There is among us a Mezzofanti, who, having mastered all tongues, weeps for a new language to conquer; it has been suggested that he might



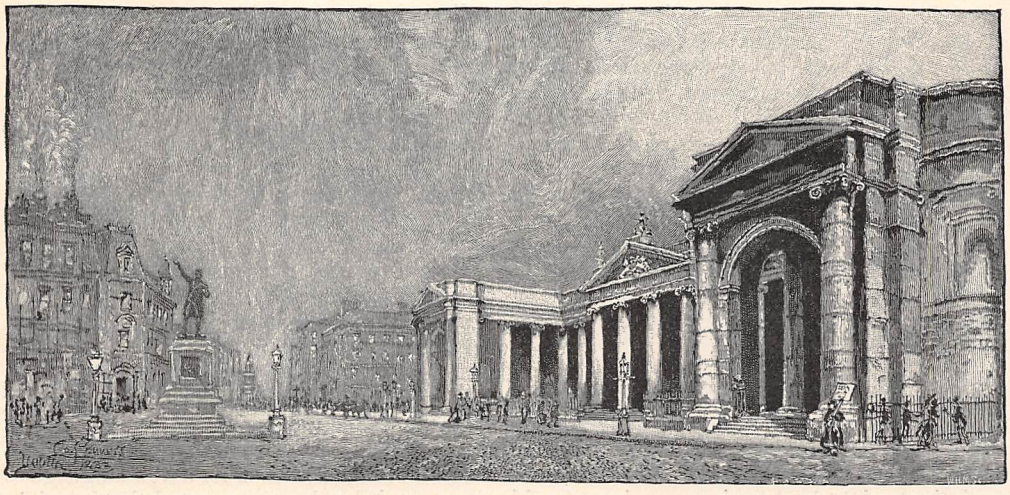
BURKE'S STATUE.



AN ALLEYWAY.

try to forget Japanese. Our library, where once the erudite Jacky Barrett — afterward Vice-Provost — ruled, is, as the guide-books say, "an extensive stone building"—so extensive, indeed, that on a foggy winter morning, looking from the entrance of the great room, you see no end, and believe that it may be possible to advance forever through an interminable vista of folios. Here Dr. Barrett's ghost must surely wander — a dwarfish figure with parrot's nose, locks radiating from his head like a bunch of radishes, the curls that had fallen off being attached by hair-pins to the back of his head, and with voice, if ghosts can speak, of a gritty, angular quality, and rapid yet emphatic articulation. Jacky wore breeches brown in reality, but called in courtesy black, a shirt black in reality, but called in courtesy white, hose, and no cravat. He washed his face and hands on the occasion of a fellowship examination,— once, perhaps, in two years,— and was, in consequence, hardly recognizable by his friends. He was a severe misogynist. "What other mainin' (meaning) has *rosh* beside *caput?*" he asked at a Hebrew examination. "Why, it manes p'ison (poison); and there's a passage in Scripture which is translated, What *head's* above the *head* of a woman? — but it ought to be, What *p'ison's* above the *p'ison* of a woman?" Him I have never seen in ghostly or bodily form. But once in the innermost recesses of the Fagel Library I beheld the apparition of a man perched on the top of a ladder. It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment, the blanched hair totally unkempt, the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I remembered that this was the luckless poet, Clarence Mangan, dead since 1849; that John Mitchel had seen him in bodily form, yet a spectral creature in this same attitude, and that the very words which came to my mind to describe him withal were Mitchel's words.

In College Green, facing the college, and in front of the sometime Houses of Parliament — his old domain — stands the admirable statue of Grattan, by Foley. His hand is flung in air by the passion of his thought; he has just liberated his mind by some noble utterance. Which, I wonder, of many noble utterances? Ranting extravagances in his own plays were styled by Dryden "the Delilahs of the theater." Delilahs of the senate-house found numerous admirers in the Irish



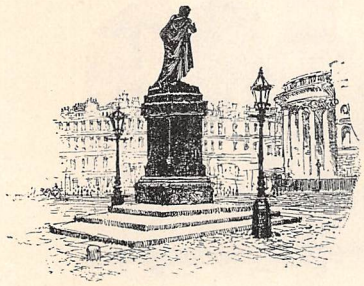
BANK OF IRELAND.



OLD HOUSES ON THE LIFFEY.

House of Commons; but Grattan's eloquent explosions meant not merely smoke and fire, but solid grape-shot. Perhaps Foley had in his mind the invocation, mouthed since 1782 a thousand times by every blatant, unfledged Demosthenes: "Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! Your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! In that new character I hail her! and bowing in her august presence I say, '*Esto perpetua!*'" But I like better to think that he has just flung out his defiant words of two years earlier, when he moved in the House the Declaration of Rights: "I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanging to his rags; he may be naked—he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." Foley's man of bronze was in reality a man of fine and fragile nerves. Perhaps a more heroic but more difficult memorial of Grattan might have been executed, had he been represented as he appeared in the House on the night when Ireland lost her independence—risen from a bed of illness, and dressed hastily in the uniform of the Volunteers, so feeble that he could not stand alone, his head drooped upon his chest, his eye sparkling with unwonted fire, the flush of passion on his cheek. "There was a moment's pause," writes our historian, Lecky, "an electric thrill passed through the House, and then a long, wild cheer burst from the galleries. Then was witnessed that spectacle, among the grandest in the whole range of mental phe-

nomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter, of the power of enthusiasm, and the power of genius nerving a feeble and emaciated frame. As the fire of oratory kindled,—as the angel of enthusiasm touched those pallid lips with the living coal,—as the old scenes crowded on the speaker's mind, and the old plaudits broke upon his ear, it seemed as though the force of disease was neutralized



TOM MOORE'S STATUE.

and the buoyancy of youth restored. For more than two hours he poured forth a stream of epigram, of argument, and of appeal,"—poured forth such life as was in him, but in vain. By permission of the Speaker, Grattan kept his seat while addressing the House, yet his action had a commanding energy. Here is a novel and romantic subject for some future sculptor to present. The Houses of Parliament are now put to substantial, if not very sentimental, uses. The satirist can easily raise a smile:

"Here where old Freedom once was used to wait
Her darling Grattan nightly at the gate,
Now little clerks in hall and colonnade
Tot the poor items of provincial trade;
Lo, round the walls that Bushe and Plunket shook
The teller's desk, the runner's pocket-book."

Yet it is highly agreeable (even poets feel this) to have an account to your credit at the bank; and the clerk who cashes a check for you is, after all, a much more interesting and admirable person than many of the fine gentlemen who sold their votes and pocketed their bribes in the days of Lord Castlereagh.

Thackeray could have gladly seen our generations of royal Georges in effigy abolished, but would have spared William III. in College Green. He was right, for a portion of the history and life of Dublin has gathered around his leaden majesty. Each year from 1701 onward for more than a century, on the anniversary of William's birthday, the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the Lord Chancellor and judges, the Provost of Trinity College, and other notabilities paraded thrice around the statue, trying to look grave, so to do honor to the "pious, glorious, and immortal memory." Many of the college lads were Jacobites, and sometimes the gray of morning would discover two figures astride of the leaden horse—one the hero of the Boyne, dressed up with hay, the other a man of straw, leaning limp against the hero's shoulders. The volunteers would muster, and bang off their cannons and blaze their *feu de joie* around the statue. King William survived the insults and defied the assaults of his enemies until a fatal night of April, 1836; a mysterious light was observed that night in his neighborhood, and presently there followed a deafening explosion; the king flew high in air as if through some violent apotheosis, then fell, a shattered bulk of royalty, and lay flat, ignominiously indifferent to popery, prelacy, brass money, and wooden shoes. In the morning they carted the body to a police office, and held an inquest; physicians discovered an envious puncture between hip and saddle-skirt. Irish criminals have been restored to life after their execution by judicious blood-letting from the jugular vein. The grand monarch, by this or some other device, was revivified; his mangled limbs were made straight, his Roman nose was set, and when Thackeray pleaded in his behalf, my Lord Mayor, Daniel O'Connell, had the king under a canvas, and was painting him of a bright green picked out with yellow—his lordship's own livery.

Turning Liffeyward, we observe some one else beckoning to us from his pedestal—probably some patriot chimney-sweep, he looks so black and grimy; or, this lumpish nigritude, can it indeed be meant for Tom Moore?

"This were a popet in an arm to embrace
For any womman smal and fair of face."

Our western bulbul, half Cupid and half tomtit, was the most dapper little gentleman, compact of sentiment and sense; this is a shapeless blot upon the face of day. And so charming a subject has been lost. The sculptor might have shown us the grave Muse laying Master Tommy across her knee and inflicting motherly chastisement for his early indiscretions; or the melodist might have appeared in the dainty trim assumed for an evening at Carlton House, smilingly taking his harp down from the willows when the titled folk of Babylon begged him to sing them one of the songs of Erin; or, better still, why not let us see him, unspoiled at heart, in his modest home, resting for a moment amid the industrious hours, while a gleam passes across his lips and brow, and he pens in his diary such words as these: "A strange life mine; but

the best as well as the pleasantest part of it lies *at home*. I told my dear Bessy, this morning, that while I stood at my study window, looking out at her, as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. 'Thank you, bird,' she replied, 'that's better than money'; and so it is. 'Bird' was a pet name she gave me in our younger days." But Bessy, when she gave the pretty pet name, did not think of such a fossil bird as this upon the pedestal—slow-waddling, web-footed ornithorhynchus. Still statues and statues! Smith O'Brien, with a pert, pugnacious aspect, little characteristic of that indiscreet and gallant gentleman, folds his arms and projects his toe in air; the back of the statue is the best of it, for the three wrinkles in the marble frock-coat are admirably realistic, and, indeed, it is only an artist in frock-coats that can adequately appreciate them. From across the bridge the Liberator gazes forth sublime, and dwarfs the petty race of mortals creeping past. He needs a sea of faces around and beneath him to set him off; then, for certain, he would open his lips and give tongue, like the huge watch-dog whose place Cuchullin took in Celtic legend, or like the hounds that uttered "sweet thunder" in Theseus' hearing, for he seems one of their race, whose

> "Heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd and dewlapp'd like Thessalian bulls."

Lacking his oceanic democracy, O'Connell's occupation is gone; the burly tribune hardly knows what to do so high above earth, in solitude, commercing with the skies. It was well for him that, when unveiled, the wide avenue beneath was surging and alive. An Irish procession, numbering tens of thousands, is full of animation, yet admirable for order if only it is intrusted with the guardianship of the peace, possesses a sense of responsibility, and is marshaled by its chosen leaders. It is, however, lamentably deficient in the artistic instinct; with much brightness or glooms of temper, its strong side is not common sense, and it has little or none of that feeling for the ludicrous which accompanies common sense. The emblematic banners flung forth on these gala days, on which considerable sums of money are spent, and which are displayed with extraordinary pride, are too often absurd in design and of mingled color that sets your teeth on edge. A vast throng, however, animated by a single sentiment, is always impressive. "Which stilleth the voice of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people." The sea and the people—these two vast powers are only less sublime than the light of some lonely star, or the solitary thought of a mind which, in its musings, has outsoared the shadow of our night.

Sackville street is wide—the guide-books tell how many leagues in width. Byron is said to have swum the Hellespont, but it is not stated that he ever adventured across Sackville street; tram-cars, like ocean steamers, ply bravely up and down the midst, and a thin stream of pedestrians straggles along the side-walks. If you happen to be on the western footway, you must set forth boldly on a cruise to the eastern, in order to lay your hand upon a stone of the house in which Shelley lodged when, in 1812, he came over from Southey and Keswick (a little indignant with Southey for his altered politics), to regenerate Ireland by founding an association of philanthropists pledged to secure by peaceable means the Repeal of the Union and the Emancipation of Catholics. The house is No. 7, and, happier than the house in Aungier street in which Moore was born, it is not desecrated by bar or tap-room, but gracefully employed as a print-seller's place of business. As these lines are written, the inevitable restorer is at work; scaffolding obscures the front of the house, and when the scaffolding disappears no longer will be seen the old balcony from which Percy and Harriet Shelley threw down the young evangelist's Irish pamphlets. "I stand at the balcony of our window," he wrote, "and watch till I see a man who looks likely. I throw a book to him." And Harriet adds in a postscript: "I am sure you would laugh were you to see us give the pamphlets. We throw them out of window, and give them to men that we pass in the streets. For myself, I am ready to die of laughter when it is done, and Percy looks so grave. Yesterday he put one into a woman's hood of a cloak. She knew nothing of it, and we passed her; I could hardly get on, my muscles were so irritated." In Fishamble street, not far from Dublin Castle, was a theater in 1812, where seventy years previously Handel had presided over renderings of his own oratorios and cantatas, when the goddess of Dullness, alarmed for her British sovereignty, "drove him to th' Hibernian shore." In this Fishamble street theater Shelley, a youth of nineteen, addressed an Irish audience for the space of an hour. A reporter, sent by the police authorities to furnish an account of the Catholic meeting, describes him as "a young boy," whose speech, he adds, was "replete with much elegant language."

A few years before Shelley's visit to Ireland, his Keswick entertainer, Robert Southey, had been blown across the channel in a gale, and found himself in Dublin, as private secretary to Mr. Corry, Commissioner of the Treasury,



SACKVILLE STREET AND NELSON'S COLUMN.

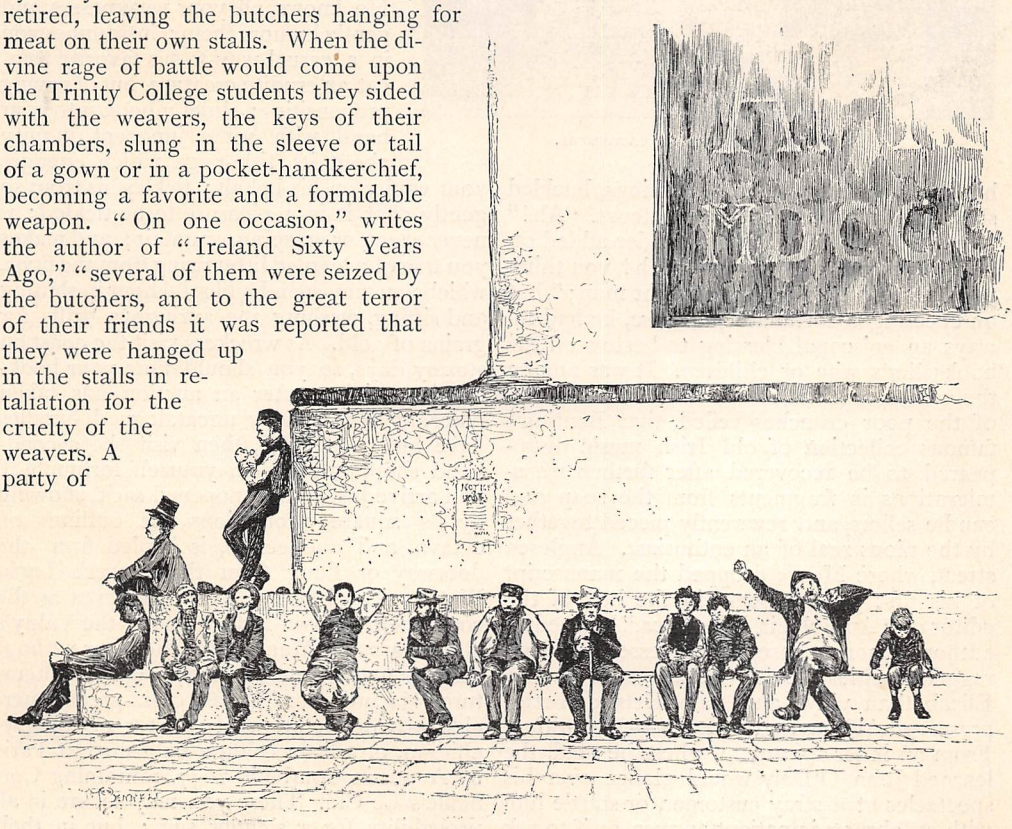
with a salary of £400 a year, and seemingly nothing to do. A letter written to his wife in October, 1801, lies before me, showing, in ink now embrowned with age, the delicate handwriting which changed so sadly in his latest years, when the weary brain refused to direct those indefatigable fingers. "About our quarters here," he writes, "when we remove hither in June, John Prickman will look out. The filth of the houses is intolerable; floors and furniture offending you with Portuguese nastiness; but it is a very fine city, a magnificent city — such public buildings, and the streets so wide. For these advantages Dublin is indebted to the prodigal corruption of its own government; every member who asked money to make improvements got it, and, if he got £20,000, in decency spent five for the public and pocketed the rest. These gentlemen are now being hauled a little over the coals, and they have grace enough to thank God the Union did not take place sooner." Southey and his wife did not settle in Dublin; he resigned a foolish office, as he styled it, and a good salary, and soon was toiling among his folios in Bristol, the delighted possessor, after seven childless years, of a little gray-eyed girl.

During his brief visit to Dublin Nelson's biographer did not see the column — a later erection — on which the one-armed hero is mastheaded. How Nelson ever ascended the dark, narrow, cobwebbed stairs to his present position is difficult to imagine; it shows the effect of early practice in climbing to impossible crow's-nests. The visitor is advised not to follow Nelson's example. Ireland expects every man to do his duty, but does not regard it as his duty to pay a fee and wind through dirt and darkness in order to attain the "pillar-punishment" of St. Simeon Stylites. Rather become one of the loungers and loafers at its base, who sit and smoke, shunning ambition with its dangerous ascents, gossiping one to another or dropping off to sleep in the sunshine.

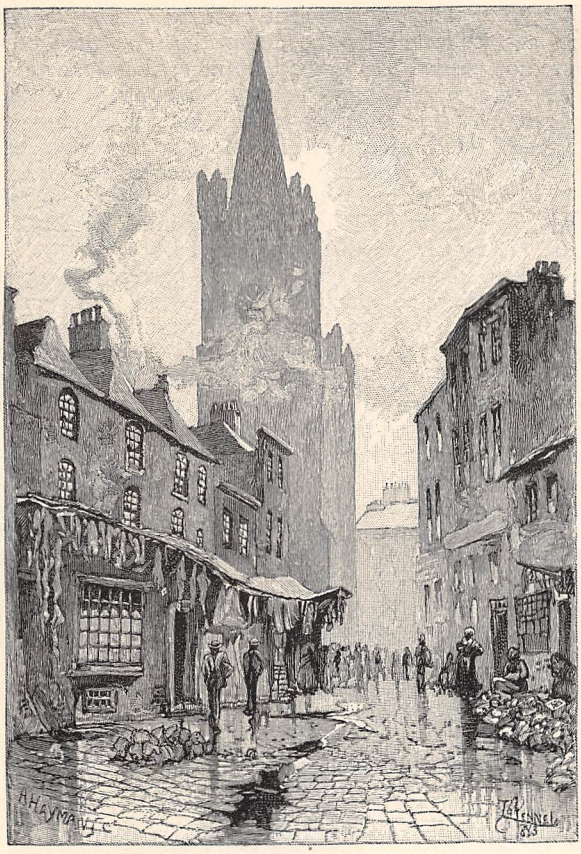
Below our new bridge, new-named after O'Connell, the sea-gulls hover, and bring a savor of freshness and freedom, a vision of drenched rock-ridges and blown sea-spaces, into the heart of the town. Looking up the river, as day declines, sometimes a far-reaching and mystic sunset will liberate the spirit by its strange and infinite beauty seen above and athwart the irregular elevations and de-

caying frontage of old houses that line the river-sides, and above and beyond the fantastic wreathings of city smoke. There are no houses of great antiquity in Dublin, such as may be seen in Chester or in Edinburgh; but as hard usage and starvation may turn a girl into a hag at twenty-five, so neglect and grime and squalor have made comparatively modern tenements hag-like houses, with an evil look, in door and window and roof, of famine, pest, ill-living, despair. Some look gaunt and fierce, and seem to pluck their eaves over their brows; others have shrunk and grown wizened and piteously lean and ragged, like the woman who shuffles past in draggled shawl, and pauses to rest against a doorway while she coughs. These quays were in former days the scene of fierce and prolonged conflict between the Liberty boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond Market. Bridges were stormed, were taken and retaken; and day after day the garboils might be renewed; above a thousand combatants were sometimes at once engaged. On one occasion the victorious Liberty boys proceeded to hook a number of Ormond boys by the jaws to their own flesh-hooks, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging for meat on their own stalls. When the divine rage of battle would come upon the Trinity College students they sided with the weavers, the keys of their chambers, slung in the sleeve or tail of a gown or in a pocket-handkerchief, becoming a favorite and a formidable weapon. "On one occasion," writes the author of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," "several of them were seized by the butchers, and to the great terror of their friends it was reported that they were hanged up in the stalls in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond Market; there they saw a frightful spectacle — a number of college lads in their caps and gowns hanging to the hooks." They hastened to the rescue, when suddenly laughter succeeded horror; the learned youths had been granted the benefit of clergy, and hung in air suspended by the waistbands of their breeches.

Along the quays and in narrow ways and alleys adjoining them, side by side with shabby bric-à-brac shops or pawn-offices, may be discovered the second-hand book-shops of Dublin, and here the collector prowls. The four-storied houses of former days, crammed with well-bound rows of works which no gentleman's library can be without, have disappeared. America has helped largely to drain the country of its literary treasures. On the whole, we are not a reading people, and there are at present few great collectors among us. It is long since Dr. Murphy, the former Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, whose staircases, hall, garrets, kitchen, must each and all have been shelved to hold his possessions, has been seen upon the quays, with

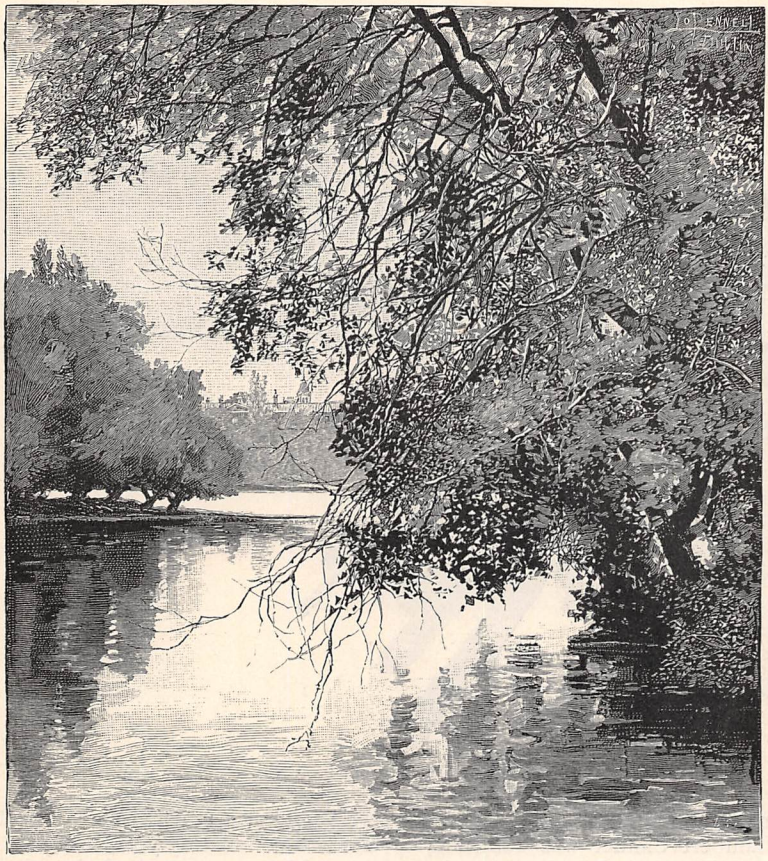


FOOT OF NELSON'S MONUMENT.



ST. PATRICK'S CLOSE AND CATHEDRAL.

his gold-headed cane, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and snuff-besprinkled waistcoat. "Ah!" he would exclaim, when the vender added on a venturesome half-crown—"Ah! you think to impose on the poor Connaught man;" but on effecting a fortunate purchase, he had always an episcopal blessing to bestow on the bookseller's wife or children. It was among the coffins of Cook street, where the Libitina of the poor crouches veiled, that Bunting's famous collection of old Irish music disappeared, to be recovered after further transmigrations in fragments from the soap and candle sellers, and reverently pieced together by the pious zeal of an enthusiast. Anglesea street, where Moore dropped the manuscript of his first printed poem in the box of the editor of "Anthologia Hibernica," boasted of authors among those dim recesses in which ragged rarities — Irish history and poetry, Elizabethan plays and pamphlets, or better preserved Aldines and Elzevirs — lay lurking. From an inner apartment, where he read, the learned John O'Daly would glance over his spectacles at a stray customer, or startle him with an abrupt, impatient answer, as if to ask for a volume not included in O'Daly's bibliopolic stores were an impertinence which it required some magnanimity to forgive. Patrick Kennedy, who had told with delightful humor the legendary fictions of the Irish Celts, would appear, a few doors higher up, with round, bald head, grizzled beard, and a smile and twinkle over all his face, sunning himself in the rare beams which struggled down to his window; while on the opposite side might be seen the Shakspere's Head, where Mr. Rooney — enrolled by virtue of his pamphlet among the authors of Shaksperiana — obtained for one shilling that copy of the first quarto of Hamlet, afterward purchased by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps for £120 and sold by him to the British Museum. All are gone — all from Anglesea street, some from earth. But T. remains (rival collectors shall not hear his name from me),—T., the sweet reasonableness of whose prices has cemented a friendship between him and the writer of this article. He knows all your weaknesses and gently humors them; introduces you in a casual way to his favorite tom-cat, an erudite creature, but of roving propensities; slides a book into your hand, with some innocent inquiry about its title-page which engages your vanity on his behalf; tickles his trout so gently that it is a pleasure to be tickled; is never eager, or grasping, or unfair; and makes you free of a learned litter rising from the floor, which you may spend a blissful hour in shifting and sifting, washing the auriferous drifts for grains of gold. As wreckers visit the coast on stormy days, so you should time your book-hunting aright; after an auction has taken place, at which many uncatalogued bundles have been dispersed, then visit the second-hand shop, and esteem yourself fortunate if you arrive just as an unopened sack, showing by its square protrusions the outlines of octavo and duodecimo, is hauled from the doorway or flung from the bearer's back. Watch with glittering, avaricious eyes as the contents are drawn forth; among the Valpy's Grammars and Mangnall's Questions without number may gleam some fiery opal of literature, "jacinth, hard topaz, grass-green emerald"— a first edition of Alastor or Epipsychidion, or a little volume published at Paris by Augustin Courbé in 1637, containing Corneille's Le Cid. These you may secure in all probability for a slender sum; but in their



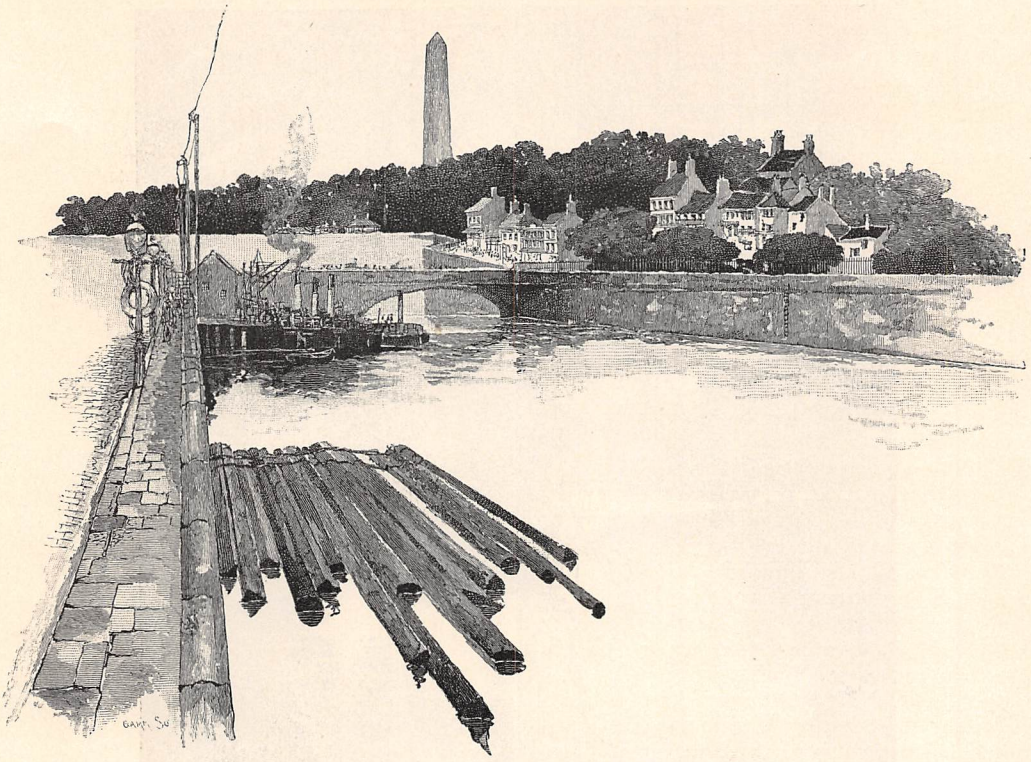
IN PHŒNIX PARK.

own department — Irish history and literature — our booksellers are learned; without their friendly aid this slight sketch of Dublin might never have been written.

Turning from the quays northward and climbing a short ascent, you find yourself in presence of Christ Church Cathedral. On the way you may, if you please, peep into "Hell." The story of Death and Dr. Hornbook, declares Burns,

> "Is just as true as the Deil's in Hell
> Or Dublin city."

The Devil, majestic with horns and tail, but long since worked up into snuff boxes and other relics, stood over the arched entrance to Hell, where toys were sold, and lodgings let, as the advertisement in an old journal bears witness: "To be let, furnished apartments in Hell. N. B.—They are well suited to a lawyer." Christ Church, as it now stands, is a monument to the genius of the great architect, Mr. G. E. Street, and to the munificence of Mr. Roe, a Dublin merchant. A fossil reptile can be reconstructed by Owen from a single bone; Mr. Street, from fragments of Strongbow's church of the twelfth century, with certain indications afforded by the crypt, has recreated the structure ruined or lost under an unsightly choir of two hundred years later and stucco ornaments in spurious Gothic of 1831. It is a veritable revival of the past; and yet not absolutely complete. For when I visited Christ Church, having heard of these rare achievements, I looked to see the tall figure of St. Lawrence O'Toole, in his habit of a canon regular, bowing before the crucifix, or going forth to chant prayers in the cemetery for the souls of the faithful dead; but he was not there. I purposed to seek some benefit for a wandering nineteenth-century spirit from the "Baculus Jesu" — the staff of Jesus — presented to St. Patrick by a hermit dwelling on an island in the Tuscan sea; but I was told that it had been publicly burnt by some reforming bishop in the strifes of Henry VIII. I thought at least to live again in the hardy memories of Strongbow's days, while I stood above the effigy of his tomb;



MONUMENT IN PHŒNIX PARK, FROM THE RIVER.

but it seems that in the church, where the impostor Lambert Simnel was crowned, a fictitious Strongbow does duty for the real,—a mere pretender, who has been stretching his legs and raising pious hands upon his breast for three hundred years, in order to receive the rents and dues payable under old deeds "at Strongbow's Tomb." There is always some signal oversight in the cleverness of a knave, and this rogue in stone, when he stole into Strongbow's resting-place, forgot to cover the Fitz Osbert arms upon his shield. He lay, not inappropriately I thought, in that anomalous structure, a Protestant cathedral of the thirteenth century amid the crowded lanes of Catholic Dublin, where, when I visited the church, no poor and pious wayfarers passed in to kneel in dim oratory or before secret shrine, with muttered ejaculation, and went forth into the street refreshed in spirit; but the gaslights flared, and a surpliced choir were chaunting faint amens to faint prayers for the high court of Parliament and the Lord Lieutenant, in the presence of three languid ladies, possibly sight-seers like myself. No: even Mr. Street's genius has not quite revived the age of faith.

Perhaps the least savory and most picturesque thoroughfare in Dublin is Patrick street with Nicholas street, which runs to meet it, the two conducting you from our first to our second Protestant cathedral, — for we cannot properly assert ourselves as a dominant minority without a pair of them. Patrick street is to be seen and smelt to most advantage on Saturday evenings in winter. Narrower than the Jews' street at Frankfort, it winds down a short incline to St. Patrick's Close; the wooden roofs of windowless stalls or booths project on either side, the unshaded gas-jets flicker in the wind, while on a carpeting of sacks, spread to save the merchandise from the mire, there rises in mid-street a far-extending pile of cheap clothing, tin kettles and cans, crockery, cabbages, carrots, onions, behind which the seller loudly commends her wares, before which the buyer critically appraises and higgles. Here you can purchase to the utmost advantage, on Saturday night, a pound of tripe, a liver, a pig's cheek, a second-hand petticoat, a string of onions, a shining candlestick or resplendent slop-bowl; or if it is your wish to hear to perfection the dialect of the Coombe, you have but to pause and listen to the chaffering and cheapening which go on around you to right and left.

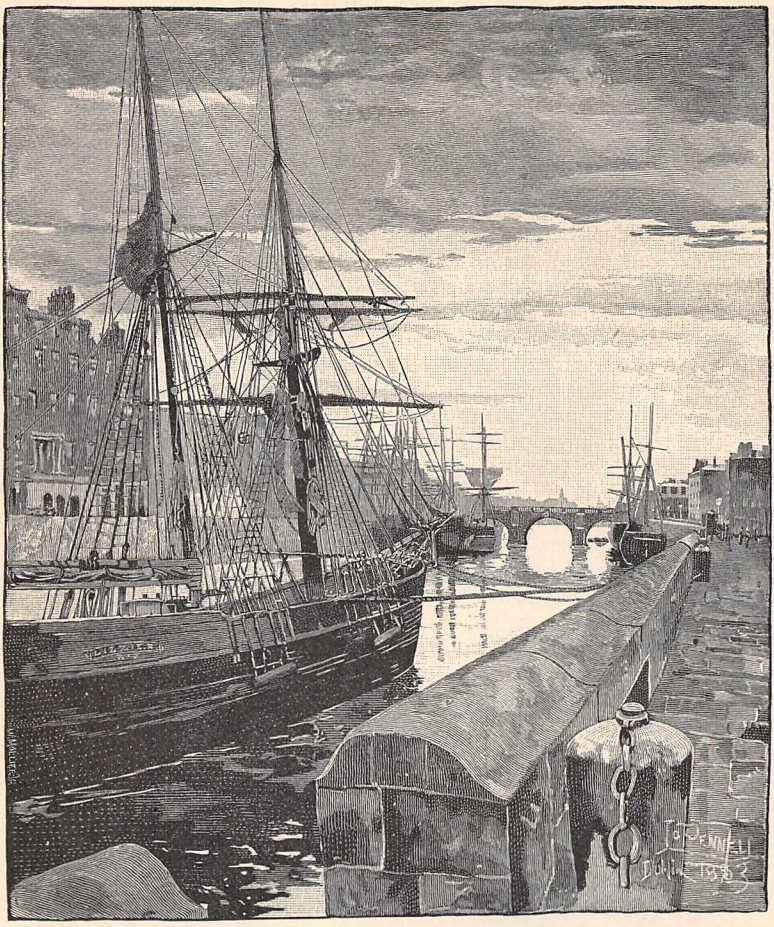
Of St. Patrick's Cathedral there is only one word to say, and that was said sixty years

ago by Walter Scott (or by Lockhart for him) when he visited Dublin and was fêted and followed like a king: "One thinks of nothing but Swift there; the whole cathedral is merely his tomb." Macaulay, indeed, took notice, like a dutiful historian, of Schomberg's tablet and the spurs of St. Ruth; Thackeray, censor of shams, was afflicted by the tawdry old rags and gimcracks of the most illustrious order of St. Patrick, the pasteboard helmets and calico banners and lath swords; Scott swept all these out of sight with one touch of imagination, which lays bare the truth, and he beheld only the tomb of Swift. But the tomb of Swift must needs be Stella's tomb, and there she lies, her bones now mingled with his. While we stand beneath Roubiliac's bust, and read that terrible inscription, "*Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*," we think before all else of the mournful night when, by the flare of torches under the high roof, the faithful heart of Esther Johnson was laid in the dust, and the torch-lights gleamed across to the old deanery windows, where Swift, ill in body and tortured in mind, sat in gloom. "This is the night of the funeral," he wrote, in a paper perhaps meant for no eye save his own, "the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber." And there, fingering perhaps that precious relic, "only a woman's hair," he went on to write of her softness of temper and heroic personal courage, her modesty, her learning, her gentle voice, her wit and judgment, and vivacity of heart and brain. "Night, dearest little M. D.," he had so often added as the farewell word of the diary to Stella; now with her it was night, and a cloudier night with him. And so the darkness deepened, indignation giving place to rage, and rage to imbecility, with no star aloft, but murk and despair rising thick from the unwholesome earth and throttling him in their shadowy coils.

After visiting the tomb of Swift we are in no mood to admire the brick magnificence of Dublin Castle. To tell of the persons and events connected with the Castle in elder days, when it was an Anglo-Norman or Anglo-Irish fortress, we should need a volume, and the volume would contain strange and tragic records, splendors and gloom, secrets dark and cruel, with touches of comedy enlivening the long historical drama. Now and again an outcry is raised by hard-headed persons against our sham sovereign, with his sham aristocracy, and we hear talk of the epauletted languor and idleness of the Castle hangers-on. And when Lady Bolus, the great physician's wife, or Mrs. Sergeant Bigwig, the eminent lawyer's, details, with all the accessories, the triumph of her presentation to second-hand royalty, we may allow ourselves the indulgence of an amiable smile. But there are times when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is far more of a true king — wielding personal power — than our Sovereign Lady is a queen; times when the strain and pressure of desperate hard work is felt in every department of the Irish



DONNYBROOK FAIR-GROUND.



UP THE RIVER.

government, and most of all by its chiefs. To a rightly constituted mind no part of Dublin Castle is quite so awful to contemplate as a room in the Bermingham Tower, which contains, in vast folio volumes, the pedigrees, deduced from Adam, of all persons capable of being regarded as sons of somebody. Amid these wizard tomes sits the enchanter king-at-arms, guarded by his wyverns, gryphons, unicorns, cockatrices, and other "animals phantasticall," terrible creatures to the rabble rout, but which couch or rise, turn the head regardant or extend the paw, display or indorse their wings, at Merlin's beck, tamer than villatic fowl. A Saracen and a wild man answer his bell, and fetch the tinctures employed in his necromantic art.

To gossip through all the streets and squares of Dublin is impossible here. A learned and entertaining guide may be found in Mr. Gilbert's History, to which the reader of this article is already largely indebted. We have prudently passed by the famous clubs and old coffee-houses — Lucas's, Daly's, the Cock and Punch-bowl, Jacob's Ladder, the Sot's Hole; for if we entered them we might never get out. We have left unrecorded the history of the old theaters — a brilliant history it was — with their famous actors, and rival managers, and triumphs and disasters. It is too late now to seek for the house where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was betrayed, or the spot where Sarah Curran waved her last adieu to Robert Emmet; we cannot visit the hall of the Four Courts, in which all the jokes and good stories flying about the world are supposed to have had their origin; nor count the doctors' hall-door plates in Merrion Square, the Valhalla of physicians, to which heroes who have slain their thousands are exalted, and where they drink mead of Epernay or Sillery "*ex concavis craniorum poculis*." To the "Phaynix" Park a jarvey will be the best cicerone; one is glad not to blot one's brain with the nightmare of the Wellington monument, and we more earnestly avert our thoughts from a

deadlier horror of blood on the great avenue of the Park.

But to write of Dublin and omit to tell of Donnybrook Fair and its humors would be as if a traveler were to describe Rome and forget to mention the Carnival, or as if a critic were to write of Burns and leave out his Jolly Beggars. The fair has long ceased to glorify the month of June, and Donnybrook is only an uncomely village on the skirts of Dublin; but the fields of revelry and riot, near which the Dodder ripples past, reflecting giant burdock leaves, may still be seen. Through the mirthful eyes of Jonah Barrington we can see the fair itself unshorn of its splendors. Here are tents formed of long wattles in two rows, inclined together at the top; over which for covering are spread patchwork quilts, winnowing-sheets, rugs, blankets, old petticoats, secured by ropes of hay. A broom-head or well-worn brush, a watchman's discarded lantern, surmounted by variegated rags torn to ribbons, serve the purpose of the tavern's ivy-bush; a rusty saucepan or old pot signifies that eating as well as drinking may be had. Down the middle what a day since had been doors and now are tables rest on mounds of clay, and benches, swaying under the sitters when their equilibrium becomes uncertain, run along supported in like manner. "When the liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow," says Sir Jonah, "he would fall off, and the whole row generally followed his example; perhaps ten or even twenty shillelagh boys were seen on their backs, kicking up their heels, some able to get up again, some lying quiet and easy, singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing; while others still on their legs were drinking and dancing and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for open air, and a little wrestling, leaping, cudgeling, or fighting upon the green grass. The tent was then cleared out and prepared for a new company." A delightful aroma, in itself nourishing, filled the June air — mingled turf, whisky, steaming potatoes, Dublin Bay herrings, salt beef, and cabbage. At dusk a dozen fiddlers and pipers would strike up and a row of perhaps a hundred couple work away at their jig-steps, "till they actually fell off breathless." Matrons would bring the "childer" to this paradise of cakes and simple toys, and these infantine revelers would assist the musicians with pop-gun and drum and whistle. Under the summer moon young men and maidens would utter their vows and fix the day for going before Father Kearny, who declared that "more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week after Donnybrook Fair than in any two months during the rest of the year." As to the fighting at the fair, it was for the most part void of malice and good-humored. Horses cannot be bought and sold without differences of opinion between buyer and seller; the shillelagh was at hand as a graceful arbiter of disputes. It is a vulgar error to suppose that practice with the national weapon is a brutal brandishing and whacking; it is rather a game of skill; and if a head was now and again laid open, this was quite in a friendly way, and what are heads for if not occasionally to be cracked in a worthy cause? Do not, however, honest John Bull, excellent Brother Jonathan, run away with the notion that Donnybrook Fair represents in miniature the whole of Irish life. Believe that ours is the same human nature as your own, with a difference. Perhaps you are not always sane and sober any more than we. Placed as we are between you, we want to hold hands with both, and dream of the day — far distant still — when we shall be as a link to bind together the kindred democracies of England and America.

Edward Dowden.



THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK FOREST.*

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD,

Author of "Only an Incident," "One Chapter," etc.



BETTY AND LOIS.

CHAPTER I.

"THIS way, ladees, this way. Stick close to the man what speaks; always stick close to the men." And the large, gray-haired, red-faced, eminently respectable German courier made a dash at the farthest off of his party of three, pulling her back in front of a crowd of strangers who were following a droning old monk around the Cologne Cathedral.

"What's the use? I can't understand a word," said the young lady with a pout. "He speaks such queer German. Let's go."

"My dear Betty, Kreuzner says we must go through the choir first."

"But I'm tired, Aunt Sarah. I'll sit down and wait."

"May she, Kreuzner? She's so tired, you see. We've been at it so long," said the lady, turning deprecatingly to the courier.

"Yes, yes, we'll go," the amiable old man responded with alacrity. "There's nothing more here but windows. You don't need see those. Every church has windows. It's all the same. This way, ladees, this way."

And, putting a silver piece in the guide's hand, Kreuzner hustled off his party to another door, paid something again, feed another monk, and pushed Aunt Sarah inside.

"Now quick, ladees. Ten minutes to the

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skulls, then twenty minutes to St. Ursula, one half-hour for the city, and I have order dinner for six o'clock at the hotel."

"What a treasure he is!" murmured Aunt Sarah, straightening the mantilla which he had somewhat displaced in his zeal to shove her in ahead of another party. "How could we ever get along without him? Whose skulls did you say these were, Lois?"

"The three wise men who went to sea in a bowl," put in Betty, impatiently. "Nasty things. Let's go."

"My dear," rejoined the elder lady, "what is the use of being abroad if you can't bear fatigue? That's what we came for. I'm sure I'm ready to drop, but Kreuzner said we must come in here, and certainly the skulls are very remarkable, very remarkable indeed; only I should think they would have been larger for wise men, to have held more brains, you know."

"Come, ladees, come," warned Kreuzner without. "The time shortens. The dinner will be cold."

"Excellent man! so attentive—so thoughtful!" sighed the lady, and followed obediently as he rapidly led the way, her two young nieces lagging along after her.

"I would like never to see another church, or another gallery, or another anything so long as I live," pouted Betty, springing into the carriage. "Lois, for heaven's sake say you're sick of it all too, at last. Haven't you had enough yet, you insatiable creature?"

"Zum Teufel!" growled Kreuzner to a small lame boy who limped up to shut the carriage-door. "I never allow nobody to wait on my ladees except myself. The beggars, they make great show to be polite, all to get the pennies. But I never allow my parties to be swindled. No, never. I know too much. Now, ladees, St. Ursula. Vorwärts!"

He shut the carriage-door. Aunt Sarah wrinkled her high, pale forehead in a vain effort to remember who St. Ursula was; Lois leaned forward to catch a last glimpse of the cathedral, and Betty shut her bright eyes almost with a snap.

"I would give up the eleven thousand virgins and the whole of Europe to boot," she said, "for one single moonlight night on our piazza at home, and one decent-looking young man to talk with."

"My love, my love!" expostulated Aunt Sarah in spinsterly horror.

"Never mind, Betty dear," laughed Lois softly. "Wait just till we get to the Black Forest, and there surely we'll find you a knight."

"Halt!" shouted Kreuzner. He jumped down, darted into a shop, and in a moment darted back again, and thrust a great wooden box into the carriage. "*Eau de Cologne*, ladees, the veritable; one dozen bottle. I know what the ladees like, and I always get the best. Vorwärts! The dinner will be cold."

And the carriage rolled noisily along.

CHAPTER II.

"WHICH way? How far? Where's my umbrella? Who's got my bag?"

Aunt Sarah was flustered and bewildered to the last degree.

"This way, ladees, this way. Never give yourself no care for the luggage. I attend everything. I never lose nothing. I have all the bags."

And the disencumbered courier waved grandly toward the porter shuffling on ahead with the hand-baggage, like a living truck.

"I have everything."

"Where do we get out? Where do we change? How far do we go to-day?" panted the poor lady, hurrying after him in terror lest she miss the train.

"Leave everything to me, ladee. I tell you all what's right. I never make no mistakes. I come for you when the train stops. The guard will keep the carriage for you. Nobody shall come in to bother you."

Bang went the carriage-door, click the outside bolt, the guard pocketed his bribe, touched his cap, and briskly walked off two young gentlemen who were about entering the same compartment.

Betty sprang to the window to look after them.

"Oh, Lois, isn't it a shame! What fun it would have been to have them in here! I wish Kreuzner were dead. I haven't seen such good-looking men since we landed. Look at him,—no, the outside one, I mean. See how his clothes fit!"

The whistle shrieked and the train started. Betty drew in her pretty head with a sigh.

"Such a fool as Kreuzner is. He might know enough to shut old women out and let young men in, particularly the handsome ones. Yes, yes, Lois. I'm seeing all there is to see. If you point out another thing for me to look at, I shall go raving mad."

"My dear child, what an improper spirit for travel," said Aunt Sarah, just beginning to recover from her general bewilderment. "You must remember people come abroad to see things, not to enjoy themselves. What will your father say when I take you back to him? You don't realize your advantages at all. You should make the most of your opportunities."

"So I would but for old Kreuzner," retorted Betty.

Lois glanced up with faint disapproval on her sweet face, Betty shrugged her shoulders, and Aunt Sarah set herself to looking over some papers.

"I don't understand," she said, helplessly. "Traveling is much more expensive than Judge Estabrook said it would be. There were seven in his party besides the baby, and he didn't make out to spend near so much as we do. And Kreuzner says I should be swindled at every turn but for him. Dear me, how foolish women are ever to travel alone."

"Why didn't he take us to the Hôtel du Nord at Cologne the other night?" asked Betty, sulkily. "You told him to, and we might have met the Wilsons there. They were to pass through this week."

"Kreuzner said the other was his hotel, so of course we had to go there. But we certainly were very comfortable, though the bills *were* high, and I don't think we needed bouquets in all the rooms. But Kreuzner says we couldn't spend a cent less, and you know what a fuss he made over that extra candle they charged for. He called the waiter a liar, and a cheat, and a thief, and a great many names I never heard before, and stormed so I was obliged to stop him, though I really don't think the waiter had anything to do with it, or understood English, and that probably was why it wasn't taken off the bill after all. But Kreuzner's an invaluable creature, and, I'm persuaded, saves us a mint of money. How can women travel without a courier!"

It must be acknowledged, whatever were or were not his other excellences, Kreuzner saw after his party thoroughly. He appeared faithfully at every station, bringing with him, now "The Queen" for Aunt Sarah, a pictorial paper for Betty, and for Lois a haphazard novel or a map of the town they were passing through; now a basket of railroady fruit, and now a glass of beer, which, as nobody wanted it, he was reluctantly obliged to drink himself to save it, though he much preferred water, he said. Aunt Sarah was delighted with him.

"Such an honest, sober, faithful fellow! How he does forestall our wants! Though, to be sure, we mustn't read in the cars. It is bad for the eyes. But what a blessing that we have stumbled on such a treasure."

Shriek, shriek, from the engine.

"Heidelberg!" called Lois, excitedly. "O Betty, do see if the castle isn't on your side!"

"Ye-es, I think so — I don't know," replied Betty, absently. "There's something mussy and queer-looking up on the hill. Perhaps that's it. Oh, there are those young men walking up and down. Let's get out too. Guard, guard, open the door!"

"How I should like to see the castle!" sighed Lois. "Why can't we stop here overnight?"

"Isn't there a college here too?" cried Betty, visions of innumerable students floating through her airy brain. "A great big college? Oh, auntie, there's a dear, *do* let's stay over here, mayn't we?"

The two young gentlemen passing cast openly admiring glances at the two pretty American faces, and Betty slightly tilted back her little jaunty traveling-hat, so as to bring into sight the becoming rings of dark hair across her forehead, and pleaded the more ardently. Aunt Sarah was quite ready to stay. She always wanted to oblige everybody. Besides, she was tired. But Kreuzner would not allow it. It would be less trouble to go on, he assured them; he always did what was the least trouble for his parties. "His ladees should never have no trouble at all. They should stop at Carlsruhe." And he marshaled them straight back into their carriage and shut them in with the most gracious affability, and bought them all bouquets from the little dwarf flower-woman, who is an old-time landmark of the Heidelberg station, though not mentioned in Baedeker. He also got them a bag of sausages, thinking they might be hungry, and had just time left to dash across the lines to a stand and fly back with three pairs of blue-glass spectacles, which he flung into their laps.

"Goot for the eyes. You must have them. I always know what's goot for everybody. Only five marks apiece. I always gets things sheap. That's my duty."

"Horrid things!" exclaimed Betty, as he withdrew, pushing them scornfully away. "I wouldn't wear them for a thousand marks!"

Lois's pair was broken. She held them up with a laugh.

"That's too bad," said Aunt Sarah. "Poor Kreuzner will feel dreadfully to think he was cheated in them. We mustn't tell him. And how nice of him to think of them. I never should have known I wanted them."

And she put her own pair contentedly on her nose, and wore them there all the day long, leaning back with closed eyes in her shady corner, and musing alternately over the amazing costliness of foreign travel and the immense advantages of having so inestimable a courier.

CHAPTER III.

It was a lovely summer afternoon in the Black Forest. Betty and Lois sat on a balcony opening out from their pretty parlor in the one hotel which constitutes the whole of Rippolds Au. Betty was scowling. Lois sat looking dreamily off into the dark pine-

woods that stood up so straight and dense against the bright blue of the heavens, while the air, laden with resinous odors, swept over her, cool, delicious, and life-giving, as only mountain breezes can be.

"Isn't it all exquisite!" she said, almost beneath her breath, lifting a little bunch of bluebells lovingly to her face. "The skies, the woods, the flowers! I never dreamed of such a place as Rippolds Au."

"Nor I," said Betty shortly, pulling down her broad shade-hat with a sulky jerk. "I've had lots of nightmares, but this is the biggest one yet. I hate it."

"Oh, Betty!" said Lois. "Oh, Betty!"

"I do," continued Betty, defiantly. "It's dull, it's slow, it's tiresome beyond endurance. I hate it all. I don't see how girls rave so over coming to Europe. But probably those are the ones who travel in jolly parties, with lots of men mixed in, you know. *They* haven't been shipped over here with just an aunt and one girl cousin rabid on sight-seeing."

"But, Betty, you so wanted to come, too, when Dr. Ford suggested these baths, and you heard that Aunt Sarah had decided to bring me,—dear, kind Aunt Sarah! Don't you remember how you said orphans were always in luck, and how you teased and teased Uncle Ben to let you join us?"

"Then I was a fool, that's all. I thought it would be like Saratoga, or Newport, or Sharon, perhaps, or anything but this. All the sight-seeing on the way here was bad enough, you were so bent on going everywhere; but this little horrid out-of-the-way hole is too much. It would take a freshly graduated saint to put up with it."

Lois looked at her cousin with gentle blue eyes, full of dismayed wonder.

"But it is so beautiful here, Betty. In all my dreams of the Black Forest, I never conceived quite this. I could stay here months and not tire of it."

"Oh, *you!*" said Betty, with a fine mingling of scorn and pity in her voice. "But I'm different, and my patience is about used up. I haven't seen a man to speak to since we left the steamer. To be sure, I had a jolly enough time there, hadn't I? George Wilson was no end of fun, and Mr. Harper and Mr. Atherton weren't bad at all; and even the purser did quite well when there was nobody else." And Betty brightened and dimpled at the bare recollection of those halcyon days. "But here! why, there's not a young man in the place, *not one*. You can't count that awful jäger as anybody, and that rather nice-looking young man in the gray suit went away this morning; besides, we didn't know him anyway. How we are to get through six weeks of it I don't see. We've been here nine days to-morrow, nine awful days, and nine more will kill me out and out. Your getting strong is being the death of me."

There was something very comical in the vehemence of the young girl's ennui, but Lois did not see its ludicrousness.

"Betty, dear," she said penitently, as if all the blame were hers, "I'm so sorry. But perhaps something will happen to make it nice for you. Somebody may come."

"Yes, of course, somebody will. These wrinkled old horrors will shuffle off, and another ugly old set will step into their shoes. I never imagined the Black Forest was like this. I fancied it was full of hunters and students and princes traveling incognito, and that one ran into a good-looking man at every other step. I had an idea it was girls that were scarce here. I never would have come a step if I had known. I wish I could go back."

"I almost wish I wanted to go home, too," said Lois with a sigh. "But it all affects me so differently. It seems as if my dreams of coming to Europe had been so much more than realized everywhere. And now, perhaps it is wicked, but I feel as if I couldn't ever go back, as if I could never bear to live in humdrum, commonplace Troy, and take up the old life there again. I would like to live all my life over here, every bit of it, wandering through these cathedrals and galleries and wonders that bore *you* so, or living in some one of these weird castles on the Rhine, or just staying here, right here, forever, in this very heart of Fairy-land."

"Rather rough on Ned Prentiss, isn't it?" asked Betty shortly.

A quick blush overspread Lois's delicate blonde face.

"That is worst of all, Betty. I don't think I could do it now,—marry him." Her voice was very low and ashamed. "He's ever so good, I know, but—he's not a knight to dream about, Betty. I don't mean I want a prince in disguise to come galloping through these woods to woo me with sword and with song as they do in the story-books. But to marry just a manufacturer, the head of a cotton-mill!—how it does sound, Betty!"

"It sounds rich. And so he is. I wish we were too,—don't you? Not just comfortably off, you know, but really rich. And what earthly thing has a man's business to do with it, anyway? You don't marry the business, but the man. You didn't complain of it in Troy when he began to be so attentive. What makes you now? Besides, may be he'll forget you. He hasn't offered himself by letter since we left, has he?"

Lois flushed again.

"No, oh no! Perhaps he never will. Only he said he might come over this summer; and it's strange, but I don't want to see him now. I've grown miles away from him in these few months. I couldn't see anything in him any more, but just his commonplaceness, and his homeliness, and his blunt ways and words. I didn't mind that much before. He was like everybody else, and fitted very well into my old life. But—oh, think of him in one of these aristocratic old castles, Betty, think of him over here in this world of polish and finish and exquisite refinement!"

"Exquisite refinement!" echoed Betty. "We don't see much of that just here, it strikes me. Did you take in your neighbor at table to-day? Good gracious, how she hacked away at her mouth with her knife!"

"I wasn't thinking of these people here," answered Lois hastily. "What have they to do with us? We don't know them. But I mean, if he were here now after I have learned to know better, after I have seen so much, he would grate on me horribly, and every time he laughed that hearty laugh of his I should feel as if I wanted to run away and hide myself deep in the forest."

"Well, Ned never was handsome, Lois, if you care for that. And, to be sure, he wouldn't show up well as a knight in armor. He would look stubby in it, most likely, and how his sword would trip him up! I think I see him falling flat on that amiable little short nose of his, and then begging your pardon with all his good kind heart for having annoyed you by falling. But a man's a man, Lois; and after all, what can you ask of any one more than that, just to be a man and not a woman? If he were only here now, he would be worth all the rest of Europe to me,—and to you, too, which would be more to the point in his case."

"No, never, never!" cried Lois, with unwonted energy. "I fancied I liked him before I left home; but, thank Heaven, I am not engaged to him, for I know now that I never could be — never."

Betty yawned openly. Why should she put up her hand to hide it? There were only two old men strolling by below in company with the doctor (an old man too), and a knot of stupid women beyond doing everlasting knitting-work; it did not matter if they saw the unbecoming grimace.

But as she glanced down, suddenly her whole appearance changed. She leaned eagerly forward. New light came into her eyes; new life into her voice.

"Lois, Lois," she whispered, "oh, do look! A young man! absolutely! And a handsome one—an aristocratic one. The prince in disguise, I do believe. Actually the knight at last, the knight of the Black Forest!"

Lois bent forward too, interested at once.

"Why, Betty, who can it be? Where do you suppose he comes from?"

"He's walked here from somewhere; don't you see his knapsack? Oh, perhaps he's only passing through; perhaps he isn't going to stay! Lois, what shall we do if he goes off!"

"He's going to stay awhile, anyhow; he's taking off his knapsack. He's sitting down at one of those little tables and calling a waiter. What is he going to order? — beer?"

"Dinner."

"No, coffee."

"Oh, Lois, I do hope it'll be dinner. That'll keep him here so much longer."

"There, Betty, I was right. It's only coffee."

"See him look round. I wish he would look up here. Move your chair a little further along, Lois. Pshaw! why couldn't you drag it and make a noise? Say, don't you believe he's somebody?"

"I wonder if he lives in a castle?" muttered Lois.

"I wonder if he speaks English? that's vastly more important. Doesn't he look swell among all those dowdies? How the women glare at him. There's Kreuzner lounging by and staring at him, too. He's too stylish to pass unnoticed in this crowd. He's calling up the waiter again. See, he's given him a card; he's sent him off somewhere — to the post-office. Oh, look! I've a mind to run down myself with a letter and try to get a peep at the card. Shall I?"

"Oh, no, Betty! don't!"

"Well, perhaps I couldn't see it. If only he would look up here!"

Betty had risen, and had pushed back her hat, and smoothed her long gloves, and assumed her prettiest pose in preparation for any possible upward glance. But the stranger was absorbed in a map which he had spread out on the table and seemed to be comparing with a letter. Betty coughed; indeed, was seized with quite a bad coughing spell. But how was he to know one cough from another? It might just as well have been a dame of sixty wheezing in the too chill air, as a distractingly pretty girl of twenty. He did not move.

"There's the waiter coming back," said Lois, getting up too, and standing by Betty's side with undisguised interest. "He's got a telegram. I wonder if it's bad news?"

"How respectful the waiter is," said Betty, as with a sudden inspiration she glanced at a bunch of wild flowers at her belt. No, they looked too pretty where they were. She could

not take those. But Lois still held her little bouquet of bluebells and ferns. Betty put out her hand for it, apparently unconsciously, and absently twirled it round and round.

"See, Lois, he's called up Herr Goeringer; he must be asking for a room. Yes, yes — there, see; the waiter has his knapsack. How Herr Goeringer scrapes and bows. He's going off with him. Lois, he *must* look up first! One *must* do something to help forward fate. There goes. Oh, my flowers, my flowers!" — this last in a piteous wail of distress.

"Herr Goeringer, please! would you — wont you —"

Of course she did not once see the young man or anybody but just the corpulent, good-natured, crimson-faced landlord ambling toward the spot where lay her pretty bouquet, which had so unfortunately dropped from her hands to the street. And, of course, at sound of the raised voice — a young, sweet, foreign voice — the young man looked up to the balcony, where he saw a pretty enough picture to excuse the open stare which followed. Two very pretty, very daintily dressed young ladies standing in the becoming glow of the afternoon sun — one leaning down over the railing, not seeing him at all, and all excitement to recover her lost flowers, which Herr Goeringer, in horrible English, was promising to send up at once; the other, no less pretty, standing erect with clasped hands, and looking right at him with a direct yet soft and modest gaze that seemed to say she had seen him all along, and saw no harm in looking. It was only a moment's glance, of course; then he passed by, slightly lifting his hat in courteous addition to Herr Goeringer's sweeping salutation.

"*Ja, Amerikanerinen,*" they overheard the landlord saying. "*Bleiben noch einige Zeit.*" And the pair disappeared.

"Lois, Lois!" said Betty, flushed with success and pleasure. "What a gallant, handsome fellow! Lois, he'll do for the knight, wont he? Whose shall he be, yours or mine? I saw him first."

Lois smiled back, with a pretty, soft rose on her cheeks.

"He is just one's idea of a knight, Betty, isn't he, so far as looks go?"

And at this juncture Aunt Sarah appeared, dazed and pink-nosed from her afternoon nap, and told the girls Kreuzner said they should take a drive, and they must get ready at once, for they could not be out after seven, as Kreuzner wished to be back for his supper, though it was not much of anything they provided for him here, he said, and she had promised him five marks a day more, so that he might not be really starved, poor fellow.

CHAPTER IV.

"He's not here," whispered Betty to her cousin, as by eight o'clock the next morning they descended to the sloppy and not particularly attractive spot where the two iron springs conveniently bubbled up together. "Perhaps he's outside. Let's hurry. Here's your glass, Aunt Sarah."

And she reached impatiently down in front of a number of outstretched hands to grab a tumbler held up dexterously by one of the boys below, on the upside-down end of a long wooden dipper.

"I don't think that's my spring," said Aunt Sarah, dubiously. "Boy ——"

"Oh, it'll do just as well," said Betty. "Do drink it and be done with it. There can't be any difference in springs so close together. Here, I'll hold it for you. Don't wait to take off your glove."

And, almost choking her aunt with the water, Betty marched off her charges at last to join the promenaders in front of the music-stand, where the band, according to the custom at all German springs, was just beginning with the choral. It was a glorious morning. Everybody was out walking up and down the road, while the doctor, standing at the top of the promenade, spotted his hapless victims from afar with a falcon's eye, and attaching himself burr-like, first to one patient, then to another, went through the stereotyped questions with the same deep attention and absorbing interest in the answers.

"Have you slept well? Do you walk far? How is your appetite? How do you like the bath? *Ach, so. Dass ist gut. Ja.*"

Yes, everybody was there, including the younger black-haired proprietor, who was walking radiantly by to show off the equally radiant young woman clinging to his arm with the blushing fervor of a Teutonic *braut;* and including Kreuzner, who (when in Rome always going a little ahead of the Romans) had just taken his fourteenth glass when he stopped the ladies to present each with a rose-bud, fresh from the porter's garden.

"So attentive," murmured Aunt Sarah as they walked on. "He must always be getting something for us. Remarkable, how expensive roses are in Germany."

Betty fastened the flower in her dress, well satisfied. Her fresh toilette needed only that finishing touch, she knew. But, alas, he whom it was meant to captivate was the only absentee that bright August morning. She looked up the road and down the road, and faithfully scrutinized each of the inviting little mountain paths that ran down into it from the woods so close above; but the tall, graceful figure,

with the erectness imparted by early martial training alone, was nowhere to be run to earth. Surely he would appear soon. It was nine o'clock now. Must they go in to breakfast and miss him so? Never. It would be tempting Providence.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

"Aunt Sarah," said Betty, "do let's breakfast out here for once on the terrace, as every one else does. I really think we ought to. It's a shame to go in out of this fine air."

It had rained the night before, and the terrace was damp as a sponge; but Betty overruled any objections, and having with difficulty wrung consent from Kreuzner, who "couldn't think *his* ladees would want to breakfast in that sheap way outdoors," their coffee and rolls were brought out to a very nicely chosen spot that commanded all the doors of all the different houses at once.

"Isn't it lovely and fresh out here?" said Betty, with excellently made-up enthusiasm. "What's the use of being so exclusive and not doing like everybody else? Lois, there's an ant making straight for the butter. Knock it off, that's a dear. Don't you like it here, Aunt Sarah?"

Aunt Sarah was not sure that she did. It did not seem exactly homelike to take one's coffee out in the street, and this proximity to things that crawled with legs was uncomfortable at breakfast time, while a drop of water trickling down from the trees upon her neck gave her a momentary shiver, it felt so like a beetle. Still she had come abroad with a grave understanding that that meant she was to do everything differently from what she did at home; and if it was the custom of the country she was in to be uncomfortable, it was manifestly her duty to be uncomfortable too, else she might as well have stayed at home. So, though she would never have dreamed of breakfasting neuralgically after a rain on the damp ground of their back yard in Troy, in full view of all their neighbors' windows, she said it was very nice indeed here, and smiled the pale little watery smile wherewith she faced her brightest pleasures as well as her sorest woes.

But the young man had not appeared even by the time breakfast was over. Betty's patience gave out all of a sudden.

"I wont breakfast outdoors again," she cried, jumping up. "It's too stupid for belief. I wonder anybody can want to. I'm positive they only furnish stale zwieback out here. Anyway, I've had enough, and I'm going in."

But by eleven o'clock, when it was again time to go for a glass of mineral water, her hopes had revived, and she tied on her becoming hat without her usual protest at the hardship of being asked to walk when she was not taking the cure. It would be sinful to neglect any possible chance, and of course the unknown knight *might* turn up even yet. And, oh luck! there he was at the springs, looking handsomer and more aristocratic than ever. But few people were there at this hour, so of course he noticed the party at once, staring at them with continental freedom as they descended the steps. Lois flushed a delicate pink. Betty only bloomed the more, like a flower under a passing sunbeam.

"So near and yet so far," she murmured. "Why couldn't he have been standing at *this* side? I must help fate on again. Hush up Aunt Sarah if she says anything. I'm going over there."

"Betty!" gasped Lois.

"Hush," warned Betty; and then, calmly saying aloud, "I believe the Josephsquelle is *my* spring," she deliberately walked around to the other side, so intent upon catching the eye of the boy below to sign for a glass, that she did not observe where she was going till brought to a standstill by suddenly brushing against some one.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed with the utmost surprise and annoyance in her soft, pretty voice, and drew so far back in her dismay that she did not see the glass when it was reached up from below, so that the young gentleman could scarcely do less than hand it to her with a slight bow; and then she turned from him just sufficiently to present the very prettiest outline of her face to his eyes as she drank, and finished the glass demurely, giving him a little grateful smile as he took it back from her to set it down.

"Oh, how dared you do it?" said Lois as Betty rejoined her and her conveniently near-sighted aunt, and gave her a wicked look of triumph.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," Betty replied saucily. "He was very nice. I only hope the water won't kill me. Ugh, what nasty stuff! Do you suppose he'll be at table-d'hôte to-day?"

"I shouldn't think he could possibly want dinner at one o'clock, if he's only up now," said Lois.

Nevertheless she changed her dress that day for dinner, while the wily Betty, feeling sure nothing could be more becoming than her dainty pink cambric, merely added a bunch of fresh daisies and ferns, and carefully pulled her curls about into the loose rings that looked as unstudied and guileless as if they were the outgrowth of nature rather than wholly of grace.

"What are you going to do next?" asked Lois curiously and a little anxiously. Betty's

vagaries were taking an alarming shape. "You wont speak to him, will you?"

"Well, no, not exactly. But I'll bow, of course, just slightly. That will do as a preliminary. Shall you bow too?"

"Oh, no, Betty; how could I!"

"Why not, if I do? Over here, if one bows, all bow, you know."

"Betty, Betty, you'll get yourself into a dreadful scrape some day!"

Betty laughed lightly, giving a little finishing pat to her curls to flatten them against her forehead, and a satisfied glance at the *tout ensemble* in the mirror. After all, there are certain advantages, personal and accredited, in being an American girl, lacking to other nationalities.

"Oh, I'm able to take care of myself any time I fancy. Come along, Lois. It's ten minutes since the bell rang. He must be there by this time."

He was not, however. Betty gave a rueful glance across at her cousin as they took their places dutifully on either side of Aunt Sarah, who sat erect and stiff between them like a sprig of broom between two roses.

"We needn't have hurried, Lois. The three hundred guests aren't all here yet."

"Why, it's very full to-day, Betty, my dear, isn't it?" asked Aunt Sarah, looking round the big room with that peculiar depression stealing over her which some people always experience in large assemblies, as if so much crowding humanity suffocated their own identity as individuals.

"May be, but it's not full enough yet by one," answered Betty. "But what a racket, isn't there? No, no soup, please. Oh—Lois!"

The portly head-waiter was showing some stranger his place, a tall, thoroughly self-possessed young man who, noways abashed by the number of eyes directed toward him, pulled his waxed mustache and stared calmly around as he followed. His eyes reaching those of Betty and Lois as he proceeded along the tables, a gleam of recognition shot into them. Betty slightly inclined her head in a way that might do for a bow if he took it as such, or, if not, for a casual glance at her plate. He did not know which she meant it for, so slightly inclined his head too; it might be a bow, or only that he was looking down to rearrange the flower in his buttonhole. Betty watched eagerly to see where he would sit. There was a confabulation between the waiters; then he was deferentially escorted back and placed at one end of their own long table, between a woman who ate like a beast and a man who handled his knife and fork as if they were severally a plow and a dredging-machine. Opposite him a young girl sat absently rubbing her plate with the palms of her hands, while waiting for the boiled beef and carrots to reach her.

"Pretty safe," said Betty across to Lois with a roguish look. "No possible rivals there."

Lois glanced down too, but suddenly turned back with a suspicious glow on her face. The young man, catching her eye as he raised his glass, had made a faint gesture to indicate that he was drinking her health.

"This room is dreadfully warm," she said, to account for her bright cheeks.

Aunt Sarah was slightly shivering. The room had felt chilly to her ever since she had discovered that it was built out over the Wolfbach, the little Rippolds Au stream.

"My dear child, I think not. But you certainly do look warm and uncomfortable, very. I wish I had my fan. Would you like my smelling-salts?"

Betty turned to the rescue.

"She'll cool off, Aunt Sarah, if you only leave her alone. What are we to have after the pancakes and omelette?"

Aunt Sarah adjusted her glasses and took up the *menu*. She was so cunningly contrived by nature for a chaperon as to be not more perfect of hearing than of sight, and was as good as deaf any time if one only spoke rapidly enough to confuse the syllables.

"What was it?" said Betty quickly, leaning boldly behind her.

"He drank my health," whispered Lois cautiously back.

"What fun!"

"It was very impertinent."

"Never mind. He's a duck."

"*Oies, oies*,—that's French for goose, isn't it?" asked Aunt Sarah, struggling with the *menu*.

"No, German for it in this case," answered Betty, with a look in her turn down to the end of their table. "And some kind of a mess with the goose, I suppose?"

"Compote," read Aunt Sarah. "Pears, I dare say."

"Possibly," assented Betty gravely. "Or we might have a sweet pickle."

"My dear, if we do," said Aunt Sarah earnestly, "remember to let it go. All such things are forbidden with the waters, and Lois says you drank a glass this morning."

"I'll remember," answered her niece sedately. "You had better warn Lois too."

"Oh, no fear of Lois," said Aunt Sarah affectionately. "She always keeps to rules."

"Yes, good little Lois," laughed Betty. "She'll never get herself into any scrape, and she shall have some of my pudding all the same. You don't want any of these horrid

little cakes and candies and things, do you, Aunt Sarah? I'm sure they're bad with the waters. Don't let's wait for them to-day. Let's hurry out before the crowd."

She had her especial reason for wishing to leave before the rest, as Lois comprehended; for in going out they had to pass by the end of the table where the young man sat between the beast and the monster. Betty, who was first, gave a little sidelong glance at his interesting neighbors, which naturally included him too. He was watching the party as it drew near, and instantly pushed back his chair, rose to his full height, and made the lowest kind of salutation, which included the three ladies, remaining standing until they had all passed, and looking after them with a queer little smile before he resumed his seat.

"My dears, my dears!" said Aunt Sarah in a surprise that almost robbed her of speech. "Who is he? What did he mean? He doesn't know us!"

"Yes, yes, he does, intimately," answered Betty quickly, hurrying her along, alarmed lest any one notice her consternation.

"I don't understand," said Aunt Sarah. "It's all very remarkable. Everything is remarkable over here, of course, everything, and nothing is at all like home. But a young man I never saw before getting up to bow to me at table when I go out, is the most remarkable of all. Perhaps it's a foreign custom to bow to elderly ladies even when you don't know them, but I never saw it mentioned. It's certainly very remarkable."

"Oh, Betty, how could you look at him!" whispered Lois reproachfully.

"Oh, come now, you like it well enough. Don't you put on the prude," laughed Betty. "I generally am the one to play cat's-paw, but you needn't pretend you don't like your share of such a jolly big chestnut as this."

And Lois could not say that she did not.

CHAPTER V.

Two days followed during which matters progressed little with their new acquaintance. They saw him constantly — at the spring, on the promenade, at the table-d'hôte; and he bowed always profoundly and solemnly, as if performing an act of graceful worship. It seemed, indeed, as if he must watch their movements and direct his own accordingly, these meetings were so astonishingly frequent; and whenever they thus met he would stand still and gaze after them in the most marked manner, though never addressing them a word.

"Really," said Betty at last, "it is getting ridiculous, our bowing to him in this speechless way a hundred times in the twenty-four hours when we don't so much as know his name. I mean to find out that, at least."

"You wont stop him and ask for his card, I hope," said Lois, looking up from the low chair where she was knitting, and watching Betty with quiet amusement and expectancy.

"I certainly will if I can't find out in any other way," said Betty, with a determined nod of her little Hebe-like head. "The thing is getting too absurd. He ought to step boldly up and speak to us. That's what an American would do,— Ned Prentiss, for instance; but I suppose German proprieties, or improprieties, are different. Lois, we'll send for the Fremden Liste and guess him out. He'll be sure to have a title for us to know him by. He certainly is superior to all these creatures here; the bare look of him shows that, besides his table manners. He doesn't eat with his knife, or handle his fork and spoon like unaccustomed and inconvenient articles, or make his tooth-pick the prominent feature of the repast. He's an educated and eminently attractive being. I *must* know who he is. Here's Kreuzner, just in time" (as that person bustled in with a great show of usefulness, bearing two colossal bouquets which he had the waiter pick for them daily in the woods, and which figured nobly in his accounts). "Kreuzner, can you get me a Fremden Liste?"

"Certainly, mees," he responded, with that confident alacrity which was his chief and cheapest virtue. "If there is only one in all Rippolds Au, yet you shall have it. I shall get it for you. My ladees shall always have all."

And in a trice he was back with quite a little book-stall in his hand.

"There," he said, giving each lady a separate pile of papers, consisting not only of the last published list of strangers, but of all the back numbers from the beginning of the season. "There."

Aunt Sarah looked at him approvingly. It was delightful to see a creature so devoted, body and soul, to their interests.

Lois and Betty bent together over the sheets.

"How often are these printed, Kreuzner?"

"Once every week, mees. Every Saturday night, mees. Oh, I can tell you everthing."

Lois laughed her low, musical laugh.

"Foiled, Betty! To-day is Thursday. The name can't be in the list yet. We must wait two more days. Here, Kreuzner, take these dirty things away and burn them up."

"Burn them!" cried Kreuzner, in virtuous horror. "These excellent papers that I did give three very goot marks for? Oh, no; not

burn them. I keep them till they get useful. I never waste nothing. You shall see how economic I am."

Betty stood with her hands behind her back, thinking hard. She could not submit to be foiled.

"Kreuzner," she said suddenly, "I suppose you find out who everybody is. You haven't much else to do here. Do you happen to know the name of that young gentleman who came last Monday afternoon, and who looks as if he might be somebody nice, somebody in particular?"

"Yes, mees, I have notice' him," replied Kreuzner, promptly. "I always see everybody. Very nice young shentleman, mees, and has his boots made from Paris. I see them outside his door. His room is next at mine. He sings, too, very goot while he is dressing. Gets up late, *ach ja*, but sings very fine songs out operas."

"What is his name?" asked Betty, disregarding the admonitory tugs given her dress by Lois, who could not endure to have the courier thus appealed to.

"Yes, certainly, he has some very goot name, but I don't just know it," said Kreuzner, reluctant to admit ignorance upon any point. "His boots is very fine. No such boots in Shermany. But his name — oh, I ask it out; I tell you directly." And he vanished at once.

"In for it now," said Betty. "Barber, escaped lunatic, or prince, we shall know it irrevocably in ten minutes." And, true enough, within ten minutes Kreuzner reappeared and triumphantly laid down a scrap of paper before them, whereon was a name written out in huge and severely legible characters, "Herr Graf von Lindenfels."

Betty gave a little cry of delight.

"Oh, a live count, as I live and breathe! What fun! How did you find out, Kreuzner?"

"Trust me to find you out everything in the betterest way, mees. I go to Herr Goeringer self, who I find talking just with that shentleman, and I say to him, 'So soon you are at liberty, mein herr, I have one very important question to ask for my young ladees.' And the young shentleman he hear, and he move off a leetle, and I point at him and say, 'What that shentleman's name, mein herr? My young ladees they desire to know it.'"

"O Kreuzner! Oh, this is too much!" cried Lois, in despair. Even Betty flushed unpleasantly and bit her lips.

"Go on, Kreuzner," she said.

"And Herr Goeringer he say out very plain, 'That is the Herr Graf von Lindenfels.' And I say, 'No, Herr Goeringer. That may do for others, but it not enough for Ludwig Kreuzner. I must have it here written out, so I show it my ladees, and then there is no mistake.' And I took my pencil and paper out, and he did write it very careful, and ask the Herr Graf, 'Is that right?' And the Herr Graf he laugh too, and did not look displease', not at all, no. Ach, that's him, mees, now; look!" And catching Betty unceremoniously by the arm, he would have turned her to the window, but she drew away indignantly, saying:

"Let me alone, Kreuzner."

Lois said nothing until the courier had left the room; then she turned to her cousin in distress.

"Betty, what must he think of us? Isn't it dreadful?"

"Nonsense," said Betty, trying to laugh it off. "Here, Aunt Sarah, see his name. Isn't it a beauty? It's the first count you ever saw in your life, I'll be bound; and here he's been bowing his lordly back almost in two to you all these days. Don't you feel set up about it?"

"Well, I suppose he must be something of a count if Kreuzner says so," said Aunt Sarah, who had not by any means taken it all in. "But if he really is, I don't think I shall quite like to bow to him any more. It would look presumptuous, perhaps, in a poor old woman like me, who hasn't any kind of a handle to her name, not so much as a Madam even."

"Oh, never you mind that. You are just the dearest old thing out," cried Betty, with a hug. "You always let me have my own way. Come, Lois, let's have a waltz to dance off your dejection."

"I sha'n't dare look him in the face again," said poor Lois. "Think of his hearing that *we* sent to find out his name!"

"Well, and didn't we?" said Betty, stoutly. "He only heard the truth, anyway. Don't be such an awful prude. We'll just keep on bowing to him, I suppose, till he goes, and there'll have to be the end of it."

But the end had not come yet. The next morning, as they were at breakfast, Kreuzner appeared with his customary salutation.

"Goot morning, ladees. I hope you sleep well."

"Not a wink. Never do," said Betty crossly, tired of the eternal greeting. Kreuzner looked at her with the immediate sympathy of one prepared for all emergencies.

"Ach! that not goot. But I have some drops. I always carry medicine for ever'thing in my bag. These very goot. You take ten drops before you go to bed, and you sleep like angels."

"Stuff!" laughed Betty. "Keep your old drops for yourself. I sleep solidly every night through."

Kreuzner sighed over the lost opportunity.

"They're very goot, very goot, and only six marks the bottle. But no matter. I keep them. Some day you be so lucky as to need them. Mees," he continued, turning to Aunt Sarah, "that shentleman who the young ladies ask the name for yesterday, the Herr Graf von Lindenfels, he desire his compliments, and ask permission if he may have the honor to call upon the ladees to-day."

Instant consternation fell upon the little party. Lois paled. Betty pushed back her chair and fled to the window to hide a burst of unseemly laughter. Aunt Sarah sat staring blankly at the courier.

"What must I do?" she said helplessly. "I don't understand. What does he want? What am I to say?"

"Leave it all me," said Kreuzner, encouragingly. "I do it right. I tell him come, certainly. Very nice young shentleman. Goot familie. I tell him yes, the ladees delighted."

And he disappeared immediately.

"Great heavens!" said Betty, recovering her breath. "This is an advance that puts my poor progressive powers quite to the blush. He has taken the initiative out of my hands. However, the result is beyond my wildest hopes. Lois, let's toss up for him. He must be your knight or mine, you know."

"It's very remarkable," said Aunt Sarah; "very — very."

CHAPTER VI.

It was about a week after the memorable day upon which Emil Hermann Ruprecht, Graf von Lindenfels, had made his first call upon the ladies. The cousins had retired for the night; which means that they had gone to their room to launch upon an exhaustive conversation. Lois, attracted by the beauty of the night, sat in the open window, where, with a sigh of content, she presently threw wide the blinds to obtain a broader view, which thoughtless proceeding forced Betty, who was prosaically putting up her curls before the glass, to blow out the candles and retire precipitately to the farthest end of the room.

"Bless me, Lois! I wonder will you never be through star-gazing? Now I would rather have one jolly flirtation with Graf Ruprecht to think over than all the stars of this side and the other side of the world, too, to stare at."

"But I don't flirt, you know, Betty."

"The worse luck for you. It's no end of fun."

"It wouldn't be fun to me to pretend I cared for somebody when I didn't."

"Oh, but one always does a little just at the time. That's what gives it its flavor," said Betty from her corner, proceeding industriously to disrobe.

"I like things real all the way through," said Lois.

"Then you ought to like Ned Prentiss," said Betty, sitting on the floor and tugging away at her stockings. "He's solidly real. He wouldn't flirt, not for a million down and you thrown in. He just couldn't. Now Ruprecht — there's a name for your gentle, sentimental ears, my dear — Ruprecht can. He can flirt well — very well indeed. In fact, I don't think I need give him any lessons at all. He's a master at it. He smiles at me and lowers his voice to you; or he looks at you and gives a flower to me; or he presses my hand faintly in returning me my handkerchief, and never fails to see at the same instant that your shawl is falling and must be wrapped closer. I don't believe I could manage a dozen men at once any better than he is managing us girls now. Upon my word, I don't know which of us he likes better and which he's only flirting with."

"He likes you better, of course," answered Lois, with a little smile. "I believe men generally like flirts best."

"Yes — to flirt with," said Betty, rising up white and spectral in the distance, but yawning in a most unghostly fashion. "Somehow, men never seem as if they were flirting with you. It doesn't have the same look it has with me. They say all sorts of soft things to me, and they sound soft. But when they say them to you there's a different ring to them; it seems as if they meant it."

"Perhaps they do a little, just at the time, as you said of yourself a moment ago."

Betty advanced a few steps out of the screening darkness of her corner.

"I wonder which he really does like better?" she said. "I like him anyhow, and I give you fair warning I mean to flirt with him to the very tip end of my powers. One doesn't get hold of a *bona fide* count every day. And then he's so tall and handsome, and has such a lovely voice, and such white, gentlemanly hands."

"Yes," assented Lois dreamily.

"And he dresses in such taste. And all his little ways are so courteous and graceful and perfect."

"Yes," said Lois again.

"It really makes one feel *distingué* just to be seen with him," Betty continued. "He's not a bit commonplace, is he, Lois?"

"No," said Lois.

"Do, for heaven's sake, say something more than eternally yes and no!" cried Betty, energetically. "Come, what do you think of him?"

She drew nearer, keeping carefully out of range of the window, unbraiding her glossy

hair and tossing it behind her in a soft, wavy shower as she came. Lois sat very still in the window with folded hands.

"I think," she said at last, slowly, "I think he is not commonplace at all. Not at all. He is courtly and gracious and noble, I think; at least, he seems so; as if he could only do knightly deeds and chivalrous acts; as if he had inherited his manners with his title, not as if he had made himself superior by his own effort, like — like Mr. Prentiss, but as if he had been born so; as if his ancestors for long generations back had all been great and powerful and grand; the men all valiant and yet tender and refined and cultured, fit for the princely homes they live in; and the women all beautiful and good, though proud and haughty too, scorning the common folk a little, because so high above them."

Betty gathered her hair back from her face in her two hands and stood looking at her cousin, a little surprised and considerably amused.

"How you do go in for a thing when you go in for it at all!" she said presently, with her light, pretty laugh. Everything was so pretty about Betty.

Lois turned her face away.

"I can't like surface things only, as you do, Betty."

"You like polish, and what in the world is that but a surface thing?" retorted Betty. "You say you must have depth and sincerity and reality, and all the rest of the tremendous things I am supposed not to care for; but I observe you like a little outside gloss as well as I do."

"Yes, if only the other is not wanting."

"Well, the depth you have to guess at, anyway, so for my part give me the tangible shine," said Betty. "And, above all, give me Ruprecht to flirt with."

"Do you mean never to do anything but flirt, Betty?" asked Lois, a little sadly. "Do you mean never to care seriously for any one?"

"No," said Betty, giving a spring into her bed, and curling herself up in a round heap. "I wouldn't be in love for anything. I would rather flirt. It's more fun."

"Isn't it rather hard fun on the men?"

"No — not a bit. It doesn't hurt them as much to be in love with me as with such a dead-in-earnest thing as you. Besides, I just keep encouraging them all a little bit straight along, and don't drop a big 'No!' plump down on them, slap-bang, like an ice-water shower, as you would; and so they get over it by degrees, and it doesn't come hard on them at any one time, you see. Deep in their hearts they really suspect all the time that I don't mean anything by the flowers I give them, and the little sighs I sigh, and all the spooney ways and looks I can't help treating them to. They know I'm shallow and frivolous and selfish, and all the other bad things that a flirt always is; but they like the fun just as well as I do, while it lasts."

"And when it stops?"

"Then they go to some other girl and try it over with her, and I take up the next man and count one more lover off."

"And they count one more deceitful woman in the world; one more fickle, heartless creature, in whose light all others, even the truest, show false and faithless too!" cried Lois impulsively, leaving her seat, and coming over where Betty sat rocking gently back and forth with a mischievous smile on her lips. "Betty, do think a little of the real harm you do under all the seeming harmlessness. You make a mere mockery of love; you turn the real thing into a shadow; you make every one who comes near you nothing but a flirt too; you would take all the truth out of the world if only your influence were wide enough, and you could live long enough."

"But I sha'n't," said Betty, jumping off the bed and hunting for the matches. "What's more, I'm going to light the candles, and if you have any affection whatever left for so disreputable a creature, you'll instantly shut those blinds, instead of standing there talking poetry and bosh at me."

But Lois was too much in earnest to be put off. She followed Betty and folded her arms closely about her. "Betty, dear Betty," she said pleadingly, "don't flirt any more. You'll get yourself into trouble some day. You'll find your flirting is turning into loving, perhaps, while he may be only flirting still; and, Betty, I don't believe all the fun of it now would pay you for the sorrow of it then. Don't flirt so, Betty. You are pretty enough, and sweet enough, and bright enough to attract, even if you are true besides. Please don't flirt any more!"

"I will," said Betty, struggling and laughing in her cousin's arms. "And I'll strike this match on your shoulder if you don't let me strike it on the box. I've got to flirt. I was made so, and that's all there is of it. Lois, if you don't shut those blinds *I* will, and people will think it's you appearing there in your night-dress. *I* never stand at the window at midnight, blinking up at the stupid old stars. Oh, Lois, I am sorry for you, you miss so much fun! It is such fun, such jolly fun, to be a flirt!"

(To be continued.)

THE POET'S ADVENT.

When comes the Poet, shall he not be strong?
Shall it not satisfy him
That he can soar the heavens on his song,
Although the earth deny him?

Shall not his great heart carol and be glad?
Shall he need recognition
Of mortals plodding in their country sad,
Far 'neath his fields elysian?

To his high calling shall he not be true?
Shall he not smile benignly
Though he have scorn and sackcloth for his due,
Content to pipe divinely?

Shall Brobdingnagian Swift his heart consume
With foul, ferocious humor,
Though Stella pour her love's light on his gloom
Till sadly they entomb her?

Shall there be need to veil melodious Poe?
Shall Byron sink his trumpet—
With puling hawk his blighted heart, and show
His muse a strumpet?

Aye, at the deadly peril of his soul,
To heart-break, comes the poet:
No galling cross, pang, hunger, forfeit goal,
But he shall know it!

Shall feel each weight and sting a thousand-fold,
All human need and pining;
Be pierced by doubting of his kind, and cold
As sky-peak lonely shining;

The strong shall bear with buffeting and mock,
And blaze of fiery trial;
The sweet and fragile ground upon the rock
Of pitiless denial:

Shelley shall break in protest wild, undue,
And Keats wring out his spirit
For love of one unmeet to latch his shoe,
His common speech to hear it;

Milton go blind in strife of shattered land;
For lack die Spenser faery;
Lamb cross the fields to bedlam, hand-in-hand
Weeping with his mad Mary!

James T. McKay.

HUNTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

Our knowledge of the various sub-departments of natural history has, with few exceptions, kept on a line with the wonderful progress made in the pictorial art, that is so important to it. One of these exceptions, an instance in which our knowledge has remained somewhat behind the time, relates to the animal which forms the subject of this sketch—the *Aplocerus montanus*, known to the frontiersman and to the fur-trader of the extreme North-west as the white goat of the Rocky Mountains. So much myth is interwoven with the history of this animal, so little that is authentic is known of it, that an account of its habitus and appearance, and also a description of its chase,—it being to-day, without exception, the rarest game animal on the North American continent,—may perhaps be not without interest.

Before we proceed, let it be recorded that its popular name is an incorrect one. It is no goat, and strictly speaking it does not inhabit the Rocky Mountains, for its home is entirely confined to the more or less detached mountain chains that occupy the Pacific slopes of the main system of the Rocky Mountains. It is only found in western Montana, the northernmost portions of Idaho and Oregon, in Washington Territory, and especially in British Columbia. No authentic instance is known to me of its appearing south of 45° north latitude, while its range in the opposite direction seems to extend to the inhospitable Arctic regions. The exterior of this grotesque member of the Cavicornia, or hollow-horned family, is not very unlike that of the domestic goat, much magnified in size; but a closer examination of its structure, of the singularly heavy and deep body, of the skull and horns, of the curved nose, of the soft, silky under-hairs of its coat, and other not less characteristic features, shows, it would seem, very clearly that the affinities of our animal are more with the antelope than with the goat or sheep.

Its history is one of peculiar interest. So far as I know, specimens of the *Aplocerus montanus* are to be found only in three cities: in London, where a very undersized and wretchedly stuffed specimen does not redound to the honor of the British Museum or of English taxidermists; a better one in the Leyden Museum; and two fair representatives (one male and one female) in the National Museum at Washington.

Fathers Piccolo and de Savatiera first discovered the animal on the Pacific slope. Vancouver some ninety years ago brought home a mutilated skin of one as a great prize. The first scientific account of it was published in the year 1816 by the well-known naturalist de Blainville; while the Philadelphia naturalist Ord, a few years later, published a long account of this mysterious animal, basing his theories upon materials of a somewhat scanty description, consisting, as we are informed, of "the scalp with one of the horns attached to it and the skin without head or legs, it having served an Indian for a cloak." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that, not even excepting the famous *Ovis Polii* of central Asia, an animal which no European has as yet killed, there is to-day probably no game animal existing regarding which our information is so vague, or which is known to the naturalist under so many different generic names. Of the twenty-three scientific authorities who have, so far as I have been able to follow the subject, written on this animal, none had ever seen one alive, and only four had ever examined a stuffed specimen; but they nevertheless have bestowed thirteen different generic names upon it, some making of it a sheep, others classing it as a goat, while others, again, ranked it as a chamois. As a singular coincidence, it is to be remarked that the first really scientific classification, that of de Blainville, has, after all, obtained the confirmation of our great living authorities, such as Professor Spencer F. Baird, who places this animal among the antelopes with the distinctive generic name of *Aplocerus montanus*, though the two specimens in the National Museum at Washington are still on exhibition under the patronymic given to it more than half a century ago by Ord, *i. e.*, *Majama montana*.

As a popular name mountain antelope or antelope-goat might be suggested. Fortunately the animal is so little known to the general public that few except Hudson Bay Company trappers will have to unlearn its old name, and even among them there are not very many who have ever seen a live one. Since the days of Lewis and Clarke, who, by the way, brought home with them the old Indian cloak specimen, on the strength of which Mr. Ord built up such profound speculations, the traveler in those far-off mountain regions, if he does not make their chase his

special object and has not a goodly meed of patience to stick to his purpose, has but little chance of "glimpsing" this rare inhabitant of the very highest altitudes of the inaccessible peaks. It lives exclusively above timber-line, and is not only in this peculiarity an exception to all other game on the North American continent, but also because it remains all the year round in the same place, which no other wild animals do, their summer and winter range being either in entirely different zones, as in the case of the bison or buffalo, elk, and mule-deer, or rendered distinct by a considerable difference in the altitude, as in the case of the bighorn. Both these features remove the antelope-goat from the ken of the ordinary traveler, and make it difficult even for the ardent sportsman to discover its real home.

For three consecutive years I hunted on the breezy mountain ranges of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and eastern Montana, living for months at altitudes over ten thousand feet; but I failed utterly to find this mysterious game elsewhere than in the conversation of romancing trappers and guides, a circumstance that created in my mind a decided tendency to look upon all "goat" stories with a good deal of suspicious reserve. I heard a great number of such tales. Men told me that they had shot, knifed, lassoed, stalked, staked in pitfall, and otherwise "gone for" the prized game, and that in their turn they had been gored, spitted, "treed," butted, trampled on, and generally roughly handled by redoubtable old rams; and though the Britisher in this instance declined to be "filled up boots and all" with these hoary old myths of the ultra Western type, they yet generated in me an irrepressible desire to get at the bottom of these wonderful natural-history revelations. I determined that my next annual visit to the Far West was to be exclusively devoted to goat-hunting; and a letter I received in May, 1882, from a reliable friend and countryman residing in western Montana, declaring that he had actually seen, not a live, but, what was next best, a dead mountain goat, made me pack my trunks and engage passage in hot haste.

Two or three weeks later I was in Butte City, that most promising of mining towns, the future "Leadville" of Montana Territory. Here I "outfitted," and, joined by my aforementioned English friend, we were in a few days on our way to the Bitter Root Mountains. Our party had a business-like look about it; the men and the seven or eight horses were old friends of former seasons, when their hardy endurance had been put to very severe tests in expeditions of five or six months' duration to the few then remaining wild corners in the mountainous West. Our minds were of equally business-like bent. We wanted goat, and goat we would get or perish in the attempt. As the country we were about to visit was strange to us, we decided, on reaching the last outpost of civilization, to hire a local guide acquainted with the trails that led up to the foot of the chain on which we had reliable information the animals had been seen and even killed.

It was an isolated little mining camp, and the dozen or so of inhabitants, all "old-time" frontiersmen, were one and all willing to take their oath that they had slaughtered goats since they could handle shooting-irons. We picked out three from which *the* man was to be selected. The choice was not the easiest. The first was known as the fellow "who could stand more rest than any other man in the territory," or, in other words, was supposed to be the laziest man in Montana. The second was reputed to be decidedly a "bad" man, an old-time Virginia City vigilante, known throughout the country as "Judge Neversweat," on account of the equanimity of mind exhibited by him at a certain most critical moment of his life, when he held at bay, with an *unloaded* revolver, four doomed and desperate men, thirsting for his life and their liberty. Judge Neversweat evinced much anxiety to act as our guide across the Bitter Root Mountains, every foot of which he professed to know from his "prospecting" days. "We'll have a blank good time,—you bet your bedrock flume on *that*," he said, adding, *sotto voce*, "anyhow, as long as the whisky don't peter out." His indignation when informed that this was not likely to occur, for the good reason that on principle we never took whisky on our shooting-trips, was at first rather amusing, then startling, to behold. The mere idea of a good time without unlimited whisky was a dire imposition, an insult to frontier manhood. He was too angry to give vent to the usual unbridled flow of bad language; his otherwise loud voice toned down to an angry snarl, his eyes glittered, his form grew erect, his whole being assumed an austerely dignified air; in one word, Judge Neversweat became polite. It was a mood the half-dozen mountaineers, silent witnesses of this scene, seemed to understand and to fear, for they all suddenly discovered they had business elsewhere, leaving us, as I heard one mutter, "to our own funeral." Then spoke up the Judge: "Gentlemen, let Judge Neversweat *po*-litely inform you, on the first call of his hand, that this yar camp aint lost no goat; and if this yar straddle aint going to find your approvement, Judge Neversweat's record aint one

that'll stand a second call." Our egregious exhibition of insular prejudice cost us some odd dollars. Judge Neversweat had not, we found, included a call to the nearest saloon among those incompatible with his "record." Of the three men from whom we decided to pick our guide, the third man enjoyed a more harmless reputation — none else than that he was "the biggest liar this side of the Rocky Mountains." Him we chose, for his idiosyncrasy was decidedly the most harmless. Aside from the fact that his qualification to act as our guide was about the biggest of all big lies he had ever fabricated, he proved a willing fellow and a good cook; so while we did his guiding he did our cooking, a combination satisfactory to both parties.

A peculiarity of the several great mountain-chains of the Northern Pacific slope, such as the Cascade, Bitter Root, Cœur d'Alène, and Selkirk ranges, which are the principal homes of the antelope-goat, are the vast stretches of exceedingly dense forests which clothe their precipitous slopes up to an altitude of nine or ten thousand feet in unbroken and perfectly trailless masses. The Bitter Root peaks make no exception, and this we saw when, after two days' travel through a partly open country, we reached the foot of the chain and camped on one of the last open grassy spaces. At an early hour the following morning we entered the forest, hoping by a long day's scramble to reach timber-line; for the country looked comparatively easy to cross, and we could not imagine that, with our pack animals trained to such work, we possibly could fail to penetrate the dark-green maze that mantled the slopes in a primeval luxuriance of growth. But the forests of the Pacific slope are awkward to deal with, and as our guide had begun his duties by telling us, just as a sample of his powers in the way of yarning, that he knew a trail which would lead us in six or seven hours up to timber-line, we spent more than three days in getting through the woods, intersected as they were by bits of burnt forests and numerous extensive "dead-falls" of trees thrown pell-mell over, under, and astraddle of each other by gales or avalanches. There are few more temper-trying moments than when you find yourself "stalled" in such a "dead-fall." After an hour's hard and incessant work with two of the heavy axes, you have managed to penetrate one or two hundred yards into the labyrinth of fallen trunks; now creeping under an uprooted tree slanting against a frail support, a slight push liable to send it crashing down on you; then "stomaching" a prostrate log three or four feet in height, and by angry tugs and strong language coaxing your horse to follow you, which he does by a grotesque buck-like leap, putting to a sore test the knots of the lash-ropes that fasten his pack; here clearing away with your "barked" hands a tangle of "snags," as the sharp clumps of branches are called, which protrude like daggers from the fallen giant trees; then cautiously testing the miry ground in spots of a most dangerous character, liable to engulf the traveler and his horse. After perhaps an hour's work, you have reached the center of the strip of "dead-fall," when suddenly you find yourself brought up by a formidable barrier of trunks higher than your head and garnished with a nasty *chevaux de frise* of snags of more than ordinary density. It is impossible to penetrate it, and you turn to your right and then to your left vainly seeking an outlet, but there is none visible. Nothing remains but to turn back and retrace your steps; but, lo! a similarly desperate state of things faces you, and for some minutes you fail to find the exact place where you crossed those huge logs or piles of pole timber; for, as you happen to be on ground sloping downward, the side of the barrier which you now face is much higher and therefore more impassable than the one you breasted on your way into the snare. You are "corralled," and without the aid of the axe, wielded by sturdy arms, you cannot possibly escape. In burnt timber the difficulties are much the same, if not greater; for the conflagration, caused by elementary disasters and fanned by fierce gales, has swept the forests so fast that many of the burnt trees are left standing upright, requiring but a slight push to send them to the ground. Here the pack-horses, with their unwieldy packs, become a source of imminent danger. You cannot lead them, for there are not enough men; they refuse to be driven, and so you have to let them pick their way at their own sweet will, bumping against fragilely poised trees, which come down with such a crash as to spread dismay among men and beasts.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties that hamper traveling, these upland forests are very beautiful, and they grow more beautiful the further north-west you penetrate. The trees are grand old silver firs, larch, and white pine, clothed as you approach timber-line with the fantastic "beard of the Alps," pendent tresses of grizzly moss, often more than a yard in length, that festoon the gnarled branches of the larger trees. When the fierce winter storms sweep through these elevated forests, these tresses wave to and fro in a weirdly fantastic manner. The flora, too, is more varied than on the eastern ranges; the beautiful, inimitable blue of the modest Alpine

gentians, sunk in their mossy cushions, the delicate perfume of the wood orchids, and the trailing creepers of the clematis, all remind one of the Alpine uplands of the Old World. On approaching timber-line, where the dense forest scatters out, patches of snow, the last shreds of the deep solemn pall that had covered living nature for the past seven months, began to show in the gullies and ravines. Toward the evening of the fourth day we at last stood on the breezy slopes of the great chain, at least ten thousand feet over the broiling Atlantic and Pacific coasts. One or two avalanches, where the snow was still piled up thirty feet high, had to be crossed before we reached a small rock-embowered lake, where further progress with the pack-train became impossible. It was a lovely sheet of water, on three sides inclosed by huge walls of rock that rise sheer from the water's edge to an altitude of twelve or fifteen hundred feet. Thrice beautiful it appeared that day to the parched men and animals of our party, and it needed not the usual call to camp to strew an inviting bit of smooth emerald-green meadow, lapped by the water of the lake, with the loads of the horses; and the next minute the jaded animals were rolling on the refreshingly cool turf, and the "bosses" were throwing aside their scant garments to dive from a great protruding bowlder into the limpid depth of the lake.

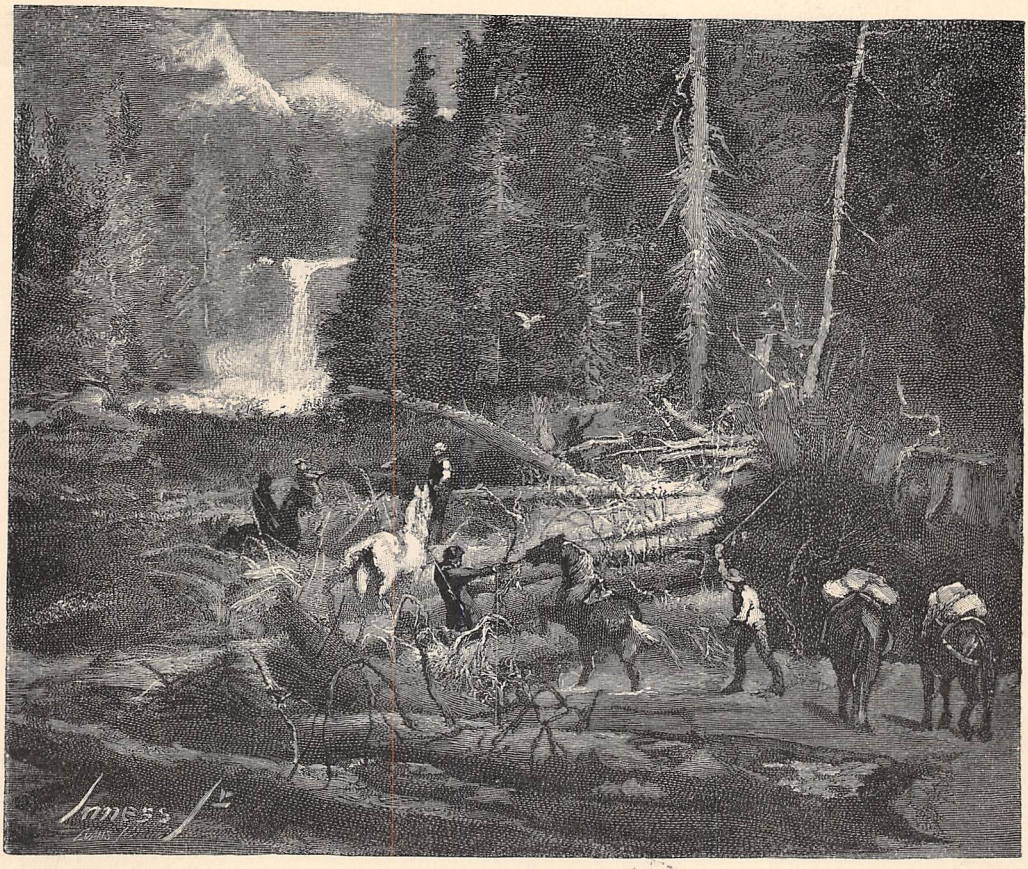
But where are the goats? the reader will exclaim. They are nearer than we think, for presently there is a hushed cry of amazement, and all eyes are turned to the top of the great walls that inclose the farther end of the tarn. There, on the knife-back edge of these singularly bold cliffs, we see, clearly outlined against the blue horizon, some five or six snow-white apparitions, which, examined through powerful glasses, prove to be the long-looked-for, much-doubted mountain antelope. We have come, we have seen, but we have yet to conquer.

In the waning light of the afternoon and evening an unsuccessful stalk was tried, for the wind was unfavorable, and the game had probably seen us. So no wonder that long before we had climbed the knife-back ridge, which on reaching it was found to be broader than it appeared from below, our quarry had vanished. The whole ground, however, was tracked up by the sharp and unmistakable impressions of their hoofs, while long, tangled masses of the woolly hair of their winter coat, which they evidently were just then shedding, festooned the rocks, against which the animals were apparently in the habit of rubbing themselves. From these and other signs we conjectured that the giddy ridge we were standing on, with tremendously deep, sheer precipices falling off on both sides, was a favorite resort of our game. And so it proved to be, for nowhere else were they so frequently to be seen as on precisely such ridges, the very highest point of the whole chain.

To me this mysterious animal was particularly attractive as being the North American representative of my favorite game in the Old World, the chamois, on the tracks of which I have spent a goodly portion of my leisure for the last fifteen years; and much as the two animals, belonging as they do to perfectly distinct species, differ from each other, there is yet about their chase a striking resemblance, while many of the most memorable details of their surroundings are almost identical. For the next few days my comrades saw little of me; and when after dusk I did return to camp, hungry and fagged by twelve or fourteen hours' rock-climbing of the stiffest nature, the morrow's early stalk made me seek my cozy sleeping-bag at an early hour. Our party got, all told, fifteen of these rare animals, of which nine fell to my rifle.

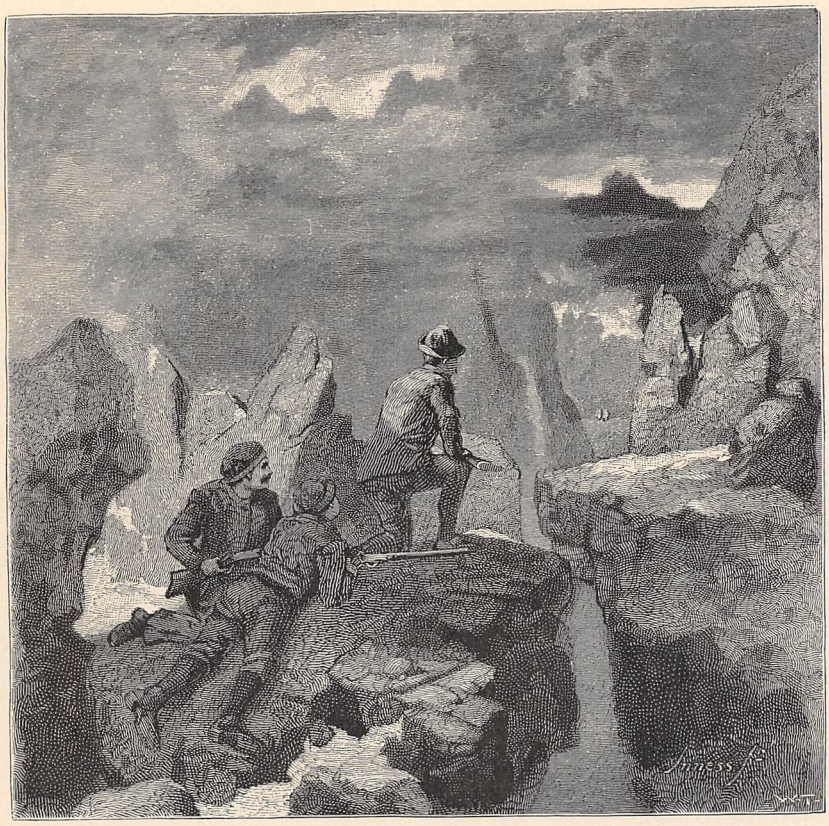
In the Bitter Root Mountains stalking, or still-hunting, is about as difficult as it can be; for the slopes, where they are not actual precipices, are covered with masses of *débris*, loose slabs, and bowlders, with the sharpest corners and edges imaginable. On this ground it is nearly impossible to approach game noiselessly. Let you be never so careful and circumspect, using knees, toes, and fingers in the most approved fashion, you cannot proceed very far before a slab, poised in a secure-looking position, will rattle away from under you, and in nine cases out of ten start a miniature avalanche of stones, awakening the echoes among the impending cliffs. I have found, however, that so used do the denizens of these rocky wastes get to such noises, from their own inability of moving over these slopes without starting rocks, that, so long as they do not see or wind you, they will not be alarmed. The antelope-goat is a singularly fearless animal, while its innate curiosity will lead it to brave dangers from which most other wild animals will flee.

Let me relate one incident that will prove this. I had sighted a solitary ram grazing on one of the frequent amphitheater-shaped steep slopes, but well down about the middle of the declivity, while I was on the top of the knife-backed ridge. Unfortunately the goat had seen me, and had taken to his hoofs, but in a very leisurely manner, keeping in his flight a course parallel to mine, *i. e.*, approaching neither the top nor the bottom of the slope. I judged it to be some



CROSSING THE TIMBER-LINE.

five hundred and fifty yards down to him, and my trial shot, taken very steadily while he was making one of his frequent stands, and which missed him a little to the left, proved my estimation to be fairly correct. I hoped to get nearer, so I reserved my fire, and for the next three-quarters of an hour a most exciting steeple-chase took place, I following the ridge, which was of the usual impossible character, while the ram pursued, as I have said, a parallel course, keeping half-way up the slope. The chamois would have put himself beyond distance in a few minutes. True, the path was not a smooth one; indeed, it was as rough as it well could be, huge bowlders, piled over each other or separated by dark yawning chasms, generally too broad even for a goat's muscles, making progress very slow. But no doubt there was a good deal of fooling about the old ram's proceedings; for from time to time he would squat down and take a rest, much amused, no doubt, by the frantic scrambles of his breathless pursuer above him, clearly outlined against the horizon, and feeling very sure that the shaking aim would be anything but dangerous to him. In this he was right; for eleven times in the course of that singular race did I throw myself flat on some handy rock, and take as deliberate aim as my shaking hands, trembling from the exertion in the trying atmosphere of these high altitudes, would allow. Eleven times the bullet whizzed past him, once detaching a fragment of rock, which must have hit him, for I could distinctly perceive him make a side jump. I was very nearly at "my wind's end," completely fagged out by my run, which, as I looked back, I saw covered very nearly the whole vast semicircle of the ridge, and which, as I afterward found, was keenly watched with glasses by my friend and some of the men from their camp, far down the mountain-side. By this time I had one cartridge left. Hunter and hunted were approaching the end of the semicircular ridge, where it fell off in one enormous precipice, a configuration of the ground that, of course, would shortly terminate the chase, a continuation being only feasible to winged creatures. The ram, still about four hundred yards off, was steering for a tooth-like crag, separated from the main ridge by a profound abyss.



STALKING.

Here evidently he felt himself secure, and as I watched him sit down very leisurely to take in all the fun of my defeat, I felt very uncharitable sentiments escaping my parched and breathless lips. A quarter of an hour's much-needed breathing-spell allowed me at this juncture to survey the ground. The distance separating us was about four hundred yards. It would have been folly to risk my last cartridge at this long range. The ram was evidently feeling very much at home, and (as I could easily see with my glasses) kept his gaze steadfastly fixed upon me.

The formation of the ground, as I presently discovered, favored the employment of the following ruse — which, as the sequel will show, proved successful. Retiring behind the top of the ridge, I took off my canvas jumper and hat, dressed up a handy stone with these garments, and, slowly lifting it on the top of the ridge, deposited it there, in plain sight of the watchful ram. Then I disappeared, and made a long detour, including a disagreeable creep along a ledge, where my progress was tantalizingly slow,— for the precarious nature of the shelving rock, in places only a foot or two in width, with a deep precipice at my side, obliged me to take off my boots and stockings so as to gain a surer footing, while the wind, unpleasantly cold, pierced my single upper garment (a flannel shirt), saturated with perspiration, making me shiver and shake. I finally managed to weather the great buttress of rock at a considerably lower level, and to approach the ram from a direction he little expected, to within one hundred and fifty yards or so. It was an anxious minute as I lifted my head inch by inch over a projecting ledge, and there, in plain view, saw my game, his gaze still fixed upward at my dummy. For full five minutes I lay there; what with the excitement and my breathlessness, I instinctively felt that every minute thus gained would bring my bullet an inch nearer to my quarry. When finally my Express pealed forth its sharp crack, the ram was my meat.

A most singular, not to say fantastic, habit of the antelope-goat is worthy of special notice. It is the practice of sitting up on his haunches like a dog, and when anything startles him to squat back and raise his front legs from the ground, much in the position of a "begging" poodle. The hide and hair on the rump of old

animals are quite worn and much thicker than elsewhere. On one occasion I approached such squatting goats to within sixty yards.

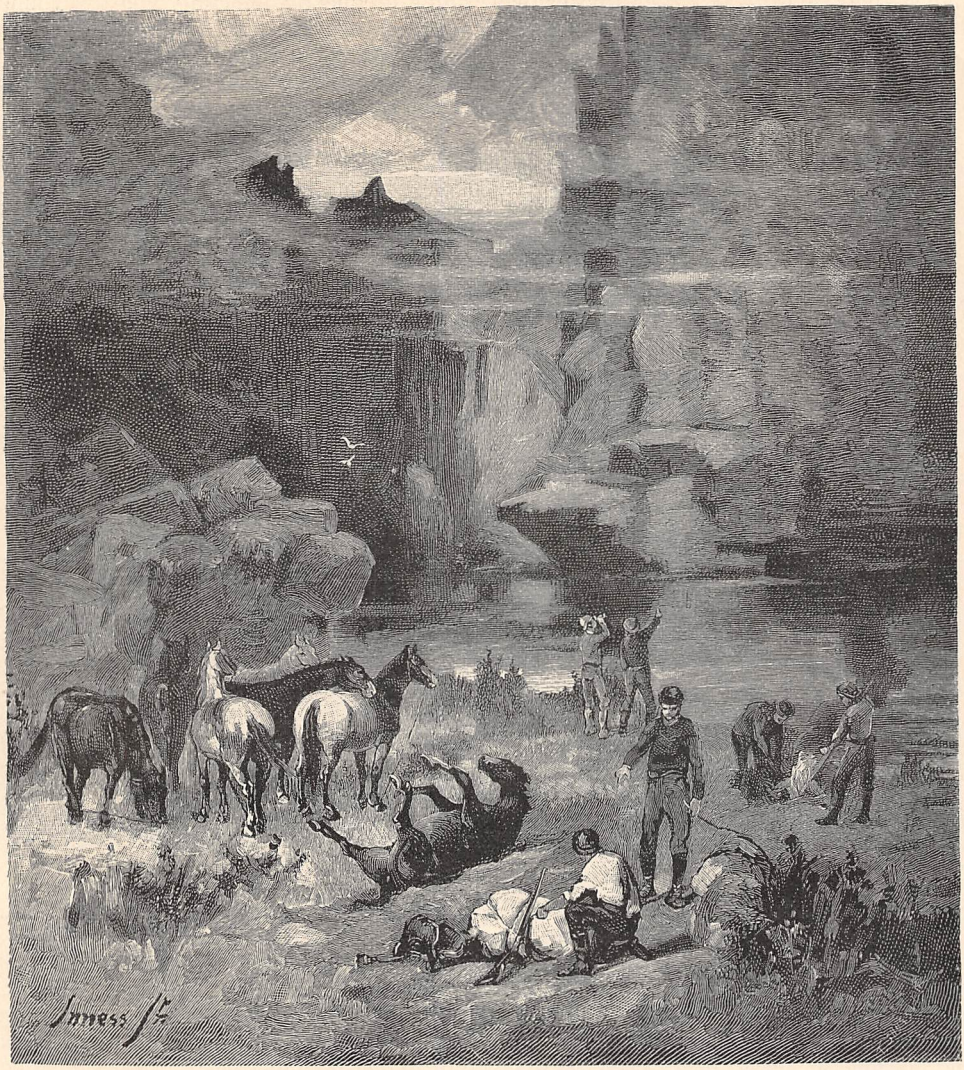
The antelope-goat attains now and again a very formidable size. An old ram, killed by a friend of mine, had a girth around the body of seven feet three and a half inches, while the length from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail was five feet ten and a half inches. It was impossible to ascertain his weight, but from the fact that two powerful men could not lift him it must have been between three and four hundred pounds. About twelve or fifteen years ago some enterprising Californians, desiring to try an experimental crossing of the antelope-goat with the Angora goat of Asia, visited Montana and offered large rewards, in some instances as much as eight hundred dollars, for a live adult goat. In the course of a year they succeeded in getting several, but I believe only one reached California alive. Four hardy mountaineers devoted a full year to the task of catching the wary animals, necessarily living all the time, even in winter, in the inhospitable regions above timber-line. They succeeded in doing so by bringing them to bay with trained hounds, on some rocky ledge, and then approaching from above and lassoing the cornered victims, which were busily engaged keeping the dogs off by vicious thrusts of their sharp horns, frequently inflicting ghastly wounds. On such occasions they are most dangerous to approach, for they are perfectly reckless, and have fierce courage, great muscular activity, and wonderful tenacity of life.



AN OLD RAM ON THE LOOKOUT.

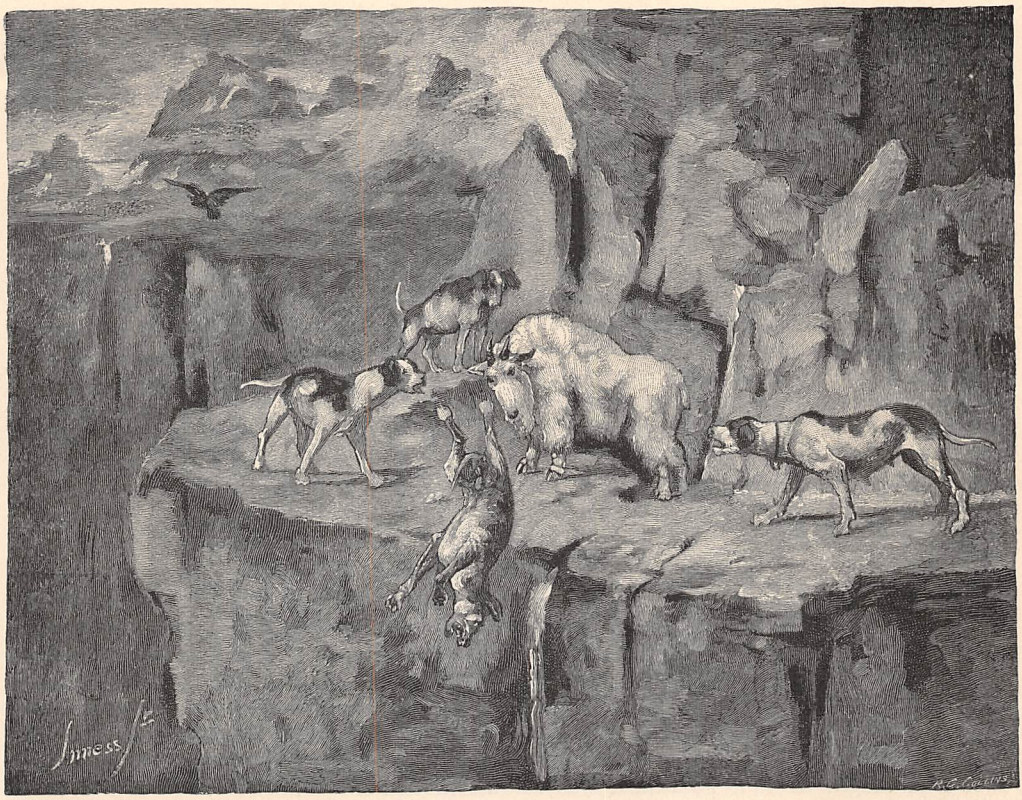
I have only had occasion to watch the antelope-goat on rocks. It appears that on ice they develop greater fleetness, and are equally sure-footed. My friend, Mr. S. F. Emmons, of the United States Geological Survey, recently sent me a paper read by him before the American Geographical Society, in which he describes his ascent (I believe the second one ever achieved) of Mount Tacoma (Rainier), the highest peak of the Cascade Range, on Puget Sound; during which ascent the party came across a band of these animals, "who fled with most remarkable rapidity up the ice-slopes, crossing crevices and ascending impossible steeps with the greatest ease," which would prove that they are equally well, if not better, fitted for glacial regions. I have already mentioned that British Columbia, that very beautiful but hitherto singularly isolated corner of America, is the true home of this rare animal. Hunting there differs in many ways from the sport in Montana or Idaho, at least in those parts visited by me, *i. e.*, the beautiful Kootenay country, in which the great Columbia River has its cradle.

The charming Kootenay River, down



AT THE LAKE.

which I am going to take the reader, knows only the frail birch-bark canoes of the Indian tribe whose homes are along its garden-like banks. These canoes are kittle craft. With your right hand you can lift one that will take four men for a six weeks' cruise. You have to sit very steady, as the merest lifting of your hand will endanger its nicely poised equilibrium; but when once you have mastered the knack, or, better still, can handle a paddle yourself, travel by this medium is wonderfully pleasant. Lying stretched out in the prow of the frail craft, behind us two shaggy-headed Indians, their only garments a small mirror tied round the neck and a breech-clout round the loins, we skim over the surface of the majestic stream, propelled by the skillfully handled paddles of our nude and invisible companions. It is the very essence of graceful and luxurious motion — smooth, noiseless, fast; — the Venetian gondola, refined, transcendentalized. As we silently dart round the sweeping curves we surprise drinking deer, or little families of duck and other water-fowl, and are often right in their midst before they rise to skim over the surface, but little frightened at the intrusion. Great, stately trees overhang the banks, and a motion of our guiding paddle will take us under their sweeping boughs, through which we catch sunny glimpses of pleasing stretches of park-like land, merging a mile or two off into timbered foot-hills, which again are overtopped by snow-crested mountains that are cleft by dark, solemn-looking



BROUGHT TO BAY.

gorges,— a mass of Alpine pine-forests. On approaching curves we involuntarily crane our necks to spy the new scenic beauties the next bend may disclose, but the guttural "ugh" of our boatmen and the swaying of our craft warn us that curiosity now and again gets punished. One hundred and ninety watery miles are between us and our destination: a range more inaccessible than the rest, more elevated than the sea of peaks that surround it, a favorite play-ground of the game we have come to kill. It takes us four days to accomplish the journey by canoe, but how quickly and pleasantly they pass. On a sandy pine-girt beach, in one of the hundreds of bays that can be found on the peerless Kootenay Lake, can be seen our temporary camp, inhabited by two white men and four Indians. One Express rifle, one Sharps's rifle, four old flint-lock Hudson Bay Company muskets, a few bundles, and some sacks filled with essential provisions, all of which is distributed in six loads, comprise our scant outfit, necessarily of a very limited character; for we have reached "the hindermost attic of creation," and from here we shall have to carry our worldly possessions on our backs up yonder mountains. As we look at them, letting our eyes range over the seven thousand feet of church-steeple roof of Matterhorn steepness, we suddenly discover that our loads can be yet more lightened; that one cup and one plate will suffice Jack and myself; that my fur sleeping-bag — an invaluable invention when it comes to carrying one's own bed up mountains, for it is much lighter and warmer than blankets— will possibly also hold Jack's carcass, notwithstanding that the puzzled London furrier who constructed the said contrivance vowed that none but a human skeleton could ever wriggle in and out of it. The next day, after carefully hiding our canoes, we marched forth on our big climb, where the axe had to replace the alpenstock, and every foot of our ascent had to be forced through the amazingly dense underbrush that clothes these mountains for the first four thousand feet. It took us a long day of fifteen hours' hard work to do what under ordinary circumstances, without brush to impede our progress, we could have accomplished in three or four hours,— to get up the first four thousand feet over the lake. Camping the first night was uncomfortable; it was like sitting on a steep house-roof, with trees to hold on by, darkness frustrating all

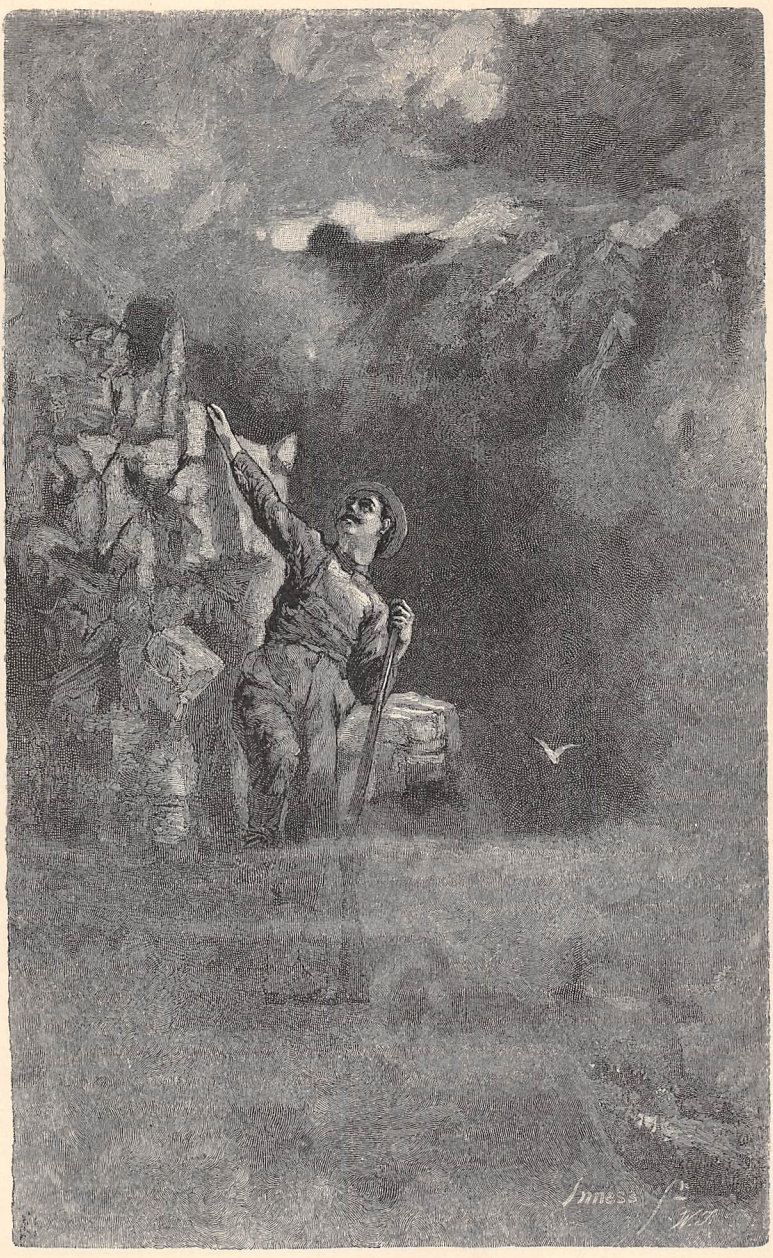
attempts to find a more suitable spot. It had, however, one good side; it enabled us to carry out an experiment which on level ground would never have been possible, *i. e.*, the housing of Jack and myself in the sleeping-bag. It was a chilly, frost-laden night, and the Indians in blanketless misery hugged the fire pretty closely. The next day we reached timber-line, and with it our trail-chopping came to an end. It is monotonous exercise to handle for many hours a day an axe in weight and size a medium between a butcher's cleaver and the Canadian lumberman's heavy tool, or, as facetious Jack not inaptly described it, a hybrid of Washington's hatchet and Gladstone's axe. The toil is much greater if you have a fifty-pound pack on your back, and the slope is so steep that you can only get up it by dint of "sticking your toes into the face of nature clear up to your elbows," as an old Rocky Mountain character once said of my performance on a steep slope. Toward evening we pitched permanent camp at the foot of a very inviting-looking ridge in the lee of a big precipice, with a miniature lake in front of us. A large piece of canvas, skillfully weighted down, made a capital improvised tent, while the Indians were sent down to our old camp on the lake for a couple of loads of lake salmon,* for experience had taught us that goat-meat was so tough and rank as to be almost uneatable.

Of the hunting or stalking I need not speak, for it was of the same character as in Montana, only the game was far more plentiful, and, never having been hunted before, was more curious and less shy than their brethren in the Bitter Root range.

Let me say here a few words about my dusky companions, members of about the only perfectly wild tribe of Indians that to-day exists on the North American continent. The Kootenays have no reservation; they have no agent, and, receiving no assistance from the Government of British Columbia, subsist entirely upon game, fish, and berries. No census even of their number has ever been taken, and they have come but temporarily in contact with white men, while whisky to a great portion of the Kootenays is as yet unknown. There are two portions of the tribe, the Upper and the Lower Kootenays: the first have their homes in that beautiful bunch-grass country along the Upper Kootenay River, near the source of the Columbia River, and are "horse" Indians; while the Lower Kootenays live on the rich bottom-lands between Bonner's Ferry and the Kootenay Lake, and are canoe Indians. They are a fine, hardy, and eminently peaceful community. It used to be their pride that no member of their tribe had ever killed a white man. They are all Catholics, made so some thirty or forty years ago by the brave and adventurous French missionaries, who were the first white men, except the Hudson Bay trappers, who penetrated into the vast wilderness on the Pacific, then known as Oregon. They live all the year round in tepees, or tents; and though the cold is nothing like that of the regions east of the Rocky Mountains, yet the thermometer now and again touches zero, while snow remains on the bottom-lands for a month or two at a time. In no country have I seen such pictures of Arcadian existence among aboriginals.

They are a fine manly-looking race, of cheerful disposition and retiring habits. I never saw so much laughter and bright, smiling eyes as when, sitting in a circle round the camp-fire, I would produce my tobacco-pouch and give each of my new-found friends a pinch of its contents. But, alas! also the realm of the Kootenays is doomed. The past year was the last one of the free, untrammeled tribal existence of these lords of a tract of country some twenty thousand square miles in extent. By the time these pages are before the reader this last remnant of the great North American aboriginal race, as it was in the days of Lewis and Clarke, will have passed under the white man's yoke in the shape of confining reserves, while their country, the interesting Kootenay district, unrivaled for its scenic attractions, will be undergoing even more radical changes. Three railroads, two of which are already surveyed and in construction, will cross the Kootenay district: the Canada Pacific, forcing a passage over the tremendous Selkirk range, within sight, as it were, of the snowy peak which is the home of the white mountain goat; the Kootenay and Columbia Railway, a small line to be constructed down the Kootenay Lake outlet by some San Francisco capitalists; while the third is the proposed branch line of the Northern Pacific, which will connect the Kootenay River with their main line. And that is not all: some

* The existence of land-locked salmon has so often been disputed that it is interesting to note that in the Kootenay Lake these fish can be found in great quantities and of large size. Salmon, as every one knows, ascend the Columbia in millions, but none can get over the falls in the Kootenay Lake outlet,—the only connection between the Columbia and Kootenay Lake,—so that the presence of land-locked salmon in the lake would be puzzling but for the close approach of the Kootenay River to the Upper Columbia Lake, where during high freshets a natural connection between the two waters was formerly established. From an ichthyological point of view Kootenay Lake is, therefore, an exceedingly interesting and, one might say, perfectly unexplored region.



AMONG THE CLOUDS.

English "land-grabbers," friends of the writer, have secured from the British Columbia Government those beautiful stretches of park-like riverine land along the Kootenay, which at present are subject to an annual overflow from spring freshets, with the view of reclaiming them on a large scale and dotting the Kootenay valley with peaceful farm-houses, where formerly stood isolated Indian lodges.

Poor, simple, smiling Kootenay! Men from the Far East and men from the Far West have taken his happy hunting-grounds under their protectorate; and, ransack his shaggy head as he may, he cannot solve civilization's problem, which says might is right, not right is might.

William A. Baillie-Grohman.



IN THE LAUNDRY. (PASTEL BY ROBERT BLUM.)

THE time is not long past when, if the average educated American spoke of pictures, he meant oil paintings alone; if of prints, steel engravings only. Art — true art, "high art" — was confined for him to these two methods; and he would not have understood that certain so-called minor branches, of whose existence he was dimly conscious, might properly be ranked beside them. He would not have understood that each of these, however limited its scope, has yet an individual importance of its own, an aim, a character, and an outcome quite peculiar to itself.

But in all art there are two great factors: the mind that speaks, and the medium — the materials — through which it speaks. And in pictorial art the various mediums are extremely potent, each limiting with decision the effects that may be wrought in it, and so prescribing with authority those which should be sought. No painter, however great his mastery of oils, can do everything by their sole aid. To secure certain effects, he must perforce seek other help, and find it in some one of those humbler branches which until lately were ignored or despised by us. And so it is with engraving: etching, mezzotinting, and wood-engraving have each a province far beyond the power of steel and burin to embrace.

Great as has been our advance in oil painting within recent years, I think our most notable evidence of progress lies in the fact that these minor branches are no longer either unfamiliar or despised; that we have turned with eagerness to many methods of interpretation our fathers did not touch. It is but seventeen years since our Water-color Society was formed, and only five or six years since its exhibitions have attracted either much public attention or the hands of our strongest men. Now these exhibitions are perhaps the most popular of the season, and hundreds of

varied works annually fill their walls. Middle-aged readers will remember what it was that gave the first impulse to water-colors in this country — the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1853. If they contrast the astonished interest then excited by a small group of English aquarelles with the number and popularity of our own productions at this moment, they will realize how our ideas of art have broadened and how our practice has developed.

I need hardly speak of the recent revival of wood-engraving in this country; of how it has grown within fifteen years from an unintelligent, unambitious craft — only one or two men practicing it in an artistic way — into a full-fledged art, into a truly national development. Etching is a still younger branch with us. This year we had but our fifth annual exhibition (the third with a separate catalogue), yet our etchers, too, are numerous, eager, and industrious. Look again at our collections of work in black and white, consider the variety of processes displayed, and think how many of them have only recently been made known to us. How long is it since charcoal, for example, has been recognized as a valuable means of expression — as something more than a mere stage in a student's practice while color is beyond his reach? Only, I think, since William Hunt explained it to his Boston pupils.

The fact that we have thus eagerly taken up these varied mediums does not of itself, I know, prove an actual growth in our artistic feeling. Further evidence is needed to show that our innovations are due to something more than a mere craving for novelty on the part of the artist or his public. But I think it may be said that we have taken them up not only eagerly, but intelligently. The number of our water-colors is not a more patent fact than their steady growth in general excellence — the testimony they afford that our painters realize the proper aims of the art, and so its best methods and most desirable results. If they are not all able to produce admirable aquarelles, yet taken as a whole they show their perception of what these ought to be. They are on the right road, though its ultimate goal has been reached but by a few of their swiftest runners.

So it is, I think, with our etching; and so, to a notable degree, with our wood-engraving. Here the goal we set ourselves is in many respects quite new — a goal we have ourselves discovered and proclaimed. But none could be more legitimate and worthy; and our results are not only so novel, but already so valuable and persuasive, that they have begun to affect the practice of the art in all foreign lands.

We are not overconfident, then, in feeling that our recently acquired impulse toward variety in medium is genuine, and not factitious; is a vital effort, and not a mere imported fashion, a mere expression of impatience with the beaten track, a mere search for novelty and change. I think we failed to appreciate these arts in other days partly because they were comparatively unfamiliar to our eyes, but chiefly because we felt no desire for the expressional facilities they offer. Absolutely unknown they were not, but their germs lay dormant till we awoke to a wider wish for self-expression. As soon as we really wanted to say many things through art, its language became of interest to our eyes, and we scanned its various dialects to find the one best suited to the moment's need. Great ideas, intense feelings, artistic messages of a deep and potent sort, I confess, we do not often speak as yet. But most of what we *do* say is appropriate to the form of speech selected. And this is the important because the fundamental fact. It proves that our instinct is not inartistic, and warrants the drawing of much prophetic comfort from the future.

For these reasons we cannot but rejoice that still another medium has recently found favor with our younger workmen. The first annual exhibition of the "Society of Painters in Pastel" was held in New York in the month of March, and its catalogue showed some sixty entries. Scarcely one of these lacked interest, and as a whole they proved that their painters had understood the nature of the method — not only its technical management, but its expressional possibilities — and had striven to conform themselves thereto.

A brief history of pastel painting and a brief explanation of its character may not be out of place as a preface to my notice of these works, since the art is unfamiliar to American eyes, and since its range, moreover, is commonly misconceived even by those who have seen its earlier examples preserved in foreign galleries.

It is a question among artists, I believe, whether pastel should be called a process of drawing or of painting. "Painting" usually implies the use of some liquid medium; but pastels are simply cylinders of dry color which are handled much after the manner of the charcoal stick, the substance worked upon being commonly rough paper, to the "tooth" or burr of which the color-particles adhere. And yet it does not seem quite right to speak of drawings in pastel, partly because of their color and partly because of the way in which their effects are wrought. "Drawing," though it must often be used with less precision, really implies work with the *point*. One draws with the pencil or the etcher's needle, and

the effects one seeks are effects of *line*, not mass. But with pastels one seeks effects of mass, not line. Either the color is completely blended with the stump or fingers, as was often the case in former days, or, if one uses the harder crayons most in favor now and their strokes remain distinct, these are comparable rather to the brush-marks of a painter than to the true lines of a draughtsman. The point too is used in pastels upon occasion, but subordinately — never conspicuously in the most artistic work. If, then, we must have a strict definition, we may call the process a sort of *dry painting*.

Since the color is not incorporated with the ground, but simply adheres to its surface, it will be seen that pastel work is of necessity somewhat fragile, yet not so fragile as is commonly supposed. Fixative may be used upon it, though with some danger to the color. And even without this, if it is covered with a glass and hung where no damp can reach it, there need be no cause for fear. Thus protected, a pastel should have, indeed, a surer chance of immortality than a work in oils, for it has no such troublous elements within itself. Its apparently vaporous tones are quite unchangeable, whereas we all know how Time the Destroyer finds a mighty ally in the slow transformation of pigments mixed with oil and varnish.

No color method is so useful to outdoor workers as is this. Since dry tints cannot readily be mixed, the pastel painter gets his ready-made from the hand of the color-man in an almost endless variety. They are light and portable, and always ready for instant, rapid use, without the necessity of any pause for dryings. And an added advantage (in which water-colors at least cannot claim to share) lies in the ease with which corrections may be made. A mistake can be effaced by friction, or, as the color is opaque, a superimposed tint retains its purity, and quite obliterates all that may lie beneath.

It is impossible to say just when pastels were first invented. They were used in a rather tentative fashion by Leonardo da Vinci and some of his near successors — sometimes alone in rather slight productions, but more often for the addition of color-notes to work in monochrome. It was not until the eighteenth century, however, that pastel painting attained its full stature as an independent art. Many artists of that time are known to-day by their pastels only — artists like Latour and Léotard and Vivien and Caffé and Rosalba Carriera. Others who were great in oils were great also in pastels, like Chardin, whose portraits of himself and his wife are, with Latour's "Madame de Pompadour" (all now in the Louvre collections), perhaps the most triumphant essays the history of this earlier development can show.

Portraiture was preëminently the art of the time, and most eighteenth-century pastels fall within its category. As the crayons were then used, no medium could have been in greater sympathy with the spirit of the age of Louis Quinze, when powder and pearls and soft rosy flesh, and clothes of pink and blue and white, made up the ideal of beauty — when grace not strength, when charm not force, when buoyancy not depth, when sensibility not earnestness, characterized both life and art. Every traveler will remember the rooms in the Dresden gallery which are filled with pastel portraits of the friends and favorites of King Augustus, and of the Venetian fellow-townsfolk of Rosalba. How appropriate seems the dainty, facile, fragile, rather superficial process to the human types it shows, and to the epoch which they vivify for us!

Yet, charming as are the pastels of this age, they do not reveal the whole of which the art is capable. So plentiful were they, however, and so perfect in their way, that they long blinded the world to further possibilities which lay behind them. As then practiced, the art was characterized by elaborate finish, carefully blended tones, soft effects, and a gently florid or a rather pale and chalky scheme of color. It seemed fit only for a super-elegant, somewhat shallow, and sentimental sort of work, unfit for spirited masculine intentions, for bold and rapid handling, for brilliant or emphatic color. Thus, when a robuster art arose upon the ruins of the shattered eighteenth century, — when the school of David came with its sobriety and dignity, and the school of Delacroix with its fire and force, — pastels were almost wholly given up. They only lingered humbly in the background, as when Prud'hon and Delacroix, for instance, used them to make hasty notes or to plan out their schemes of color. But later Millet took them up more seriously, and worked for a year or two almost wholly by their help. And to his example is chiefly due, I think, the renascence of the art in its altered shape to-day. Mr. Shaw of Boston has a roomful of Millet's pastels, which are not only delightful in themselves, but most instructive, when their spirit is contrasted with the spirit of such work as Latour's. Here, as I have said, softly blended effects were produced by a marvelously tender, delicate, and patient touch. But Millet's work does not differ more widely from Latour's in subject-matter and sentiment than it does in treatment. Under his hand the medium which had seemed fit

for boudoir use alone — a hot-house plant of art, a lovely, gracious, sympathetic, but rather nervous and effeminate form of speech — grew rapid, vigorous, direct, and masculine enough. Millet's color, too, is stronger, though for brilliancy he did not strive.

Of very late years the art has been widely practiced, especially in France, pushing still further the qualities which Millet gave it, and adding to their list the most pronounced and vivid color. Mr. Whistler gave it fresh impulse and popularity with his exquisite, subtile, yet freely handled and brilliantly colored Venetian studies. And finally, De Nittis showed that it was suitable for the most ambitious efforts. Single figures of large size were common, it is true, in the eighteenth century; but De Nittis paints elaborate compositions, in which the strongest color, the most difficult effects, and the most powerful handling are attempted. I remember one of them that showed a scene at a race-course with almost life-size groups — a marvel of technical audacity, a work that was remarkable, above all, for the strength which had so long lain unsuspected in these little cylinders of paint. In such pastels De Nittis seems to say: "See! I will take this medium which you have called charming but nothing more, which you think appropriate for rosy babes and powdered beauties only, and I will give you in it everything *but* charm — vigor, decision, rapidity, and breadth — and will paint you all subjects save those you deem most fit for it, even a mass of black umbrellas under a gray down-pour and over a turf of vivid green." He does, indeed, touch the outer limit of the art on the side of impetuosity and strength, and his example has visibly molded current practice. The pastel painters of to-day differ widely among themselves, but more, perhaps, are followers of De Nittis than of Whistler, while the eighteenth-century manner is entirely out of favor.

It will not take long to tell the history of the art in our own country. I can think of but one man who essayed it here in ante-bellum days — the Italian Fagnani, whose small portrait-heads are still preserved in a hundred New York homes. But not, we may assume, for strictly artistic reasons, since they have little cleverness or charm — are niggled little drawings, carefully worked up with the point, rather than true pastel paintings. In later years a few pastels were from time to time inspired by a sight of the new work abroad. But the public heard nothing of them, for no exhibition would grant them hospitality. They belonged to no recognized category — were neither the fish, the flesh, nor the good red herring of art. So, continuing to grow in favor with the profession, they have been driven to set up in the world for themselves — a fact we need not at all deplore, since a specialized exhibition is apt to incite to special effort, and since its appeal to the public eye is peculiarly direct and clear. This first collection of our "Society of Painters in Pastel" was but modestly heralded and was opened in an unfamiliar gallery; yet it attracted much attention, and undoubtedly went far to explain to intelligent eyes the peculiar characteristics of the process. Let us now briefly review its contents and see what those characteristics are.

At a first hasty glance the pictures looked very like an assemblage of works in oil, so analogous were they in their varieties of size, of subject-matter, and of color-scheme. But upon deeper examination this resemblance did not prove to be of a fundamental sort. As soon as we studied the process we began to see which were its most valuable because most *characteristic* results. We began to feel that, whatever his theme, the wise pastel-painter will choose from the mingled qualities of nature those which are most in sympathy with his material, from her multitudinous effects those which it best can render; and we began to learn that these are not quite identical with the qualities and the effects most consonant to the more familiar brush. We missed some charms which that brush can give, but we gained by others that it cannot imitate.

If we looked first at the landscapes, for example, we were particularly struck by Mr. Ross Turner's "Fiesole" — by the refinement of its feeling, the tenderness of its tone, the sensitiveness of its color, the suavity of its gradations, the pulsating vitality of its light. And we noted, too, how delicate was the manipulation which yet had not been blended into insipidity or smoothness. An oil might have been more forcible, a water-color more vivacious, but nothing save a charcoal could have been so deliciously modulated, so soft and yet so firm in substance; and here we had lovely color in addition to all that charcoal might have given. Turning now to Mr. Harry Chase's "North Sea, Holland," we found something of a more emphatic kind. The touch was bolder and broader, the color more positive, the effect more striking. But here, too, a delightful softness of texture had been preserved, in spite of the admirable way in which the quality of the water had been rendered. And it is this softness (which is not in the least akin to weakness or flimsiness, or to what painters call "sweetness") that enables pastel to give with unrivaled felicity certain of nature's features — such, for example, as her spring-time colors and as her atmosphere,

especially when it is in a hazy, misty mood, when its light is diffused and veiled rather than direct and vigorous.

But nowhere is this peculiar softness more at home than in the painting of fair human flesh; nowhere have its results a more distinct and inimitable value of their own. The actual material nature of pastel—the impalpable sort of bloom which marks its surface—has much in common with the character of such flesh. And then it is possible, in this medium, to elaborate with such nicety, and yet keep one's handling so very fresh and pure! Take, for instance, Miss Hecker's half-length of a girl in black against a blue background, which, in spite of many that were signed by more familiar names, seemed to me the gem among the portraits. Nothing could exceed the thoroughness with which all subtilities of modeling, color, and expression had been followed out; yet there was no niggling, no porcelain-like over-elaboration of the surface. Each of the delicately "telling" crayon strokes remained distinct and vital, and the effect was as spirited and artistic as it was complete. Nor was there, by the way, a more brilliant bit of technique on the wall than we saw in the lady's fluffy feather fan. I do not know how well Miss Hecker can do in oil, but in any case she will hardly make a mistake if she keeps faithfully to pastel. Such a portrait as this should not stand alone while we count so many maidens whose faces are a type of what pastel can best interpret.

Some of Mr. Beckwith's children's heads were very lovely; light but not chalky in tone, and extremely refined but not weak in workmanship. At the end of the scale, in the direction of audacity, was Mr. Chase's portrait of himself, as vigorous and vehement a piece of work, both in color and handling, as any painter need desire to show in any medium whatsoever.

Looking now at the collective work of each artist, it seemed to me as though Mr. Blum deserved the honor of first place, not so much because his pictures were very diverse and very clever, as because he showed in some of them a deeper intention, a more original mental impulse, than any of his fellows. We had had so much of mere clever workmanship in recent years; we had had so much of themes selected for their technical opportunities only; we had had so much of decorative frivolity, of shallow effectiveness, of picturesque futility; so many studio interiors with carefully careless accessories; so many models that were palpably nothing else; so much of the seductive froth and foam of manual dexterity, and so little keenness of artistic insight or spontaneity of artistic feeling, that we were thankful indeed for the fresh and genuine impulse that had prompted some of Mr. Blum's pastels—and doubly thankful, since superficial work might so easily have satisfied himself, and all but satisfied his friends, when he was trying a new process, extremely fascinating on its merely technical side.

His three chief pictures were groups of working-girls—actual transcripts from the local life about us, and from a side of that life which offers rich opportunities which have hitherto been neglected. They were no less truthful than novel, and were truthful in the best fashion—with a veracity touched by artistic idealization, but not transformed by it out of true verisimilitude. The artist had worked as an artist should,—realistically, but judiciously, I might almost say *judicially*,—keeping to the facts of nature, but carefully choosing from among them those which would best insure artistic felicity in his result. One of these pictures, reproduced in our engraving, showed a group of young laundresses at work; another, a room full of busy seamstresses; and the third, called "The Sisters," two girls sewing by a window. All were unconventional and apparently unstudied in arrangement, rapid, frank, and nervous in handling, and charming though subdued in color. All had a gray scheme and a rather light tonality, cleverly vivified in the two first-named by touches of brilliant yet harmonizing color; and in all three the light shone strongly from the pictured windows toward the spectator's eye. Such a device often savors of affectation, or of a desire to secure effectiveness at the expense of simplicity and repose. But here it was so well managed that it seemed as natural and unforced as any more conventional expedient. It was merely an evidence of that artistic *choice* to which I have referred—a choice which is praiseworthy or blamable, not according as it is conventional or eccentric, but according as the result confirms or does not confirm its rightness. Another evidence of apt selection lay in the character of the figures themselves—in the grace and charm that had been given without taking them outside the bounds of faithful portraiture. All our working-girls are not ugly, coarse, or vulgar. Far from it, as the first street or shop will prove. And we owe Mr. Blum a debt for the clear yet discreet way in which he marked the fact—for his protest against the oft-supposed necessity of painting ugliness whenever we turn from "imaginative" work to the transcribing of our every-day contemporary life. The spirited facial expressiveness which he always manages to give his figures, even when they are most conventional in conception, was another

merit in these pictures, and was further illustrated in a piquant little "Study in Red and Gray," which showed a saucy face smiling over the back of a chair.

A single figure in white by Mr. Francis Jones had no originality of invention to recommend it, but was nevertheless charming in sentiment, and from a technical point of view a truly exquisite bit of work — with a fine delicacy in the perception and rendering of difficult values that could hardly be overpraised. And Mr. Blashfield's "Sibyl," though not very successful in its main intention, gave an interesting proof that pastels can interpret smooth and shining surfaces as well as those of softer and opaquer kinds.

These were not all the good works on the wall, for, as I have said, scarcely one of the sixty failed to interest or please to some degree. But a mere *catalogue raisonné* would be of little value here. It is more important that I should turn once more to the testimony given by the exhibition as a whole with regard to the specialties and the limitations of the process.

It showed us that pastel is a very flexible medium, in so far as execution is concerned. In some specimens the handling was extremely refined, sensitive, and subtile; in others it was very dexterous, spirited, and crisp; in others strong and self-assured, or as broad and fluent as it well could be without falling into absolute manual license. We saw that delicacy with pastel need not mean feebleness; that accuracy need not mean hardness; that breadth need not mean diffuseness, or swiftness insufficiency. We saw, in a word, that technical individuality had here as wide a field as when the brush is used. And yet we could not ignore a difference in the technical results of the two arts. We could not fail to see that the delicacy, accuracy, breadth, or freedom of the pastel painter's work differs a little from the same quality when it is realized in oil.

We saw, again, that pastel color can range from the beauty of vaporous vagueness to the beauty of sparkling emphasis, or of incisive force, or of vivid brilliancy. But still just here in color there was one thing wanting, that one thing which is the peculiar glory, the distinctive specialty of work in oils — depth. Pastel color, bright and powerful though it may be, lacks profundity, liquidity, translucent glow, simply because these qualities are inherent in the oil medium and in the peculiar sort of transparence that comes to pigments mixed therewith. Water-color is transparent, but it too has little depth; while fresco and distemper in truth have none. And to these last pastel is somewhat akin in the quality of its tones. That dry, powdery, efflorescent nature which, rightly used, is its chief title to honor, giving a bloom, an airiness, a tenderness, a decorative grace that oil can hardly rival, marks out, on the other hand, the limitations of its power.

The general result of a color-scheme is the *tone* of a picture; and where color cannot be deep in the truest sense of the word, neither, of course, can tone. The tone of a pastel may vary from the palest to the darkest, an absolute black being as well within its reach as the most evanescent of hues. But *deep-toned* a pastel can never be — not deep-toned as Rembrandt, for example, would have understood the term. We can imagine many masters to whom pastel was unfamiliar who might be glad to try its power could they come back to life to-day; and among them would be some of the world's most brilliant colorists. But this one master — who is pre-eminently the master of luminous profundity of tone — would hardly be tempted by their possibilities. I think we can hardly imagine a pastel with the signature of Rembrandt.

Clever manipulations can, in truth, do much to mask these limitations. Mr. Ulrich, for example, sent to this exhibition the head of a negro that had almost the translucent depth of oil. But still I cannot omit the "almost"; and I must add that the secured success did not seem to me to compensate for the absence of more characteristic qualities, sacrificed of necessity in its attainment. It is not the best way to praise pastels to say, as I have heard it said by some of these young painters, "They can do anything that oil can do." *Almost* anything they can, in truth, though some things not so perfectly as oil. But if this were all, there would be no reason, save occasional convenience, why an artist should essay their use. It is because they can do certain things that oil can *not* do so well that they have a real claim on his attention. The most pertinent way to praise them is to state this fact; and the most admirable way to use them is to prove it in one's work. The pastel painter can do such lovely things with these docile crayons, can do things so unique in their artistic value, that he need not grudge the brush its own successes. He can do such lovely things — can fix such unsubstantial moods of nature, can seize such evanescent, shy effects, can imitate such inimitable textures, can elaborate such bewitching, rare tonalities, and such aerial or such audacious schemes of color — that he need surely not essay a *tour de force* and try for the deep translucency, the dignified severity, or the passionate force of oil.

If there are certain dangers attending the

use of this medium,—if its supple facility may easily lead a painter to be superficial, puerile, or vapid, if its coloristic charm may tempt him to be content with mere decorative effectiveness instead of true pictorial beauty, —it has certain safeguards within itself which almost forbid his sinning in the opposite direction. If he tries very hard, he may do crude and "showy" work; but his crudeness and vulgarity will not be so offensive as though he had been working with the brush. And, though he try his very worst, he can hardly arrive at positive glare or harshness or brutality of effect.

And now, to conclude, I will come back to the point from which I started, and repeat that most of the artists represented in this collection had evidently understood their medium. Some of their results were distinctly valuable; almost all showed cleverness of hand at least; and their wide versatility had in general been of the proper sort—free within the true limits of the art, but not lawless in a wish to overpass them. And this is the reason why the exhibition seemed worthy of notice and of praise; not because it was made up of charming pictures, but because these pictures showed that we had laid hold of a new art with interest and intelligence, had perceived its true ends and aims, and had tried to make them clearly visible.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

THE POET HEINE.

THE VENUS OF THE LOUVRE.

DOWN the long hall she glistens like a star,
The foam-born mother of love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on;
Time's brutal hand hath maimed, but could not mar.
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshiped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car,—
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life-adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

E. L.

THE recent publication in a German magazine of a fragment of the long-lost "Memoirs of Heine," lends the fresh excitement of a contemporary interest to the poet's classic name. If the German public were naturally inclined to greet with a certain skepticism the discovery of this duplicate autobiography, all doubts as to its genuineness must vanish with the appearance of the work itself. No one but Heine arisen from the grave could reproduce that magically pictorial style, with its exquisitely interwoven tissue of fancy, sentiment, and humor.

A fatal and irreconcilable dualism formed the basis of Heine's nature, and was the secret cause not only of his profound unhappiness, but of his moral and intellectual inconsistencies. He was a Jew, with the mind and eyes of a Greek. A beauty-loving, myth-creating pagan soul was imprisoned in a Hebrew frame; or rather, it was twinned, like the unfortunate Siamese, with another equally powerful soul,—proud, rebellious, oriental in its love of the vague, the mysterious, the grotesque, and tragic with the two-thousand-year-old Passion of the Hebrews. In Heine the Jew there is a depth of human sympathy, a mystic warmth and glow of imagination, a pathos, an enthusiasm, an indomitable resistance to every species of bondage, totally at variance with the qualities of Heine the Greek. On the other hand, the Greek Heine is a creature of laughter and sunshine, possessing an intellectual clearness of vision, a plastic grace, a pure and healthy love of art for art's own sake, with which the somber Hebrew was in perpetual conflict. What could be the result of imprisoning two such antagonistic natures in a single body? What but the contradictions, the struggles, the tears, the violences that actually ensued? For Heine had preëminently the artist capacity

of playing the spectator to the workings of his own mind, and his mordant sarcasm and merciless wit were but the expression of his own sense of the internal incongruity. None of the unhappily bewitched creatures that abound in his poems,—lovely mermaids with the extremities of a sea-monster, the immortal Sphinx, half woman, half brute, beautiful Greek gods wandering disinherited in beggar guise through the labyrinth of the Black Forest—none of these had been subjected to a more painful transformation than he himself had suffered. He was a changeling, the victim of one of Nature's most cruel tricks, and his legacy to the world bears on every page the mark of the grotesque caprice which had begotten him. To-day his muse is the beautiful Herodias, the dove-eyed Shulamite; to-morrow it will be the Venus Anadyomene, the Genius of blooming Hellas. He laments the ruin of Jerusalem with the heart-stirring accents of the prophets, he glorifies Moses, "the great emancipator, the valiant rabbi of liberty, the terrible enemy of all servitude! What a glorious personage!" he exclaims. "How small Mount Sinai looks when Moses stands on its summit!" He confesses that in his youth he had never done justice to this great master, nor to the Hebrew people,—"doubtless," he says, "on account of my Græco-pagan nature, the partiality of my Athenian mind which abhorred the asceticism of Judæa. But my predilection for the Hellenic world has diminished since then. I see now that the Greeks were only beautiful youths, whilst the Jews were always men, and powerful, indomitable men, not only then, in antiquity, but even to-day, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and misery. I have learned to appreciate them since, and if all pride of birth were not an absurd contradiction, in the champion of the democratic principles of the revolution, the author of this book might boast that his ancestors belonged to the noble house of Israel, that he is descended from those martyrs who gave the world a God, who promulgated the eternal code of morality, and who have fought valiantly upon every battle-field of thought!"

Let the reader contrast with this eloquent outburst the well-known passage written at a still later date in the preface to Heine's last volume of poems:

"I have forsworn nothing, not even my old heathen gods, from whom indeed I have parted, but parted in love and friendship. It was in May, 1848, the last day I went out, that I took leave of my lovely idols whom I had worshiped in the time of my happiness. I crawled painfully as far as the Louvre, and I almost fainted away when I entered the lofty hall, where the ever-blessed Goddess of Beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands upon her pedestal. I lay for a long time at her feet, and I wept so bitterly that even a stone would have pitied me. And indeed the goddess looked down upon me compassionately, yet at the same time so disconsolately, as if she would say: 'Do you not see that I have no arms, and that I cannot help you?'"

If we bear in mind this distinctly dual nature of Heine, we may partly understand how he, whom his enemies called "a sybarite, whose sleep was disturbed by the fall of a rose-leaf," proved himself capable during the last ten years of his life of a sustained fortitude under bodily anguish that recalls the heroism of the martyrs. From this inherent self-contradiction sprang his alternations of enthusiasm and cynicism, of generosity and egotism, his infidelities, his meannesses, his magnanimities, his broken-hearted laughter, his rainbow-shining tears. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of his "inconceivable attacks upon his enemies, his still more inconceivable attacks upon his friends." We no longer wonder at either, when we remember that his double nature impelled him to turn and rend on the morrow that which he had worshiped the day before. He loves to defy, to shock, even to revolt, his warmest admirers; no prejudices are sacred, no associations are reverend to him. Romanticism, Hellenism, Hebraism, Teutonism,—he swears allegiance to each and all in turn, and invariably concludes with a mock and parody of each one. As a political writer he remained steadfast to no single party, oscillating between Napoleonism and Communism; as a critic his literary opinions were frequently extravagant and partial, and his enthusiasm generally an unsafe guide; as a philosopher, he was now a Pantheist, worshiping God everywhere in nature, now a Hegelian, believing in himself as the incarnation of deity. A mocking voice calls out from his pages, "I am a Jew, I am a Christian, I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one—a Greek, a Hebrew, an adorer of despotism incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of Communism embodied in Proudhon—a Latin, a Teuton, a beast, a devil, a god!" Thus he bewitches us amid roguish laughter, streaming tears, and fiery eloquence. In reality Heine is all and none of these; he is a Poet, and in each phase of human development that passes before his contemplation his plastic mind seizes and reproduces an image of beauty and inspiration. It is only as a poet that we shall consider him in these pages, for his prose-writings, which fill half a dozen octavo volumes, cover too large a field of æsthetic and political interest for us properly to review them all within the limits of a magazine article. Moreover, whether he wrote in prose or verse, Heine remained always and

essentially a poet, and from this single point of view we may get a true insight into his genius.

II.

A BRIEF recapitulation of the main outward events of Heine's life may not come amiss to American readers. He was born in Dusseldorf on the Rhine, of Jewish parents, in 1799, and received his education first at a Franciscan monastery of French Jesuits in his native town, and later at the universities of Bonn and Göttingen. His home-life and surroundings were strictly Jewish, and it was not until the year 1825 that he was baptized in the Lutheran church. Religious forms were at all times a matter of complete indifference to him; and this step was taken, not from conviction, but in order to secure freedom in the choice of a profession, as the German code of that day obliged every Jew to become either a physician or a money-lender. In 1831 he voluntarily exiled himself, and settled in Paris for the remainder of his days, owing to the increasing vexations and disquiet caused him in Germany by the severity of the literary censorship and the absence of all political liberty. His last ten years of life were darkened by a horrible disease of the spine, which chained him to his bed and gradually reduced his frame to the proportions of a child. His intellect remained clear and active to the end, and his patience and cheerfulness under his affliction became proverbial. He died in 1856, and was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre. Heine married, some time during the early stages of his illness, a Parisian *grisette*, whose death occurred about two years ago.

With the publication of Heine's first volume of poems, "Youthful Sorrows" ("Junge Leiden"), the world felt that a new chord had been struck, although he only deals in these with the eternal simple elements of poetry—love, longing, and disappointment, spring, moonlight, flowers, and nightingales—and pours them into the most familiar molds: the ballad and *Volkslied* measures of the Minnesingers, or the conventional Italian sonnet. For him human language seems to lose its inadequacy and intangibility; for him the German tongue lays aside its harshness and unwieldiness to become the most pliant musical medium of lyrical utterance. The "Intermezzo," "Homeward Bound," and the "New Spring" are all a continuation of the tone struck in the "Youthful Sorrows." A collection of Austrian Volk-songs suggested the form of these poems, but their spirit was that of the modern man of the world, their passion was the *Weltschmerz* of the nineteenth century. Heine, the young disciple destined to surpass so immeasurably his masters, takes up the long-neglected sylvan pipe of reeds dropped from the hands of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walter von der Vogelweide and transforms it into a harp of a thousand strings, capable of responding with swelling harmonies to every note of passion wrung from the poet's heart by the complicated influences of modern life. In the "Intermezzo" Heine attains his fullest and richest lyrical expression. This series of songs develops in regular sequence the whole drama of the birth of love in the "wondrous, lovely month of May," its growth and progress, and finally its cruel betrayal, to be followed by unspeakable anguish and death. We must go back to the Hebrew poets of Palestine and Spain to find a parallel in literature for the magnificent imagery and voluptuous orientalism of the "Intermezzo." Yet how dexterously Heine could catch the mediæval strain is shown in the last song but one of the series, which has the simplicity of diction and quaint symbolism of the Minnesingers:

Night lay upon mine eyelids,
About my lips earth clave;
With stony heart and forehead
I lay within my grave.

How long I cannot reckon
I slept in that strait bed;
I woke and heard distinctly
A knocking overhead.

"Wilt thou not rise, my Henry?
The eternal dawn is here;
The dead have re-arisen,
Immortal bliss is near?"

"I cannot rise, my darling,
I am blinded to the day.
Mine eyes with tears, thou knowest,
Have wept themselves away."

"Oh, I will kiss them, Henry,
Kiss from thine eyes the night.
Thou shalt behold the angels
And the celestial light."

"I cannot rise, my darling,
My blood is still outpoured,
Where thou didst wound my heart once,
With sharp and cruel word."

"I'll lay my hand, dear Henry,
Upon thy heart again.
Then shall it cease from bleeding,
And stilled shall be its pain."

"I cannot rise, my darling,
My head is bleeding—see!
I shot myself, thou knowest,
When thou wast reft from me."

"Oh, with my hair, dear Henry,
I'll staunch the cruel wound,
And press the blood stream backward,
Thou shalt be whole and sound."

So kind, so sweet she wooed me,
I could not say her nay.
I tried to rise and follow,
And clasp my loving May.

Then all my wounds burst open,
From head and breast outbrake
The gushing blood in torrents —
And lo, I am awake!

Even at the cost of sacrificing the enchanted melody we will give a few prose translations of these masterpieces; only in such a literal version may we hope to convey an approximate idea of their piercing subtlety of thought and innuendo. Sharp and fine as the poisoned sting of a deadly tropic flower is the barbed wit of these inimitable songs; each one under its velvet sheath seems to prick our very heart's blood with its long needle of embittered irony.

I.

They sat and drank at the tea-table, and chatted much about love.
The gentlemen were æsthetic and the ladies full of delicate sensibility.
"Love must be Platonic," said the dried-up Chancellor, and the Chancellor's wife smiled ironically and sighed, "Alas!"
The Canon opened his mouth wide. "Love must not be too violent, or it may endanger one's health." The young lady lisped, "How so?"
The sentimental Countess spoke: "Love is a passion," and she kindly offered a cup to M. le Baron.
There was still another seat at the table. My darling, you were absent. My dearest treasure, you could have talked to them so prettily about your love.

II.

Like the sea-foam Goddess, so glitters my love in the splendor of her beauty; for she is the chosen bride of a stranger.
Heart, my heart, thou patient sufferer, murmur not against this treason. Bear it, bear it, and forgive whatever the foolish darling does.

III.

I dreamt of a king's daughter with wet, pale cheeks. We sat under the green linden and lovingly we embraced.
"I crave not thy father's throne, I crave not his golden scepter, I crave not his diamond crown, I crave thee, thou beautiful creature!"
"That may not be," said she, "for I am lying in my grave. And only at night I come to thee, because I love thee so dearly."

IV.

Out of my huge sorrows, I make my little songs. They spread their musical wings and flutter toward her heart.
They have found their way to my darling, but they come back lamenting. They lament, and will not tell me what they saw in her heart.

V.

My darling, thou must tell me to-day: Art thou not the creature of a dream, such as in sultry summer evenings might spring from some poet's brain?
But, no! such a mouth, such magically-glowing eyes, such a sweet lovely little chin, no poet ever created.
Basilisks and vampyres, monsters and dragons, and all such fabulous evil beasts, are created by the poet's fire.
But thee and thy tricks and thine innocent face and thy demure, treacherous glance, no poet ever created these.

The "Intermezzo" was originally, as its name implies, a brief lyrical interlude introduced between Heine's two tragedies, "Almansor" and "Ratcliffe," which appeared in the same volume. These plays afford one more curious instance of an author's incapacity for self-judgment. "I will tell you in confidence," Heine wrote to a friend, "they are very good, better than my poems, which are not worth a shot. Everything else that I have written, or write now, may perish and must perish." In "Ratcliffe" we fail to find a trace of the poet of the "Intermezzo"; an ordinary schoolboy with a healthy enthusiasm for Scott might almost be capable of a similar production. "Almansor," which Heine thought the poorer of the two, is a decided improvement upon "Ratcliffe," being redeemed from mediocrity by its brilliant arabesques of Moorish life in Spain, its pathetic description of the death of Fatima, and its fantastic idyl of the love of Almansor and Zuleima. Nevertheless as a tragedy it is a complete failure; it lacks all the essential elements — interest, action, and character — and resembles rather a ballad to which has been capriciously assigned the dramatic form.

In the "North Sea" Poems, the theme is one never before enlarged upon in German literature: the glory and beauty of the sea, which Heine "loved as he loved his soul." His muse here blends in a symmetrical whole the sunny mythology of Hellas, the rude spirit of the Goths, and the Hebraic diction and imagery. Odin and Poseidon stand side by side, Aphrodite and her roguish son "who has chosen the poet's heart for his playground" are surrounded with the atmosphere of the Scandinavian Sagas, and followed by a pre-Raphaelite picture of the tremendous figure of Christ striding over the waters in waving white raiment, enveloped in golden light, with the red flaming sun as the heart in his bosom. In the second cyclus there is no diminution of wit, pathos, and energy, from the spirit-stirring "Salutation to the Sea" to the exquisite pastoral epilogue.

In 1841 appeared Heine's satirical ballad of "Atta Troll — a Summer Night's Dream." It has been remarked that this poem, while ridiculing and parodying the Romantic school, is indebted for its chief beauty to its own highly colored romanticism. Its hero, Atta

Troll, is a dancing bear, who, escaping from his keeper in the market-place of Cauteretz, flies to his former home in the valley of Roncesvalles, where in the bosom of his family he declaims against the barbarity of men and incites his cubs to rebellion against these arch-aristocrats. In the latter half of the poem Heine describes the hunting and ignominious death of the audacious brute. His hand had lost none of its cunning, he was still absolute sovereign over the laughter and tears of his generation. His nocturnal vision of the phantoms of Romanticism riding through the moonlit forest stands out prominently among his most masterly pictures. King Arthur, Ogier the Dane, Shakspere, and his commentator Franz Horn, dash past him, together with slender nymphs enveloped in their flowing curls as in a golden mantle, some bearing falcons on their wrists, amidst ringing laughter, baying of hounds, tramp of horses, snapping of whips, winding of horns, and all the halloo and uproar of the chase. He recognizes the ravishing figure of the beautiful Herodias, and his Hebrew blood tingles in his veins with longing and love.

"On her glowing, languid visage
Lay the magic of the Orient.
And her garb recalled the splendor
Of Scheherezade's legends.

"Softest lips like twin pomegranates,
Dainty nose, a bended lily.
And her limbs as cool and slender
As the palms of the oasis."

In 1844 Heine published "Germania, A Winter's Tale," in which his humor adopted a still coarser garb than she had hitherto worn, but where side by side with biting satire and broad Rabelaisian metaphors bloomed delicate buds of fancy and luxuriant flowers of eloquence. This was the last work of his years of healthy activity, the "Romancero," the "Lamentations," and the "Book of Lazarus" being written while his ruthless malady chained him to his "mattress grave." The verses entitled "Sylvan Solitude" ("Waldeinsamkeit"), where the poet returns to his favorite woodland haunts and finds his old friends the elves and nixies fleeing with horror from his ghastly aspect, are full of heart-wrung pathos. But this tone, although it predominates in his last poems, does not by any means exclude all others. Heine sports with his misery to the very end, and from the cater-wauling on the roofs of Paris at night and the distracting jingle of incessant pianos, to the delirium of fever and the administering of potions and poultices, the most prosaic themes suffice to inspire his inexhaustible humor and imagination. The tragic wail, however, deepens as the struggle continues, and some of the final poems are like a groaning prayer for mercy, or a sob of anguish. Such a note as this, he bitterly remarked, had never been struck in German literature, for no German poet had ever suffered as he suffered. Had he forgotten his romantic compatriot Hoffmann, the author of the "Contes Fantastiques," who some twenty-four years previously had endured with a like spirit the same horrible malady? No, it was not the agony, nor even the indomitable fortitude, but the genius, "whose crest was a smiling tear," that was without a parallel in German literature.

III.

THERE was one ideal object from which Heine's loyal devotion never swerved nor wavered through all the vagaries of his eccentric career — and this object was Germany. Harshly as he and all his race were treated by the fatherland, his sentiment for the German people, his affinity with the German genius, his affection for the language, the literature, the legends, the very soil of his native land continued in unbroken force through all his years of exile beneath the thin veneer of Gallicism and cosmopolitanism. He who by his brilliant essays in the French language and his sparkling *mots* acquired the reputation of being "the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire," was in reality heart-sick for the sound of his mother tongue. "No one," he said bitterly, "can form an idea of this spiritual exile but a German poet who finds himself all day long obliged to speak and write in French. Even my thoughts are exiled — exiled into a foreign tongue." And again: "I, a bird from the German forest, accustomed to build my nest out of the most motley and simple materials — I must nest here in the powdered wig of Voltaire!"

But if he loved Germany, it was the ideal, the possible Germany of the future, not the actual servile and petty principalities that constituted the Prussia of his day. He was never tired of ridiculing the "thirty kings or more," who "snored under the shadow of St. Gothard." When he returned to France after his last visit to his old home, he replied manfully to the "lackeys of the Government" who had taunted him with his partiality for the French and his want of patriotism: "I will honor and revere your colors," said he, "when they deserve my respect, when they cease to be an empty or a wicked farce. Plant the red, black and golden flag on the heights of German thought, make it the standard of free humanity, and I will shed for it my heart's best

blood. Be easy; I love the fatherland just as much as you do. For this very love's sake I have pined thirteen years of my life in exile, and for this very love's sake I return to-day into exile, perhaps for ever. . . . Be calm; I will never surrender the Rhine to the French, for one simple reason, because the Rhine belongs to me, by inalienable birthright. I am the free Rhine's still freer son; on its banks stood my cradle, and I am unable to understand how the Rhine can possibly belong to any one but its own children. . . . As for Alsace and Lorraine, they will be united with Germany, when we have completed that which the French have begun, *when we outstrip them in act as we have already done in thought*, . . . when we have reinstated in their dignity the poor disinherited people, despised genius and disgraced beauty, as our great masters have said and sung, and as we young ones will do." The following poem illustrates still further Heine's passionate sympathy with his country:

THE SPINNERS.

No tears are in their eyes of gloom,
They grind their teeth before the loom.
"Oh, Germany, thy shroud we spin,
And weave a threefold curse therein.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"Cursed be the idol to whom we call,
In winter's cold and hunger's pain,
We have hoped and waited in vain, in vain,
He has duped and cheated and fooled us all.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"Cursed be the king, the rich man's king,
Untouched by the sight of our suffering,
Who squeezed the farthings from every one,
And shot us like dogs when the last was gone.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"Cursed be the treacherous fatherland,
Where shame and disgrace go hand in hand,
Where the bud is blighted before its time,
But the mouldy worm may reach its prime.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"The shuttle whirrs, the wheel's in flight,
Busily spin we, day and night,
Oh, Germany, thy shroud we spin,
And weave a threefold curse therein.
We're weaving, we're weaving."

Compared with these ringing, burning words, how cold seems the detached cosmopolitanism of Goethe, the serene pagan, the courtier and companion of princes, who, from his lofty height of indifference, accused Heine, the embittered enthusiast, of a "want of love." There is a personal and still deeper note in the following "Night Thoughts:"

When I think of Germany at night, then sleep grows impossible.
I can no longer close my eyes, for the hot tears are streaming down.
Years have come and gone since I last saw my mother; twelve years already have passed, and my yearning and longing increase. . . .
Oh, how she loves me, and in her letters, I see how her hand trembles, and how her mother-heart is shaken. . . .
Germany has an everlasting foundation, and is sound to the core, with its oaks and lindens, I can always find it again.
I should not yearn so for Germany, if the old mother were not there; the fatherland will not spoil, only the old lady may die.
Since I left home, how many have sunk into the grave, of those I loved! When I count them, my heart seems bleeding away.
And I *must* count them! Even as I count, my grief swells higher and higher. I feel as if the corpses were dancing about in my breast. Thank God, they vanish!
Thank God! through my window breaks the cheerful French daylight. My wife enters, beautiful as morning, and laughs away my German cares.

Heine made peculiarly his own the rich and lovely realm of German tradition and folk-lore; he was undisputed master over the elves, kobolds, undines and fairies, the willis, wizards, enchantresses, and dwarfs that people the woods and springs of his fatherland. He created anew the Lorelei of the Rhine and the Venus of the Wartburg; he was the lover and beloved of all the exquisite creatures that inhabit the groves and water-ways, and in many a poem he has described how the nymphs or the mermaids come forth at twilight from their secret haunts to caress and entice the melancholy poet. Even in his own day he was accepted as a folk-singer, and his rhymes found their way to the heart of the people and the lips of the peasantry, side by side with the bird-like refrains of the mediæval minstrels. No surer proof than this could be offered of his thorough identification with the Teutonic spirit and genius. But it was the graft of a foreign tree that gave him his rich and spicy aroma, his glowing color, his flavor of the Orient. His was a seed sprung from the golden branch that flourished in Hebrew-Spain between the years 1000 and 1200. Whoever looks into the poetry of the mediæval Spanish Jews will see that Heine, the modern, cynical German-Parisian, owns a place among these devout and ardent mystics who preceded him by fully eight centuries. The "Intermezzo," so new and individual in German literature, is but a well-sustained continuation of the "Divan" and "Gazelles" of Judah Halevi, or the thinly veiled sensuousness of Alcharisi and Ibu Ezra. Heine is too sincere a poet to be accused of plagiarism, but there can be no doubt that, imbued as he was with the spirit of his race, revering so deeply their seldom-studied poetic legacy, he at times unwittingly repeated the notes which rang so sweetly in his ears. What the world thought distinct-

ively characteristic of the man was often simply a mode of expression peculiar to his people at their best. To illustrate our meaning we will quote a few lines from one of the older poets — Judah Halevi. Might they not have been inserted in the very heart of the "Intermezzo," without our perceiving the slightest variation of tone?

"'Seest thou o'er my shoulders falling,
Snake-like ringlets waving free?
Have no fear, for they are twisted
To allure thee unto me.'
Thus she spake, the gentle dove,
Listen to thy plighted love.
'Ah, how long I wait, until
Sweetheart cometh back,' she said;
'Laying his caressing hand
Underneath my burning head.'"

In the following stanza, translated from the Hebrew of Halevi, we have even a flash of the Heine wit:

"The day I crowned his rapture at my feet,
He saw his image in mine eyeballs shine.
He kissed me on the eyes — ah, what deceit!
He kissed his picture, not these eyes of mine."

Heine has worthily celebrated his great predecessor in the poem entitled "Judah Halevi," and his passionate lamentation for Jerusalem has the very ring of the older poet.

"She, the peopled, sacred city,
Is transformed into a desert,
Where wild devils, were-wolves, jackals,
Lead a foul, accursed existence.

"Serpents, birds of night are nesting
In her weather-beaten gateways.
From her windows' airy arches,
Gaze, as from their dens, the foxes.

"Sometimes you may see emerging
Some poor beggar of the desert,
Pasturing his hump-backed camels
On the thick, high-growing grasses.

"On the noble heights of Zion,
Where were held the golden revels,
Whose rare splendor once bore witness
To the glory of the monarch;

"There, by noisome weeds o'ercovered,
Now you find gray heaps of rubbish,
Of such melancholy aspect
You would fancy they were weeping.

"And 'tis said they weep in earnest,
Once in every year, upon the
Ninth day of the month of Ab.
Mine own eyes were overflowing,

"As I saw the heavy tear-drops
Glittering on the mighty ruins,
As I heard the lamentation
Of the broken temple-columns."

If Heine had never written any other Judaic poems than this ballad of "Halevi," and the verses we are about to quote, he would deserve a high place in that splendid galaxy which includes not only Halevi and Gabirol, but David, Isaiah, and the author of Job. The following is a rhymed dedication to his unfinished novel, the "Rabbi of Bacharach":

Break out into loud lamentations, thou glowing martyr-song, that I have so long cherished in the flaming silence of my soul.
It pierces all ears, and through the ears it pierces into the heart. I have powerfully invoked the thousand-year-old agony.
Great and small are weeping, even the haughty nobles; the women and the flowers are weeping, the stars are weeping in heaven.
And all the tears flow silently commingled toward the south, they all flow onward and empty themselves in the Jordan.

But it would convey a false impression to insist unduly upon the Hebrew element in Heine's genius, or to deduce therefrom the notion that he was religiously at one with his people. His sympathy with them was a sympathy of race, not of creed, and, as we have said, it alternated with an equally strong revulsion in favor of Greek forms and ideas of beauty. Nor did it ever restrain him from showering his pitiless arrows of ridicule upon the chosen race. No one has given us more irresistibly comic pictures of their peculiar traits, no one comparable to him in wit and power has so fully understood and exposed the lingering traces stamped upon them by centuries of degradation. We repeat it, he was no one thing long or consistently, and the deluded Jew who takes up his work to chuckle over his witty sarcasms against Christianity will be grievously disappointed suddenly to receive a stinging blow full in the face from the same merciless hand.

Despite the magical fascination of Heine's style, there is no denying the continual recurrence of a false note in his song. We do not speak of the flippancy or the vulgarity into which he occasionally degenerates, but of a morbid, lachrymose sentimentality, which in its first suggestion was unpleasant, and which, predominating in proportion as his health and temper failed, more and more offends a pure taste, and inexorably precludes him from wearing the crown of those poets whose high prerogative it is to console, to uplift, to lead humanity. Goethe ascribed Heine's weakness to the want of love, and Matthew Arnold to a lack of moral balance. If, after these authoritative voices, we presume to give another name to his defect, it is not in contradiction, but rather in explanation, of their terms. We should say that what he lacked, physically, mentally, and morally, was — health. His love is a frenzy, his wit is often fantastic and gro-

tesque as a sick man's visions, his very enjoyment of nature is more like the feverish excitement of an invalid who is allowed a brief breathing-space in the sunshine, than the steady, sober intensity of one of her life-long worshipers. He has expressed it himself in the following lines:

I feel as if I had sat all winter long,
A sick man in a darkened sick-room,
And now suddenly I leave it,
And dazzlingly beams forth to meet me,
The emerald spring, the sunshine-awakened spring.
And the white-blossomed trees rustle,
And the young flowers look up at me, with their many-colored fragrant eyes,
And there is an aroma and a murmuring, and a breathing and laughter,
And the little birds are singing in the blue heaven,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

It was impossible that the inharmonious elements combined in Heine's personality should ever properly affiliate and result in a sound, symmetric whole. His song is but the natural expression of the inward dissonance. Its lack of repose and dignity is characteristic of the tortured, vacillating soul, the over-strained nerves, and the proud, brutally wounded heart that engendered it. Poor Heine! I stood last summer by the grave of this free song-bird of the German forest. He lies in the stony heart of Paris amidst the hideous monuments decked with artificial wreaths of bead and wire that form the usual adornments of a French cemetery. Where were the waving boughs, and emerald turf, the "lofty oaks glowing like green flame against the sky," that should have covered the poet's resting-place? Far from the parents whom he had loved with the passionate intensity of the Jew, far from his kinsfolk and the friends of his youth, surrounded by strangers to whom the very name on the tombstone is an unpronounceable, barbaric word, —he seems even in death an exile and outcast.

Yet no! Even now, more than a quarter of a century after his death, perhaps he is better thus. The day before I visited his tomb the barrier-wall between the Jewish and Christian portions of the cemetery of Montmartre had been demolished by order of the French Government. As I saw the rubbish and wreck left by the work of humane destruction, I could not but reflect with bitterness that the day had not yet dawned beyond the Rhine, when Germany, free from race-hatred and bigotry, is worthy and ready to receive her illustrious Semitic son.*

Emma Lazarus.

May, 1884.

* The following description of Heine's personal appearance, from the pen of the German poet Weinbarg, may be of interest to our readers: "He dressed in severely-simple taste; I never saw him wear any jewelry. Beautiful soft dark-brown hair surrounded his full smooth oval face, which was generally overspread with a delicate pallor. Between his close-drawn eyelids, his well-cut eyes, which were rather small than large, were usually shadowed by a dreamy expression, the most distinctive feature of the poet. When he was animated, they were lighted by a merry, clever smile, with a spice of lurking mischief, but without any sting of malice. The weak root of the nose betrayed (according to the physiognomists) a lack of force and magnanimity, and the nose itself, slightly hooked, seemed to have a somewhat languid character. The smooth brow was lightly and beautifully arched, the lips were frank, the chin round, but not powerful. The 'wicked twitching' of the upper lip was evidently nothing but a habit, and no sign of inherent misanthropy and disgust with life."

WINTER.

O WINTER! thou art not that haggard Lear,
With stormy beard and countenance of woe,
Raving amain, or dumbly crouching low,
In hoary desolation mocked with fear.
To me thou art the white queen of the year,
A stately virgin in her robes of snow,
With royal lilies crowned, and all aglow
With holy charms and gems celestial clear.
Nor dost thou come in barren majesty,
Thou hast thy dower of sunbeams thrice refined;
Nor songless, but with cheerful minstrelsy
Rung from the singing harp-strings of the wind;
And ah, with such sweet dreams — such visions bright,
Of flowers, and birds, and love's divine delight!

O. C. Auringer.

WINTER NEIGHBORS.

THE country is, of course, more of a wilderness, more of a wild solitude, in the winter than in the summer. The wild comes out. The urban, the cultivated, is hidden or negatived. You shall hardly know a good field from a poor, a meadow from a pasture, a park from a forest. Lines and boundaries are disregarded; gates and bar-ways are unclosed; man lets go his hold upon the earth; title-deeds are deep buried beneath the snow; the best-kept grounds relapse to a state of nature; under the pressure of the cold all the wild creatures become outlaws, and roam abroad beyond their usual haunts. The partridge comes to the orchard to get buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash-heap and corn-crib, the snow-buntings to the stack and to the barn-yard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine-grosbeak comes down from the north and shears your maples of their buds; the fox prowls about your premises at night, and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn or steal the butternuts from your attic. In fact, winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures, and sets them adrift. Winter, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

For my part, my nearest approach to a strange bedfellow is the little gray rabbit that has taken up her abode under my study floor. As she spends the day here and is out larking at night, she is not much of a bedfellow, after all. It is probable that I disturb her slumbers more than she does mine. I think she is some support to me under there — a silent, wide-eyed witness and backer; a type of the gentle and harmless in savage nature. She has no sagacity to give me or lend me, but that soft, nimble foot of hers, and that touch as of cotton wherever she goes, are worthy of emulation. I think I can feel her good-will through the floor, and I hope she can mine. When I have a happy thought I imagine her ears twitch, especially when I think of the sweet apple I will place by her doorway at night. I wonder if that fox chanced to catch a glimpse of her the other night when he stealthily leaped over the fence near by and walked along between the study and the house? How clearly one could read that it was not a little dog that had passed there. There was something furtive in the track; it shied off away from the house and around it, as if eying it suspiciously; and then it had the caution and deliberation of the fox — bold, bold, but not too bold; wariness was in every footprint. If it had been a little dog that had chanced to wander that way, when he crossed my path he would have followed it up to the barn and have gone smelling around for a bone; but this sharp, cautious track held straight across all others, keeping five or six rods from the house, up the hill, across the highway toward a neighboring farmstead, with its nose in the air and its eye and ear alert, so to speak.

A winter neighbor of mine in whom I am interested, and who perhaps lends me his support after his kind, is a little red owl, whose retreat is in the heart of an old apple-tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding-place is discovered by the jays and nuthatches, and proclaimed from the tree-tops for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command. Four times the present winter they have called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple-tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I hear their cries, I know my neighbor is being berated. The birds take turns at looking in upon him and uttering their alarm-notes. Every jay within hearing comes to the spot and at once approaches the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness and excitement takes a peep at the owl, and then joins the outcry. When I approach they hastily take a final look and then withdraw and regard my movements intently. After accustoming my eye to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments, I can usually make out the owl at the bottom feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really does, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the axe. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all. When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood, like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Not till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death. Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes

flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again. I put a cover over my study wood-box and kept him captive for a week. Look in upon him at any time, night or day, and he was apparently wrapped in the profoundest slumber; but the live mice which I put into his box from time to time found his sleep was easily broken; there would be a sudden rustle in the box, a faint squeak, and then silence. After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine: no trouble for him to see which way and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights, I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive, woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk. But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Another owl neighbor of mine, with whom I pass the time of day more frequently than with the last, lives farther away. I pass his castle every night on my way to the post-office, and in winter, if the hour is late enough, am pretty sure to see him standing in his doorway, surveying the passers-by and the landscape through narrow slits in his eyes. For four successive winters now have I observed him. As the twilight begins to deepen he rises up out of his cavity in the apple-tree, scarcely faster than the moon rises from behind the hill, and sits in the opening, completely framed by its outlines of gray bark and dead wood, and by his protective coloring virtually invisible to every eye that does not know he is there. Probably my own is the only eye that has ever penetrated his secret, and mine never would have done so had I not chanced on one occasion to see him leave his retreat and make a raid upon a shrike that was impaling a shrew-mouse upon a thorn in a neighboring tree, and which I was watching. Failing to get the mouse, the owl returned swiftly to his cavity, and ever since, while going that way, I have been on the lookout for him. Dozens of teams and foot-passengers pass him late in the day, but he regards them not, nor they him. When I come along and pause to salute him, he opens his eyes a little wider, and, appearing to recognize me, quickly shrinks and fades into the background of his door in a very weird and curious manner. When he is not at his outlook, or when he is, it requires the best powers of the eye to decide the point, as the empty cavity itself is almost an exact image of him. If the whole thing had been carefully studied, it could not have answered its purpose better. The owl stands quite perpendicular, presenting a front of light mottled gray; the eyes are closed to a mere slit, the ear-feathers depressed, the beak buried in the plumage, and the whole attitude is one of silent, motionless waiting and observation. If a mouse should be seen crossing the highway, or scudding over any exposed part of the snowy surface in the twilight, the owl would doubtless swoop down upon it. I think the owl has learned to distinguish me from the rest of the passers-by; at least, when I stop before him, and he sees himself observed, he backs down into his den, as I have said, in a very amusing manner. Whether blue-birds, nuthatches, and chickadees — birds that pass the night in cavities of trees — ever run into the clutches of the dozing owl, I should be glad to know. My impression is, however, that they seek out smaller cavities. An old willow by the roadside blew down one summer, and a decayed branch broke open, revealing a brood of half-fledged owls, and many feathers and quills of blue-birds, orioles, and other songsters, showing plainly enough why all birds fear and berate the owl.

The English house-sparrows, that are so rapidly increasing among us, and that must add greatly to the food supply of the owls and other birds of prey, seek to baffle their enemies by roosting in the densest evergreens they can find, in the arbor-vitæ, and in hemlock hedges. Soft-winged as the owl is, he cannot steal in upon such a retreat without giving them warning.

These sparrows are becoming about the most noticeable of my winter neighbors, and a troop of them every morning watch me put out the hens' feed, and soon claim their share. I rather encouraged them in their neighborliness, till one day I discovered the snow under a favorite plum-tree where they most frequently perched covered with the scales of the fruit-buds. On investigating I found that the tree had been nearly stripped of its buds — a very unneighborly act on the part of the sparrows, considering, too, all the cracked corn I had scattered for them. So I at once served notice on them that our good understanding was at an end. And a hint is as good as a kick with this bird. The stone I hurled among them, and the one with which I followed them up, may have been taken as a kick; but they were only a hint of the shot-gun that stood ready in the corner. The sparrows left in high dudgeon, and were not back again in some days, and were then very shy. No doubt the time is near at hand when we shall have to wage serious war upon these

sparrows, as they long have had to do on the continent of Europe. They have the Old World hardiness and prolificness; they are wise and tenacious of life, and we shall find it by and by no small matter to keep them in check. Our native birds are much different, less prolific, less shrewd, less aggressive and persistent, less quick-witted and able to read the note of danger or hostility — in short, less sophisticated. Most of our birds are yet essentially wild, that is, little changed by civilization. In winter, especially, they sweep by me and around me in flocks,— the Canada sparrow, the snow-bunting, the shore-lark, the pine-grosbeak, the red-poll, the cedar-bird,— feeding upon frozen apples in the orchard, upon cedar-berries, upon maple-buds and the berries of the mountain-ash, and upon the seeds of the weeds that rise above the snow in the field, or upon the hay-seed dropped where the cattle have been foddered in the barn-yard or about the distant stack; but yet taking no heed of man, in no way changing their habits so as to take advantage of his presence in nature. The pine-grosbeak will come in numbers upon your porch to get the black drupes of the honeysuckle or the woodbine, or within reach of your windows to get the berries of the mountain-ash, but they know you not; they look at you as innocently and unconcernedly as at a bear or moose in their native north, and your house is no more to them than a ledge of rocks.

The only ones of my winter neighbors that actually rap at my door are the nuthatches and woodpeckers, and these do not know that it is my door. My retreat is covered with the bark of young chestnut-trees, and the birds, I suspect, mistake it for a huge stump that ought to hold fat grubs (there is not even a book-worm inside of it), and their loud rapping often makes me think I have a caller indeed. I place fragments of hickory-nuts in the interstices of the bark, and thus attract the nuthatches; a bone upon my window-sill attracts both nuthatches and the downy woodpecker. They peep in curiously through the window upon me, pecking away at my bone, too often a very poor one. A bone nailed to a tree a few feet in front of the window attracts crows as well as lesser birds. Even the slate-colored snow-bird, a seed-eater, comes and nibbles it occasionally.

The bird that seems to consider he has the best right to the bone both upon the tree and upon the sill is the downy woodpecker, my favorite neighbor among the winter birds, to whom I will mainly devote the remainder of this chapter. His retreat is but a few paces from my own, in the decayed limb of an apple-tree which he excavated last fall. I say "he" because the red plume on the top of his head proclaims the sex. This is the second winter he has lodged in the old apple-tree. It seems not to be generally known to our writers upon ornithology that certain of our woodpeckers — probably all the winter residents — each fall excavate a limb or the trunk of a tree in which to pass the winter, and that the cavity is abandoned in the spring, probably for a new one in which nidification takes place. So far as I have observed, these cavities are drilled out only by the males. Where the females take up their quarters I am not so well informed, though I suspect that they use the abandoned holes of the males of the previous year.

The particular woodpecker to which I refer drilled his first hole in my apple-tree one year ago last fall. This he occupied till last spring, when he abandoned it. In the fall he began a hole in an adjoining limb, later than before, and when it was about half completed a female took possession of his old quarters. I am sorry to say that this seemed to enrage the male very much, and he persecuted the poor bird whenever she appeared upon the scene. He would fly at her spitefully and drive her off. One chilly November morning, as I passed under the tree, I heard the hammer of the little architect in his cavity, and at the same time saw the persecuted female sitting at the entrance of the other hole as if she would fain come out. She was actually shivering, probably from both fear and cold. I understood the situation at a glance; the bird was afraid to come forth and brave the anger of the male. Not till I had rapped smartly upon the limb with my stick did she come out and attempt to escape; but she had not got ten feet from the tree before the male was in hot pursuit, and in a few moments had driven her back to the same tree, where she tried to avoid him among the branches. A few days after, he rid himself of his unwelcome neighbor in the following ingenious manner: he fairly scuttled the other cavity; he drilled a hole into the bottom of it that let in the light and the cold, and I saw the female there no more. I did not see him in the act of rendering this tenement uninhabitable; but one morning, behold, it was punctured at the bottom, and the circumstances all seemed to point to him as the author of it. There is probably no gallantry among the birds except at the mating season. I have frequently seen the male woodpecker drive the female away from the bone upon the tree. When she hopped around to the other end and timidly nibbled it, he would presently dart spitefully at her. She would then take up her position in his

rear and wait till he had finished his meal. The position of the female among the birds is very much the same as that of woman among savage tribes. Most of the drudgery of life falls upon her, and the leavings of the males are often her lot.

My bird is a genuine little savage, doubtless, but I value him as a neighbor. It is a satisfaction during the cold or stormy winter nights to know he is warm and cozy there in his retreat. When the day is bad and unfit to be abroad in, he is there too. When I wish to know if he is at home, I go and rap upon his tree, and, if he is not too lazy or indifferent, after some delay he shows his head in his round doorway about ten feet above, and looks down inquiringly upon me — sometimes latterly I think half resentfully, as much as to say, "I would thank you not to disturb me so often." After sundown, he will not put his head out any more when I call, but as I step away I can get a glimpse of him inside looking cold and reserved. He is a late riser, especially if it is a cold or disagreeable morning, in this respect being like the barn fowls; it is sometimes near nine o'clock before I see him leave his tree. On the other hand, he comes home early, being in if the day is unpleasant by 4 P. M. He lives all alone; in this respect I do not commend his example. Where his mate is I should like to know.

I have discovered several other woodpeckers in adjoining orchards, each of which has a like home and leads a like solitary life. One of them has excavated a dry limb within easy reach of my hand, doing the work also in September. But the choice of tree was not a good one; the limb was too much decayed, and the workman had made the cavity too large; a chip had come out, making a hole in the outer wall. Then he went a few inches down the limb and began again, and excavated a large, commodious chamber, but had again come too near the surface; scarcely more than the bark protected him in one place, and the limb was very much weakened. Then he made another attempt still farther down the limb, and drilled in an inch or two, but seemed to change his mind; the work stopped, and I concluded the bird had wisely abandoned the tree. Passing there one cold, rainy November day, I thrust in my two fingers and was surprised to feel something soft and warm; as I drew away my hand the bird came out, apparently no more surprised than I was. It had decided, then, to make its home in the old limb; a decision it had occasion to regret, for not long after, on a stormy night, the branch gave way and fell to the ground.

"When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all."

Such a cavity makes a snug, warm home, and when the entrance is on the under side of the limb, as is usual, the wind and snow cannot reach the occupant. Late in December, while crossing a high, wooded mountain, lured by the music of fox-hounds, I discovered fresh yellow chips strewing the new-fallen snow, and at once thought of my woodpeckers. On looking around I saw where one had been at work excavating a lodge in a small yellow birch. The orifice was about fifteen feet from the ground, and appeared as round as if struck with a compass. It was on the east side of the tree, so as to avoid the prevailing west and north-west winds. As it was nearly two inches in diameter, it could not have been the work of the downy, but must have been that of the hairy, or else the yellow-bellied woodpecker. His home had probably been wrecked by some violent wind, and he was thus providing himself another. In digging out these retreats the woodpeckers prefer a dry, brittle trunk, not too soft. They go in horizontally to the center and then turn downward, enlarging the tunnel as they go, till when finished it is the shape of a long, deep pear.

Another trait our woodpeckers have that endears them to me, and that has never been pointedly noticed by our ornithologists, is their habit of drumming in the spring. They are songless birds, and yet all are musicians; they make the dry limbs eloquent of the coming change. Did you think that loud, sonorous hammering which proceeded from the orchard or from the near woods on that still March or April morning was only some bird getting its breakfast? It is downy, but he is not rapping at the door of a grub; he is rapping at the door of spring, and the dry limb thrills beneath the ardor of his blows. Or, later in the season, in the dense forest or by some remote mountain lake, does that measured rhythmic beat that breaks upon the silence, first three strokes following each other rapidly, succeeded by two louder ones with longer intervals between them, and that has an effect upon the alert ear as if the solitude itself had at last found a voice — does that suggest anything less than a deliberate musical performance? In fact, our woodpeckers are just as characteristically drummers as is the ruffed grouse, and they have their particular limbs and stubs to which they resort for that purpose. Their need of expression is apparently just as great as that of the song-birds, and it is not surprising that they should have found out that there is music in a dry, seasoned limb which can be evoked beneath their beaks.

The past spring a downy woodpecker, probably the individual one who is now my winter neighbor, began to drum early in March

in a partly decayed apple-tree that stands in the edge of a narrow strip of woodland near me. When the morning was still and mild I would often hear him through my window before I was up, or by half-past six o'clock, and he would keep it up pretty briskly till nine or ten o'clock, in this respect resembling the grouse, which do most of their drumming in the forenoon. His drum was the stub of a dry limb about the size of one's wrist. The heart was decayed and gone, but the outer shell was hard and resonant. The bird would keep his position there for an hour at a time. Between his drummings he would preen his plumage and listen as if for the response of the female, or for the drum of some rival. How swift his head would go when he was delivering his blows upon the limb! His beak wore the surface perceptibly. When he wished to change the key, which was quite often, he would shift his position an inch or two to a knot which gave out a higher, shriller note. When I climbed up to examine his drum he was much disturbed. I did not know he was in the vicinity, but it seems he saw me from a near tree, and came in haste to the neighboring branches, and with spread plumage and a sharp note demanded plainly enough what my business was with his drum. I was invading his privacy, desecrating his shrine, and the bird was much put out. After some weeks the female appeared; he had literally drummed up a mate; his urgent and oft-repeated advertisement was answered. Still the drumming did not cease, but was quite as fervent as before. If a mate could be won by drumming, she could be kept and entertained by more drumming; courtship should not end with marriage. If the bird felt musical before, of course he felt much more so now. Besides that, the gentle deities needed propitiating in behalf of the nest and young as well as in behalf of the mate. After a time a second female came, when there was war between the two. I did not see them come to blows, but I saw one female pursuing the other about the place, and giving her no rest for several days. She was evidently trying to run her out of the neighborhood. Now and then, she, too, would drum briefly, as if sending a triumphant message to her mate.

The woodpeckers do not each have a particular dry limb to which they resort at all times to drum, like the one I have described. The woods are full of suitable branches, and they drum more or less here and there as they are in quest of food; yet I am convinced each one has its favorite spot, like the grouse, to which it resorts especially in the morning. The sugar-maker in the maple-woods may notice that this sound proceeds from the same tree or trees about his camp with great regularity. A woodpecker in my vicinity has drummed for two seasons on a telegraph-pole, and he makes the wires and glass insulators ring. Another drums on a thin board on the end of a long grape-arbor, and on still mornings can be heard a long distance.

A friend of mine in a Southern city tells me of a red-headed woodpecker that drums upon a lightning-rod on his neighbor's house. Nearly every clear, still morning at certain seasons, he says, this musical rapping may be heard. "He alternates his tapping with his stridulous call, and the effect on a cool, autumn-like morning is very pleasing."

The high-hole appears to drum more promiscuously than does downy. He utters his long, loud spring call, *whick — whic — whick — whick*, and then begins to rap with his beak upon his perch before the last note has reached your ear. I have seen him drum sitting upon the ridge of the barn. The log-cock, or pileated woodpecker, the largest and wildest of our Northern species, I have never heard drum. His blows should wake the echoes.

When the woodpecker is searching for food, or laying siege to some hidden grub, the sound of his hammer is dead or muffled, and is heard but a few yards. It is only upon dry, seasoned timber, freed of its bark, that he beats his reveille to spring and woos his mate.

Wilson was evidently familiar with this vernal drumming of the woodpeckers, but quite misinterprets it. Speaking of the red-bellied species, he says: "It rattles like the rest of the tribe on the dead limbs, and with such violence as to be heard in still weather more than half a mile off; and listens to hear the insect it has alarmed." He listens rather to hear the drum of his rival or the brief and coy response of the female; for there are no insects in these dry limbs.

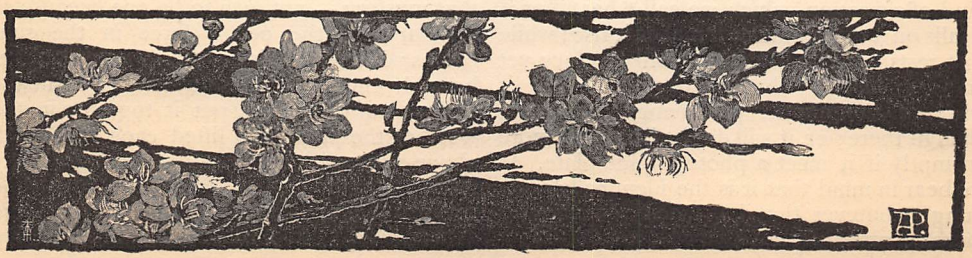
On one occasion I saw downy at his drum when a female flew quickly through the tree and alighted a few yards beyond him. He paused instantly, and kept his place apparently without moving a muscle. The female, I took it, had answered his advertisement. She flitted about from limb to limb (the female may be known by the absence of the crimson spot on the back of the head), apparently full of business of her own, and now and then would drum in a shy, tentative manner. The male watched her a few moments, and, convinced perhaps that she meant business, struck up his liveliest tune, then listened for her response. As it came back timidly but promptly, he left his perch and sought a nearer acquaintance with the prudent female. Whether or not a match grew out of this little flirtation I cannot say.

Our smaller woodpeckers are sometimes accused of injuring the apple and other fruit trees, but the depredator is probably the larger and rarer yellow-bellied species. In the fall I caught one of these fellows in the act of sinking long rows of his little wells in the limb of an apple-tree. There were series of rings of them, one above another, quite around the stem, some of them the third of an inch across. They are evidently made to get at the tender, juicy bark, or cambium layer, next to the hard wood of the tree. The health and vitality of the branch are so seriously impaired by them that it often dies.

In the following winter the same bird (probably) tapped a maple-tree in front of my window in fifty-six places; and when the day was sunny, and the sap oozed out, he spent most of his time there. He knew the good sap-days, and was on hand promptly for his tipple; cold and cloudy days he did not appear. He knew which side of the tree to tap, too, and avoided the sunless northern exposure. When one series of well-holes failed to supply him, he would sink another, drilling through the bark with great ease and quickness. Then, when the day was warm, and the sap ran freely, he would have a regular sugar-maple debauch, sitting there by his wells hour after hour, and as fast as they became filled sipping out the sap. This he did in a gentle, caressing manner that was very suggestive. He made a row of wells near the foot of the tree, and other rows higher up, and he would hop up and down the trunk as these became filled. He would hop down the tree backward with the utmost ease, throwing his tail outward and his head inward at each hop. When the wells would freeze up or his thirst become slaked, he would ruffle his feathers, draw himself together, and sit and doze in the sun on the side of the tree. He passed the night in a hole in an apple-tree not far off. He was evidently a young bird, not yet having the plumage of the mature male or female, and yet he knew which tree to tap and where to tap it. I saw where he had bored several maples in the vicinity, but no oaks or chestnuts. I nailed up a fat bone near his sap-works; the downy woodpecker came there several times a day to dine; the nuthatch came, and even the snow-bird took a taste occasionally; but this sap-sucker never touched it; the sweet of the tree sufficed for him. This woodpecker does not breed or abound in my vicinity; only stray specimens are now and then to be met with in the colder months. As spring approached, the one I refer to took his departure.

I must bring my account of my neighbor in the tree down to the latest date; so, after the opening of spring, I add this note. The last day of February was bright and spring-like. I heard the first sparrow sing that morning and the first screaming of the circling hawks, and about seven o'clock the first drumming of my little friend. His first notes were uncertain and at long intervals, but by and by he warmed up and beat a lively tattoo. As the season advanced he ceased to lodge in his old quarters. I would rap and find nobody at home. Was he out on a lark, I said, the spring fever working in his blood? After a time his drumming grew less frequent, and finally, in the middle of April, ceased entirely. Had some accident befallen him, or had he wandered away to fresh fields, following some siren of his species? Probably the latter. Another bird that I had under observation also left his winter-quarters in the spring. This, then, appears to be the usual custom. The wrens and the nuthatches and chickadees succeed to these abandoned cavities, and often have amusing disputes over them. The nuthatches often pass the night in them, and the wrens and chickadees nest in them. I have further observed that in excavating a cavity for a nest the downy woodpecker makes the entrance smaller than when he is excavating his winter-quarters. This is doubtless for the greater safety of the young birds.

John Burroughs.



THE NEW ASTRONOMY. III.

THE SUN'S ENERGY.

"IT is indeed," says good Bishop Berkeley, "an opinion strangely prevailing amongst men that . . . all sensible objects have an existence . . . distinct from their being perceived by the understanding. But . . . some truths there are, so near and obvious to the mind, that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, namely, that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth — in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world — have not any subsistence without a mind."

We are not going to take the reader along "the high priori road" of metaphysics, but only to speak of certain accepted conclusions of modern experimental physics, which do not themselves, indeed, justify all of Berkeley's language, but to which these words of the author of "A New Theory of Vision" seem to be a not unfit prelude. When we see a rose-leaf, we see with it what we call a color, and we are apt to think it is in the rose. But the color is in *us*, for it is a sensation which something coming from the sun excites in the eye; so that if the rose-leaf were still there, there would be no color unless there were an eye to receive and a brain to interpret the sensation. Every color that is lovely in the rainbow or the flower, every hue that is vivid in a ribbon or somber in the grave harmonies of some old Persian rug, the metallic luster of the humming-bird or the sober imperial yellow of precious china,—all these have no existence *as* color apart from the seeing eye, and all have their fount and origin in the sun itself.

"Color" and "light," then, are not, properly speaking, external things, but names given to the sensations caused by an uncomprehended something radiated from the sun when this falls on our eyes. If this very same something falls on our face it produces another kind of sensation, which we call "heat," or if it falls on a thermometer it makes it rise; while if it rests long on the face it will produce yet another effect, "chemical action,"— for it will *tan* the cheek, producing a chemical change there; or, it will do the like work more promptly if it meet a photographic plate. If we bear in mind that it is the identically same thing (whatever that is) which produces all these diverse effects, we see, some of us perhaps for the first time, that "color," "light," radiant "heat," "actinism," etc., are only names given to the diverse effects of some thing, not things themselves, so that, for instance, all the splendor of color in the visible world exists only in the eye that sees it. The reader must not suppose that he is here being asked to entertain any metaphysical subtlety. We are considering a fact almost universally accepted within the last few years by physicists, who now generally admit the existence of a something coming from the sun, which is not itself light, heat, or chemical action, but of which these are effects. When we give this unknown thing a name, we call it "radiant energy."

How it crosses the void of space we cannot be properly said to know, but all the phenomena lead us to think it is in the form of motion in some medium—somewhat (to use an imperfect analogy) like the transmission through the air of the vibrations which will cause sound when they reach an ear. This, at any rate, is certain, that there is an action of some sort incessantly going on between us and the sun, which enables us to experience the effects of light and heat. We assume it to be a particular mode of vibration, but whatever it is, it is repeated with incomprehensible rapidity. Experiments recently made by the writer show that the *slowest* heat vibrations which reach us from the sun succeed each other nearly 100,000,000,000,000 times in a single second, while those which make us see have long been known to be more rapid still. These pass outward from the sun in every direction, in ever-widening spheres; and in them, so far as we know, lies the potency of motion and life for the planet upon whose surface they fall.

Did the reader ever consider that next to the mystery of gravitation, which draws all things on the earth's surface down, comes that mystery — not seen to be one because so familiar — of the occult force in the sunbeams which lifts things *up?* The incomprehensible energy of the sunbeam brought the carbon out of the air, put it together in the weed or the plant, and lifted each tree-trunk above the soil. The soil did not lift it, any more than the soil in Broadway lifted the spire of Trinity. Men brought stones there in wagons to build the church, and the sun

brought the materials in its own way, and built up alike the slender shaft that sustains the grass blade and the column of the pine. If the tree or the spire fell, it would require a certain amount of work of men or horses or engines to set it up again. So much actual work at least the sun did in the original building; and if we consider the number of trees in the forest, we see that this alone is something great. But besides this, the sun locked up in each tree a store of energy thousands of times greater than that which was spent in merely lifting the trunk from the ground, as we may see by unlocking it again, when we burn the tree under the boiler of an engine; for it will develop a power equal to the lifting of thousands of its kind, if we choose to employ it in this way. This is so true, that the tree may fall, and turn to coal in the soil, and still keep this energy imprisoned in it, — keep it for millions of years, till the black lump under the furnace gives out, in the whirling spindles of the factory or the turning wheel of the steam-boat, the energy gathered in the sunshine of the primeval world.

The most active rays in building up plant-life are said to be the yellow and orange, though nature's fondness for green everywhere is probably justified by some special utility. At any rate, the action of these solar rays is to decompose the products of combustion, to set free the oxygen, and to fix the carbon in the plant. Perhaps these words do not convey a definite meaning to the reader, but it is to be hoped they will, for the statement they imply is wonderful enough. Swift's philosopher at Laputa, who had a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, was wiser than his author knew; for cucumbers, like other vegetables, are now found to be really in large part put together by sunbeams, and sunbeams, or what is scarcely distinguishable from such, could with our present scientific knowledge be extracted from cucumbers again, only the process would be too expensive to pay. The sunbeam, however, does what our wisest chemistry cannot do: it takes the burned-out ashes and makes them into green wood again; it takes the close and breathed-out air and makes it sweet and fit to breathe, by means of the plant, whose food is the same as our poison. With the aid of sunlight a lily would thrive on the deadly atmosphere of the "black hole of Calcutta"; for this bane to us, we repeat, is vital air to the plant, which breathes it in through all its pores, bringing it into contact with the chlorophyl, its green blood, which is to it what the red blood is to us; doing almost everything, however, by means of the sun ray; for if this be lacking, the oxygen is no longer set free or the carbon retained, and the plant dies. This too brief statement must answer instead of a fuller description of how the sun's energy builds up the vegetable world.

But the ox, the sheep, and the lamb feed on the vegetable, and we in turn on them (and on vegetables too); so that, though we might eat our own meals in darkness and still live, the meals themselves are provided literally at the sun's expense, virtue having gone out of him to furnish each morsel we put in our mouths. But while he thus prepares the material for our own bodies, and while it is plain that without him we could not exist any more than the plant, the processes by which he acts grow more intricate and more obscure in our own higher organism, so that science as yet only half guesses how the sun makes us. But the making is done in some way by the sun, and so almost exclusively is every process of life.

It is not generally understood, I think, how literally true this is of every object in the organic world. In a subsequent illustration we shall see a newspaper being printed by power directly and visibly derived from the sunbeam. But all the power derived from coal, and all the power derived from human muscles, comes originally from the sun, in just as literal a sense; for the paper on which the reader's eye rests was not only made primarily from material grown by the sun, but was stitched together by derived sun-power, and by this, also, each page was printed, so that the amount of this solar radiation expended for printing each number of this magazine could be stated with approximate accuracy in figures. To make even the reader's hand which holds this page, or the eye which sees it, energy again went out from the sun; and in saying this I am to be understood in the plain and common meaning of the words.

Did the reader ever happen to be in a great cotton-mill, where many hundreds of operatives watched many thousands of spindles? Nothing is visible to cause the multiplied movement, the engine being perhaps away in altogether another building. Wandering from room to room, where everything is in motion derived from some unseen source, he may be arrested in his walk by a sudden cessation of the hum and bustle — at once on the floor below, and on that above, and all around him. The simultaneousness of this stoppage at points far apart when the steam is turned off strikes one with a sense of the intimate dependence of every complex process going on upon some remote invisible motor. The cessation is not, however, absolutely instantaneous, for the great fly-wheel, in which a trifling part of the motor power is stored, makes one or

two turns more, till the energy in this, also, is exhausted, and all is still. The coal-beds and the forests are to the sun what the fly-wheel is to the engine; all their power comes from him; they retain a little of it in store, but very little by comparison with the original; and were the change we have already spoken of to come over the sun's circulation,—were the solar engine disconnected from us,—we could go on perhaps a short time at the cost of this store, but when this was over it would be over with us, and all would be still here too.

Is there not a special interest for us in that New Astronomy which considers these things, and studies the sun, not only in the heavens as a star, but in its workings here, and so largely in its relations to man?

SINCE, then, we are the children of the sun, and our bodies a product of its rays, as much as the ephemeral insects that its heat hatches from the soil, it is a worthy problem to learn how things earthly depend upon this material ruler of our days. But although we know it does nearly all things done on the earth, and have learned a little of the way it builds up the plant, we know so little of the way it does many other things here that we are still often only able to connect the terrestrial effect with the solar cause by noting what events happen together. We are in this respect in the position of our forefathers, who had not yet learned the science of electricity, but who noted that when a flash of lightning came a clap of thunder followed, and concluded as justly as Franklin or Faraday could have done that there was a physical relation between them. Quite in this way, we who are in a like position with regard to the New Astronomy, which we hope will one day explain to us what is at present mysterious in our connection with the sun, can as yet often only infer that when certain phenomena there are followed or accompanied by others here, all are really connected as products of one cause, however dissimilar they may look, and however little we know what the real connection may be.

There is no more common inquiry than as to the influence of sun-spots on the weather; but as we do not yet know the real nature of the connection, if there be any, we can only try to find out by assembling independent records of sun-spots and of the weather here, and noticing if any changes in the one are accompanied by changes in the other; to see, for instance, if when sun-spots are plenty the weather the world over is rainy or not, or to see if when an unusual disturbance breaks out in a sun-spot any terrestrial disturbance is simultaneously noted.

When we remember how our lives depend on a certain circulation in the sun, of which the spots appear to be special examples, it is of interest not only to study the forms within them, as we have already been doing here, but to ask whether the spots themselves are present as much one year as another. The sun sometimes has numerous spots on it, and sometimes none at all; but it does not seem to have occurred to any one to see whether they had any regular period for coming or going till Schwabe, a magistrate in a little German town, who happened to have a small telescope and a good deal of leisure, began for his own amusement to note their number every day. He commenced in 1826, and with German patience observed daily for forty years. He first found that the spots grew more numerous in 1830, when there was no single day without one; then the number declined very rapidly, till in 1833 they were about gone; then they increased in number again till 1838, then again declined; and so on, till it became evident that sun-spots do not come and go by chance, but run through a cycle of growth and disappearance, on the average about once in every eleven years. While amusing himself with his telescope, an important sequence in nature had thus been added to our knowledge by the obscure Hofrath Schwabe, who indeed compares himself to Saul, going out to seek his father's asses and finding a kingdom. Old records made before Schwabe's time have since been hunted up, so that we have a fairly connected history of the sun's surface for nearly a hundred and fifty years; and the years when spots will be plentiful and rare can now be often predicted from seeing what has been in the past. Thus I may venture to say that the spots, now so frequent, will have probably nearly disappeared in 1888, and will be probably very plentiful in 1894. I do not know at all why this is likely to happen; I only know that it has repeatedly happened at corresponding periods in the past.

"Now," it may be asked, "have these things any connection with weather changes, and is it of any practical advantage to know if they have?"

Would it be, it may be answered, of any practical interest to a merchant in breadstuffs to have private information of a reliable character that crops the world over would be fine in 1888 and fail in 1894? The exclusive possession of such knowledge might plainly bring "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" to the user; or, to ascend from the lowest ground of personal interest to the higher aims of philanthropy and science, could we predict the harvests, we should be armed with a knowl-

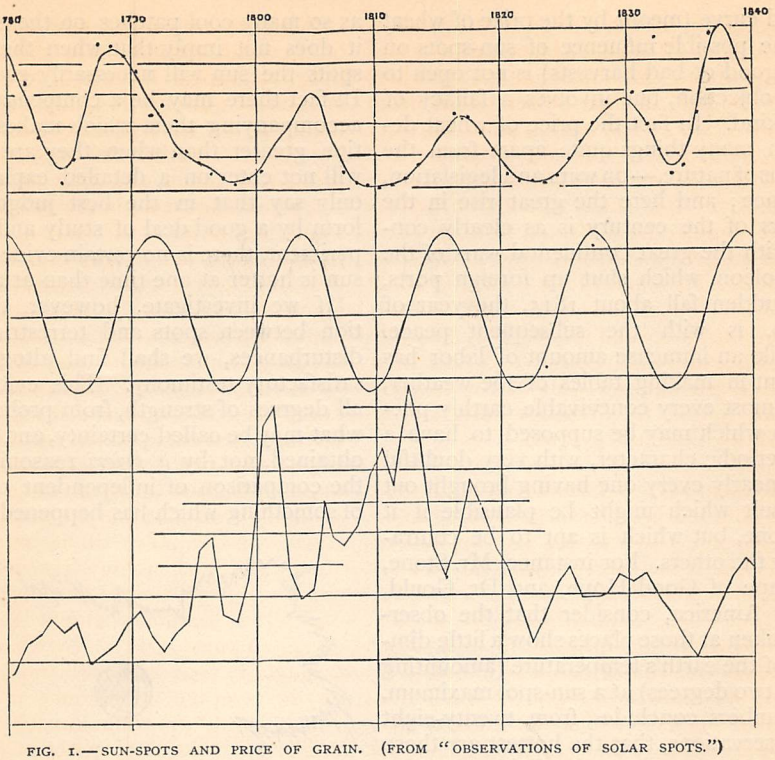


FIG. 1.— SUN-SPOTS AND PRICE OF GRAIN. (FROM "OBSERVATIONS OF SOLAR SPOTS.")

edge that might provide against coming years of famine, and make life distinctly happier and easier to hundreds of millions of toilers on the earth's surface.

"But can we predict?" We certainly cannot till we have, at any rate, first shown that there is a connection between sun-spots and the weather. Since we know nothing of the ultimate causes involved, we can only at present, as I say, collect records of the changes there, and compare them with others of the changes here, to see if there is any significant coincidence. To avoid columns of figures, and yet to enable the reader to judge for himself in some degree of the evidence, I will give the results of some of these records represented graphically by curves, like those which he may perhaps remember to have seen used to show the fluctuations in the value of gold and grain, or of stocks in the stock-market. It is only fair to say that mathematicians used this method long before it was ever heard of by business men, and that the stock-brokers borrowed it from the astronomers, and not the astronomers from them.

In Fig. 1, from Carrington's work, each horizontal space represents ten years of time, and the figures in the upper part represent the fluctuations of the sun-spot curve. In the middle curve, variations in vertical distances correspond to differences in the distance from the sun of the planet Jupiter, the possibility of whose influence on sun-spot periods can thus be examined. In the third and lowest, suggested by Sir William Herschel, the figures at the side are proportional to the price of wheat in the English market, rising when wheat ruled high, falling when it was cheap. In all three curves one-tenth of a horizontal spacing along the top or bottom corresponds to one year; and in this way we have at a glance the condensed result of observations and statistics for sixty years, which otherwise stated would fill volumes. The result is instructive in more ways than one. The variations of Jupiter's distance certainly do present a striking coincidence with the changes in spot frequency, and this may indicate a real connection between the phenomena; but before we decide that it does so, we must remember that the number of cycles of change presented by the possible combination of planetary periods is all but infinite. Thus we might safely undertake, with study enough, to find a curve, depending solely on certain planetary configurations, which yet would represent with quite striking agreement for a time the rise and fall in any given railroad stock, the relative numbers of Democratic and Republican congressmen from year to year, or anything else with which the heavenly bodies have in reality as little to do.

The third curve (meant by the price of wheat to test the possible influence of sun-spots on years of good or bad harvests) is not open to the last objection, but involves a fallacy of another kind. In fact the price of wheat depends on many things quite apart from the operations of nature,—on wars and legislation, for instance; and here the great rise in the first years of the century is as clearly connected with the great continental wars of the first Napoleon, which shut up foreign ports, as the sudden fall about 1815, the year of Waterloo, is with the subsequent peace. Meanwhile an immense amount of labor has been spent in making tables of the weather, and of almost every conceivable earthly phenomenon which may be supposed to have a similar periodic character, with very doubtful success, nearly every one having brought out some result which might be plausible if it stood alone, but which is apt to be contradicted by the others. For instance, Mr. Stone, at the Cape of Good Hope, and Dr. Gould, in South America, consider that the observations taken at those places show a little diminution of the earth's temperature (amounting to one or two degrees) at a sun-spot maximum. Mr. Chambers concludes, from twenty-eight years' observations, that the hottest are those of most sun-spots. So each of these contradicts the other. Then we have Gelinck, who, from a study of numerous observations, concludes that all are wrong together, and that there is really no change in either way.

I might go on citing names with no better result. One observer tabulates observations of terrestrial temperature, or rain-fall, or barometer, or ozone; another, the visitations of Asiatic cholera; while still another (the late Professor Jevons) tabulates commercial crises with the serious attempt to find a connection between the sun-spots and business panics. Of making such cycles there is no end, and much study of them would be a weariness I will not inflict.

Our own conclusion is, that from such investigations of terrestrial changes nothing is yet certainly known with regard to the influence of sun-spots on the weather. There is, however, quite another way, that is, to measure their effect at the origin in the sun itself. The sun-spot is cooler than the rest of the surface, and it might be thought that when there are many the sun would give less heat. As far as the spots themselves are concerned this is so, but in a very small degree. I have been able to ascertain how much this deprivation of heat amounts to, and find it is a real but a most insignificant quantity, rising to about two-thirds of one degree Fahrenheit every eleven years. This, it will be remembered, is the direct effect of the spots considered merely as so many cool patches on the surface, and it does not imply that when there are most spots the sun will necessarily give less heat. In fact there may be a compensating action accompanying them which makes the radiation greater than when they are absent. I will not enter on a detailed explanation, but only say that in the best judgment I can form by a good deal of study and direct experiment, there is no certain evidence that the sun is hotter at one time than at another.

If we investigate, however, the connection between spots and terrestrial magnetic disturbances, we shall find altogether more satisfactory testimony. This evidence is of all degrees of strength, from probability up to what may be called certainty, and it is always obtained, not by *a priori* reasoning, but by the comparison of independent observations of something which has happened on the sun

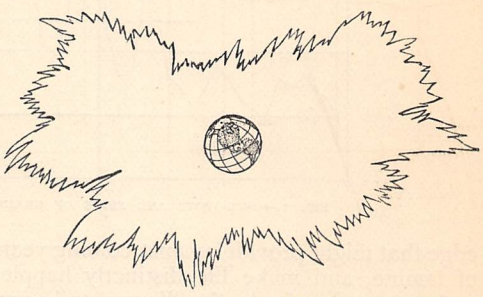


FIG. 2.— SUN-SPOT OF NOVEMBER 16th, 1882, AND EARTH.

and on the earth. We will first take an instance of what we consider the weakest degree of evidence (weak, that is, when any such single case is considered), and we do so by simply quoting textually three records which were made at nearly the same time in different parts of the world in 1882.

A certain spot had been visible on the sun at intervals for some weeks; but when on the 16th of November a glimpse was caught of it after previous days of cloudy weather, the observer, it will be seen, is struck by the great activity going on in it, and, though familiar with such sights, describes this one as "magnificent."

From the daily record at the Allegheny Observatory, November 16th, 1882:

"Very large spot on the sun; . . . great variety of forms; inrush from S. E. to S. W.; tendency to cyclonic action at several points. The spot is apparently near its period of greatest activity. A magnificent sight."

At the same time a sketch was commenced which was interrupted by the cloudy weather of this and following days. The outline of the main spot only is here given (Fig. 2). Its area, as measured at Allegheny, was 2,200,000,000

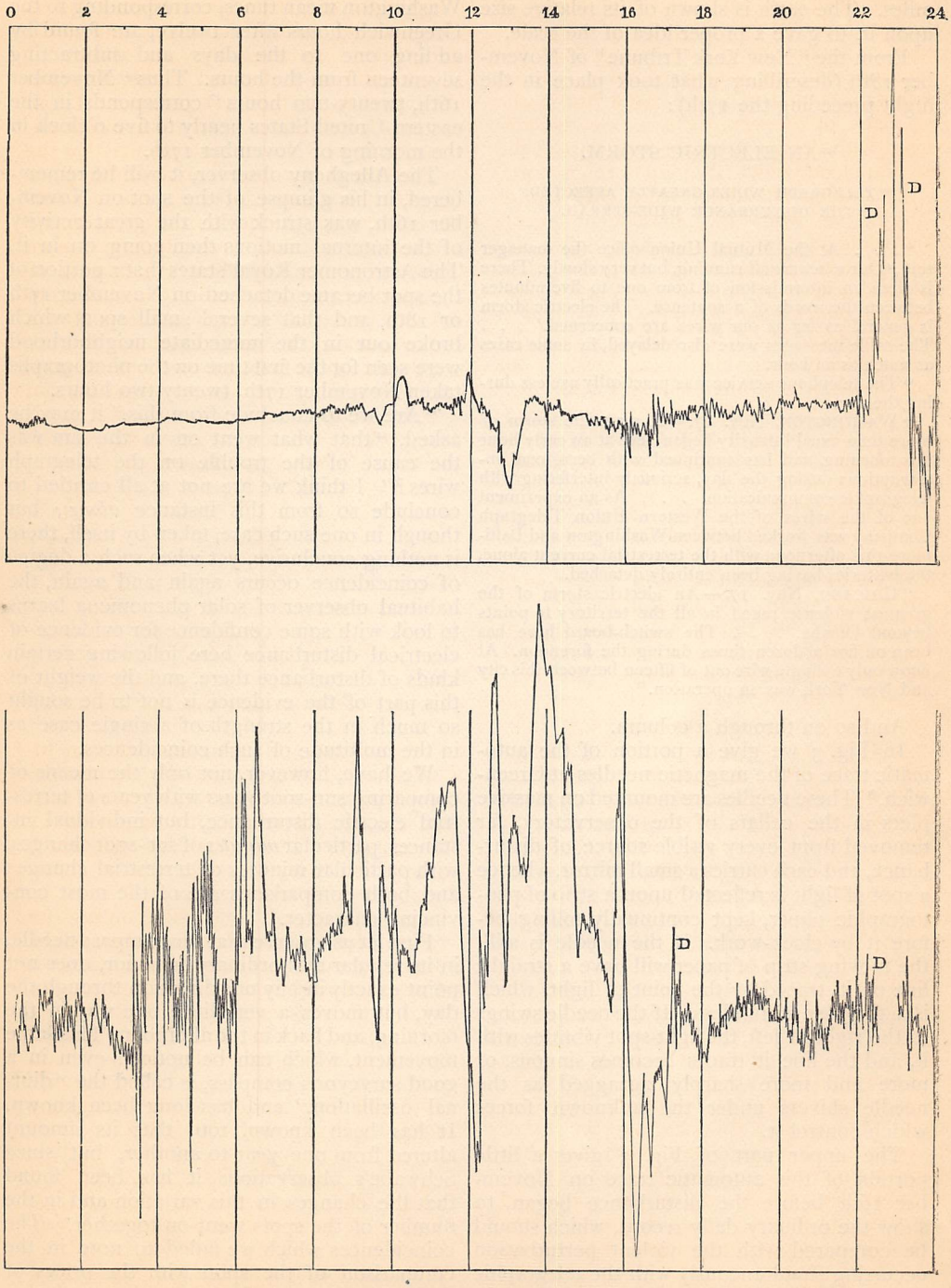


FIG. 3.— GREENWICH RECORD OF DISTURBANCE OF MAGNETIC NEEDLE, NOVEMBER 16th AND 17th, 1882.

square miles; at Greenwich its area, inclusive of some out-lying portions, was estimated on the same day to be 2,600,000,000 square miles. The earth is shown of its relative size upon it, to gave a proper idea of the scale.

From the "New York Tribune" of November 18th (describing what took place in the night preceding the 17th):

"AN ELECTRIC STORM.

"TELEGRAPH WIRES GREATLY AFFECTED.
THE DISTURBANCE WIDE-SPREAD.

". . . At the Mutual Union office the manager said, 'Our wires are all running, but very slowly. There is often an intermission of from one to five minutes between the words of a sentence. The electric storm is general as far as our wires are concerned.' . . . The cable messages were also delayed, in some cases as much as an hour.

"The telephone service was practically useless during the day.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—A magnetic storm of more than usual intensity began here at an early hour this morning, and has continued with occasional interruptions during the day, seriously interfering with telegraphic communication. . . . As an experiment one of the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company was worked between Washington and Baltimore this afternoon with the terrestrial current alone, the batteries having been entirely detached.

"CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—An electric storm of the greatest violence raged in all the territory to points beyond Omaha. . . . The switch-board here has been on fire a dozen times during the forenoon. At noon only a single wire out of fifteen between this city and New York was in operation."

And so on through a column.

In Fig. 3 we give a portion of the automatic trace of the magnetic needles at Greenwich.* These needles are mounted on massive piers in the cellars of the observatory, far removed from every visible source of disturbance, and each carries a small mirror, whence a spot of light is reflected upon a strip of photographic paper, kept continually rolling before it by clock-work. If the needle is still, the moving strip of paper will have a straight line on it, traced by the point of light, which is in this case motionless. If the needle swings to the right or left, the light-spot vibrates with it, and the line it traces becomes sinuous, or more and more sharply zigzagged as the needle shivers under the unknown forces which control it.

The upper part of Fig. 3 gives a little portion of this automatic trace on November 16th before the disturbance began, to show the ordinary daily record, which should be compared with the violent perturbation occurring simultaneously with the telegraphic disturbance in the United States. We may, for the reader's convenience, remark that as the astronomical day begins twelve hours later than the civil day, the approximate Washington mean times, corresponding to the Greenwich hours after twelve, are found by adding one to the days and subtracting seventeen from the hours. Thus "November 16th, twenty-two hours" corresponds in the eastern United States nearly to five o'clock in the morning of November 17th.

The Allegheny observer, it will be remembered, in his glimpse of the spot on November 16th, was struck with the great activity of the internal motions then going on in it. The Astronomer Royal states that a portion of the spot became detached on November 17th or 18th, and that several small spots which broke out in the immediate neighborhood were seen for the first time on the photographs taken November 17th, twenty-two hours.

"Are we to conclude from this," it may be asked, "that what went on in the sun was the cause of the trouble on the telegraph wires?" I think we are not at all entitled to conclude so from this instance *alone;* but though in one such case, taken by itself, there is nothing conclusive, yet when such a degree of coincidence occurs again and again, the habitual observer of solar phenomena learns to look with some confidence for evidence of electrical disturbance here following certain kinds of disturbance there, and the weight of this part of the evidence is not to be sought so much in the strength of a single case as in the multitude of such coincidences.

We have, however, not only the means of comparing sun-spot *years* with years of terrestrial electric disturbance, but individual instances, particular *minutes* of sun-spot changes, with particular minutes of terrestrial change; and both comparisons are of the most convincing character.

First let us observe that the compass needle, in its regular and ordinary behavior, does not point exactly in any one direction through the day, but moves a very little one way in the morning, and back in the afternoon. This same movement, which can be noticed even in a good surveyor's compass, is called the "diurnal oscillation," and has long been known. It has been known, too, that its amount altered from one year to another, but since Schwabe's observations it has been found that the changes in this variation and in the number of the spots went on together. The coincidences which we failed to note in the comparison of the spots with the prices of grain are here made out with convincing

* It appears here through the kindness of the Astronomer Royal. We regret to say that American observers are dependent on the courtesy of foreign ones in such matters, the United States having no observatory where such records of sun-spots and magnetic variation are systematically kept.

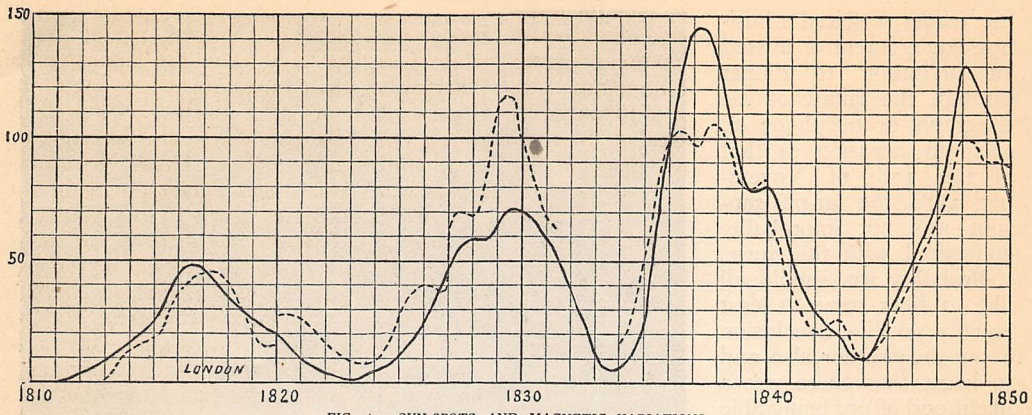


FIG. 4.— SUN-SPOTS AND MAGNETIC VARIATIONS.

clearness, as the reader will see by a simple inspection of this chart (Fig. 4, taken from Prof. Young's work), where the horizontal divisions still denote years, and the height of the continuous curve the relative number of spots, while the height of the dotted curve is the amount of the magnetic variation. Though we have given but a part of the curve, the presumption from the agreement in the forty years alone would be a strong one that the two effects, apparently so widely remote in their nature, are really due to a common cause.

Here we have compared years with years; let us next compare minutes with minutes. Thus, to cite (from Mr. Proctor's work) a well-known instance: On September 1st, 1869, at eighteen minutes past eleven, Mr. Carrington, an experienced solar observer, suddenly saw in the sun something brighter than the sun — two patches of light, breaking out so instantly and so intensely that his first thought was that daylight was entering through a hole in the darkening screen he used. It was immediately certain that something unusual was occurring in the sun itself, across which the brilliant spots were moving, traveling 35,000 miles in five minutes, at the end of which time (at twenty-three minutes past eleven) they disappeared from sight. By good fortune, another observer a few miles distant saw and independently described the same phenomenon; and as the minute had been noted, it was immediately afterward found that recording instruments registered a magnetic disturbance at the same time, — "at the very moment," says Dr. Stewart, the director of the observatory at Kew.

"By degrees," says Sir John Herschel, "accounts began to pour in of . . . great electro-magnetic disturbances in every part of the world. . . . At Washington and Philadelphia, in America, the telegraphic signal men received severe electric shocks. At Boston, in North America, a flame of fire followed the pen of Bain's electric telegraph." (Such electric disturbances, it may be mentioned, are called "electric storms," though when they occur the weather may be perfectly serene to the eye. They are shown also by rapid vibrations of the magnetic needle, like those we have illustrated.)

On August 3d, 1872, Professor Young, who was observing at Sherman in the Rocky Mountains, saw three notable paroxysms in the sun's chromosphere, jets of luminous matter of intense brilliance being projected at 8h. 45m., 10h. 30m., and 11h. 50m. of the local time. "At dinner," he says, "the photographer of the party, who was making our magnetic observations, told me, before knowing anything about what I had been observing, that he had been obliged to give up work, his magnet having swung clear off the limb." Similar phenomena were observed August 5th. Professor Young wrote to England, and received from Greenwich and Stonyhurst copies of the automatic record, which he gives, and which we give in Fig. 5. After allowing for difference of longitude, the reader who will take the pains to compare them may see for himself that both show a jump of the needles in the cellars at Greenwich at the same *minute* in each of the four cases of outburst in the Rocky Mountains.

While we admit that the evidence in any single case is rarely so conclusive as in these, while we agree that the spot is not so much the cause of the change as the index of some other solar action which does cause it, and while we fully concede our present ignorance of the nature of the cause, we cannot refuse to accept the cumulative evidence of which a little has been submitted.

It is only in rare cases that we can feel quite sure; and yet, in regard even to one of the more common and less conclusive ones, we may at least feel warranted in saying that if

the reader forfeited a business engagement or missed an invitation to dinner through the failure of the telegraph or telephone on such an occasion as that of the 17th of November, 1882, the far-off sun-spot was not improbably connected with the cause.

Probably we should all like to hear some at least equally positive conclusion about the weather, also, and to learn that there was a likelihood of our being able to predict it for the next year, as the Signal Service now does for the next day; but there is at present no such likelihood. The study of the possible connection between sun-spots and the weather is, nevertheless, one that will always have great interest to many; for, even if we set its scientific aim aside and consider it in its purely utilitarian aspect, it is evident that the knowledge how to predict whether coming harvests would be good or bad would enable us to do for the whole world what Joseph's prophetic vision of the seven good and seven barren years did for the land of Egypt, and confer a greater power on its discoverer than any sovereign now possesses. There is something to be said, then, for the cyclists; for if their zeal does sometimes outrun knowledge, their object is a worthy one, and their aims such as we can sympathize with, and of which none of us can say that there is any inherent impossibility in them, or that they may not conceivably yet lead to something. Let us not, then, treat the inquirer who tries to connect panics on 'Change with sun-spots as a mere lunatic; for there is this amount of reason in his theory, that the panics, together with the general state of business, are connected in some obscure way with the good or bad harvests, and these again in some still obscurer way with changes in our sun.

We may leave, then, this vision of forecasting the harvests and the markets of the world from a study of the sun, as one of the fair dreams for our science's future. Perhaps the dream will one day be realized. Who knows?

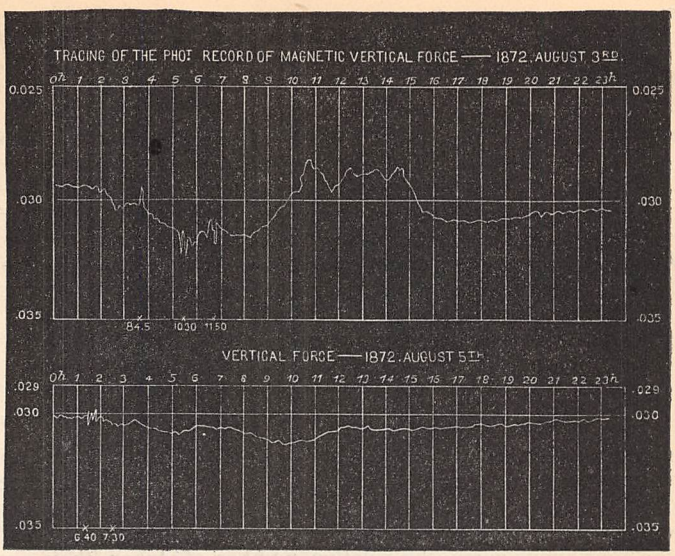


FIG. 5.— GREENWICH MAGNETIC OBSERVATIONS, AUGUST 3d AND 5th, 1872.

If we paused on the last words, the reader might perhaps so far gather an impression that the whole all-important subject of the solar energy was involved in mystery and doubt. But if it be indeed a mystery when considered in its essence, so are all things; while regarded separately in any one of its terrestrial effects of magnetic or chemical action, or light or heat, it may seem less so. Since there is not room to consider all these aspects, let us choose the last, and look at this energy in its familiar form of the *heat* by which we live.

We, the human race, are warming ourselves at this great fire which called our bodies into being, and when it goes out we shall go too. What is it? How long has it been? How long will it last? How shall we use it?

To look across the space of over ninety million miles, and to try to learn from that distance the nature of the solar heat, and how it is kept up, seemed to the astronomers of the last century a hopeless task. The difficulty was avoided rather than met by the doctrine that the sun was pure fire, and shone because "it was its nature to." In the middle ages such an idea was universal; and along with it, and as a logical sequence of it, the belief was long prevalent that it was possible to make another such flame here, in the form of a lamp which should burn forever and radiate light endlessly without exhaustion. With the philosopher's stone, which was to transmute lead into gold, this perpetual lamp formed a prime object of research for the alchemist and student of magic.

We recall the use which Scott has made of the belief in this product of "gramarye" in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," where it is sought to open the grave of the great wizard in Melrose Abbey. It is midnight when the stone which covers it is heaved away, and Michael's undying lamp, buried

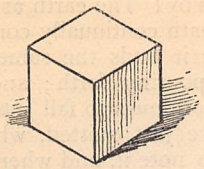


FIG. 6.—ONE CUBIC CENTIMETER.

with him long ago, shines out from the open tomb and illuminates the darkness of the chancel.

> "I would you had been there to see
> The light break forth so gloriously;
> That lamp shall burn unquenchably
> Until the eternal doom shall be,"

says the poet. Now we are at liberty to enjoy the fiction as a fiction; but if we admit that the art which could make such a lamp would indeed be a black art, which did not work under nature's laws, but against them, then we ought to see that, as the whole conception is derived from the early notion of a miraculous constitution of the sun, the idea of an eternal self-sustained sun is no more permitted to us than that of an eternal self-sustained lamp. We must look for the cause of the sun's heat in nature's laws, and we know those laws chiefly by what we see here.

Before examining the source of the sun's heat, let us look a little more into its amount. To find the exact amount of heat which it sends out is a very difficult problem, especially if we are to use all the refinements of the latest methods in determining it. The underlying principle, however, is embodied in an old method which gives, it is true, rather crude results, but by so simple a treatment that the reader can follow it readily, especially if unembarrassed with details, in which most of the actual trouble lies. We must warn him in advance that he is going to be confronted with a kind of enormous sum in multiplication, for whose general accuracy he may, however, trust to us if he pleases. We have not attempted exact accuracy, because it is more convenient for him that we should deal with round numbers.

The apparatus which we shall need for the attack of this great problem is surprisingly simple, and moderate in size. Let us begin by finding how much sun-heat falls in a small known area. To do this we take a flat, shallow vessel, which is to be filled with water. The amount it contains is usually a hundred cubic centimeters (a centimeter being nearly four-tenths of an inch), so that if we imagine a tiny cubical box about as large as a backgammon die, or, more exactly, having each side just the size of this (Fig. 6), to be filled and emptied into the vessel one hundred times, we shall have a precise idea of its limited capacity. Into this vessel we dip a thermometer, so as to read the temperature of the water, seal all up so that the water shall not run out, and expose it so that the heat at noon falls perpendicularly on it. The apparatus is shown in Fig. 7, attached to a tree. The stem of the instrument holds the thermometer, which is upside down, its bulb being in the water-vessel. Now all the sun's rays do not reach this vessel, for some are absorbed by our atmosphere; and all the heat which falls on it does not stay there, as the water loses part of it by the contact of the air with the box outside, and in other ways. When allowance is made for these losses, we find that the sun's heat, if all retained, would have raised the temperature of the few drops of water which would fill a box the size of our little cube (according to these latest observations) nearly three degrees of the centigrade thermometer in one minute—a most insignificant result apparently, as a measure of what we have been told is the almost infinite heat of the sun! But if we think so, we are forgetting the power of numbers, of which we are about to have an illustration as striking in its way as that which Archimedes once gave with the grains of sand.

There is a treatise of his extant, in which he remarks (I cite from memory) that as some people believe it possible for numbers to express a quantity as great as that of the grains of sand upon the sea-shore, while others deny this, he shall show that they can express one even larger. To prove this beyond dispute, he begins with a single seed, beside which he ranges single grains of sand in a line, till he can give the number of these latter which equal its length. Next he ranges seeds beside each other till their number makes up the length of a span; then he counts the spans in a stadium, and the stadia in the whole world as known to the ancients, at each step expressing his results in a number certainly *greater* than the number of sand-grains which the seed, or the span, or the stadium, or finally the whole world, is thus successively shown to contain. He has then already got a number before his reader's eyes demonstrably larger than that of all the grains of sand on the sea-shore; yet he does not stop, but steps off the earth into space, to calculate and express a number *greater* than

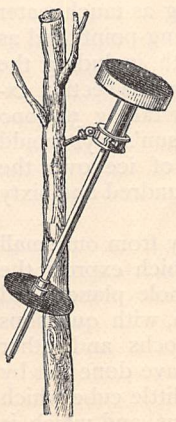


FIG. 7.—POUILLET'S PYRHELIOMETER.

that of all the grains of sand which would fill a sphere embracing the earth and the sun!

We are going to use our little unit of heat in the same way, for (to calculate in round figures and in English measure) we find that we can set over nine hundred of these small cubes side by side in a square foot, and, as there are 28,000,000 feet in a square mile, that the latter would contain 25,000,000,000 of the cubes, placed side by side, touching each other, like a mosaic pavement. We find also, by weighing our little cup, that we should need to fill and empty it almost exactly a million times to exhaust a tank containing a ton of water. The sun-heat falling on one square mile corresponds, then, to over seven hundred and fifty tons of water raised *every minute* from the freezing-point to boiling, which already is becoming a respectable amount!

But there are 49,000,000 square miles in the cross-section of the earth exposed to the sun's rays, which it would therefore need 1,225,000,000,000,000,000 of our little dies to cover one deep; and therefore in each *minute* the sun's heat falling on the earth would raise to boiling 37,000,000,000 tons of water.

We may express this in other ways, as by the quantity of ice it would melt; and as the heat required to melt a given weight of ice is $\frac{79}{100}$ of that required to bring as much water from the freezing to the boiling-point, and as the whole surface of he earth, including the night side, is four times the cross-section exposed to the sun, we find, by taking 526,000 minutes to a year, that the sun's rays would melt in the year a coating of ice over the whole earth more than one hundred and sixty feet thick.

We have ascended already from our small starting-point to numbers which express the heat that falls upon the whole planet, and enable us to deal, if we wish, with questions relating to the glacial epochs and other changes in its history. We have done this by referring at each step to the little cube which we have carried along with us, and which is the foundation of all the rest; and we now see why such exactness in the first determination is needed, since any error is multiplied by enormous numbers. But now we, too, are going to step off the earth and to deal with numbers which we can still express in the same way if we choose, but which grow so large thus stated that we will seek some greater term of comparison for them. We have just seen the almost incomprehensible amount of heat which the sun must send the earth in order to warm its oceans and make green its continents; but how little this is to what passes us by! The earth as it moves on in its annual path continually comes into new regions, where it finds the same amount of heat already pouring forth; and this same amount still continues to fall into the empty space we have just quitted, where there is no one left to note it, and where it goes on in what seems to us utter waste. If, then, the whole annual orbit were set close with globes like ours, and strung with worlds like beads upon a ring, each would receive the same enormous amount the earth does now. But this is not all; for not only along the orbit, but above and below it, the sun sends its heat in seemingly incredible wastefulness, the final amount being expressible in the number of *worlds* like ours that it could warm like ours, which is 2,200,000,000.

We have possibly given a surfeit of such numbers, but we cannot escape or altogether avoid them, when dealing with this stupendous outflow of the solar heat. They are too great, perhaps, to convey a clear idea to the mind, but let us before leaving them try to give an illustration of their significance.

Let us suppose that we could sweep up from the earth all the ice and snow on its surface, and, gathering in the accumulations which lie on its Arctic and Antarctic poles, commence building with it a tower greater than that of Babel, fifteen miles in diameter, and so high as to exhaust our store. Imagine that it could be preserved untouched by the sun's rays, while we built on with the accumulations of successive winters, until it stretched out 240,000 miles into space, and formed an ice-bridge to the moon, and that then we concentrated on it the sun's whole radiation, neither more nor less than that which goes on every moment. In *one* second the whole would be gone, melted, boiled and dissipated in vapor. And this is the rate at which the solar heat is being (to human apprehension) *wasted!*

Nature, we are told, always accomplishes her purpose with the least possible expenditure of energy. Is her purpose here, then, something quite independent of man's comfort and happiness? Of the whole solar heat, we have just seen that less than $\frac{1}{2,000,000}$ — less, that is, than the one twenty-thousandth part of one per cent.—is made useful to us. "But may there not be other planets on which intelligent life exists, and where this heat, which passes us by, serves other beings than ourselves?" There *may* be; but if we could suppose all the other planets of the solar system to be inhabited, it would help the matter very little; for the whole together intercept so little of the great sum, that all of it which nature bestows on man is still as nothing to what she

bestows on some end—if end there be—which is to us as yet inscrutable.

How is this heat maintained? Not by the miracle of a perpetual self-sustained flame, we may be sure. But, then, by what fuel is such a fire fed? There can be no question of simple burning, like that of coal in the grate, for there is no source of supply adequate to the demand. The State of Pennsylvania, for instance, is underlaid by one of the richest coal-fields of the world, capable of supplying the consumption of the whole country at its present rate for more than a thousand years to come. If the source of the solar heat (whatever that is) were withdrawn, and we were enabled to carry this coal there and shoot it into the solar furnace fast enough to keep up the known heat-supply, so that the solar radiation would go on at just its actual rate, the time which this coal would last is easily calculable. It would not last days or hours, but the whole of these coal-beds would demonstrably be used up in rather less than one one-thousandth of a second! We find by a similar calculation that if the sun were itself one solid block of coal, it would have burned out to the last cinder in less time than man has certainly been on the earth. But during historic times there has as surely been no noticeable diminution of the sun's heat, for the olive and the vine grow just as they did three thousand years ago, and the hypothesis of an actual burning becomes untenable. It has been supposed by some that meteors striking the solar surface might generate heat by their impact, just as a cannon-ball fired against an armor-plate causes a flash of light, and a heat so sudden and intense as to partly melt the ball at the instant of concussion. This is probably a real source of heat-supply as far as it goes, but it cannot go very far; and, indeed, if our whole world should fall upon the solar surface like an immense projectile, gathering speed as it fell, and finally striking (as it would) with the force due to a rate of over three hundred miles a second, the heat developed would supply the sun for but little more than sixty years.*

It is not necessary, however, that a body should be moving rapidly to develop heat, for arrested motion always generates it, whether the motion be fast or slow, though in the latter case the mass arrested must be larger to produce the same result. It is in the slow settlement of the sun's own substance toward its center, as it contracts in cooling, that we find a sufficient cause for the heat developed.

This explanation is often unsatisfactory to those who have not studied the subject, because the fact that heat so generated is not made familiar to most of us by observation.

Perhaps the following illustration will make the matter plainer. When we are carried up in a lift, or elevator, we know well enough that heat has been expended under the boiler of some engine to drag us up against the power of gravity. When the elevator is at the top of its course, it is ready to give out in descending just the same amount of power needed to raise it, as we see by its drawing up a nearly equal counterpoise in the descent. It can and must give out in coming down the power that was spent in raising it up; and though there is no practical occasion to do so, a large part of this power could, if we wished, be actually recovered in the form of heat again. In the case of a larger body, such as the pyramid of Ghizeh, which weighs between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 tons, all the furnaces in the world, burning coal under all its engines, would have to supply their heat for a measurable time to lift it a mile high; and then, if it were allowed to come down, whether it fell at once or were made to descend with imperceptible slowness, by the time it touched the earth the same heat would be given out again.

Perhaps the fact that the sun is gaseous rather than solid makes it less easy to realize the enormous weight which is consistent with this vaporous constitution. A cubic mile of hydrogen gas (the lightest substance known) would weigh much more at the sun's surface than the Great Pyramid does here, and the number of these cubic miles in a stratum one mile deep below its surface is over 2,000,000,000,000! This alone is enough to show that, as they settle downward as the solar globe shrinks, here is a *possible* source of supply for all the heat the sun sends out. Exacter calculation shows that it *is* sufficient, and that a contraction of 300 feet a year (which in 10,000 years would make a shrinkage hardly visible in the most powerful telescope) would give all the immense outflow of heat we see.

There is an ultimate limit, however, to the sun's shrinking, and there must have been some bounds to the heat he can already have thus acquired; for—though the greater the original diameter of his sphere, the greater the gain of heat by shrinking to its present size—if the original diameter be supposed as great as possible, there is still a finite limit to the heat gained.

Suppose, in other words, the sun itself and all the planets ground to powder, and distributed on the surface of a sphere whose radius is infinite, and that this matter (the same

* These estimates differ somewhat from those of Helmholtz and Tyndall, as they rest on later measures.

in amount as that constituting the present solar system) is allowed to fall together at the center. The actual shrinkage cannot possibly be greater than in this extreme case; but even in this practically impossible instance, it is easy to calculate that the heat given out would not support the present radiation over 18,000,000 years, and thus we are enabled to look back over past time and fix an approximate limit to the present age of the sun and earth.

If we would look into the future, also, we find that at the present rate we may say that the sun's heat-supply is enough to last for some such term as four or five million years before it sensibly fails; for so long as the sun is purely gaseous, it actually grows hotter instead of cooler as it contracts; that is, there is less potential but more actual heat in it. It is certainly remarkable that by the aid of our science man can look out from this "bank and shoal of time," where his fleeting existence is spent, not only back on the almost infinite lapse of ages past, but that he can forecast with some sort of assurance what is to happen in an almost infinitely distant future, long after the human race itself will have disappeared from its present home. But so it is, and we may say — with something like awe at the meaning to which science points — that the whole past of the sun cannot then have been over 18,000,000 years, and its whole future radiation cannot last so much more. Its probable life is covered by about 30,000,000 years. No reasonable allowance for the fall of meteors or for all other known causes of supply could possibly raise the whole term of its existence to 60,000,000 years.

This is substantially Professor Young's view, and he adds: "At the same time it is, of course, impossible to assert that there has been no catastrophe in the past — no collision with some wandering star . . . producing a shock which might in a few hours, or moments even, restore the wasted energy of ages. Neither is it wholly safe to assume that there may not be ways, of which we as yet have no conception, by which the energy apparently lost in space may be returned. But the whole course and tendency of nature, so far as science now makes out, points backward to a beginning and forward to an end. The present order of things seems to be bounded both in the past and in the future by terminal catastrophes which are veiled in clouds as yet inscrutable."

THERE is another matter of interest to us as dwellers on this planet, connected not with the amount of the sun's heat so much as with the degree of its temperature; for it is almost certain that a very little fall in the temperature will cause an immense and wholly disproportionate diminution of the heat-supply. The same principle may be observed in more familiar things. We can, for instance, warm quite a large house by a very small furnace, if we urge this (by a wasteful use of coal) to a dazzling white heat. If we now let the furnace cool to half this white-heat temperature, we shall be sure to find that the heat radiated has not diminished in proportion, but out of all proportion,— has sunk, for instance, not only to one-half what it was (as we might think it would do), but to perhaps a twentieth or even less, so that the furnace which heated the house can no longer warm a single room.

The human race, as we have said, is warming itself at the great solar furnace, which we have just seen contains an internal source for generating heat enough for millions of years to come; but we have also learned that if the sun's internal circulation were stopped, the surface would cool and shut up the heat inside, where it would do us no good. The *temperature* of the surface, then, on which the rate of heat-emission depends, concerns us very much; and if we had a thermometer so long that we could dip its bulb into the sun and read the degrees on the stem here, we should find out what observers would very much like to know, and at present are disposed to quarrel about. The difficulty is not in measuring the heat,— for that we have just seen how to do,— but in telling what temperature corresponds to it, since there is no known rule by which to find one from the other. One certain thing is this — that we cannot by any contrivance raise the temperature in the focus of any lens or mirror beyond that of its source (practically we cannot do even so much); we cannot, for instance, by any burning-lens make the image of a candle as hot as the original flame. Whatever a thermometer may read when the candle-heat is concentrated on its bulb by a lens, it would read yet more if the bulb were dipped in the candle-flame itself; and one obvious application of this fact is that, though we cannot dip our thermometer in the sun, we know that if we could do so the temperature would at least be greater than any we get by the largest burning-glass. We need have no fear of making the burning-glass too big; the temperature at its solar focus is *always* and necessarily lower than that of the sun itself.

For some reason no very great burning-lens or mirror has been constructed for a long time, and we have to go back to the eighteenth century to see what can be done in this way. The annexed figure (Fig. 8) is from a wood-cut of the last century, describing the largest burning-lens then or since constructed

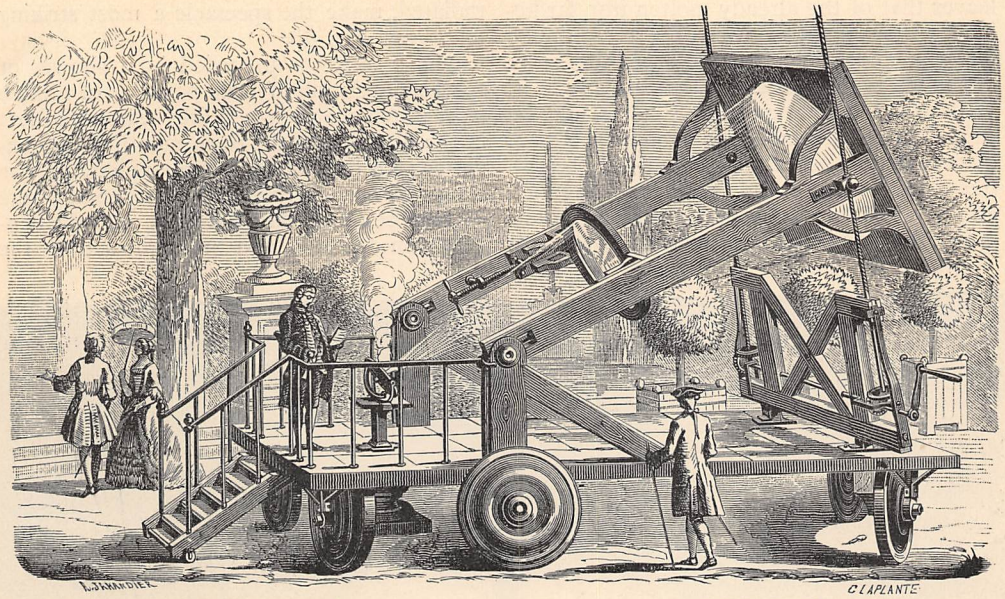


FIG. 8.— BERNIÈRES'S GREAT BURNING-GLASS. (AFTER AN OLD FRENCH PRINT.)

in France, whose size and mode of use the drawing clearly shows. All the heat falling on the great lens was concentrated on a smaller one, and the smaller one concentrated it in turn, till at the very focus we are assured that iron, gold, and other metals ran like melted butter. In England, the largest burning-lens on record was made about the same time by an optician named Parker for the English Government, who designed it as a present to be taken by Lord Macartney's embassy to the Emperor of China. Parker's lens was three feet in diameter and very massive, being seven inches thick at the center. In its focus the most refractory substances were fused, and even the diamond was reduced to vapor, so that the temperature of the sun's surface is at any rate higher than *this*.

(What became of the French lens shown, it would be interesting to know. If it is still above ground, its fate has been better than that of the English one. It is said that the Emperor of China, when he got his lens, was much alarmed by it, as being possibly sent him by the English with some covert design for his injury. By way of a test, a smith was ordered to strike it with his hammer; but the hammer rebounded from the solid glass, and this was taken to be conclusive evidence of magic in the thing, which was immediately buried, and probably is still reposing under the soil of the Celestial Flowery Kingdom.)

We can confirm the evidence of such burning-lenses as to the sun's high temperature by another class of experiment, which rests on an analogous principle. We can make the comparison between the heat from some artificially heated object and that which would be given out from an equal area of the sun's face. Now, supposing like emissive powers, if the latter be found the hotter, though we cannot tell what its temperature absolutely is, we can at least say that it is greater than that of the thing with which it is compared; so that we choose for comparison the hottest thing we can find, on a scale large enough for the experiment. One observation of my own in this direction I will permit myself to cite in illustration.

Perhaps the highest temperature we can get on a large scale in the arts is that of molten steel in the Bessemer converter. As many may be as ignorant of what this is as I was before I tried the experiment, I will try to describe it.

The "converter" is an enormous iron pot, lined with fire-brick, and capable of holding thirty or forty thousand pounds of melted metal; and it is swung on trunnions, so that it can be raised by an engine to a vertical position, or lowered by machinery so as to pour its contents out into a caldron. First the empty converter is inclined, and fifteen thousand pounds of fluid iron streams down into the mouth from an adjacent furnace where it has been melted. Then the engine lifts the converter into an erect position, while an air-blast from a blowing-engine is forced in at the bottom and through the liquid iron, which has combined with it nearly half a ton of silicon and carbon,— materials which, with the oxygen of the blast, create a heat which

leaves that of the already molten iron far behind. After some time the converter is tipped forward, and fifteen hundred pounds more of melted iron is added to that already in it. What the temperature of this last is, may be judged from the fact that though a stream of ordinary melted iron is dazzlingly bright, the melted metal in the converter is so much brighter still that the entering stream is dark brown by comparison, presenting a contrast radiated, make the spectacle a most striking one. (See Fig. 9.)

The "pour" is preceded by a shower of sparks, consisting of little particles of molten steel which are projected fully a hundred feet in the direction of the open mouth of the converter. In the line of this my apparatus was stationed in an open window, at a point where its view could be directed down into the converter on one side, and up at the sun on the

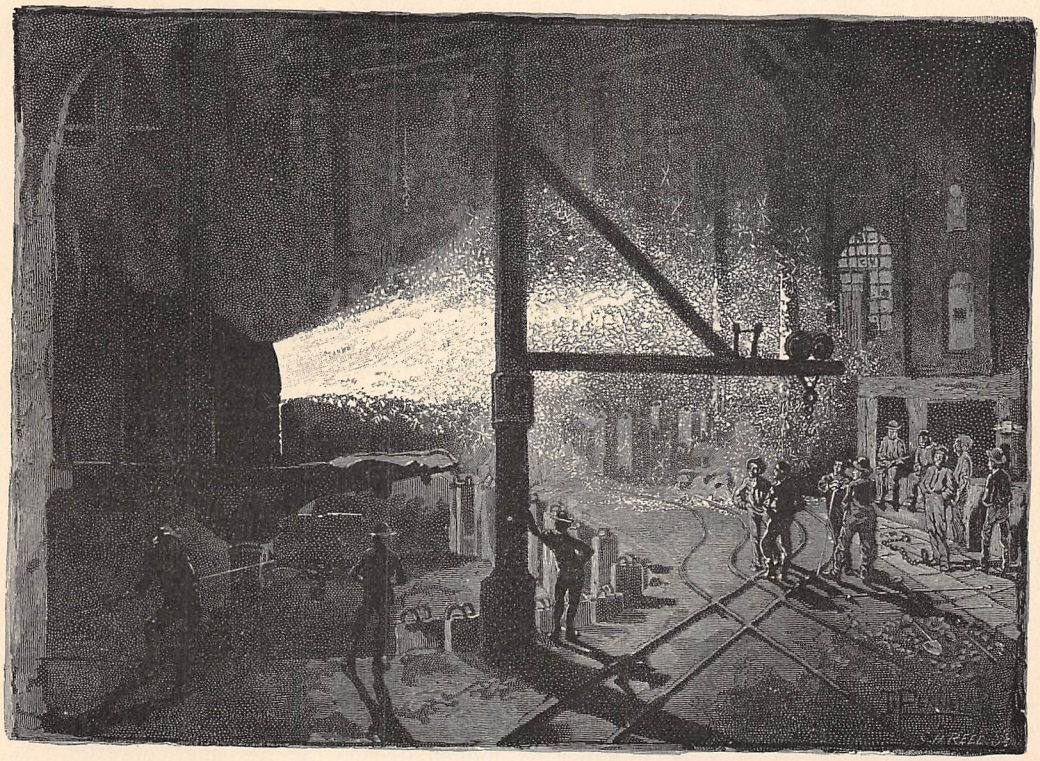


FIG. 9.—A "POUR" FROM THE BESSEMER CONVERTER.

like that of chocolate poured into a white cup. The contents are now no longer iron, but liquid steel, ready for pouring into the caldron; and, looking from the front down into the inclined vessel, we see the almost blindingly bright interior dripping with the drainage of the metal running down its side, so that the circular mouth, which is twenty-four inches in diameter, presents the effect of a disk of molten metal of that size (were it possible to maintain such a disk in a vertical position). In addition, we have the actual stream of falling metal, which continues nearly a minute, and presents an area of some square feet. The shower of scintillations from this cataract of what seems at first "sun-like" brilliancy, and the area whence such intense heat and light are for a brief time other. This apparatus consisted of a long photometer-box with a *porte-lumière* at one end. The mirror of this reflected the sun's rays through the box and then on to the pouring metal, tracing their way to it by a beam visible in the dusty air (Fig. 10). In the path of this beam was placed the measuring apparatus, both for heat and light. As the best point of observation was in the line of the blast, a shower of sparks was driven over the instrument and observer at every "pour"; and the rain of wet soot from chimneys without, the bombardment from within, and the moving masses of red-hot iron around, made the experiment an altogether peculiar one. The apparatus was arranged in such a way that the effect (except for the absorption of its beams on the way) was independent of the

size or distance of the sun, and depended on the absolute radiation there, and was equivalent, in fact, to taking a sample piece of the sun's face *of equal size* with the fluid metal, bringing them face to face, and seeing which was the hotter and brighter. The comparison, however, was unfair to the sun, because its rays were in reality partly absorbed by the atmosphere on the way, while those of the furnace were not. Under these circumstances the heat from any single square foot of the sun's surface was found to be *at least* eighty-seven times that from a square foot of the melted metal, while the light from the sun was proved to be, foot for foot, over five thousand times that from the molten steel, though the latter, separately considered, seemed to be itself, as I have said, of quite sun-like brilliancy.

We must not conclude from this that the *temperature* of the sun was five thousand times that of the steel, but we may be certain that it was at any rate a great deal the higher of the two. It is probable, from all experiments made up to this date, that the solar effective temperature is not less than 3000 nor more than 30,000 degrees of the centigrade thermometer. Sir William Siemens, whose opinion on any question as to heat is entitled to great respect, thought the lower value nearer the truth, but this is doubtful.

We have, in all that has preceded, been speaking of the sun's constitution and appearance, and have hardly entered on the question of its industrial relations to man. It must be evident, however, that if we derive, as it is asserted we do, almost all our mechanical power from this solar heat,—if our water-wheel is driven by rivers which the sun feeds by the rain he sucks up for them into the clouds, if the coal is stored sun-power, and if, as Stevenson said, it really is the sun which drives our engines, though at second hand,—there is an immense fund of possible mechanical power still coming to us from him which might be economically utilized. Leaving out of sight all our more important relations to him (for, as has been already said, he is in a physical sense our creator, and he keeps us alive from hour to hour), and considering him only as a possible servant to grind our corn and spin our flax, we find that even in this light there are startling possibilities of profit in the study of our subject. From recent measures it appears that from every square yard of the earth exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays, in the absence of an absorbing atmosphere there could be derived more than one horse-power, if the heat were all converted into this use, and that even on such a little area as the island of Manhattan, or that occupied by the city of London, the noon-tide heat is enough, could it all be utilized, to drive all the steam-engines in the world. It will not be surprising, then, to hear that many practical men are turning their attention to this as a source of power, and that, though it has hitherto cost more to utilize the power than it is worth, there is reason to believe that some of the greatest changes which civilization has to bring may yet be due to such investigations. The visitor to the last Paris Exposition may remember an extraordinary machine on the grounds of the Trocadéro looking like a gigantic inverted umbrella pointed sunward. This was the sun-machine of M. Mouchot, consisting of a great parabolic reflector which concentrated the heat on a boiler in the focus and drove a steam-engine with it, which was employed in turn to work a printing-press as our engraving shows (Fig. 11). Because these constructions have been hitherto little more than playthings, we are not to think of them as useless. If toys, they are the toys of the childhood of a science which is destined to grow, and in its maturity to apply this solar energy to the use of all mankind.

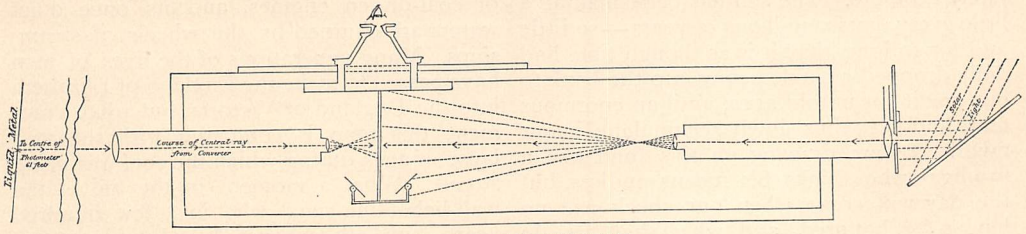


FIG. 10.— PHOTOMETER-BOX.

Even now they are beginning to pass into the region of practical utility, and in the form of the latest achievement of Mr. Ericsson's ever-young genius are ready for actual work on an economical scale. We present in Fig. 12 his new actually working solar engine, which there is every reason to believe is more efficient than Mouchot's, and probably capable of being used with economical advantage

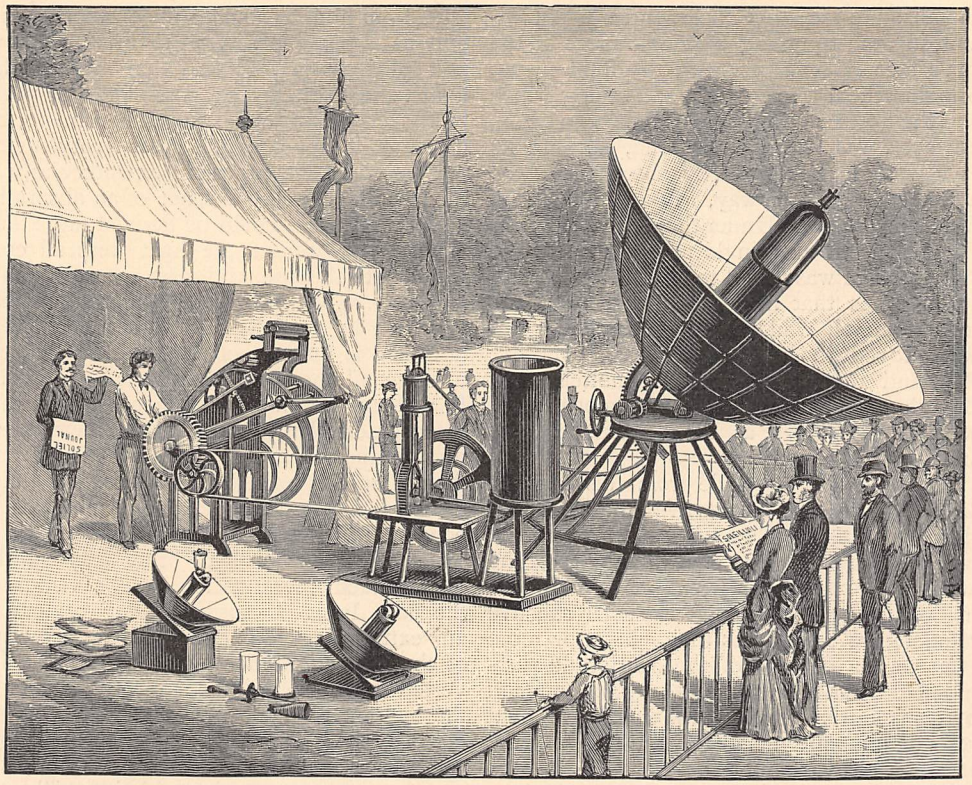


FIG. 11.— MOUCHOT'S SOLAR ENGINE. (FROM A FRENCH PRINT.)

in pumping water in desert regions of our own country. It is pregnant with suggestion of the future, if we consider the growing demand for power in the world, and the fact that its stock of coal, though vast, is strictly limited, in the sense that when it *is* gone we can get absolutely no more. The sun has been making a little every day for millions of years — so little and for so long that it is as though time had daily dropped a single penny into the bank to our credit for untold ages, until an enormous fund had been thus slowly accumulated in our favor. We are drawing on this fund like a prodigal who thinks his means endless, but the day will come when our check will no longer be honored, and what shall we do then?

The exhaustion of some of the coal-beds is an affair of the immediate future, by comparison with the vast period of time we have been speaking of. The English coal-beds, it is asserted, will, from present indications, be quite used up in about three hundred years more. Three hundred years ago the sun, looking down on the England of our forefathers, saw a fair land of green woods and quiet waters, a land unvexed with noisier machinery than the spinning-wheel, or the needles of the "free maids that weave their threads with bones." Because of the coal which has been dug from its soil, he sees it now soot-blackened, furrowed with railway-cuttings, covered with noisy manufactories, filled with grimy operatives, while the island shakes with the throb of coal-driven engines, and its once quiet waters are churned by the wheels of steamships. Many generations of the lives of men have passed to make the England of Elizabeth into the England of Victoria, but what a moment this time is compared with the vast lapse of ages during which the coal was being stored! What a moment in the life of the "all-beholding sun," who in a few hundred years — his gift exhausted and the last furnace-fire out — may send his beams through rents in the ivy-grown walls of deserted factories, upon silent engines brown with eating rust, while the mill-hand has gone to other lands, the rivers are clean again, the harbors show only white sails, and England's "black country" is green once more! To America, too, such a time, may come, though at a greatly longer distance.

Does this all seem but the idlest fancy? That something like it will come to pass sooner or later is a most certain fact — as certain

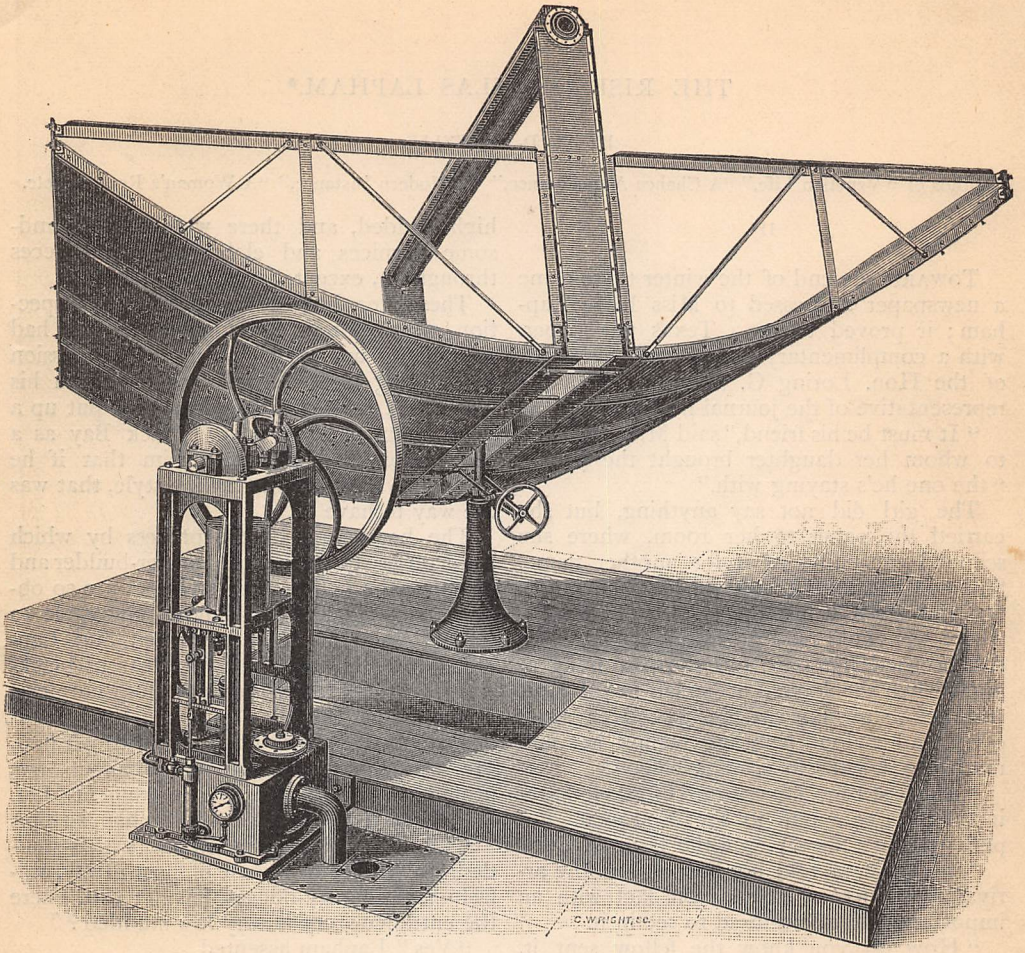


FIG. 12.—ERICSSON'S NEW SOLAR ENGINE, NOW IN PRACTICAL USE IN NEW YORK.

as any process of nature—if we do not find a new source of power; for of the coal which has supplied us, after a certain time we can get no more.

Future ages may see the seat of empire transferred to regions of the earth now barren and desolated under intense solar heat—countries which, for that very cause, will not improbably become the seat of mechanical and thence of political power. Whoever finds the way to make industrially useful the vast sun-power now wasted on the deserts of North Africa or the shores of the Red Sea, will effect a greater change in men's affairs than any conqueror in history has done; for he will once more people those waste places with the life that swarmed there in the best days of Carthage and of old Egypt, but under another civilization, where man no longer shall worship the sun as a god, but shall have learned to make it his servant.

S. P. Langley.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

III.

TOWARD the end of the winter there came a newspaper addressed to Miss Irene Lapham; it proved to be a Texas newspaper, with a complimentary account of the ranch of the Hon. Loring G. Stanton, which the representative of the journal had visited.

"It must be his friend," said Mrs. Lapham, to whom her daughter brought the paper; "the one he's staying with."

The girl did not say anything, but she carried the paper to her room, where she scanned every line of it for another name. She did not find it, but she cut the notice out and stuck it into the side of her mirror, where she could read it every morning when she brushed her hair, and the last thing at night when she looked at herself in the glass just before turning off the gas. Her sister often read it aloud, standing behind her and rendering it with elocutionary effects.

"The first time I ever heard of a love-letter in the form of a puff to a cattle-ranch. But perhaps that's the style on the Hill."

Mrs. Lapham told her husband of the arrival of the paper, treating the fact with an importance that he refused to see in it.

"How do you know the fellow sent it, anyway?" he demanded.

"Oh, I know he did."

"I don't see why he couldn't write to 'Rene, if he really meant anything."

"Well, I guess that wouldn't be their way," said Mrs. Lapham; she did not at all know what their way would be.

When the spring opened Colonel Lapham showed that he had been in earnest about building on the New Land. His idea of a house was a brown-stone front, four stories high, and a French roof with an air-chamber above. Inside, there was to be a reception-room on the street and a dining-room back. The parlors were to be on the second floor, and finished in black walnut or parti-colored paint. The chambers were to be on the three floors above, front and rear, with side rooms over the front door. Black walnut was to be used everywhere except in the attic, which was to be painted and grained to look like black walnut. The whole was to be very high-studded, and there were to be handsome cornices and elaborate center-pieces throughout, except, again, in the attic.

These ideas he had formed from the inspection of many new buildings which he had seen going up, and which he had a passion for looking into. He was confirmed in his ideas by a master-builder who had put up a great many houses on the Back Bay as a speculation, and who told him that if he wanted to have a house in the style, that was the way to have it.

The beginnings of the process by which Lapham escaped from the master-builder and ended in the hands of an architect are so obscure that it would be almost impossible to trace them. But it all happened, and Lapham promptly developed his ideas of black-walnut finish, high-studding, and cornices. The architect was able to conceal the shudder which they must have sent through him. He was skillful, as nearly all architects are, in playing upon that simple instrument Man. He began to touch Colonel Lapham's stops.

"Oh, certainly, have the parlors high-studded. But you've seen some of those pretty, old-fashioned country-houses, haven't you, where the entrance-story is very low-studded?"

"Yes," Lapham assented.

"Well, don't you think something of that kind would have a very nice effect? Have the entrance-story low-studded, and your parlors on the next floor as high as you please. Put your little reception-room here beside the door, and get the whole width of your house frontage for a square hall, and an easy low-tread staircase running up three sides of it. I'm sure Mrs. Lapham would find it much pleasanter." The architect caught toward him a scrap of paper lying on the table at which they were sitting and sketched his idea. "Then have your dining-room behind the hall, looking on the water."

He glanced at Mrs. Lapham, who said, "Of course," and the architect went on:

"That gets you rid of one of those long, straight, ugly staircases,"— until that moment Lapham had thought a long, straight staircase the chief ornament of a house,— "and gives you an effect of amplitude and space."

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"That's so!" said Mrs. Lapham. Her husband merely made a noise in his throat.

"Then, were you thinking of having your parlors together, connected by folding doors?" asked the architect deferentially.

"Yes, of course," said Lapham. "They're always so, aint they?"

"Well, nearly," said the architect. "I was wondering how would it do to make one large square room at the front, taking the whole breadth of the house, and, with this hall-space between, have a music-room back for the young ladies?"

Lapham looked helplessly at his wife, whose quicker apprehension had followed the architect's pencil with instant sympathy. "First-rate!" she cried.

The Colonel gave way. "I guess that would do. It'll be kind of odd, wont it?"

"Well, I don't know," said the architect. "Not so odd, I hope, as the other thing will be a few years from now." He went on to plan the rest of the house, and he showed himself such a master in regard to all the practical details that Mrs. Lapham began to feel a motherly affection for the young man, and her husband could not deny in his heart that the fellow seemed to understand his business. He stopped walking about the room, as he had begun to do when the architect and Mrs. Lapham entered into the particulars of closets, drainage, kitchen arrangements, and all that, and came back to the table. "I presume," he said, "you'll have the drawing-room finished in black walnut?"

"Well, yes," replied the architect, "if you like. But some less expensive wood can be made just as effective with paint. Of course you can paint black walnut, too."

"Paint it?" gasped the Colonel.

"Yes," said the architect quietly. "White, or a little off white."

Lapham dropped the plan he had picked up from the table. His wife made a little move toward him of consolation or support.

"Of course," resumed the architect, "I know there has been a great craze for black walnut. But it's an ugly wood; and for a drawing-room there is really nothing like white paint. We should want to introduce a little gold here and there. Perhaps we might run a painted frieze round under the cornice — garlands of roses on a gold ground; it would tell wonderfully in a white room."

The Colonel returned less courageously to the charge. "I presume you'll want Eastlake mantel-shelves and tiles?" He meant this for a sarcastic thrust at a prevailing foible of the profession.

"Well, no," gently answered the architect. "I was thinking perhaps a white marble chimney-piece, treated in the refined Empire style, would be the thing for that room."

"White marble!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I thought that had gone out long ago."

"Really beautiful things can't go out. They may disappear for a little while, but they must come back. It's only the ugly things that stay out after they've had their day."

Lapham could only venture very modestly, "Hard-wood floors?"

"In the music-room, of course," consented the architect.

"And in the drawing-room?"

"Carpet. Some sort of moquette, I should say. But I should prefer to consult Mrs. Lapham's taste in that matter."

"And in the other rooms?"

"Oh, carpets, of course."

"And what about the stairs?"

"Carpet. And I should have the rail and banisters white — banisters turned or twisted."

The Colonel said under his breath, "Well, I'm dumned!" but he gave no utterance to his astonishment in the architect's presence. When he went at last, — the session did not end till eleven o'clock, — Lapham said, "Well, Pert, I guess that fellow's fifty years behind, or ten years ahead. I wonder what the Ongpeer style is?"

"I don't know. I hated to ask. But he seemed to understand what he was talking about. I declare, he knows what a woman wants in a house better than she does herself."

"And a man's simply nowhere in comparison," said Lapham. But he respected a fellow who could beat him at every point, and have a reason ready, as this architect had; and when he recovered from the daze into which the complete upheaval of all his preconceived notions had left him, he was in a fit state to swear by the architect. It seemed to him that he had discovered the fellow (as he always called him) and owned him now, and the fellow did nothing to disturb this impression. He entered into that brief but intense intimacy with the Laphams which the sympathetic architect holds with his clients. He was privy to all their differences of opinion and all their disputes about the house. He knew just where to insist upon his own ideas, and where to yield. He was really building several other houses, but he gave the Laphams the impression that he was doing none but theirs.

The work was not begun till the frost was thoroughly out of the ground, which that year was not before the end of April. Even then it did not proceed very rapidly. Lapham said they might as well take their time to it; if they got the walls up and the thing closed in before the snow flew, they could be working

at it all winter. It was found necessary to dig for the kitchen; at that point the original salt marsh lay near the surface, and before they began to put in the piles for the foundation they had to pump. The neighborhood smelt like the hold of a ship after a three years' voyage. People who had cast their fortunes with the New Land went by professing not to notice it; people who still "hung on to the Hill" put their handkerchiefs to their noses, and told each other the old terrible stories of the material used in filling up the Back Bay.

Nothing gave Lapham so much satisfaction in the whole construction of his house as the pile-driving. When this began, early in the summer, he took Mrs. Lapham every day in his buggy and drove round to look at it; stopping the mare in front of the lot, and watching the operation with even keener interest than the little loafing Irish boys who superintended it in force. It pleased him to hear the portable engine chuckle out a hundred thin whiffs of steam, in carrying the big iron weight to the top of the framework above the pile, then seem to hesitate, and cough once or twice in pressing the weight against the detaching apparatus. There was a moment in which the weight had the effect of poising before it fell; then it dropped with a mighty whack on the iron-bound head of the pile and drove it a foot into the earth.

"By gracious!" he would say, "there aint anything like that in *this* world for *business*, Persis!"

Mrs. Lapham suffered him to enjoy the sight twenty or thirty times before she said, "Well, now drive on, Si."

By the time the foundation was in and the brick walls had begun to go up, there were so few people left in the neighborhood that she might indulge with impunity her husband's passion for having her clamber over the floor-timbers and the skeleton staircases with him. Many of the householders had boarded up their front doors before the buds had begun to swell and the assessor to appear in early May; others had followed soon; and Mrs. Lapham was as safe from remark as if she had been in the depth of the country. Ordinarily she and her girls left town early in July, going to one of the hotels at Nantasket, where it was convenient for the Colonel to get to and from his business by the boat. But this summer they were all lingering a few weeks later, under the novel fascination of the new house, as they called it, as if there were no other in the world.

Lapham drove there with his wife after he had set Bartley Hubbard down at the "Events" office, but on this day something happened that interfered with the solid pleasure they usually took in going over the house. As the Colonel turned from casting anchor at the mare's head with the hitching-weight, after helping his wife to alight, he encountered a man to whom he could not help speaking, though the man seemed to share his hesitation if not his reluctance at the necessity. He was a tallish, thin man, with a dust-colored face, and a dead, clerical air, which somehow suggested at once feebleness and tenacity.

Mrs. Lapham held out her hand to him.

"Why, Mr. Rogers!" she exclaimed, and then, turning toward her husband, seemed to refer the two men to each other. They shook hands, but Lapham did not speak. "I didn't know you were in Boston," pursued Mrs. Lapham. "Is Mrs. Rogers with you?"

"No," said Mr. Rogers, with a voice which had the flat, succinct sound of two pieces of wood clapped together. "Mrs. Rogers is still in Chicago."

A little silence followed, and then Mrs. Lapham said:

"I presume you are quite settled out there."

"No; we have left Chicago. Mrs. Rogers has merely remained to finish up a little packing."

"Oh, indeed! Are you coming back to Boston?"

"I cannot say as yet. We some think of so doing."

Lapham turned away and looked up at the building. His wife pulled a little at her glove, as if embarrassed or even pained. She tried to make a diversion.

"We are building a house," she said, with a meaningless laugh.

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Rogers, looking up at it.

Then no one spoke again, and she said, helplessly:

"If you come to Boston, I hope I shall see Mrs. Rogers."

"She will be happy to have you call," said Mr. Rogers.

He touched his hat-brim, and made a bow forward rather than in Mrs. Lapham's direction.

She mounted the planking that led into the shelter of the bare brick walls, and her husband slowly followed. When she turned her face toward him her cheeks were burning, and tears that looked hot stood in her eyes.

"You left it all to me!" she cried. "Why couldn't you speak a word?"

"I hadn't anything to say to him," replied Lapham sullenly.

They stood awhile, without looking at the work which they had come to enjoy, and without speaking to each other.

"I suppose we might as well go on," said Mrs. Lapham at last, as they returned to the buggy. The Colonel drove recklessly toward the Milldam. His wife kept her veil down and her face turned from him. After a time she put her handkerchief up under her veil and wiped her eyes, and he set his teeth and squared his jaw.

"I don't see how he always manages to appear just at the moment when he seems to have gone fairly out of our lives, and blight everything," she whimpered.

"I supposed he was dead," said Lapham.

"Oh, don't *say* such a thing! It sounds as if you wished it."

"Why do you mind it? What do you let him blight everything for?"

"I can't help it, and I don't believe I ever shall. I don't know as his being dead would help it any. I can't ever see him without feeling just as I did at first."

"I tell you," said Lapham, "it was a perfectly square thing. And I wish, once for all, you would quit bothering about it. My conscience is easy as far as he's concerned, and it always was."

"And I can't look at him without feeling as if you'd ruined him, Silas."

"Don't look at him, then," said her husband with a scowl. "I want you should recollect in the first place, Persis, that I never wanted a partner."

"If he hadn't put his money in when he did, you'd 'a' broken down."

"Well, he got his money out again, and more too," said the Colonel with a sulky weariness.

"He didn't want to take it out."

"I gave him his choice: buy out or go out."

"You know he couldn't buy out then. It was no choice at all."

"It was a business chance."

"No; you had better face the truth, Silas. It was no chance at all. You crowded him out. A man that had saved you! No, you had got greedy, Silas. You had made your paint your god, and you couldn't bear to let anybody else share in its blessings."

"I tell you he was a drag and a brake on me from the word go. You say he saved me. Well, if I hadn't got him out he'd 'a' ruined me sooner or later. So it's an even thing, as far forth as that goes."

"No, it aint an even thing, and you know it, Silas. Oh, if I could only get you once to acknowledge that you did wrong about it, then I should have some hope. I don't say you meant wrong exactly, but you took an advantage. Yes, you took an advantage! You had him where he couldn't help himself, and then you wouldn't show him any mercy."

"I'm sick of this," said Lapham. "If you'll 'tend to the house, I'll manage my business without your help."

"You were very glad of my help once."

"Well, I'm tired of it now. Don't meddle."

"I *will* meddle. When I see you hardening yourself in a wrong thing, it's time for me to meddle, as you call it, and I will. I can't ever get you to own up the least bit about Rogers, and I feel as if it was hurting you all the while."

"What do you want I should own up about a thing for when I don't feel wrong? I tell you Rogers haint got anything to complain of, and that's what I told you from the start. It's a thing that's done every day. I was loaded up with a partner that didn't know anything, and couldn't do anything, and I unloaded; that's all."

"You unloaded just at the time when you knew that your paint was going to be worth about twice what it ever had been; and you wanted all the advantage for yourself."

"I had a right to it. I made the success."

"Yes, you made it with Rogers's money; and when you'd made it you took his share of it. I guess you thought of that when you saw him, and that's why you couldn't look him in the face."

At these words Lapham lost his temper.

"I guess you don't want to ride with me any more to-day," he said, turning the mare abruptly round.

"I'm as ready to go back as what you are," replied his wife. "And don't you ask me to go to that house with you any more. You can sell it, for all me. I sha'n't live in it. There's blood on it."

IV.

THE silken texture of the marriage tie bears a daily strain of wrong and insult to which no other human relation can be subjected without lesion; and sometimes the strength that knits society together might appear to the eye of faltering faith the curse of those immediately bound by it. Two people by no means reckless of each other's rights and feelings, but even tender of them for the most part, may tear at each other's heart-strings in this sacred bond with perfect impunity; though if they were any other two they would not speak or look at each other again after the outrages they exchange. It is certainly a curious spectacle, and doubtless it ought to convince an observer of the divinity of the institution. If the husband and wife are blunt, outspoken people like the Laphams, they do not weigh their words; if they are more re-

fined, they weigh them very carefully, and know accurately just how far they will carry, and in what most sensitive spot they may be planted with most effect.

Lapham was proud of his wife, and when he married her it had been a rise in life for him. For a while he stood in awe of his good fortune, but this could not last, and he simply remained supremely satisfied with it. The girl who had taught school with a clear head and a strong hand was not afraid of work; she encouraged and helped him from the first, and bore her full share of the common burden. She had health, and she did not worry his life out with peevish complaints and vagaries; she had sense and principle, and in their simple lot she did what was wise and right. Their marriage was hallowed by an early sorrow: they lost their boy, and it was years before they could look each other in the face and speak of him. No one gave up more than they when they gave up each other, and Lapham went to the war. When he came back and began to work, her zeal and courage formed the spring of his enterprise. In that affair of the partnership she had tried to be his conscience, but perhaps she would have defended him if he had accused himself; it was one of those things in this life which seem destined to await justice, or at least judgment, in the next. As he said, Lapham had dealt fairly by his partner in money; he had let Rogers take more money out of the business than he put into it; he had, as he said, simply forced out of it a timid and inefficient participant in advantages which he had created. But Lapham had not created them all. He had been dependent at one time on his partner's capital. It was a moment of terrible trial. Happy is the man forever after who can choose the ideal, the unselfish part in such an exigency! Lapham could not rise to it. He did what he could maintain to be perfectly fair. The wrong, if any, seemed to be condoned to him, except when from time to time his wife brought it up. Then all the question stung and burned anew, and had to be reasoned out and put away once more. It seemed to have an inextinguishable vitality. It slept, but it did not die.

His course did not shake Mrs. Lapham's faith in him. It astonished her at first, and it always grieved her that he could not see that he was acting solely in his own interest. But she found excuses for him, which at times she made reproaches. She vaguely perceived that his paint was something more than business to him; it was a sentiment, almost a passion. He could not share its management and its profit with another without a measure of self-sacrifice far beyond that which he must make with something less personal to him. It was the poetry of that nature, otherwise so intensely prosaic; and she understood this, and for the most part forbore. She knew him good and true and blameless in all his life, except for this wrong, if it were a wrong; and it was only when her nerves tingled intolerably with some chance renewal of the pain she had suffered that she shared her anguish with him in true wifely fashion.

With those two there was never anything like an explicit reconciliation. They simply ignored a quarrel; and Mrs. Lapham had only to say a few days after at breakfast, "I guess the girls would like to go round with you this afternoon, and look at the new house," in order to make her husband grumble out as he looked down into his coffee-cup, "I guess we better all go, hadn't we?"

"Well, I'll see," she said.

There was not really a great deal to look at when Lapham arrived on the ground in his four-seated open phaeton. But the walls were up, and the studding had already given skeleton shape to the interior. The floors were roughly boarded over, and the stairways were in place, with provisional treads rudely laid. They had not begun to lath and plaster yet, but the clean, fresh smell of the mortar in the walls mingling with the pungent fragrance of the pine shavings neutralized the Venetian odor that drew in over the water. It was pleasantly shady there, though for the matter of that the heat of the morning had all been washed out of the atmosphere by a tide of east wind setting in at noon, and the thrilling, delicious cool of a Boston summer afternoon bathed every nerve.

The foreman went about with Mrs. Lapham, showing her where the doors were to be; but Lapham soon tired of this, and having found a pine stick of perfect grain, he abandoned himself to the pleasure of whittling it in what was to be the reception-room, where he sat looking out on the street from what was to be the bay-window. Here he was presently joined by his girls, who, after locating their own room on the water side above the music-room, had no more wish to enter into details than their father.

"Come and take a seat in the bay-window, ladies," he called out to them, as they looked in at him through the ribs of the wall. He jocosely made room for them on the trestle on which he sat.

They came gingerly and vaguely forward, as young ladies do when they wish not to seem to be going to do a thing they have made up their minds to do. When they had taken their places on their trestle, they could not help laughing with scorn, open and ac-

ceptable to their father; and Irene curled her chin up, in a little way she had, and said, "How ridiculous!" to her sister.

"Well, I can tell you what," said the Colonel, in fond enjoyment of their young-ladyishness, "your mother wasn't ashamed to sit with me on a trestle when I called her out to look at the first coat of my paint that I ever tried on a house."

"Yes; we've heard that story," said Penelope, with easy security of her father's liking what she said. "We were brought up on that story."

"Well, it's a good story," said her father.

At that moment a young man came suddenly in range, who began to look up at the signs of building as he approached. He dropped his eyes in coming abreast of the bay-window, where Lapham sat with his girls, and then his face lightened, and he took off his hat and bowed to Irene. She rose mechanically from the trestle, and her face lightened too. She was a very pretty figure of a girl, after our fashion of girls, round and slim and flexible, and her face was admirably regular. But her great beauty — and it was very great — was in her coloring. This was of an effect for which there is no word but delicious, as we use it of fruit or flowers. She had red hair, like her father in his earlier days, and the tints of her cheeks and temples were such as suggested May-flowers and apple-blossoms and peaches. Instead of the gray that often dulls this complexion, her eyes were of a blue at once intense and tender, and they seemed to burn on what they looked at with a soft, lambent flame. It was well understood by her sister and mother that her eyes always expressed a great deal more than Irene ever thought or felt; but this is not saying that she was not a very sensible girl and very honest.

The young man faltered perceptibly, and Irene came a little forward, and then there gushed from them both a smiling exchange of greeting, of which the sum was that he supposed she was out of town, and that she had not known that he had got back. A pause ensued, and flushing again in her uncertainty as to whether she ought or ought not to do it, she said, "My father, Mr. Corey; and my sister."

The young man took off his hat again, showing his shapely head, with a line of wholesome sunburn ceasing where the recently and closely clipped hair began. He was dressed in a fine summer check, with a blue white-dotted neckerchief, and he had a white hat, in which he looked very well when he put it back on his head. His whole dress seemed very fresh and new, and, in fact, he had cast aside his Texan habiliments only the day before.

"How do you do, sir?" said the Colonel, stepping to the window, and reaching out of it the hand which the young man advanced to take. "Wont you come in? We're at home here. House I'm building."

"Oh, indeed?" returned the young man; and he came promptly up the steps, and through its ribs into the reception-room.

"Have a trestle?" asked the Colonel, while the girls exchanged little shocks of terror and amusement at the eyes.

"Thank you," said the young man, simply, and sat down.

"Mrs. Lapham is upstairs interviewing the carpenter, but she'll be down in a minute."

"I hope she's quite well," said Corey. "I supposed — I was afraid she might be out of town."

"Well, we are off to Nantasket next week. The house kept us in town pretty late."

"It must be very exciting, building a house," said Corey to the elder sister.

"Yes, it is," she assented, loyally refusing in Irene's interest the opportunity of saying anything more.

Corey turned to the latter. "I suppose you've all helped to plan it?"

"Oh, no; the architect and mamma did that."

"But they allowed the rest of us to agree, when we were good," said Penelope.

Corey looked at her, and saw that she was shorter than her sister, and had a dark complexion.

"It's very exciting," said Irene.

"Come up," said the Colonel, rising, "and look round if you'd like to."

"I should like to, very much," said the young man.

He helped the young ladies over crevasses of carpentry and along narrow paths of planking, on which they had made their way unassisted before. The elder sister left the younger to profit solely by these offices as much as possible. She walked between them and her father, who went before, lecturing on each apartment and taking the credit of the whole affair more and more as he talked on.

"There!" he said, "we're going to throw out a bay-window here, so as get the water all the way up and down. This is my girls' room," he added, looking proudly at them both.

It seemed terribly intimate. Irene blushed deeply and turned her head away.

But the young man took it all, apparently, as simply as their father. "What a lovely lookout," he said. The Back Bay spread its glassy sheet before them, empty but for a few smaller boats and a large schooner, with her sails close-reefed and dripping like snow

from her yards, which a tug was rapidly towing toward Cambridge. The carpentry of that city, embanked and embowered in foliage, shared the picturesqueness of Charlestown in the distance.

"Yes," said Lapham, "I go in for using the best rooms in your house yourself. If people come to stay with you, they can put up with the second best. Though we don't intend to have any second best. There aint going to be an unpleasant room in the whole house, from top to bottom."

"Oh, I wish papa wouldn't brag so!" breathed Irene to her sister, where they stood a little apart looking away together.

The Colonel went on. "No, sir," he swelled out, "I have gone in for making a regular job of it. I've got the best architect in Boston, and I'm building a house to suit myself. And if money can do it, I guess I'm going to be suited."

"It seems very delightful," said Corey, "and very original."

"Yes, sir. That fellow hadn't talked five minutes before I saw that he knew what he was about every time."

"I wish mamma would come!" breathed Irene again. "I shall certainly go through the floor if papa says anything more."

"They are making a great many very pretty houses nowadays," said the young man. "It's very different from the old-fashioned building."

"Well," said the Colonel, with a large toleration of tone and a deep breath that expanded his ample chest, "we spend more on our houses nowadays. I started out to build a forty-thousand-dollar house. Well, sir! that fellow has got me in for more than sixty thousand already, and I doubt if I get out of it much under a hundred. You can't have a nice house for nothing. It's just like ordering a picture of a painter. You pay him enough, and he can afford to paint you a first-class picture; and if you don't, he can't. That's all there is of it. Why, they tell me that A. T. Stewart gave one of those French fellows sixty thousand dollars for a little seven-by-nine picture the other day. Yes, sir, give an architect money enough and he'll give you a nice house, every time."

"I've heard that they're sharp at getting money to realize their ideas," assented the young man with a laugh.

"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed the Colonel. "They come to you with an improvement that you can't resist. It has good looks and common sense and everything in its favor, and it's like throwing money away to refuse. And they always manage to get you when your wife is around, and then you're helpless."

The Colonel himself set the example of laughing at this joke, and the young man joined him less obstreperously. The girls turned, and he said: "I don't think I ever saw this view to better advantage. It's surprising how well the Memorial Hall and the Cambridge spires work up, over there. And the sunsets must be magnificent."

Lapham did not wait for them to reply.

"Yes, sir, it's about the sightliest view I know of. I always did like the water side of Beacon. Long before I owned property here, or ever expected to, m'wife and I used to ride down this way, and stop the buggy to get this view over the water. When people talk to me about the Hill, I can understand 'em. It's snug, and it's old-fashioned, and it's where they've always lived. But when they talk about Commonwealth Avenue, I don't know what they mean. It don't hold a candle to the water side of Beacon. You've got just as much wind over there, and you've got just as much dust, and all the view you've got is the view across the street. No, sir! When you come to the Back Bay at all, give me the water side of Beacon."

"Oh, I think you're quite right," said the young man. "The view here is everything."

Irene looked "I wonder what papa is going to say next!" at her sister, when their mother's voice was heard overhead, approaching the opening in the floor where the stairs were to be; and she presently appeared, with one substantial foot a long way ahead. She was followed by the carpenter, with his rule sticking out of his overalls pocket, and she was still talking to him about some measurements they had been taking, when they reached the bottom, so that Irene had to say, "Mamma, Mr. Corey," before Mrs. Lapham was aware of him.

He came forward with as much grace and speed as the uncertain footing would allow, and Mrs. Lapham gave him a stout squeeze of her comfortable hand.

"Why, Mr. Corey! When did you get back?"

"Yesterday. It hardly seems as if I *had* got back. I didn't expect to find you in a new house."

"Well, you are our first caller. I presume you wont expect I should make excuses for the state you find it in. Has the Colonel been doing the honors?"

"Oh, yes. And I've seen more of your house than I ever shall again, I suppose."

"Well, I hope not," said Lapham. "There'll be several chances to see us in the old one yet, before we leave."

He probably thought this a neat, off-hand way of making the invitation, for he looked

at his womankind as if he might expect their admiration.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said his wife. "We shall be very glad to see Mr. Corey, any time."

"Thank you; I shall be glad to come."

He and the Colonel went before, and helped the ladies down the difficult descent. Irene seemed less sure-footed than the others; she clung to the young man's hand an imperceptible moment longer than need be, or else he detained her. He found opportunity of saying, "It's so pleasant seeing you again," adding, "All of you."

"Thank you," said the girl. "They must all be glad to have you at home again."

Corey laughed.

"Well, I suppose they would be, if they were at home to have me. But the fact is, there's nobody in the house but my father and myself, and I'm only on my way to Bar Harbor."

"Oh! Are they there?"

"Yes; it seems to be the only place where my mother can get just the combination of sea and mountain air that she wants."

"We go to Nantasket—it's convenient for papa; and I don't believe we shall go anywhere else this summer, mamma's so taken up with building. We do nothing but talk house; and Pen says we eat and sleep house. She says it would be a sort of relief to go and live in tents for a while."

"She seems to have a good deal of humor," the young man ventured, upon the slender evidence.

The others had gone to the back of the house a moment, to look at some suggested change. Irene and Corey were left standing in the doorway. A lovely light of happiness played over her face and etherealized its delicious beauty. She had some ado to keep herself from smiling outright, and the effort deepened the dimples in her cheeks; she trembled a little, and the pendants shook in the tips of her pretty ears.

The others came back directly, and they all descended the front steps together. The Colonel was about to renew his invitation, but he caught his wife's eye, and, without being able to interpret its warning exactly, was able to arrest himself, and went about gathering up the hitching-weight, while the young man handed the ladies into the phaeton. Then he lifted his hat, and the ladies all bowed, and the Laphams drove off, Irene's blue ribbons fluttering backward from her hat, as if they were her clinging thoughts.

"So that's young Corey, is it?" said the Colonel, letting the stately stepping, tall coupé horse make his way homeward at will with the phaeton. "Well, he aint a bad-looking fellow, and he's got a good, fair and square, honest eye. But I don't see how a fellow like that, that's had every advantage in this world, can hang round home and let his father support him. Seems to me, if I had his health and his education, I should want to strike out and do something for myself."

The girls on the back seat had hold of each other's hands, and they exchanged electrical pressures at the different points their father made.

"I presume," said Mrs. Lapham, "that he was down in Texas looking after something."

"He's come back without finding it, I guess."

"Well, if his father has the money to support him, and don't complain of the burden, I don't see why *we* should."

"Oh, I know it's none of my business; but I don't like the principle. I like to see a man *act* like a man. I don't like to see him taken care of like a young lady. Now, I suppose that fellow belongs to two or three clubs, and hangs around 'em all day, lookin' out the window,—I've seen 'em,—instead of tryin' to hunt up something to do for an honest livin'."

"If I was a young man," Penelope struck in, "I would belong to twenty clubs, if I could find them, and I would hang around them all, and look out the window till I dropped."

"Oh, you would, would you?" demanded her father, delighted with her defiance, and twisting his fat head around over his shoulder to look at her. "Well, you wouldn't do it on *my* money, if you were a son of *mine*, young lady."

"Oh, you wait and see," retorted the girl.

This made them all laugh. But the Colonel recurred seriously to the subject that night, as he was winding up his watch preparatory to putting it under his pillow.

"I could make a man of that fellow, if I had him in the business with me. There's stuff in him. But I spoke up the way I did because I didn't choose Irene should think I would stand any kind of a loafer 'round—I don't care who he is, or how well educated or brought up. And I guess, from the way Pen spoke up, that 'Rene saw what I was driving at."

The girl, apparently, was less anxious about her father's ideas and principles than about the impression which he had made upon the young man. She had talked it over and over with her sister before they went to bed, and she asked in despair, as she stood looking at Penelope brushing out her hair before the glass,

"Do you suppose he'll think papa always talks in that bragging way?"

"He'll be right if he does," answered her

sister. "It's the way father always does talk. You never noticed it so much, that's all. And I guess if he can't make allowance for father's bragging, he'll be a little too good. *I* enjoyed hearing the Colonel go on."

"I know you did," returned Irene in distress. Then she sighed. "Didn't you think he looked very nice?"

"Who? The Colonel?" Penelope had caught up the habit of calling her father so from her mother, and she used his title in all her jocose and perverse moods.

"You know very well I don't mean papa," pouted Irene.

"Oh! Mr. Corey! Why didn't you say Mr. Corey if you meant Mr. Corey? If I meant Mr. Corey, I should say Mr. Corey. It isn't swearing! Corey, Corey, Co——"

Her sister clapped her hand over her mouth. "Will you *hush*, you wretched thing?" she whimpered. "The whole house can hear you."

"Oh, yes, they can hear me all over the square. Well, I think he looked well enough for a plain youth, who hadn't taken his hair out of curl-papers for some time."

"It *was* clipped pretty close," Irene admitted; and they both laughed at the drab effect of Mr. Corey's skull, as they remembered it. "Did you like his nose?" asked Irene, timorously.

"Ah, now you're *coming* to something," said Penelope. "I don't know whether, if I had so much of a nose, I should want it all Roman."

"I don't see how you can expect to have a nose part one kind and part another," argued Irene.

"Oh, *I* do. Look at mine!" She turned aside her face, so as to get a three-quarters view of her nose in the glass, and crossing her hands, with the brush in one of them, before her, regarded it judicially. "Now, my nose started Grecian, but changed its mind before it got over the bridge, and concluded to be snub the rest of the way."

"You've got a very pretty nose, Pen," said Irene, joining in the contemplation of its reflex in the glass.

"Don't say that in hopes of getting me to compliment *his*, Mrs."—she stopped, and then added deliberately—"C.!"

Irene also had her hair-brush in her hand, and now she sprang at her sister and beat her very softly on the shoulder with the flat of it. "You mean thing!" she cried, between her shut teeth, blushing hotly.

"Well, *D.*, then," said Penelope. "You've nothing to say against D.? Though I think C. is just as nice an initial."

"Oh!" cried the younger, for all expression of unspeakable things.

"I think he has very good eyes," admitted Penelope.

"Oh, he *has!* And didn't you like the way his sack-coat set? So close to him, and yet free—kind of peeling away at the lapels?"

"Yes, I should say he was a young man of great judgment. He knows how to choose his tailor."

Irene sat down on the edge of a chair. "It was so nice of you, Pen, to come in, that way, about clubs."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything by it except opposition," said Penelope. "I couldn't have father swelling on so, without saying something."

"How he *did* swell!" sighed Irene. "Wasn't it a relief to have mamma come down, even if she did seem to be all stocking at first?"

The girls broke into a wild giggle and hid their faces in each other's necks. "I thought I *should* die," said Irene.

"'It's just like ordering a painting,'" said Penelope, recalling her father's talk, with an effect of dreamy absent-mindedness. "'You give the painter money enough, and he can afford to paint you a first-class picture. Give an architect money enough, and he'll give you a first-class house, every time.'"

"Oh, wasn't it awful!" moaned her sister. "No one would ever have supposed that he had fought the very idea of an architect for weeks, before he gave in."

Penelope went on. "'I always did like the water side of Beacon—long before I owned property there. When you come to the Back Bay at all, give me the water side of Beacon.'"

"Ow-w-w-w!" shrieked Irene. "*Do* stop!"

The door of their mother's chamber opened below, and the voice of the real Colonel called, "What are you doing up there, girls? Why don't you go to bed?"

This extorted nervous shrieks from both of them. The Colonel heard a sound of scurrying feet, whisking drapery, and slamming doors. Then he heard one of the doors opened again, and Penelope said, "I was only repeating something you said when you talked to Mr. Corey."

"Very well, now," answered the Colonel. "You postpone the rest of it till to-morrow at breakfast, and see that you're up in time to let *me* hear it."

V.

AT the same moment young Corey let himself in at his own door with his latch-key, and went to the library, where he found his father turning the last leaves of a story in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." He was a white-

mustached old gentleman, who had never been able to abandon his *pince-nez* for the superior comfort of spectacles, even in the privacy of his own library. He knocked the glasses off as his son came in, and looked up at him with lazy fondness, rubbing the two red marks that they always leave on the side of the nose.

"Tom," he said, "where did you get such good clothes?"

"I stopped over a day in New York," replied the son, finding himself a chair. "I'm glad you like them."

"Yes, I always do like your clothes, Tom," returned the father thoughtfully, swinging his glasses. "But I don't see how you can afford 'em. *I* can't."

"Well, sir," said the son, who dropped the sir into his speech with his father, now and then, in an old-fashioned way that was rather charming, "you see I have an indulgent parent."

"Smoke?" suggested the father, pushing toward his son a box of cigarettes, from which he had taken one.

"No, thank you," said the son. "I've dropped that."

"Ah, is that so?" The father began to feel about on the table for matches, in the purblind fashion of elderly men. His son rose, lighted one, and handed it to him. "Well, — oh, thank you, Tom! — I believe some statisticians prove that if you will give up smoking you can dress very well on the money your tobacco costs, even if you haven't got an indulgent parent. But I'm too old to try. Though, I confess, I should rather like the clothes. Whom did you find at the club?"

"There were a lot of fellows there," said young Corey, watching the accomplished fumigation of his father in an absent way.

"It's astonishing what a hardy breed the young club-men are," observed his father. "All summer through, in weather that sends the sturdiest female flying to the sea-shore, you find the clubs filled with young men, who don't seem to mind the heat in the least."

"Boston isn't a bad place, at the worst, in summer," said the son, declining to take up the matter in its ironical shape.

"I dare say it isn't, compared with Texas," returned the father, smoking tranquilly on. "But I don't suppose you find many of your friends in town outside of the club."

"No; you're requested to ring at the rear door, all the way down Beacon street and up Commonwealth Avenue. It's rather a blank reception for the returning prodigal."

"Ah, the prodigal must take his chance if he comes back out of season. But I'm glad to have you back, Tom, even as it is, and I hope you're not going to hurry away. You must give your energies a rest."

"I'm sure you never had to reproach me with abnormal activity," suggested the son, taking his father's jokes in good part.

"No, I don't know that I have," admitted the elder. "You've always shown a fair degree of moderation, after all. What do you think of taking up next? I mean after you have embraced your mother and sisters at Mount Desert. Real estate? It seems to me that it is about time for you to open out as a real-estate broker. Or did you ever think of matrimony?"

"Well, not just in that way, sir," said the young man. "I shouldn't quite like to regard it as a career, you know."

"No, no. I understand that. And I quite agree with you. But you know I've always contended that the affections could be made to combine pleasure and profit. I wouldn't have a man marry for money,— that would be rather bad,—but I don't see why, when it comes to falling in love, a man shouldn't fall in love with a rich girl as easily as a poor one. Some of the rich girls are very nice, and I should say that the chances of a quiet life with them were rather greater. They've always had everything, and they wouldn't be so ambitious and uneasy. Don't you think so?"

"It would depend," said the son, "upon whether a girl's people had been rich long enough to have given her position before she married. If they hadn't, I don't see how she would be any better than a poor girl in that respect."

"Yes, there's sense in that. But the suddenly rich are on a level with any of us nowadays. Money buys position at once. I don't say that it isn't all right. The world generally knows what it's about, and knows how to drive a bargain. I dare say it makes the new rich pay too much. But there's no doubt but money is to the fore now. It is the romance, the poetry of our age. It's the thing that chiefly strikes the imagination. The Englishmen who come here are more curious about the great new millionaires than about any one else, and they respect them more. It's all very well. I don't complain of it."

"And you would like a rich daughter-in-law, quite regardless, then?"

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, Tom," said his father. "A little youth, a little beauty, a little good sense and pretty behavior — one mustn't object to those things; and they go just as often with money as without it. And I suppose I should like her people to be rather grammatical."

"It seems to me that you're exacting, sir," said the son. "How can you expect people

who have been strictly devoted to business to be grammatical? Isn't that rather too much?"

"Perhaps it is. Perhaps you're right. But I understood your mother to say that those benefactors of hers, whom you met last summer, were very passably grammatical."

"The father isn't."

The elder, who had been smoking with his profile toward his son, now turned his face full upon him. "I didn't know you had seen him?"

"I hadn't until to-day," said young Corey, with a little heightening of his color. "But I was walking down street this afternoon, and happened to look round at a new house some one was putting up, and I saw the whole family in the window. It appears that Mr. Lapham is building the house."

The elder Corey knocked the ash of his cigarette into the holder at his elbow. "I am more and more convinced, the longer I know you, Tom, that we are descended from Giles Corey. The gift of holding one's tongue seems to have skipped me, but you have it in full force. I can't say just how you would behave under *peine forte et dure*, but under ordinary pressure you are certainly able to keep your own counsel. Why didn't you mention this encounter at dinner? You weren't asked to plead to an accusation of witchcraft."

"No, not exactly," said the young man. "But I didn't quite see my way to speaking of it. We had a good many other things before us."

"Yes, that's true. I suppose you wouldn't have mentioned it now if I hadn't led up to it, would you?"

"I don't know, sir. It was rather on my mind to do so. Perhaps it was I who led up to it."

His father laughed. "Perhaps you did, Tom; perhaps you did. Your mother would have known you were leading up to something, but I'll confess that I didn't. What is it?"

"Nothing very definite. But do you know that in spite of his syntax I rather liked him?"

The father looked keenly at the son; but unless the boy's full confidence was offered, Corey was not the man to ask it. "Well?" was all that he said.

"I suppose that in a new country one gets to looking at people a little out of our tradition; and I dare say that if I hadn't passed a winter in Texas I might have found Colonel Lapham rather too much."

"You mean that there are worse things in Texas?"

"Not that exactly. I mean that I saw it wouldn't be quite fair to test him by our standards."

"This comes of the error which I have often deprecated," said the elder Corey. "In fact I am always saying that the Bostonian ought never to leave Boston. Then he knows — and then only — that there can *be* no standard but ours. But we are constantly going away, and coming back with our convictions shaken to their foundations. One man goes to England, and returns with the conception of a grander social life; another comes home from Germany with the notion of a more searching intellectual activity; a fellow just back from Paris has the absurdest ideas of art and literature; and you revert to us from the cowboys of Texas, and tell us to our faces that we ought to try Papa Lapham by a jury of his peers. It ought to be stopped — it ought, really. The Bostonian who leaves Boston ought to be condemned to perpetual exile."

The son suffered the father to reach his climax with smiling patience. When he asked finally, "What are the characteristics of Papa Lapham that place him beyond our jurisdiction?" the younger Corey crossed his long legs, and leaned forward to take one of his knees between his hands.

"Well, sir, he bragged, rather."

"Oh, I don't know that bragging should exempt him from the ordinary processes. I've heard other people brag in Boston."

"Ah, not just in that personal way — not about money."

"No, that was certainly different."

"I don't mean," said the young fellow, with the scrupulosity which people could not help observing and liking in him, "that it was more than an indirect expression of satisfaction in the ability to spend."

"No. I should be glad to express something of the kind myself, if the facts would justify me."

The son smiled tolerantly again. "But if he was enjoying his money in that way, I didn't see why he shouldn't show his pleasure in it. It might have been vulgar, but it wasn't sordid. And I don't know that it was vulgar. Perhaps his successful strokes of business were the romance of his life ——"

The father interrupted with a laugh. "The girl must be uncommonly pretty. What did she seem to think of her father's brag?"

"There were two of them," answered the son evasively.

"Oh, two! And is the sister pretty, too?"

"Not pretty, but rather interesting. She is like her mother."

"Then the pretty one isn't the father's pet?"

"I can't say, sir. I don't believe," added the young fellow, "that I can make you see Colonel Lapham just as I did. He struck me as very simple-hearted and rather wholesome.

Of course he could be tiresome; we all can; and I suppose his range of ideas is limited. But he is a force, and not a bad one. If he hasn't got over being surprised at the effect of rubbing his lamp ——"

"Oh, one could make out a case. I suppose you know what you are about, Tom. But remember that we are Essex County people, and that in savor we are just a little beyond the salt of the earth. I will tell you plainly that I don't like the notion of a man who has rivaled the hues of nature in her wildest haunts with the tints of his mineral paint; but I don't say there are not worse men. He isn't to my taste, though he might be ever so much to my conscience."

"I suppose," said the son, "that there is nothing really to be ashamed of in mineral paint. People go into all sorts of things."

His father took his cigarette from his mouth and once more looked his son full in the face. "Oh, is *that* it?"

"It has crossed my mind," admitted the son. "I must do something. I've wasted time and money enough. I've seen much younger men all through the West and Southwest taking care of themselves. I don't think I was particularly fit for anything out there, but I am ashamed to come back and live upon you, sir."

His father shook his head with an ironical sigh. "Ah, we shall never have a real aristocracy while this plebeian reluctance to live upon a parent or a wife continues the animating spirit of our youth. It strikes at the root of the whole feudal system. I really think you owe me an apology, Tom. I supposed you wished to marry the girl's money, and here you are, basely seeking to go into business with her father."

Young Corey laughed again like a son who perceives that his father is a little antiquated, but keeps a filial faith in his wit. "I don't know that it's quite so bad as that; but the thing had certainly crossed my mind. I don't know how it's to be approached, and I don't know that it's at all possible. But I confess that I 'took to' Colonel Lapham from the moment I saw him. He looked as if he 'meant business,' and I mean business too."

The father smoked thoughtfully. "Of course people do go into all sorts of things, as you say, and I don't know that one thing is more ignoble than another, if it's decent, and large enough. In my time you would have gone into the China trade or the India trade — though *I* didn't; and a little later cotton would have been your manifest destiny — though it wasn't mine; but now a man may do almost anything. The real-estate business *is* pretty full. Yes, if you have a deep inward vocation for it, I don't see why mineral paint shouldn't do. I fancy it's easy enough approaching the matter. We will invite Papa Lapham to dinner, and talk it over with him."

"Oh, I don't think that would be exactly the way, sir," said the son, smiling at his father's patrician unworldliness.

"No? Why not?"

"I'm afraid it would be a bad start. I don't think it would strike him as business-like."

"I don't see why he should be punctilious, if we're not."

"Ah, we might say that if he were making the advances."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Tom. What is your idea?"

"I haven't a very clear one. It seems to me I ought to get some business friend of ours, whose judgment he would respect, to speak a good word for me."

"Give you a character?"

"Yes. And of course I must go to Colonel Lapham. My notion would be to inquire pretty thoroughly about him, and then, if I liked the look of things, to go right down to Republic street and let him see what he could do with me, if anything."

"That sounds tremendously practical to me, Tom, though it may be just the wrong way. When are you going down to Mount Desert?"

"To-morrow, I think, sir," said the young man. "I shall turn it over in my mind while I'm off."

The father rose, showing something more than his son's height, with a very slight stoop, which the son's figure had not. "Well," he said, whimsically, "I admire your spirit, and I don't deny that it is justified by necessity. It's a consolation to think that while I've been spending and enjoying, I have been preparing the noblest future for you — a future of industry and self-reliance. You never could draw, but this scheme of going into the mineral-paint business shows that you have inherited something of my feeling for color."

The son laughed once more, and waiting till his father was well on his way upstairs, turned out the gas and then hurried after him and preceded him into his chamber. He glanced over it, to see that everything was there, to his father's hand. Then he said, "Good-night, sir," and the elder responded, "Good-night, my son," and the son went to his own room.

Over the mantel in the elder Corey's room hung a portrait which he had painted of his own father, and now he stood a moment and looked at this as if struck by something novel in it. The resemblance between his son and the old India merchant, who had followed the trade from Salem to Boston when the

larger city drew it away from the smaller, must have been what struck him. Grandfather and grandson had both the Roman nose which appears to have flourished chiefly at the formative period of the republic, and which occurs more rarely in the descendants of the conscript fathers, though it still characterizes the profiles of a good many Boston ladies. Bromfield Corey had not inherited it, and he had made his straight nose his defense when the old merchant accused him of a want of energy. He said, "What could a man do whose unnatural father had left his own nose away from him?" This amused but did not satisfy the merchant. "You must do something," he said; "and it's for you to choose. If you don't like the India trade, go into something else. Or, take up law or medicine. No Corey yet ever proposed to do nothing." "Ah, then, it's quite time one of us made a beginning," urged the man who was then young, and who was now old, looking into the somewhat fierce eyes of his father's portrait. He had inherited as little of the fierceness as of the nose, and there was nothing predatory in his son either, though the aquiline beak had come down to him in such force. Bromfield Corey liked his son Tom for the gentleness which tempered his energy.

"Well, let us compromise," he seemed to be saying to his father's portrait. "I will travel." "Travel? How long?" the keen eyes demanded. "Oh, indefinitely. I wont be hard with you, father." He could see the eyes soften, and the smile of yielding come over his father's face; the merchant could not resist a son who was so much like his dead mother. There was some vague understanding between them that Bromfield Corey was to come back and go into business after a time, but he never did so. He traveled about over Europe, and traveled handsomely, frequenting good society everywhere, and getting himself presented at several courts, at a period when it was a distinction to do so. He had always sketched, and with his father's leave he fixed himself at Rome, where he remained studying art and rounding the being inherited from his Yankee progenitors, till there was very little left of the ancestral angularities. After ten years he came home and painted that portrait of his father. It was very good, if a little amateurish, and he might have made himself a name as a painter of portraits if he had not had so much money. But he had plenty of money, though by this time he was married and beginning to have a family. It was absurd for him to paint portraits for pay, and ridiculous to paint them for nothing; so he did not paint them at all. He continued a dilettante, never quite abandoning his art, but working at it fitfully, and talking more about it than working at it. He had his theory of Titian's method; and now and then a Bostonian insisted upon buying a picture of him. After a while he hung it more and more inconspicuously, and said apologetically, "Oh, yes! that's one of Bromfield Corey's things. It has nice qualities, but it's amateurish."

In process of time the money seemed less abundant. There were shrinkages of one kind and another, and living had grown much more expensive and luxurious. For many years he talked about going back to Rome, but he never went, and his children grew up in the usual way. Before he knew it his son had him out to his class-day spread at Harvard, and then he had his son on his hands. The son made various unsuccessful provisions for himself, and still continued upon his father's hands, to their common dissatisfaction, though it was chiefly the younger who repined. He had the Roman nose and the energy without the opportunity, and at one of the reversions his father said to him, "You ought not to have that nose, Tom; then you would do very well. You would go and travel, as I did."

LAPHAM and his wife lay awake talking after he had quelled the disturbance in his daughters' room overhead; and their talk was not altogether of the new house.

"I tell you," he said, "if I had that fellow in the business with me I would make a man of him."

"Well, Silas Lapham," returned his wife, "I do believe you've got mineral paint on the brain. Do you suppose a fellow like young Corey, brought up the way he's been, would touch mineral paint with a ten-foot pole?"

"Why not?" haughtily asked the Colonel.

"Well, if you don't know already, there's no use trying to tell you."

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF HOUSE-DRAINAGE.— II.

DETAILS OF THE WORK.

THE MAIN LINE.

In arranging the details of house-drainage the main line is always first to be considered. It begins at the sewer, or flush-tank, or — in barbarous instances — at the cess-pool; passes through the house by such a course as may be indicated by a judicious compromise between directness and convenience, past the location of the highest fixture that is to discharge into it; then it passes out through the roof for free ventilation.

TRAPS ON MAIN DRAINS.

The question of a main trap between the house and a public sewer has been much discussed, and is still determined by no rule. There should always be such a trap between the house and a flush-tank or a cess-pool. I am inclined to the belief that there should not be such a trap in the case of discharge into a sewer, unless it be especially foul. If it is only a great cess-pool, holding the accumulated deposits of a street or larger district, or if its interior atmosphere is at all comparable in offensiveness with that of a cess-pool, then a trap will be necessary; but if it has such an atmosphere as will admit of the entrance of workmen, and if its contents are carried forward in its current with reasonable completeness, I incline to the opinion that, even if no other house connected with it aids in its ventilation, it will be better that the single house under consideration should be connected without a trap.

I have reached this conclusion slowly and in opposition to the opinion of many of the best engineers. The objection ordinarily raised against the practice is that by it "the sewer-gas is laid on" to the house; that contagious diseases existing in other houses connected with the sewer will communicate their infection directly to any house not so cut off; and that, as a matter of common policy, one man alone should not ventilate a sewer that is used without ventilation by neighbors. There are two arguments against this, and they seem to be controlling ones. (*a.*) The purpose to be secured is the greatest practicable purity of the drains and pipes of the particular house, and, while it is true that a trap will shut off the air of the sewer, it is also true that the trap itself, unless the course of the drain is very steep and its flushing very copious, may not only form a seat of decomposing filth, but will so set back the flow as to cause a deposit of foul material for some distance along the house side of the drain. If the sewer is not extremely offensive,— more offensive than a critical investigation made a few years ago showed most sewers in New York city to be,— there will be less stench coming from a current of air flowing from the sewer without a trap than will be developed in the house-drain itself with a trap. The absence of the trap will secure a pretty constant and effective current of air from the sewer through to the top of the soil-pipe. Without the trap, a sufficient current can be established by the use of a well-placed fresh-air inlet; but the immediate seat of decomposition in and behind the trap will continue active. (*b.*) All the cry about sewer-gas being "laid on," and about the intercommunication of diseases from one house to another by means of the sewer, is the outgrowth of a condition that is now hardly tolerated, and that certainly is not contemplated in this paper. In the older work, there was either no ventilation whatever to the drainage system, or it was very inefficient. The water used, though perhaps not less in amount then than now, was not so used as to secure a good flushing effect, while the stability of traps was then little thought of. Pressure of any sort being brought to bear on the atmosphere of the sewer, foul air escaped into house-drains and found no other means of relief than by forcing traps or by working its way out at defective joints. Under such circumstances, the argument in favor of the trap was a strong one. Now, house-drain and soil-pipe are tight, ventilation is very free and complete, the effect of a pressure on the air of the sewer is not to be feared, traps are reliable, and, in the best work, joints are absolutely tight. Under such conditions the safeguard supposed to be furnished by the exterior trap is not needed,— assuming always that the sewer is a reasonably clean one. Its condition will always be improved by the ventilation furnished by the untrapped drain.

FRESH-AIR INLETS.

In the case of country houses, not discharging into sewers, the trap is a necessity.

Wherever a trap is used, there must be on the house side of it an inlet for fresh air. There can be no real ventilation of the drainage system if it is open only at its top. A bottle cannot be ventilated by removing its cork, nor will a chimney draw if it has no opening at the bottom. A copious inlet for fresh air, working in conjunction with a wide opening at the top of the soil-pipe, will insure a free movement throughout the whole system that will accomplish an adequate ventilation, not only of the main channel itself, but, by the diffusion of gases, of *short* branches connecting fixtures with it. Most of the directions given in sanitary journals and books for the arrangement of fresh-air inlets, especially in cities, seem to have been made without due regard to their liability to become obstructed by rubbish, and especially to become entirely closed by accumulations of snow. Many such inlets in New York, at the edge of the pavement or at the face of the curb, are sometimes blocked for days together in bad winter weather. Becoming obstructed from any cause, their efficiency stops, and for the time being the security that they should afford is withdrawn. There is really no good reason for placing this opening at a distance from the house. I have never known of annoyance resulting from the inlet pipe being brought out at the face of the foundation wall, preferably, of course, not too near to windows and doors. With well-flushed pipes, the constant though often slow movement of air through them so reduces the offensiveness, which a few years since was thought to be inevitable, that, although there might be a slight outward puff when closets or baths are discharged, no annoyance results.

MATERIAL AND CONSTRUCTION.

WHETHER the soil-pipe passes through or under the foundation of the house, unless the wall be old enough for all danger of settlement to have passed, it should be carried through an arched opening to prevent its disturbance if settlement does occur. In any case, the iron pipe should be continued for nearly or quite a full length (five feet) outside of the foundation wall. It may be continued farther with advantage. Although thus laid in the ground and used as a drain, iron pipe is not, like earthenware pipe, imperishable; still the greater certainty of tightness and correct grading, if due only to the better class of workmen by whom it is done, is a strong argument in its favor. After reaching solid ground that has not been disturbed in excavating for the foundation, *a carefully laid and rigidly inspected* earthenware drain is to be preferred. After the drain passes inside of the foundation wall it is better, where it is not necessary to connect with fixtures in the cellar, that it should be carried in full sight, along the face of the cellar wall or suspended from the floor-beams, to the point where it is to turn up as a vertical soil-pipe. This is advisable because here, as much as anywhere else in the house, it is important to be able to inspect the joints, and to know always the condition of the work. If, however, it should be necessary to make connection with a water-closet or other fixture in the cellar, it is better that the main channel should run under the floor to or near the location of such fixture, in order that all or nearly all of its length may constitute a part of the main line, thoroughly flushed and thoroughly ventilated, like the rest of the system. If there are several vertical soil-pipes, it will suffice, of course, if one of them is carried down for the cellar connection, and the others can be carried together above ground and connected with the main line before leaving the house. A branch only ten or twelve feet long, running to a servants' closet in the cellar, even if provided with adequate upward ventilation, is not likely to keep in nearly so good condition as it would if carrying also the discharge of closets and baths above. Wherever it becomes necessary to lay the drain under the cellar floor, I should *not* counsel the following of the usual recommendation to lay an iron pipe in a mason-work trench, with a cover that may be removed for inspection, as before set forth. It should be protected as hereinafter described.

THE SOIL-PIPE.

IT is a generally accepted rule, and a good one where space suffices, to use no short turns—technically, "T branches" and "quarter bends." Two one-eighth bends, or a Y branch and a single one-eighth bend, give a more gradual and therefore better change of direction. So, in the attachment of water-closets to vertical soil-pipes, it is usual and better to make the connection with Y branches. Where space does not suffice, however, a half Y answers a sufficiently good purpose, and even a T branch (right angles) is less objectionable than it was when flushing was less copious than it now is. The soil-pipe throughout its whole length, horizontal as well as vertical, should be so secured with hangers and clamps or hooks and with supporting posts that it will be rigidly fixed in its position. From the beginning of the work, every joint should be made with a view to being tested under hydraulic pressure. If the work-

man has this in view, the test will generally discover few leaks. As ordinarily made, especially where the whole circumference of the pipe is not easily accessible to the calking tool, a test will almost invariably disclose serious leakage. In every case the test *should* be made, and every semblance of a leak should be calked until thoroughly tight under pressure. In making this test, the simplest way is to close all openings into the pipe with disks of india-rubber compressed between two plates of iron forced together with a screw. Such plugs can be fastened so tightly as to hold a head of fifty feet. There is no special advantage, however, in applying this force; for if joints are to leak at all, they will leak usually under a head of a few inches, and always under a head of a few feet. It is generally most convenient to test the vertical pipes story by story, the plugs being inserted through the water-closet branches. Another satisfactory test which may be applied after all fixtures are attached is made with an air-pump and pressure-gauge, such as gas-fitters use. If the gauge stands firm even under a slight pressure for an hour together, the work may be accepted as tight. The principal drawback is that, if the work is not tight, it is much more difficult to locate a slight leak than when the water test is used. I think it may be accepted as a well-grounded rule that no prudent owner should receive and pay for his plumbing work until all of the iron waste-pipe has been tested, by one or the other of these methods, under the personal observation of the architect or his plumbing expert. There is probably no occasion to fear that work once made tight will develop leaks for many years, the tendency to rust after a time, even with tar-coated or enameled pipe, being rather to close such slight leaks as may exist.

The fear has sometimes been felt that sand-holes and slight imperfections in cast-iron soil-pipe may lead to the permanent injury of the work. Ordinarily, this is not a real danger. Where pipes have been tested before erection by being filled with water in single lengths and rejected because of slight leaks, it has been found that a few hours later such leaks have become entirely closed with rust. Doubtless a rust closure is a permanent one.

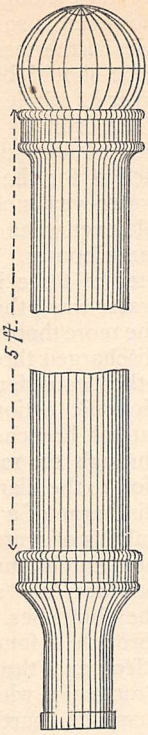
There are two grades of soil-pipe known to the trade, "common" and "extra-heavy." If common pipe has sufficiently strong hubs to stand heavy calking, *and if the outer and inner circumferences are concentric*, there is no reason why it may not be trusted for very long service; but it is difficult to maintain the core in a perfectly concentric position, and even in the best pipe there is generally a slight difference of thickness between one side and another. A very slight difference is a very serious matter in common pipe. In extra-heavy pipe, unless the eccentricity is very obvious, even the thinner portion will be thick enough for safety. This thicker pipe, however, is sometimes weakened by air bubbles in the mass. To detect these, the whole pipe should be tested by sharp hammering over its whole surface.

In ordinary work in private houses, a diameter of four inches has been adopted as sufficient for the soil-pipe. So far as the mere water-way is concerned, this diameter is ample, even when roof water is admitted from very large houses. Indeed, for most cases a diameter of three inches will furnish a sufficient water-way; then, again, the smaller the pipe the more thoroughly it is flushed by the stream discharged through it. There is, however, another consideration that is important. The siphonic action, or suction, produced upon lateral branches by the discharge of water through the main shaft, is in inverse proportion to the diameter of the pipe. The sudden discharge of a water-closet using three or four gallons of water through the three-inch soil-pipe might, under favorable circumstances, produce an almost complete vacuum in the branches. The same volume flowing through a four-inch pipe would have a less effect, and through a five-inch pipe still less. Practically, where there are no fixtures higher than the fourth story, and where the admission of air from the top of the soil-pipe is very free, four inches may generally be regarded as a safe size.

VENTILATION OF THE SOIL-PIPE.

THE upward extension of soil-pipe for complete ventilation is a matter of much importance, and one that has been considerably bedeviled by invention. Experiments instituted to demonstrate the utility of different caps or ventilating cowls have not yet been carried to a complete scientific result; but they have sufficed to establish two important points. One is, that every ventilating cowl of whatever kind, and of whatever effectiveness during positive winds,—when no cowl is needed,—is invariably an obstructor of the movement of air during calms or under light winds; also, that every deviation from the straight line obstructs the current. Therefore, the cap or bend or cowl, one or another of which is almost always used, is of no real utility in a high wind, and is an absolute obstructor at other times. The best result will always be obtained by running the soil-pipe straight up to a certain elevation above the

roof,—more or less according to the exposure,—and leaving it entirely open at the top. To prevent the intentional or accidental introduction of obstructing objects, it is a good practice to insert, and to secure, into the open mouth the ordinary spherical wire-basket that is used to keep leaves from obstructing the outlets of roof gutters. The other point is, that a universally effective increase of the movement of air is secured by increasing the diameter of the pipe at its upper end. Theoretically, the lower down the enlargement begins, and the greater it becomes at the top, the better will be the current produced. Practically, it seems to suffice to increase the diameter of the single upper length of pipe. This is most conveniently done by using an "increaser," from four inches to six inches, just under the roof, and to set a length of six-inch pipe at the top.



THE TOP FINISH OF A SOIL-PIPE.

The owner and the architect, and all who are interested in securing good work, should bear constantly in mind the importance of making this main channel for ventilation and for drainage absolutely and permanently good from bottom to top. This being assured and tested, the various fixtures or plumbing appliances may be connected with its branches.

THE WATER-SEAL AND OTHER TRAPS,

CONSTITUTING one of the most essential elements of plumbing work, have for some time past occupied the careful attention of all who are interested in the improvement of house-drainage. Few who have applied their ingenuity to the subject have failed to invent and patent a "sewer-gas" trap. I took out a patent for a trap of this sort myself some years ago,—probably one of the least successful of the whole list. The best of the efforts of others, thus far, have been only measurably successful. I am still using one or two of them in my own work, because they are passably good, and because nothing else has offered that seemed better. The successful accomplishment of the object in view offers probably the most hopeful field to which sanitary inventors can now turn their attention. Devices intended to meet existing difficulties have not all been confined to the form and construction of the trap itself. Much the most widely recommended and successfully enforced effort to meet the difficulty has been to supply what is known as the "back ventilation" of traps. Having known of the early failure of this device, before it was generally recommended to the public and taken up in the compulsory regulations of health boards, I have never been able to look upon it with favor. There is no doubt that under many circumstances it does good, but I believe that *on the whole* it does more harm.

Not only as confirming my own view, but as an illustration of very thorough and careful experimental work, attention may properly be called to an investigation carried on for the City Board of Health of Boston, by J. Pickering Putnam, Esq., an architect of that city. These investigations have been set forth quite fully in illustrated communications to the "American Architect," which papers certainly mark a very important step forward in sanitary literature. The deductions to be drawn from these investigations are these:

While a sufficient vent-hole at the crown of a trap will prevent its contents from being withdrawn by siphonage (suction), insufficiency in such an opening, resulting from whatever cause, defeats the purpose for which it was made. Insufficiency may be due to several things. (*a.*) The opening may originally be made too small. (*b.*) It may, and very often does, become reduced in size, or entirely closed by the accumulation of foul matter thrown into it during the use of the trap. (*c.*) As its efficiency is due entirely to the admission of air fast enough to supply the demand for air to fill the vacuum caused by water flowing through some portion of the pipe beyond the trap, it is not only a question of having an opening large enough to admit the air, but of having an adequate current led freely to the opening. As the opening is into a portion of the drainage system that is unprotected by a trap, it cannot, of course, communicate with the interior atmosphere of the house; it must be connected by a pipe either with the open air outside of the house, or with the air of the upper part of the soil-pipe, above all fixtures. The ability of this pipe to transmit air in the volume required depends on its size and on its directness. A one-inch pipe, one foot long, for example, may admit air fast enough, while a longer pipe of the same diameter, or a smaller pipe of the same length, would not do so. One or other of the defects above indicated may very easily defeat the object, and, in so far as the opening may be decreased by the accumulation of waste matters, the object, which is fully secured while the work is new,

may be permanently defeated by a condition that occurs after a little use. What seemed originally to be adequate security may become untrustworthy in time.

Then, again, the trap to which such back ventilation is applied depends for its efficiency on the permanence of its water-seal. A water-seal which has no other exposure to the air than it gets under ordinary circumstances, will not be so reduced by evaporation as to lose its value for a considerable period; but with back ventilation, a current of air is established through the pipe in the immediate vicinity of the trap, and evaporation becomes more rapid, destroying the seal by removing the water in a very short time. It was an unsealing due to evaporation that first caused me to discard the method. I believe, most firmly, that when the system of back ventilation, as now practiced, is applied to all the traps of a house, the destruction of the seal by evaporation will be much more to be feared than it would be in the same set of traps by siphonage only if not vented.

Traps are also frequently emptied of their water by capillary attraction. When a rag, a bit of string, a matting of hair, or any other porous substance having one end immersed in the trap, has the other end extending over the bend and leading into the discharge pipe, traps having a seal of only the ordinary depth may be emptied in a short time by this action alone. In other cases, and even where the traps are considerably deeper, the capillary material, by increasing the evaporating surface, greatly increases the liability to evaporation in the presence of the current of air produced by the venting-pipe. While, therefore, this capillary action is not an infrequent source of the failure of a trap which is not ventilated, it is also an aid to the destruction of the seal when it is ventilated.

Mr. Putnam's experiments were conducted in logical order. He first demonstrated that the air rushing through the trap to supply a vacuum caused by a flow in the piping beyond carries the water with it as a matter of course. Some of this water, striking against the walls of the trap, is thrown back to its original position, so that the whole volume of sealing-water is rarely removed with a single motion, whatever the form of the trap. However, he found that, sooner or later, under a sufficiently continued movement of air, the whole of the water, even in a deep trap, might be so withdrawn as to break the seal permanently. The time required for this depends very much upon the number of surfaces of the wall of the trap tending to throw the water back into it. It was found that, of the common traps, the ordinary "pot" or "bottle" trap offered the greatest obstacle to siphonage. It was assumed that "the severest test for siphonage to which a trap could possibly be subjected in practice would be that which would be sufficient to siphon out an eight-inch pot-trap or a ventilated S trap constructed in the usual manner." The apparatus used was strong enough to destroy in one second the seal of a one and one-quarter inch S trap, having a one and one-quarter inch vent-opening at the crown, having a one and one-quarter inch smooth lead pipe, sixteen feet long, connected with it, and to siphon out an unventilated pot-trap eight inches in diameter, having a seal four inches deep. It was shown by this apparatus that a reduction of diameter of the vent-pipe, or an increase of its length, lessened the stability of the trap. It made a marked difference whether the pipe was straight or was bent into a coil three feet in diameter. It would seem from the description that the vent-opening was as large, and the vent-pipe described above as large, as short, and as straight, as would ordinarily be found in practice; and it was shown that the seal was, in nearly every case, easily destroyed. The experiments demonstrated that none of the ordinary traps can withstand a not unusual siphonic action, even with what would be considered adequate ventilation. These experiments were repeated in a great variety of ways with the same general result.

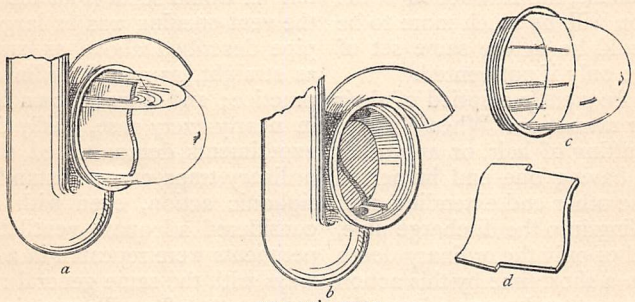
In tests of capillary action, the following results were obtained: Strips of hair-felt, closely resembling the matted accumulation of short hairs which forms so large a proportion of deposit in traps and pipes, were used, having one end immersed in the water of the trap and the other hanging over the bend. Other materials were similarly used. The result of the experiments, as affecting the question of ventilation, is thus set forth:

"To test the loss by capillary attraction on ventilated S traps, as compared with the loss on the same where unventilated, an S trap having a seal of four and five-eighths inches was arranged as before with jute, half filling the trap. With a trap attached to the waste-pipe, and connected with the drain in the ordinary manner, but unventilated, the loss by capillary attraction was as follows: In the first five minutes, one-half inch; in the first forty-five minutes, one inch; in twenty-four hours, three inches; in three days, three and one-quarter inches; in four days, three and three-eighths inches. Thereafter no perceptible change took place. It made no perceptible difference whether the basin side of the trap was opened or closed, showing that evaporation in an unventilated trap is practically almost imperceptible. The ex-

periment was then repeated on the same trap ventilated at the crown into a cold flue, with the following result: in one hour, one and one-eighth inch had been removed; in five hours, one and seven-eighths inch; in twenty-two hours, two and a half inches; in two days, three and one-quarter inches; in three days, three and a half inches; in four days, three and three-quarters inches; in five days, four inches. Thus the loss continued at the rate of about one-quarter inch a day by evaporation, after the outer end of the jute mass had entirely dried up. This rate of evaporation was nearly double *what it would have been had it not been assisted by the capillary attraction.* From this we see that ventilation greatly increases the danger arising from capillary attraction, often rendering the latter dangerous in cases where, without ventilation, the seal would not have been broken."

tendency of the current thus produced is to carry the sealing-water with it. In a perfectly smooth curved trap the removal of the water may be complete and almost instantaneous; in traps of irregular form, where the water in its course strikes against the wall of the trap, it is thrown back or deflected from its course; when so thrown back a portion of the water is still carried on by the current of air, but another portion falls away from the current and resumes its position in the trap. If a sufficient number of deflecting surfaces are presented in the course of the current of air, the whole of the water, after a certain portion of the seal has been removed, is retained, and the complete unsealing of the trap cannot occur.

Mr. Putnam's trap, the form of which is illustrated herewith, stands, in its normal condition, entirely full of water. Under strong siphonic action about one-half of this water follows the



PUTNAM'S TRAP.

The complete trap is shown at *a*. Its different parts are shown in the cuts *b*, *c*, and *d*. The parts *c* and *d* may easily be removed for cleansing without the aid of a plumber.

Another curious experiment was tried to determine the influence of the ventilating opening in retarding the flow through the trap by friction. The retardation was found, as a general result, to be about thirty per cent. This is, of course, a reduction to that extent of the power of the stream flowing through a trap to overcome the tendency to form deposits.

PUTNAM'S TRAP.

As an incidental result of his experiments on siphonage, Mr. Putnam, by gradual stages, arrived at the invention of a trap which seems to be a practical one, and which, subjected to tests that were sufficient to break the seal of any ordinary trap even with fair back ventilation, maintained its seal undisturbed. The theory followed is this: Siphonage is due to the rapid movement through the trap of air driven in by atmospheric pressure, to fill the partial vacuum formed by the withdrawal of air from the pipe beyond the trap by the inductive effect of flowing water; the first air toward the drain; this amount being removed, the deflecting surfaces of that portion of the apparatus thus emptied suffice to rob the air-current of its spray, and under no test that has yet been applied, with an open-topped soil-pipe, can the seal be broken. The interior of the trap is well exposed to view, and the arrangement for cleaning in case of need is simple. The trouble of an occasional unscrewing of the glass cap to remove an obstruction would be a very small price to pay for the absolute security which Mr. Putnam seems to have achieved.*

This trap or something like it may probably come into universal use for wash-stands, baths, and laundry-tubs,—for urinals, also, where separate urinals are used. For water-closets it cannot take the place of the exposed trap of which the bowl constitutes one arm. For kitchen and pantry sinks I believe my own own device is better.

I have been using for some years past one form or other of mechanical trap, usually Bower's or Cudell's. They seem to be the best

* Since the above was written, I have tested Mr. Putnam's trap, finding it effective, in withstanding siphonage, and substantially self-cleansing. It seems to me the best trap that I have seen.

heretofore available, but they have never been entirely satisfactory. If the Putnam trap is not the success that I expect, these perhaps will remain our best resource for a time. Whether compelled by local law to ventilate traps or not, I should not depend on ventilation in the conviction that the simple S trap, as ordinarily constructed and as ordinarily ventilated, is totally unreliable.

PLUMBING APPLIANCES.

CONCERNING patented apparatus, it is proper for me to explain the fact that in the following pages, among other things, I set forth somewhat in detail inventions of my own, which are patented, and by the sale of which I should profit. Such a course is naturally open to criticism, and such a position is always one of embarrassment. It is the usual course to describe the various appliances, mentioning one's own only incidentally, and this would doubtless seem to many persons to be the proper one for me to pursue.

It seems to me on reflection, however, that the only justification for the writing of this paper is to communicate to the public the best advice I have to offer. My attention has been given for many years to details of house-drainage as a matter of business, not of philanthropy. I have had occasion to study closely, and to adopt and discard, one after another, a long series of plumbing appliances,—things that have come up and gone down in the rapidly improving art which ten years ago was an extremely crude one, and in which perfection has as yet by no means been attained. I might describe this succession of improvements, and indicate the quality, promise, and defect of each. Such information may be found, by those who desire it, very well set forth in the rather copious modern literature of the subject. The space at my disposal here would hardly suffice for a bare cataloguing of plumbing improvements. My own devices were in no case invented with a view to securing a valuable patent, nor for any purpose but to improve my own professional practice. The few of these devices which have approved themselves to my later judgment, and which I am now introducing in my work, I have patented to secure an incidental commercial advantage. I shall therefore describe them without hesitation and without further comment, treating them exactly as I treat such of the inventions of others as commend themselves to my judgment. I shall trust to the good sense of the reader not to misunderstand my motive.

Special appliances for carrying out the plumber's art in the drainage of houses are to be numbered by hundreds. Invention has taken advantage of a growing demand for the attainment of additional security against the invasion of drain-air, and has literally run wild. "Sewer-gas" has been made to do full duty as a cause of public alarm. The shops and the catalogues and the professional papers and books are full of an embarrassing variety of all manner of devices. Many of these inventions are great improvements on their predecessors, but many are their predecessors under new names and with new complications. Few of them have been made with regard for what seems to be the most imperative need of the work — simplicity. We should especially seek the greatest possible simplicity, not only in detail but in general scheme. While the market offers a separate vessel for each possible separate use, the wisest course seems to be to reduce the number of vessels and to concentrate the various uses as much as may be. For example, I should, wherever possible, avoid the need for urinals, slop-sinks, and hoppers, by constructing the water-closet in such a manner as to supply all of these demands in a convenient and acceptable way, thus securing incidentally the most frequent change of its trapping-water and the most frequent flushing of its outlet. The urinal is almost invariably the most odorous vessel in the house. The slop-hopper is generally a receptacle for rags and rubbish, in a dark, out-of-the-way, uninspected closet; and the sink for drawing water is, in less degree, open to similar objection. With a self-closing faucet for drawing water, there need be provided for the protection of the ceiling below only such simple means of outlet — like a safe-pipe opening through the ceiling of the basement or into a sink or a water-closet cistern — as will carry the slight drip that may come from an accidental leak. Ordinarily there is no serious objection to arranging to draw water through the bath-cock, if this is placed, as it should be, at the top of the tub.

Objections to this concentration of uses, and to the abolition of a separate vessel for each separate use, are confined mainly to trade journals, published in the interest of manufacturers and plumbers whose profits it is thought might be affected by the reduction. Their argument is that cost is secondary to ample convenience. While it is important to avoid unnecessary cost, the economical argument is the least of all the reasons for what is here proposed. The real and controlling argument is based on the great advantage of having the fewest possible points requiring inspection and care, and to

secure the most frequent possible use of every inlet into the drainage system. Reasonable convenience being always kept in view, three water-closets in an ordinary house are much better than half a dozen; and the same principle holds throughout the whole range of plumbing appliances.

WASH-STANDS.

STATIONARY wash-stands, where they should be used at all — in bath-rooms and lavatories mainly — should, like all other fixtures of the kind, have the space under the slab fully exposed to view, so that the trap and all pipes may be seen at all times, and so that neither by accident nor by stealth may there be created the hidden untidy condition which is almost universal with the tight, unventilated inclosed spaces generally used. The basin itself as now constructed has a hidden overflow which it is very difficult, if not impossible, to cleanse, and it has generally either a plug and chain to close its outlet, or a side plug operated by a knob above the slab. Both of these are wholly objectionable. The links of the chain and the ring and attachments of the plug become fouled with soapy matters, and it is difficult to cleanse them. Practically they are generally nasty. To shake a filthy chain in a basin of clear water would be a very untidy preliminary to ablution. This is substantially what we do when we let water with some force directly into a basin in which a dirty chain is hanging. The side plug *seems* to be much nicer; it is really less nice. There is a befouled waste-pipe leading from the outlet to the plug, in communication with a slime-coated overflow channel rising above the plug. This pipe it is practically impossible to cleanse. Its filth is constantly undergoing decomposition. Whenever the bowl is emptied it becomes filled with air; when the plug is closed and the bowl is filled, this air is driven in bubbles with some violence into the bowl. Not infrequently flakes of the sliming matter come with it. The only really cleanly device that I have yet seen is what is known as "Weaver's Waste," where the plug fits closely into the outlet, forming part of the bottom of the basin, and is opened by being raised from below. It does not get over, and it may slightly aggravate, the objection to the hidden overflow; but it does enable us to wash in a clean vessel. I am now experimenting with a small fixed basin which is simply an earthenware funnel without plug or overflow. At its top stands a movable wash-bowl to be filled from the supply-cocks in the usual manner. The bowl is emptied by pouring its contents into the funnel. That this will prove a practical success is not yet demonstrated.

WATER-CLOSETS.

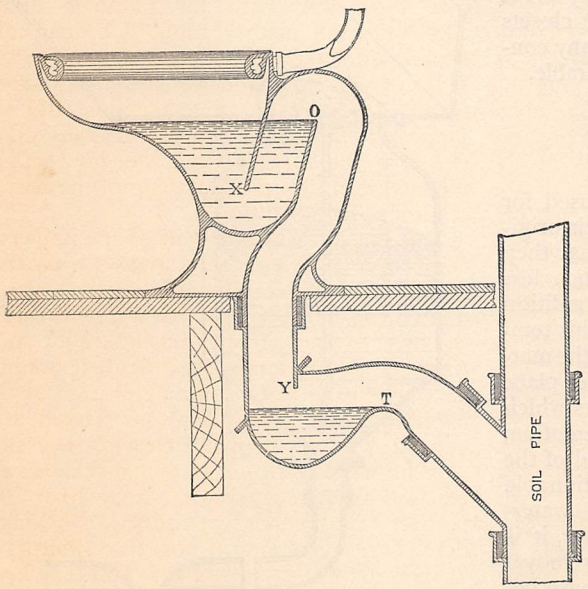
WATER-CLOSETS have naturally been the subject of more ingenuity, and of more argument, than anything else connected with the whole subject of house-drainage. It is hardly necessary at this late date to say anything to the limited public which reads on such subjects about the absolute inadmissibility of the almost universal pan-closet, which is still the great favorite of landlords and of builders, and which, in spite of its complication and intricacy, is still, owing to the great demand for it, sold more cheaply, and therefore more widely, than any other. It is enough to say that those who care for safety in drainage works will neither adopt it in new construction nor retain it where it already exists. It is not, and it cannot be made, a safe water-closet. To a greater or less degree, the objections to it hold in the case of every other closet in the market which has anywhere in the course of its outlet anything of the nature of a valve or moving part.

It is not an overstatement of the universal conviction of skillful sanitarians to say that the range of unexceptionable water-closets is limited to such as have a free water-way from the bowl to the soil-pipe, depending for their trapping, and in some cases for their holding of a bowlful of water, on an elevation of the overflow point. These may be classed in a general way as "hopper" closets. The simplest form of this closet is a funnel-shaped vase reaching from the floor to the seat. At the bottom it is connected with an S trap, having a depth of seal generally of from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a half. This is a cheap and good utensil for the commoner uses. It is made of earthenware or of enameled iron, and in its best form its rear portion is nearly or quite vertical. What is known as the "short hopper," made of iron or of earthenware, has a shallow bowl, with a trap rising at its side and entirely above the floor.

Pursuing the plan already announced, to avoid anything like a cataloguing of plumbers' supplies, and referring to what has already been said about my own inventions, I give herewith, as an illustration of the better class of closets, a vertical cross-section of the Dececo closet with its trap and discharging siphon. In this closet I have tried to overcome the objections to the mechanical or valve closets, while retaining the advantages of a deep bowlful of water for the reception of deposits and the suppression of odor. It

has a seal about four inches deep, a depth of water of nearly seven inches, disposed in the most useful way, and a sufficient submersion of the main part of the bowl. While it is possible under strong siphonage to reduce the depth of its water considerably, it is not possible, under any conditions that can occur in practice, to break its seal, the rising limb being sufficiently large to give an adequate passage to a continuous stream of air without removing the water to such a point as to unseal the trap. It has the further advantage that its seal is in full view and is always under control. When it *seems* to be right it *is* right.

The peculiar operation on which it depends for its discharge is due to the use of an outlet weir below the floor, which is the invention of Mr. Rogers Field, an English engineer. It is, in fact, a modified Field's flush-tank.



THE DECECO WATER-CLOSET.

The outer or discharging limb of the siphon reaches down into the weir-chamber. The depth of seal is the distance from the surface of the water in the bowl to the top of the intake X, and this is regulated by the height of the overflow point O. The closet is supplied with water through an ordinary flushing-rim, connected with a service-box or cistern overhead. The cistern is operated by a pendent pull. When the pull is drawn down, a copious supply of water flows into all parts of the bowl through the flushing-rim, washing it completely and raising the level of its water rapidly. The surplus overflows at O faster than it can be discharged over the weir-top T, without rising so high as to close the opening at Y. This closure shuts off the air in the siphon from the air in the soil-pipe, with which it is ordinarily in communication. The water flowing through the long limb of the siphon, in an irregular stream, carries the air with it, and there is soon established a strong siphon action, which continues until the water in the bowl descends below the top of the intake X. Then air is admitted at this point, and the flow through the siphon is checked. The discharge at T continuing, the water in the weir-chamber soon falls sufficiently to allow air to enter at Y and empty the siphon. The contents of that part of the siphon between X and O fall back and establish an immediate hydraulic seal at the intake. The service-box is so arranged that after the main supply is stopped a small stream continues to be discharged into the bowl until it is filled to the height of the overflow point.

It was evident from long and successful experience with Field's flush-tank, that the principle on which this closet is constructed is a perfectly correct one. It has undergone few changes since its original construction three years ago, and the several hundred closets now in use are invariably satisfactory. So far as I can see, it accomplishes perfectly every purpose for which a water-closet, slop-hopper, or urinal is required. In practice, it uses at each operation over two and a half gallons of water, which gives a thorough flushing to the soil-pipe and drain, while it has the great advantage of sending a good part of its discharge through the soil-pipe in advance of the foul matters, lubricating their passage through the whole drainage system. Although this considerable volume of water is essential to its complete efficiency, the closet may be emptied by pouring into it suddenly less than two quarts of water. A large pail of slops thrown into the closet as rapidly as possible fails to overflow it, and barrels of water might be poured through it in succession as fast as the three-inch outlet can discharge it.

The setting of water-closets in the best manner is most easily secured when hopper or other plain closets are used. By the best manner, I mean such setting as requires the minimum of carpentry, preferably nothing whatever but a single well-finished hard-wood plank with a hole through it, resting on cleats at the sides and hinged to be turned back out of the way. It is better that there should not even be a cover to the hole. The entire closet, inside and out, should be as thoroughly exposed to view, to ventilation, and to perfect cleansing

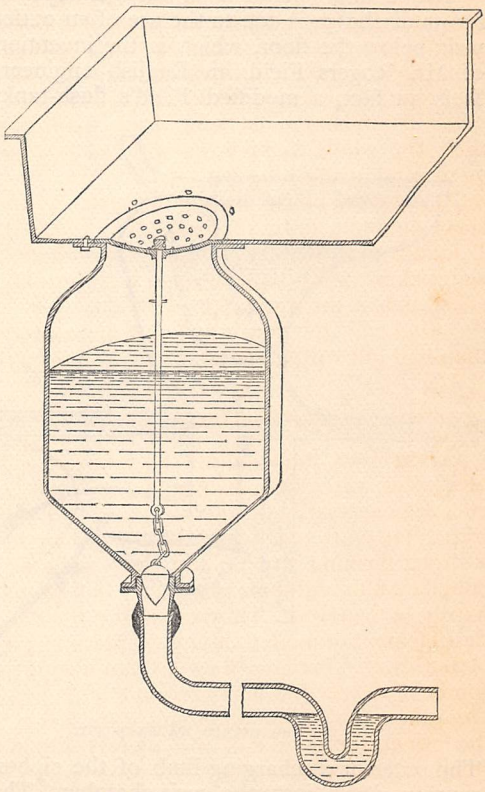
as possible. If the floor and back and side walls be covered with glazed tiles,—preferably white,—so much the better; but a cheap and satisfactory setting is secured by a slate flooring with hard-wood finish around the sides. Even oil-cloth on the floor, and the ordinary base-board and plaster at the sides and back, answer a very good purpose; the great thing is to have a perfect exposure to sight and air. The costly housing-in of the closet by a close seat and cover and a close riser in front may serve a very good purpose as an ornamental piece of cabinet-work, but this too often covers a condition of things that no fastidious housekeeper would knowingly tolerate. Slop-page, leakage, and the tainted air rising through the irregular holes left for the soil-pipe, unite to make this space untidy and in every way objectionable. Some sort of housing-in is necessary with closets which have machinery about them, but the whole class of hopper closets may be entirely free from anything or any condition to make such concealment desirable.

SINKS AND OTHER DETAILS.

KITCHEN and pantry sinks are used for the discharge of matters which in their original condition are not offensive, so that they are, in the popular estimation, of much less serious consequence to the sanitary condition of the house than are water-closets. This temporary different condition, however, of the matters which they receive, very soon gives place to a similar condition of the matters which they have discharged. After a little retention, putrefaction sets in, and the refuse food of the sink becomes as offensive and objectionable as does the digested food of the water-closet. In the one case as in the other, it is very important to secure a complete removal of all foul matters well beyond the house before putrefaction. The liability to detention and deposit is much greater in the case of the sink than in the case of the closet, for the reason that, with much less flushing, there is discharged through its waste-pipe a considerable amount of heated and temporarily liquefied grease. This grease passes the strainer of the sink and is unnoticed, but, as it cools along its course, it attaches itself to the sides of the pipe in constantly increasing accumulations, until the channel is often nearly or quite obstructed. It is by no means pure grease that is thus attached. In its congelation there are involved particles of highly putrescible matters, and the ordinary kitchen-sink waste-pipe is the seat of a constant decomposition,—mostly beyond the trap, and for this reason not especially noticeable.

Not to get rid of the putrefaction, but to prevent the obstruction of the pipe, there have been invented various forms of grease-trap, having for their purpose the hardening of the grease under conditions which will allow it to be removed. These grease-traps would answer a better purpose than they do if we could depend on their being regularly attended to; but so long as water will flow from the sink, servants will give themselves but little trouble about such accumulations.

I have employed a device that has now been in considerable use for several years, which seems to meet the requirements of the

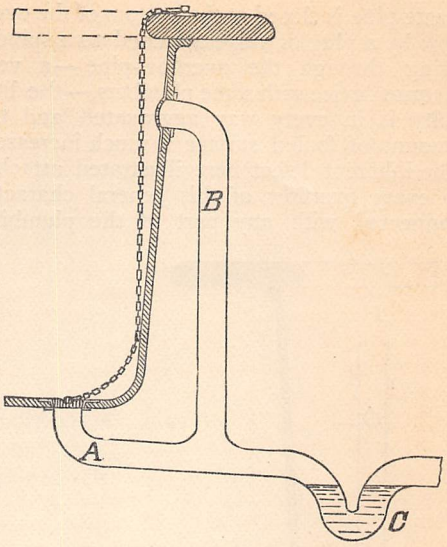


THE DECECO FLUSH-POT FOR SINKS.

case quite completely. There is built beneath the sink, and in connection with it, a "flush-pot" large enough to hold several gallons of water. Its top is covered by a strainer, about eight inches in diameter, and pierced with large holes. This constitutes a portion of the floor of the sink. The outlet of the flush-pot is closed with a plug like a wash-basin plug, which is attached to a spindle rising through the strainer. The outlet is connected with the drain by a small pipe, having a common trap, which is useful only during the short periods when the plug is withdrawn. Ordinarily the outlet stands closed. Water thrown

into the sink flows through the strainer, leaving all coarser substances to be brushed up and *burned in the range*.* Little by little, the flush-pot becomes filled, and during this slow process most of the grease becomes congealed. When it is nearly full the water can be seen, even before it reaches the strainer. Then the spindle and plug are raised and held up until the gurgling of air through the trap indicates that the pot is empty. Then the outlet is closed and the filling begins again. The strainer and spindle may be lifted out together, exposing the whole interior of the flush-pot, which may thus be given a daily cleansing and kept in as good order as any iron vessel in the kitchen. The theory of the success of this apparatus is very simple. There is absolutely nothing running through the waste-pipe except during the moment when the flush-pot is being discharged, and then the whole mass flows with such force as to carry everything with it.

At my own house, having occasion to inspect the main drain (diameter three inches), I found that neither a copiously supplied water-closet nor a bath-tub had such flushing effect as had the discharge of the flush-pot in the kitchen. Its flow filled the drain more than half full with a stream of good velocity.



HIDDEN OVERFLOW OF BATH.

OVERFLOWS.

OVERFLOWS, intended for the safe removal of surplus water from bath-tubs, wash-bowls, etc., are necessarily on the house side of the trap. They are practically never reached by a strong flushing stream, and their walls accumulate filth and slime to a degree that would hardly be believed. They constitute the nastiest element of modern house-drainage of the better order. Perhaps they are not a serious source of *danger*, but they are, more often than any other part of the plumbing work, except the urinal, the source of the offensive drain-smell so often observed on first coming into a house from the fresh air.

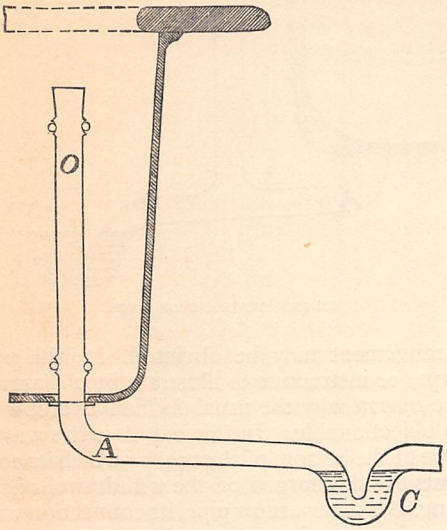
In the stationary wash-basin as at present arranged, there seems to be no easy way to get over the difficulty, a difficulty which of itself should be a sufficient reason for excluding these fixtures from sleeping-rooms. The basin overflow is objectionable for substantially the same reason that the bath-tub overflow is objectionable, though perhaps to a slighter degree owing to the smaller surface exposed to the accumulation of deposits.

The concealed overflow of the bath-tub may, fortunately, be dispensed with, and in this case the difficulty inseparable from the arrangement may be obviated. It will, perhaps, be instructive to illustrate by a diagram the reason why the usual hidden overflow is so objectionable. In this cut, A is the waste-pipe at the bottom of the tub, by which its contents are discharged on the withdrawal of the plug. B is the overflow pipe, its connection with the tub being through a perforated screen. C is the trap by which the waste-pipe is shut off from the drainage system, and which has incidentally the effect of retarding the flow of water through the waste-pipe. If we suppose the tub to be filled to the level of the overflow and its waste-plug to be removed, the water will immediately rise in the overflow pipe to very nearly its height in the tub. It is of course impregnated with the impurities of the water in the bath. Furthermore, the lighter particles of organic matter flowing through the waste will, some of them, rise by their levity into the overflow pipe. The water rushes up into this pipe with much force, but it descends only very slowly as the level in the bath descends, so that at each operation there is a tendency to deposit adhesive matters to the walls of the pipe. What is so deposited decomposes and escapes little by little in a gaseous form through the perforated screen into the air of the room. The amount of these decomposing matters is somewhat increased, though probably not very much, by floating particles passing through the screen when the overflow is performing its legitimate function.

This is the simplest statement of the proposition, and this is perhaps the least objectionable form of hidden overflow. Where the

* This simple cremation of the worst elements of house-garbage costs no money and little trouble. It solves one of the difficult domestic problems.

waste-pipe is closed at the bottom of the overflow by a plug or valve attached to a spindle rising through the overflow-pipe,—a very favorite device with some plumbers,—the difficulty is in every way aggravated and the amount of fouled surface is much increased. The inherent defect here illustrated attaches to every overflow of this general character connected with any part of the plumbing



STANDING OVERFLOW AND PLUG FOR BOTH.

work. In the case of a bath-tub it may very easily be avoided, as shown in the next diagram, by doing away entirely with the overflow-pipe B and its perforated screen, and using for the closure of the waste-outlet A, as a substitute for the ordinary plug, a pipe fitting into the outlet and rising to the height desired for the water in the bath. If the upper end of this pipe be given a trumpet-shaped opening, its capacity will be increased. Unfortunately, such a substitute for the ordinary overflow is not applicable to wash-bowls as now made. It may be made available for pantry sinks if the pipe can be so placed in a corner as not to interfere with the proper use of the vessel. If its universal adoption for bath-tubs could be secured, a very wide-spread source of mild nuisance would be done away with. Fortunately, it is far cheaper than any arrangement for which it is a substitute. It is one of its incidental uses that it enables us to get rid of the dirty chain attached to the ordinary bath-plug. Weaver's waste, which is one of the best devices for closing the outlet of an ordinary wash-basin, is also arranged for the bath. In neither case does it in any respect modify the objection to a foul overflow.

STOP-COCKS need no especial notice in this paper, except in connection with bath-tubs. Most, if not all, of the English earthenware bath-tubs imported into this country, and many even of the planished, copper, and enameled iron tubs made here, are furnished with an ingenious device for delivering the supply near the bottom of the tub in such a manner as to mix the hot and cold water at the delivery and to admit the supply with little noise. The last may be an advantage. The first may be perfectly accomplished by delivering the hot and cold water through a single nozzle at the top of the tub in a convenient position for drawing water for other uses. There are doubtless many cases where the bottom delivery of the supply may be free from sanitary objections, but they are fewer than would be supposed, and it seems strange that the frequent serious objection to the arrangement should have been so generally overlooked. This bottom delivery is substantially a cock for drawing water, and all who use such cocks for filling wash-bowls must have noticed a frequent indraft of air when the cock is open. Water being drawn from the lower part of the supply-pipe, the head in the upper part is annihilated, and if a cock is opened the water falls in the supply-pipe, air rushing in to take its place. The indraft of air is not of much consequence, but the indraft of a pipeful of dirty water from a bath-tub does not suggest a pleasant modification of the quality of the water-supply of the house. In this case, as in many others, an apparent mechanical improvement, securing only incidental benefits, should be discouraged. In my judgment the only perfectly safe and satisfactory arrangement for baths thus far devised is one by which the water is drawn through a faucet above the water-line, and by which the outlet is closed by a stand-pipe serving as the *only* overflow of the tub.

LAUNDRY TRAYS, as they are now almost universally arranged, are hardly to be regarded as a conspicuous element of the sanitary works of a house. There are few cases in which we find anything about them that is seriously objectionable. With them, as with sinks, water-closets, and wash-basins, it is best to avoid all unnecessary carpentry. It is, of course, best that they should be made of some other material than wood,— either slate, cement, or earthenware. Earthenware tubs, supported on galvanized iron legs and surrounded by a simple border of hard wood, seem to ask for no improvement.

AN EXAMPLE.

SIMPLICITY in house-drainage and a marked contrast to the multiplication and complication so often found in the better class of houses, are illustrated in the case of a very

fine and costly house of which I am now superintending the plumbing work. It has in the basement one kitchen-sink with the flush-pot, and four laundry-tubs. The main soil-pipe runs under the basement floor near both of these; it is of extra-heavy iron, leaded and tested under pressure to absolute tightness. It is then, so far as it lies below the floor, completely encased in Portland cement mortar, and this, again, in well-made concrete; it turns up near the laundry-tubs, and near the ceiling it receives a branch pipe coming from a lavatory on the first floor, twenty-five feet away; it then passes through the floor and receives the waste of the flush-pot of the pantry sink; rising to the ceiling, it receives the waste of a bath-tub and wash-stand on one side, and on the other the waste of a Dececo water-closet and wash-stand; passing through the next floor, it receives the wastes of the fixtures in the servants' bath-room,—a straight hopper closet and bath-tub and a wash-stand; above the ceiling of that room its four inches size is increased to six inches, and it passes with this larger diameter a short distance through the roof, its top being closed by a large wire basket inserted in the hub of the six-inch pipe; the branch pipe under the ceiling of the cellar is connected with a Dececo closet and a wash-stand in the lavatory, and is continued up, without other connections, to its increaser and a six-inch top joint through the roof. This is the full complement of the drainage appliances which, in accordance with modern ideas, it was thought necessary and wise to introduce into a house which, even five years ago, would have had twice as many closets and baths, and at least four times as many wash-basins, to say nothing of two or three urinals and one or two house-maid's sinks. The whole cost of the work to be done, including all water-supply and heating, and the outside connection with the sewer of six roof-water conductors, is just about one thousand dollars. Under the old method, supposing the same material and workmanship to be used, and considering the long lateral waste-pipes and hot and cold water and circulation pipes of the different baths and basins, the cost would hardly have been less than twenty-five hundred dollars. The saving of cost effected is, in my judgment, of much less consequence than the simplicity secured.

In the foregoing remarks, it has by no means been attempted to give full directions for the guidance of house-drainage work, but rather to set forth certain points for the information of house-builders. The plumber is, and, with the general public, will long remain, the final authority in the decision of all questions arising. The better plumbers—those who keep themselves intelligently informed as to improvements in their art—will be a very useful authority; all plumbers, when brought face to face with the average householder, are a masterful authority, and their control is generally complete. The information given in these two papers may, now and then, either aid them to better judgment, or enable their clients to modify their practices in some important respects.

George E. Waring, Jr.

THE DREAM OF DREAMS.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

BEHOLD an image of the dream of dreams;—
A child woke in a meadow garlanded
With many a flower, the tired bee's balmy bed
And nectarous feast; oft-interlacèd streams
Through green leaves smiled with blue, alluring gleams
Of liquid light; the birds sang overhead,
And on the land the lavish sun-god shed
The gold wherewith his Eldorado teems.
But when, grown gray, the child, with weary feet,
Pressed near the meadow's heart, to take his rest,
Song lulled, intoxicate with odors sweet,
An earthquake shock uptore its bloomy breast,
And lo! a gulf! fierce blasts of poisonous heat,
And all that beauty by black death possessed!

C. T. Dazey.

AN ADVENTURE OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS GRANGERFORD-SHEPHERDSON FEUD.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[THE following episode is taken from an unpublished book called "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer's Comrade." A word will explain the situation: The negro Jim is escaping from slavery in Missouri, and Huck Finn is running away from a drunken father, who maltreats him. The two fugitives are floating down the Mississippi on a fragment of a lumber-raft, doing their voyaging by night and hiding themselves and the raft in the day-time. When this chapter opens they have already floated four hundred miles — a trip which has occupied ten or twelve adventurous nights. Readers who have met Huck Finn before (in "Tom Sawyer") will not be surprised to note that whenever Huck is caught in a close place and is obliged to explain, the truth gets well crippled before he gets through.— M. T.]

HERE is the way we put in the time. It was a monstrous big river down there — sometimes a mile and a half wide. We run nights, and laid up and hid day-times; soon as night was most gone, we stopped navigating and tied up — nearly always in the dead water under a tow-head; and then cut young cottonwoods and willows and hid the raft with them. Then we set out the lines. Next we slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we set down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee-deep, and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywheres — perfectly still — just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bull-frogs a-cluttering, may be. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line — that was the woods on t'other side — you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness, spreading around; then the river softened up, away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots drifting along, ever so far away — trading scows, and such things; and long black streaks — rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaking, or jumbled-up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by and by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off of the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make out a log cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank on t'other side of the river, being a wood-yard, likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres; then the nice breeze springs up, and comes fanning you from over there, so cool and fresh, and sweet to smell, on account of the woods and the flowers; but sometimes not that way, because they've left dead fish laying around, gars, and such, and they do get pretty rank; and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song-birds just going it!

A little smoke couldn't be noticed now, so we would take some fish off of the lines and cook up a hot breakfast. And afterward we would watch the lonesomeness of the river, and kind of lazy along, and by and by lazy off to sleep. Wake up by and by, and look to see what done it, and may be see a steamboat, coughing along up stream, so far off toward the other side you couldn't tell nothing about her only whether she was stern-wheel or side-wheel; then for about an hour there wouldn't be nothing to hear nor nothing to see — just solid lonesomeness. Next you'd see a raft sliding by, away off yonder, and may be a galoot on it chopping, because they're most always doing it on a raft; you'd see the axe flash, and come down — you don't hear nothing; you see that axe go up again, and by the time it's above the man's head, then you hear the *k'chunk!* — it had took all that time to come over the water. So we would put in the day, lazying around, listening to the stillness. Once there was a thick fog, and the rafts and things that went by was beating tin pans so the steam-boats wouldn't run over them. A scow or a raft went by so close we could hear them talking and cussing and laughing — heard them plain; but we couldn't see no sign of them; it made you feel crawly, it was like spirits carrying on that way in the air.

WE shoved out, after dark, on the raft.

The place to buy canoes is off of rafts laying up at shore. But we didn't see no rafts laying up; so we went along during three hours and more. Well, the night got gray, and ruther thick, which is the next meanest thing to fog. You can't tell the shape of the river, and you can't see no distance. It got to be very late and still, and then along comes a steam-boat up the river. We lit the lantern and judged she would see it. Up-stream boats didn't generly come close to us; they go out and follow the bars and hunt for easy water under the reefs; but nights like this they bull right up the channel against the whole river.

We could hear her pounding along, but we didn't see her good till she was close. She aimed right for us. Often they do that, and try to see how close they can come without touching; sometimes the wheel bites off a sweep, and then the pilot sticks his head out and laughs, and thinks he's mighty smart. Well, here she comes, and we said she was going to try to shave us; but she didn't seem to be sheering off a bit. She was a big one, and she was coming in a hurry, too, looking like a black cloud with rows of glow-worms around it; but all of a sudden she bulged out, big and scary, with a long row of wide-open furnace doors shining like red-hot teeth, and her monstrous bows and guards hanging right over us. There was a yell at us, and a jingling of bells to stop the engines, a pow-wow of cussing, and whistling of steam — and as Jim went overboard on one side and I on the other, she come smashing straight through the raft.

I dived — and I aimed to find the bottom, too, for a thirty-foot wheel had got to go over me, and I wanted it to have plenty of room. I could always stay under water a minute; this time I reckon I staid under water a minute and a half. Then I bounced for the top in a hurry, for I was nearly busting. I popped out to my arm-pits and blowed the water out of my nose, and puffed a bit. Of course there was a booming current; and of course that boat started her engines again ten seconds after she stopped them, for they never cared much for raftsmen; so now she was churning along up the river, out of sight in the thick weather, though I could hear her.

I sung out for Jim about a dozen times, but I didn't get any answer; so I grabbed a plank that touched me while I was treading water, and struck out for shore, shoving it ahead of me. But I made out to see that the drift of the current was toward the left-hand shore, which meant that I was in a crossing; so I changed off and went that way.

It was one of these long, slanting, two-mile crossings; so I was a good long time in getting over. I made a safe landing and clum up the bank. I couldn't see but a little ways, but I went poking along over rough ground for a quarter of a mile or more, and then I run across a big old-fashioned double log house before I noticed it. I was going to rush by and get away, but a lot of dogs jumped out and went to howling and barking at me, and I knowed better than to move another peg.



"WHO'S THERE?"

In about half a minute somebody spoke out of a window, without putting his head out, and says:

"Be done, boys! Who's there?"

I says:

"It's me."

"Who's me?"

"George Jackson, sir."

"What do you want?"

"I don't want nothing, sir. I only want to go along by, but the dogs wont let me."

"What are you prowling around here this time of night for — hey?"

"I warn't prowling around, sir; I fell overboard off of the steam-boat."

"Oh, you did, did you? Strike a light there, somebody. What did you say your name was?"

"George Jackson, sir. I'm only a boy."

"Look here; if you're telling the truth, you needn't be afraid — nobody'll hurt you. But don't try to budge; stand right where you

are. Rouse out Bob and Tom, some of you, and fetch the guns. George Jackson, is there anybody with you?"

"No, sir; nobody."

I heard the people stirring around in the house now, and see a light. The man sung out:

"Snatch that light away, Betsy, you old fool—aint you got any sense? Put it on the floor behind the front door. Bob, if you and Tom are ready, take your places."

"All ready."

"Now, George Jackson, do you know the Shepherdsons?"

"No, sir—I never heard of them."

"Well, that may be so, and it mayn't. Now, all ready. Step forward, George Jackson. And mind, don't you hurry—come mighty slow. If there's anybody with you, let him keep back; if he shows himself he'll be shot. Come along, now. Come slow; push the door open yourself—just enough to squeeze in, d'you hear?"

I didn't hurry; I couldn't if I'd 'a' wanted to. I took one slow step at a time, and there warn't a sound, only I thought I could hear my heart. The dogs were as still as the humans, but they followed a little behind me. When I got to the three log door-steps, I heard them unlocking and unbarring and unbolting. I put my hand on the door and pushed it a little and a little more, till somebody said, "There, that's enough—put your head in." I done it, but I judged they would take it off.

The candle was on the floor, and there they all was, looking at me, and me at them, for about a quarter of a minute. Three big men with guns pointed at me, which made me wince, I tell you; the oldest, gray and about sixty, the other two thirty or more—all of them fine and handsome—and the sweetest old gray-headed lady, and back of her two young women, which I couldn't see right well. The old gentleman says:

"There—I reckon it's all right. Come in."

As soon as I was in, the old gentleman he locked the door and barred it and bolted it, and told the young men to come in with their guns, and they all went in a big parlor that had a new rag carpet on the floor, and got together in a corner that was out of range of the front windows—there warn't none on the side. They held the candle, and took a good look at me, and all said, "Why, *he* aint a Shepherdson—no, there aint any Shepherdson about him." Then the old man said he hoped I wouldn't mind being searched for arms, because he didn't mean no harm by it—it was only to make sure. So he didn't pry into my pockets, but only felt outside with his hand, and said it was all right. He told me to make myself easy and at home, and tell all about myself; but the old lady says:

"Why, bless you, Saul, the poor thing's as wet as he can be; and don't you reckon it may be he's hungry?"

"True for you, Rachel—I forgot."

So the old lady says:

"Betsy" (this was a nigger woman), "you fly around and get him something to eat, as quick as you can, poor thing; and one of you girls go and wake up Buck and tell him—Oh, here he is himself. Buck, take this little stranger and get the wet clothes off from him, and dress him up in some of yours that's dry."

Buck looked about as old as me—thirteen or fourteen or along there, though he was a little bigger than me. He hadn't on anything but a shirt, and he was very frowsy-headed. He come in gaping, and digging one fist into his eyes, and he was dragging a gun along with the other one. He says:

"Aint they no Shepherdsons around?"

They said, no, 'twas a false alarm.

"Well," he says, "if they'd 'a' b'en some. I reckon I'd 'a' got one."

They all laughed, and Bob says:

"Why, Buck, they might have scalped us all, you've been so slow in coming."

"Well, nobody come after me, and it aint right. I'm always kep' down; I don't get no show."

"Never mind, Buck, my boy," says the old man, "you'll have show enough, all in good time; don't you fret about that. Go 'long with you now, and do as your mother told you."

When we got upstairs to his room he got me a coarse shirt and a roundabout and pants of his, and I put them on. While I was at it he asked me what my name was, but before I could tell him he started to telling me about a blue jay and a young rabbit he had catched in the woods day before yesterday, and he asked me where Moses was when the candle went out. I said I didn't know; I hadn't heard about it before, noway.

"Well, guess," he says.

"How'm I going to guess," says I, "when I never heard tell about it before?"

"But you can guess, can't you? It's just as easy."

"*Which* candle?" I says.

"Why, any candle," he says.

"I don't know where he was," says I; "where was he?"

"Why, he was in the *dark!* That's where he was!"

"Well, if you knowed where he was, what did you ask me for?"

"Why, blame it, it's a riddle, don't you see? Say, how long are you going to stay here? You got to stay always. We can just have booming times—they don't have no school now. Do you own a dog? I've got a dog—and he'll go in the river and bring out chips that you throw in. Do you like to comb up Sundays, and all that kind of foolishness? You bet I don't, but ma she makes me. Confound these ole britches! I reckon I'd better put 'em on, but I'd ruther not, it's so warm. Are you all ready? All right—come along, old hoss."

Cold corn-pone, cold corn-beef, butter and butter-milk—that is what they had for me down there, and there aint nothing better that ever I've come across yet. Buck and his ma and all of them smoked cob pipes, except the nigger woman, which was gone, and the two young women. They all smoked and talked, and I eat and talked. The young women had quilts around them, and their hair down their backs. They all asked me questions, and I told them how pap and me and all the family was living on a little farm down at the bottom of Arkansaw, and my sister Mary Ann run off and got married and never was heard of no more, and Bill went to hunt them and he warn't heard of no more, and Tom and Mort died, and then there warn't nobody but just me and pap left, and he was just trimmed down to nothing on account of his troubles; so when he died I took what there was left, because the farm didn't belong to us, and started up the river, deck passage, and fell overboard; and that was how I come to be here. So they said I could have a home there as long as I wanted it. Then it was most daylight, and everybody went to bed, and I went to bed with Buck, and when I waked up in the morning, drat it all, I had forgot what my name was. So I laid there about an hour trying to think, and when Buck waked up, I says:

"Can you spell, Buck?"

"Yes," he says.

"I bet you can't spell my name," says I.

"I bet you what you dare I can," says he.

"All right," says I; "go ahead."

"G-o-r-g-e J-a-x-o-n—there now," he says.

"Well," says I, "you done it, but I didn't think you could. It aint no slouch of a name to spell—right off without studying."

I set it down, private, because somebody might want *me* to spell it next, and so I wanted to be handy with it and rattle it off like I was used to it.

It was a mighty nice family, and a mighty nice house, too. I hadn't seen no house out in the country before that was so nice and had so much style. It didn't have an iron latch on the front door, nor a wooden one with a buckskin string, but a brass knob to turn, the same as houses in a town. There warn't no bed in the parlor, not a sign of a bed; but heaps of parlors in towns has beds in them. There was a big fire-place that was bricked on the bottom, and the bricks was kept clean and red by pouring water on them and scrubbing them with another brick; sometimes they washed them over with red water-paint that they call Spanish-brown, same as they do in town. They had big brass dog-irons that could hold up a saw-log. There was a clock on the middle of the mantel-piece, with a picture of a town painted on the bottom half of the glass front, and a round place in the middle of it for the sun, and you could see the pendulum swing behind it. It was beautiful to hear that clock tick; and sometimes when one of these peddlers had been along and scoured her up and got her in good shape, she would start in and strike a hundred and fifty before she got tuckered out. They wouldn't took any money for her.

Well, there was a big outlandish parrot on each side of the clock, made out of something like chalk, and painted up gaudy. By one of the parrots was a cat made of crockery, and a crockery dog by the other; and when you pressed down on them they squeaked, but didn't open their mouths nor look different nor interested. They squeaked through underneath. There was a couple of big wild-turkey-wing fans spread out behind those things. On a table in the middle of the room was a kind of a lovely crockery basket that had apples and oranges and peaches and grapes piled up in it which was much redder and yellower and prettier than real ones is, but they warn't real, because you could see where pieces had got chipped off and showed the white chalk or whatever it was underneath.

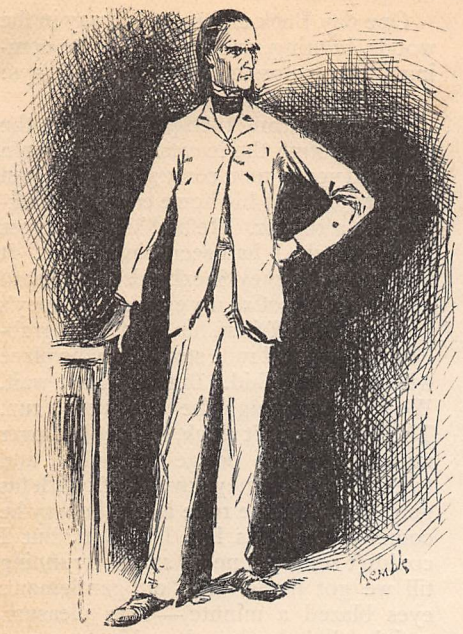
This table had a cover made out of beautiful oil-cloth, with a red and blue spread-eagle painted on it, and a painted border all around. It come all the way from Philadelphia, they said. There was some books too, piled up perfectly exact, on each corner of the table. One was a big family Bible, full of pictures. One was "Pilgrim's Progress," about a man that left his family it didn't say why. I read considerable in it now and then. The statements was interesting, but tough. Another was "Friendship's Offering," full of beautiful stuff and poetry; but I didn't read the poetry. Another was Henry Clay's Speeches, and another was Dr. Gunn's Family Medicine,

which told you all about what to do if a body was sick or dead. There was a Hymn Book, and a lot of other books. And there was nice split-bottom chairs, and perfectly sound, too—not bagged down in the middle and busted, like an old basket.

They had pictures hung on the walls—mainly Washingtons and Lafayettes, and battles, and Highland Marys, and one called "Signing the Declaration." There was some that they called crayons, which one of the daughters which was dead made her own self when she was only fifteen years old. They was different from any pictures I ever see before—blacker, mostly, than is common. One was a woman in a slim black dress, belted small under the arm-pits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black veil, and white slim ankles crossed about with black tape, and very wee black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule; and underneath the picture it said "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas." Another one was a young lady with her hair all combed up straight to the top of her head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair-back, and she was crying into a handkerchief, and had a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its heels up, and underneath the picture it said "I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup More Alas." There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks; and she had an open letter in one hand, with black sealing-wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket with a chain to it against her mouth; and underneath the picture it said "And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas." These was all nice pictures, I reckon, but I didn't somehow seem to take to them, because if ever I was down a little, they always give me the fan-tods. Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done what they had lost. But I reckoned that, with her disposition, she was having a better time in the graveyard. She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture when she took sick, and every day and every night it was her prayer to be allowed to live till she got it done, but she never got the chance. It was a picture of a young woman in a long white gown, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off, with her hair all down her back, and looking up to the moon, with the tears running down her face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in front, and two more reaching up towards the moon—and the idea was to see which pair would look best and then scratch out all the other arms; but, as I was saying, she died before she got her mind made up, and now they kept this picture over the head of the bed in her room, and every time her birthday come they hung flowers on it. Other times it was hid with a little curtain. The young woman in the picture had a kind of a nice sweet face, but there was so many arms it made her look too spidery, seemed to me.

This young girl kept a scrap-book when she was alive, and used to paste obituaries and accidents and cases of patient suffering in it out of the "Presbyterian Observer," and write poetry after them out of her own head. It was very good poetry.

If Emmeline Grangerford could make poetry like that before she was fourteen, there aint no telling what she could 'a' done by and by. Buck said she could rattle off poetry like nothing. She didn't ever have to stop to think. He said she would slap down a line, and if she couldn't find anything to rhyme with it she would just scratch it out and slap down another one, and go ahead. She warn't particular; she could write about anything you choose to give her to write about, just so it was sadful. Every time a man died, or a woman died, or a child died, she would be on hand with her "tribute" before he was cold. She called them tributes. The neighbors said it was the doctor first, then Emmeline, then the undertaker. The undertaker never got in ahead of Emmeline but once, and then she hung fire on a rhyme for the dead person's name, which was Whistler. She warn't ever the same after that; she never complained, but she kind of pined away and did not live long. Poor thing! many's the time I made myself go up to the little room that used to be hers, and get out her poor old scrap-book and read in it when her pictures had been aggravating me and I had soured on her a little. I liked all that family, dead ones and all, and warn't going to let anything come between us. Poor Emmeline made poetry about all the dead people when she was alive, and it didn't seem right that there warn't nobody to make some about her, now she was gone; so I tried to sweat out a verse or two myself, but I couldn't seem to make it go, somehow. They kept Emmeline's room trim and nice, and all the things fixed in it just the way she liked to have them when she was alive, and nobody ever slept there. The old lady took care of the room herself, though there



COLONEL GRANGERFORD.

was plenty of niggers, and she sewed there a good deal and read her Bible there, mostly.

Well, as I was saying about the parlor, there was beautiful curtains on the windows: white, with pictures painted on them, of castles with vines all down the walls, and cattle coming down to drink. There was a little old piano, too, that had tin pans in it, I reckon, and nothing was ever so lovely as to hear the young ladies sing "The Last Link is Broken," and play "The Battle of Prague" on it. The walls of all the rooms was plastered, and most had carpets on the floors, and the whole house was whitewashed on the outside.

It was a double house, and the big open place betwixt them was roofed and floored, and sometimes the table was set there in the middle of the day, and it was a cool, comfortable place. Nothing couldn't be better. And warn't the cooking good, and just bushels of it, too!

Colonel Grangerford was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over; and so was his family. He was well-born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the widow Douglass said, and nobody ever denied that she was of the first aristocracy in our town; and pap he always said it, too, though he warn't no more quality than a mud-cat, himself. Colonel Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywheres; he was clean-shaved every morning, all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose, and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep back that they seemed like they was looking out of caverns at you, as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight, and hung to his shoulders. His hands was long and thin, and every day of his life he put on a clean shirt and a full suit from head to foot, made out of linen so white it hurt your eyes to look at it; and on Sundays he wore a blue tail-coat with brass buttons on it. He carried a mahogany cane with a silver head to it. There warn't no frivolishness about it, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. He was as kind as he could be — you could feel that, you know, and so you had confidence. Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty-pole, and the lightning begun to flicker out from under his eyebrows, you wanted to climb a tree first and find out what the matter was afterward. He didn't ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners — everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine most always — I mean he made it seem like good weather. When he turned into a cloud-bank it was awful dark for half a minute, and that was enough; there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week.

When him and the old lady come down in the morning, all the family got up out of their chairs and give them good-day, and didn't set down again till they had set down. Then Tom and Bob went to the sideboard where the decanters was, and mixed a glass of bitters and handed it to him, and he held it in his hand and waited till Tom's and Bob's was mixed, and then they bowed and said, "Our duty to you, sir, and madam"; and *they* bowed the least bit in the world and said thank you, and so they drank, all three, and Bob and Tom poured a spoonful of water on the sugar and the mite of whisky or apple brandy in the bottom of their tumblers, and give it to me and Buck, and we drank to the old people, too.

Bob was the oldest, and Tom next — tall, beautiful men, with very broad shoulders and brown faces, and long black hair and black eyes. They dressed in white linen from head to foot, like the old gentleman, and wore broad Panama hats.

Then there was Miss Charlotte; she was twenty-five, and tall and proud and grand, but as good as she could be when she warn't stirred up; but when she was, she had a look that would make you wilt in your tracks, like her father. She was beautiful.



HARNEY SHEPHERDSON.

So was her sister, Miss Sophia, but it was a different kind. She was gentle and sweet, like a dove, and she was only twenty.

Each person had their own nigger to wait on them — Buck, too. My nigger had a monstrous easy time, because I warn't used to having anybody do anything for me, but Buck's was on the jump most of the time.

This is all there was of the family now; but there used to be more — three sons; they got killed; and Emmeline that died.

The old gentleman owned a lot of farms, and over a hundred niggers. Sometimes a stack of people would come there, horseback, from ten or fifteen miles around, and stay five or six days, and have such junketings round about and on the river, and dances and picnics in the woods, day-times, and balls at the house, nights. These people was mostly kin-folks of the family. The men brought their guns with them. It was a handsome lot of quality, I tell you.

There was another clan of aristocracy around there — five or six families — mostly of the name of Shepherdson. They was as high-toned, and well-born, and rich, and grand, as the tribe of Grangerfords. The Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords used the same steam-boat landing, which was about two mile above our house; so sometimes, when I went up there with a lot of our folks, I used to see a lot of the Shepherdsons there, on their fine horses.

One day Buck and me was away in the woods, hunting, and heard a horse coming. We was crossing the road. Buck says:

"Quick! Jump for the woods!"

We done it, and then peeped down the woods through the leaves. Pretty soon a splendid young man come galloping down the road, setting his horse easy and looking like a soldier. He had his gun across his pommel. I had seen him before. It was young Harney Shepherdson. I heard Buck's gun go off at my ear, and Harney's hat tumbled off from his head. He grabbed his gun, and rode straight to the place where we was hid. But we didn't wait. We started through the woods on a run. The woods warn't thick, so I looked over my shoulder to dodge the bullet, and twice I seen Harney cover Buck with his gun; and then he rode away the way he come — to get his hat, I reckon, but I couldn't see. We never stopped running till we got home. The old gentleman's eyes blazed a minute,—'twas pleasure, mainly, I judged,— then his face sort of smoothed down, and he says, kind of gentle:

"I don't like that shooting from behind a bush. Why didn't you step into the road, my boy?"

"The Shepherdsons don't, father. They always take advantage."

Miss Charlotte she held her head up like a queen while Buck was telling his tale, and her nostrils spread and her eyes snapped. The two young men looked dark, but never said nothing. Miss Sophia she turned pale, but the color come back when she found the man warn't hurt.

Soon as I could get Buck down by the corn-cribs under the trees by ourselves, I says:

"Did you want to kill him, Buck?"

"Well, I bet I did."

"What did he do to you?"

"Him? He never done nothing to me."

"Well, then, what did you want to kill him for?"

"Why, nothing — only it's on account of the feud."

"What's a feud?"

"Why, where was you raised? Don't you know what a feud is?"

"Never heard of it before — tell me about it."

"Well," says Buck, "a feud is this way. A man has a quarrel with another man, and kills him; then that other man's brother kills *him;* then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the *cousins* chip in — and by and by everybody's killed off,

and there aint no more feud. But it's kind of slow, and takes a long time."

"Has this one been going on long, Buck?"

"Well, I should *reckon!* it started thirty year ago, or som'ers along there. There was trouble 'bout something, and then a lawsuit to settle it; and the suit went ag'in' one of the men, and so he up and shot the man that won the suit — which he would naturally do, of course. Anybody would."

"What was the trouble about, Buck?— land?"

"I reckon, may be — I don't know."

"Well, who done the shooting?— was it a Grangerford or a Shepherdson?"

"Laws, how do *I* know? it was so long ago."

"Don't anybody know?"

"Oh, yes, pa knows, I reckon, and some of the other old folks; but they don't know now what the row was about in the first place."

"Has there been many killed, Buck?"



MISS CHARLOTTE.

"Yes — right smart chance of funerals. But they don't always kill. Pa's got a few buck-shot in him; but he don't mind it, 'cuz he don't weigh much, anyway. Bob's been carved up some with a bowie, and Tom's been hurt once or twice."

"Has anybody been killed this year, Buck?"

"Yes, we got one and they got one. 'Bout three months ago, my cousin Bud, fourteen year old, was riding through the woods on t'other side of the river, and didn't have no weapon with him, which was blame' foolishness; and in a lonesome place he hears a horse a-coming behind him, and sees old Baldy Shepherdson a-linkin' after him with his gun in his hand, and his white hair a-flying in the wind; and 'stead of jumping off and taking to the brush, Bud 'lowed he could outrun him; so they had it, nip and tuck, for five mile or more, the old man a-gaining all the time. So at last Bud seen it warn't any use, so he stopped and faced around so as to have the bullet-holes in front, you know, and the old man he rode up and shot him down. But he didn't git much chance to enjoy his luck, for inside of a week our folks laid *him* out."

"I reckon that old man was a coward, Buck."

"I reckon he *warn't* a coward — not by a blame' sight. There aint a coward amongst them Shepherdsons — not a one. And there aint no cowards amongst the Grangerfords, either. Why, that old man kep' up his end in a fight one day, for half an hour, against three Grangerfords, and come out winner. They was all a-horseback; he lit off his horse and got behind a little wood-pile, and kep' his horse before him to stop the bullets; but the Grangerfords staid on their horses and capered around the old man, and peppered away at him, and he peppered away at them. Him and his horse both went home pretty leaky and crippled, but the Grangerfords had to be *fetched* home — and one of 'em was dead, and another died the next day. No, sir; if a body's out hunting for cowards, he don't want to fool away any time amongst them Shepherdsons, becuz they don't breed any of that *kind*."

Next Sunday we all went to church, about three mile, everybody a-horseback. The men took their guns along, so did Buck, and kept them between their knees or stood them handy against the wall. The Shepherdsons done the same. It was pretty ornery preaching — all about brotherly love, and such-like tiresomeness; but everybody said it was a good sermon, and they all talked it over going home, and had such a powerful lot to say about faith, and good works, and free grace, and preforeordestination, and I don't know what all, that it did seem to me to be one of the roughest Sundays I had run across yet.

About an hour after dinner everybody was dozing around, some in their chairs and some in their rooms, and it got to be pretty dull. Buck and a dog was stretched out on the grass in the sun, sound asleep. I went up to our room, and judged I would take a nap

myself. I found that sweet Miss Sophia standing in her door, which was next to ours, and she took me in her room and shut the door very soft, and asked me if I liked her, and I said I did; and she asked me if I would do something for her and not tell anybody, and I said I would. Then she said she'd forgot her Testament, and left it in the seat at church, between two other books, and would I slip out quiet and go there and fetch it to her, and not say nothing to nobody? I said I would. So I slid out and slipped off up the road, and there warn't anybody at the church, except may be a hog or two; for there warn't any lock on the door, and hogs likes a puncheon floor in summer-time, because it's cool. If you notice, most folks don't go to church only when they've got to; but a hog is different.

Says I to myself, something's up — it aint natural for a girl to be in such a sweat about a Testament; so I give it a shake, and out drops a little piece of paper with "*Half-past two*" wrote on it with a pencil. I ransacked it, but couldn't find anything else. I couldn't make anything out of that, so I put the paper in the book again, and when I got home and upstairs, there was Miss Sophia in her door waiting for me. She pulled me in and shut the door; then she looked in the Testament till she found the paper, and as soon as she read it she looked glad; and before a body could think she grabbed me and give me a squeeze, and said I was the best boy in the world, and not to tell anybody. She was mighty red in the face for a minute, and her eyes lighted up, and it made her powerful pretty. I was a good deal astonished, but when I got my breath I asked her what the paper was about, and she asked me if I had read it, and I said no, and she asked me if I could read writing, and I told her "no, only coarse-hand," and then she said the paper warn't anything but a book-mark to keep her place, and I might go and play now.

I went off down to the river, studying over this thing, and pretty soon I noticed that my nigger was following along behind. When we was out of sight of the house, he looked back and around a second, and then comes a-running, and says:

"Mars Jawge, if you'll come down into de swamp, I'll show you a whole stack o' water-moccasins."

Thinks I, that's mighty curious; he said that yesterday. He oughter know a body don't love water-moccasins enough to go around hunting for them. What is he up to, anyway? So I says:

"All right, trot ahead."

I followed a half a mile, then he struck out over the swamp and waded ankle-deep as much as another half-mile. We come to a little flat piece of land, which was dry and very thick with trees and bushes and vines, and he says:

"You shove right in dah, jist a few steps, Mars Jawge, dah's whah dey is. I's seed 'em befo', I don't k'yer to see 'em no mo'."

Then he slopped right along and went away, and pretty soon the trees hid him. I poked into the place a-ways, and come to a little open patch as big as a bedroom, all hung around with vines, and found a man laying there asleep — and by jings it was my old Jim!

I waked him up, and I reckoned it was going to be a grand surprise to him to see me again, but it warn't. He nearly cried, he was so glad, but he warn't surprised. Said he swum along behind me that night, and heard me yell every time, but dasn't answer, because he didn't want nobody to pick *him* up, and take him into slavery again. Says he:

"I got hurt a little, en couldn't swim fas', so I wuz a considable ways behine you toward the las'; when you landed I reck'ned I could ketch up wid you on de lan' 'dout havin' to shout at you, but when I see dat house I begin to go slow. I 'uz off too fur to hear what dey say to you — I wuz afraid o' de dogs — but when it 'uz all quiet ag'in, I knowed you's in de house, so I struck out for de woods to wait for day. Early in de mawnin' some er de niggers come along, gwine to de fields, en dey tuck me en showed me dis place, whah de dogs can't track me on accounts o' de water, en dey brings me truck to eat every night, en tells me how you's a-gitt'n along."

"Why didn't you tell my Jack to fetch me here sooner, Jim?"

"Well, 'twarn't no use to 'sturb you, Huck, tell we could do sumfn — but we's all right now. I b'en a-buyin' pots en pans en vittles, as I got a chanst, en a-patchin' up de raf', nights, when ——"

"*What* raft, Jim?"

"Our ole raf'."

"You mean to say our old raft warn't smashed all to flinders?"

"No, she warn't. She was tore up a good deal — one en' of her was — but dey warn't no great harm done, on'y our traps was mos' all los'. Ef we hadn' dive' so deep en swum so fur under water, en de night hadn' b'en so dark, en we warn't so sk'yerd, en be'n sich punkin-heads, as de sayin' is, we'd 'a' seed de raf'. But it's jis' as well we didn't, 'kase now she's all fixed up ag'in mos' as good as new, en we's got a new lot o' stuff, too, in de place o' what 'uz los'."

"Why, how did you get hold of the raft again, Jim — did you catch her?"

"How I gwine to ketch her, en I out in de woods? No; some er de niggers foun' her ketched on a snag, along heah in de ben', en dey hid her in a crick, 'mongst de willows, en dey wuz so much jawin' 'bout which un 'um she b'long to de mos', dat I come to heah 'bout it pooty soon, so I ups en settles de trouble by tellin' um she don't b'long to none uv um, but to you en me; en I ast um if dey gwine to grab a young white gen'l'man's propaty, en git a hid'n' for it? Den I gin um ten cents apiece, en dey 'uz mighty well satisfied, en wisht some mo' raf's 'ud come along en make um rich ag'in. Dey's mighty good to me, dese niggers is, en whatever I wants um to do fur me, I doan' have to ast 'm twice, honey. Dat Jack's a good nigger, en pooty smart."

"Yes, he is. He aint ever told me you was here; told me to come, and he'd show me a lot of water-moccasins. If anything happens, *he* ain't mixed up in it. He can say he never seen us together, and it'll be the truth."

I don't want to talk much about the next day. I reckon I'll cut it pretty short. I waked up about dawn, and was a-going to turn over and go to sleep again, when I noticed how still it was—didn't seem to be anybody stirring. That warn't usual. Next I noticed that Buck was up and gone. Well, I gets up, a-wondering, and goes downstairs—nobody around; everything as still as a mouse. Just the same outside; thinks I, what does it mean? Down by the wood-pile I comes across my Jack, and says:

"What's it all about?"

Says he:

"Don't you know, Mars Jawge?"

"No," says I, "I don't."

"Well, den, Miss Sophia's run off! 'deed she has. She run off in de night, some time—nobody don't know jis' when—run off to get married to dat young Harney Shepherdson, you know—leastways, so dey 'spec'. De fambly foun' it out 'bout half an hour ago,—may be a little mo',—en' I *tell* you dey warn't no time los'. Sich another hurryin' up guns en horses *you* never see! De women folks has gone for to stir up de relations, en old Mars Saul en de boys tuck dey guns en rode up de river road for to try to ketch dat young man en kill him 'fo' he kin git acrost de river wid Miss Sophia. I reck'n dey's gwine to be mighty rough times."

"Buck went off 'thout waking me up."

"Well, I reck'n he *did!* Dey warn't gwine to mix you up in it. Mars Buck he loaded up his gun en 'lowed he's gwine to fetch home a Shepherdson or bust. Well, dey'll be plenty un 'm dah, I reck'n, en you bet you he'll fetch one ef he gits a chanst."

I took up the river road as hard as I could put. By and by I began to hear guns a good ways off. When I come in sight of the log store and the wood-pile where the steam-boats lands, I worked along under the trees and brush till I got to a good place, and then I clumb up into the forks of a cotton-wood that was out of reach, and watched. There was a wood-rank four foot high, a little ways in front of the tree, and first I was going to hide behind that; but may be it was luckier I didn't.

There was four or five men cavorting around on their horses in the open place before the log store, cussing and yelling, and trying to get at a couple of young chaps that was behind the wood-rank alongside of the steamboat landing—but they couldn't come it. Every time one of them showed himself on the river side of the wood-pile he got shot at. The two boys was squatting back to back behind the pile, so they could watch both ways.

By and by the men stopped cavorting around and yelling. They started riding toward the store; then up gets one of the boys, draws a steady bead over the wood-rank, and drops one of them out of his saddle. All the men jumped off of their horses and grabbed the hurt one and started to carry him to the store; and that minute the two boys started on the run. They got half-way to the tree I was in before the men noticed. Then the men see them, and jumped on their horses and took out after them. They gained on the boys, but it didn't do no good, the boys had too good a start; they got to the wood-pile that was in front of my tree, and slipped in behind it, and so they had the bulge on the men again. One of the boys was Buck, and the other was a slim young chap about nineteen years old.

The men ripped around awhile, and then rode away. As soon as they was out of sight, I sung out to Buck and told him. He didn't know what to make of my voice coming out of the tree at first. He was awful surprised. He told me to watch out sharp and let him know when the men come in sight again; said they was up to some devilment or other—wouldn't be gone long. I wished I was out of that tree, but I dasn't come down. Buck begun to cry and rip, and 'lowed that him and his cousin Joe (that was the other young chap) would make up for this day yet. He said his father and his two brothers was killed, and two or three of the enemy. Said the Shepherdsons laid for them in ambush. Buck said his father and brothers ought to waited for their relations—the Shepherdsons was too strong for them. I asked him what was become of young Harney and Miss Sophia. He said they'd

got across the river and was safe. I was glad of that; but the way Buck did take on because he didn't manage to kill Harney that day he shot at him — I haint ever heard anything like it.

All of a sudden, bang! bang! bang! goes three or four guns — the men had slipped around through the woods and come in from behind without their horses! The boys



BEHIND THE WOOD-PILE.

jumped for the river — both of them hurt — and as they swam down the current the men run along the bank shooting at them and singing out, "Kill them, kill them!" It made me so sick I most fell out of the tree. I aint a-going to tell *all* that happened — it would make me sick again if I was to do that. I wished I hadn't ever come ashore that night, to see such things. I aint ever going to get shut of them — lots of times I dream about them.

I staid in the tree till it begun to get dark, afraid to come down. Sometimes I heard guns away off in the woods; and twice I seen little gangs of men gallop past the log store with guns; so I reckoned the trouble was still a-going on. I was mighty downhearted, so I made up my mind I wouldn't ever go anear that house again, because I reckoned I was to blame, somehow. I judged that that piece of paper meant that Miss Sophia was to meet Harney somewheres at half-past two and run off; and I judged I ought to told her father about that paper and the curious way she acted, and then may be he would 'a' locked her up, and this awful mess wouldn't ever happened.

When I got down out of the tree, I crept along down the river bank a piece, and found the two bodies laying in the edge of the water, and tugged at them till I got them ashore; then I covered up their faces, and got away as quick as I could. I cried a little when I was covering up Buck's face, for he was mighty good to me.

It was just dark now. I never went near the house, but struck through the woods and made for the swamp. Jim warn't on his island, so I tramped off in a hurry for the crick, and crowded through the willows, red-hot to jump aboard and get out of that awful country. The raft was gone! My souls, but I was scared! I couldn't get my breath for most a minute. Then I raised a yell. A voice not twenty-five foot from me says:

"Good lan'! is dat you, honey? Doan' make no noise."

It was Jim's voice — nothing ever sounded so good before. I run along the bank a piece and got aboard, and Jim he grabbed me and hugged me, he was so glad to see me. He says:

"Laws bless you, chile, I 'uz right down sho' you's dead ag'in. Jack's been heah; he say he reck'n you's be'n shot, kase you didn' come home no mo'; so I's jes' dis minute a-startin' de raf' down towards de mouf er de crick, so's to be all ready for to shove out en leave soon as Jack comes ag'in en tells me for certain you *is* dead. Lawsy, I's mighty glad to git you back ag'in, honey."

I says:

"All right — that's mighty good; they wont find me, and they'll think I've been killed, and floated down the river — there's something up there that'll help them to think so; so don't you lose no time, Jim, but just shove off for the big water as fast as ever you can."

I never felt easy till the raft was two mile below there and out in the middle of the Mississippi. Then we hung up our signal lantern, and judged that we was free and safe once more. I hadn't had a bite to eat since yesterday; so Jim he got out some corn-dodgers and buttermilk, and pork and cabbage, and greens — there aint nothing in the world so good, when it's cooked right — and whilst I eat my supper we talked, and had a good time. I was powerful glad to get away from the feuds, and so was Jim to get away from the swamp. We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

Mark Twain.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—II.*

CAMPAIGNING TO NO PURPOSE.



WHILE we were in camp at Washington in February, 1862, we were drilled to an extent which to the raw "thinking soldier" seemed unnecessary. Our colonel was a strict disciplinarian. His efforts to drill out of us the methods of action and thought common to citizens, and to substitute in place thereof blind, unquestioning obedience to military rules, were not always appreciated at their true value. In my company there was an old drill-sergeant (let us call him Sergeant Hackett) who was in sympathetic accord with the colonel. He had occasion to reprove me often, and finally to inflict a blast of profanity at which my self-respect rebelled. Knowing that swearing was a breach of discipline, I waited confidently upon the colonel, with the manner of one gentleman calling upon another. After the usual salute, I opened complaint by saying:

"Colonel, Mr. Hackett has——"

The colonel interrupted me angrily, and with fire in his eye, exclaimed:

"'*Mister*'? There *are* no misters in the army."

"I thought, sir——" I began apologetically.

"Think? think?" he cried. "What right have *you* to think? *I* do the thinking for this regiment! Go to your quarters!"

I did not tarry. There seemed to be no common ground on which he and I could argue questions of personal etiquette. But I should do injustice to his character as a commander if I failed to illustrate another manner of reproof which he sometimes applied.

One day, noticing a corporal in soiled gloves, he said: "Corporal, you set a bad example to the men with your soiled gloves. Why do you?"

"I've had no pay, sir, since entering the service, and can't afford to hire washing."

The colonel drew from his pocket a pair of gloves spotlessly white, and handing them to the corporal said: "Put on those; I washed them myself!"

This was an unforgotten lesson to the whole regiment that it was a soldier's duty to attend himself to his personal neatness.

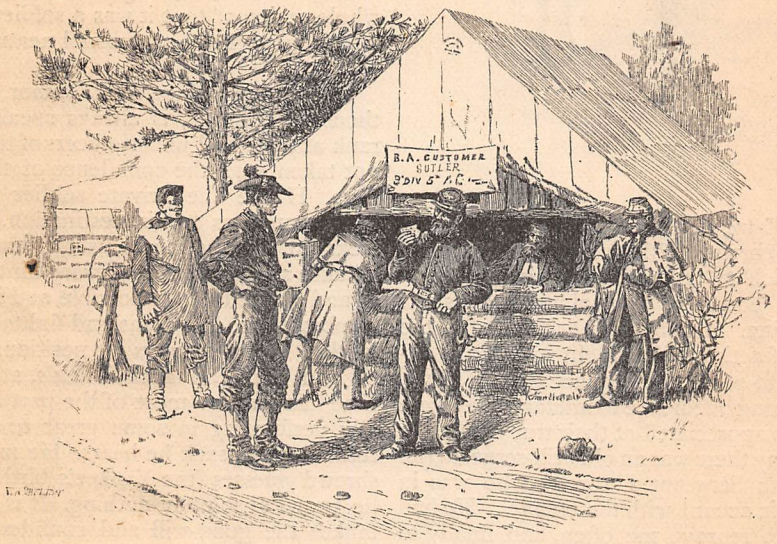
IN a camp of soldiers, rumor, with her thousand tongues, is always speaking. The rank and file and under-officers of the line are not taken into the confidence of their superiors. Hence the private soldier is usually in ignorance as to his destination. What he lacks in information is usually made up in surmise and conjecture; every hint is caught at and worked out in possible and impossible combinations. He plans and fights imaginary battles. He maneuvers for position, with pencil and chalk, on fanciful fields, at the same time knowing no more of the part he is actually performing in some great or little plan than the knapsack he bears. He makes some shrewd guesses (the Yankee's birthright), but he knows absolutely nothing. It is this which makes the good-will and confidence of the rank and file in the commander so important a factor in the *morale* of an army.

How we received the report or whence it came I know not, but it was rumored one morning that we were about to move. The order in reality came at last, to the distress and dismay of the sutlers and the little German woman who kept the grocery round the corner. We left her disconsolate over the cakes, pies, and goodies liberally purchased, but which were yet unpaid for when we fell into two ranks, were counted off, and marched to conquer the prejudices of other sutlers.

We took the cars (early in March, I think), and were hurried through Hagerstown and other little sleepy-looking villages of Maryland. The next morning found us at Sandy Hook, about half a mile from Harper's Ferry; thence, after about three hours' delay, we marched to a place opposite the promontory on and around which is situated the picturesque village of Harper's Ferry, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah

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rivers. It was cold at our camping-place, between the canal and the river. There were no rations awaiting our arrival, and we were suffering from the hunger so common to soldiers. Who ever saw one off duty who was not in pursuit of something to eat? We couldn't get anything for love or money. We had at last reached a place where the people showed some of the distress incidental to war, and a strong disinclination to feed or believe in us. We were grieved, but it couldn't be helped. Their reception was as frosty as the weather. Our genial and winning address made no impression on these Yankee-hating Marylanders, and their refusal to feed us threw a shadow over us as uncomfortable as the shadow of their hills. No wonder John Brown failed in such a place as this.



A SUTLER'S TENT.

The bridge from the Maryland to the Virginia or Harper's Ferry shore had been destroyed by fire, leaving only the granite abutments (which were afterward built upon again), and we were soon set at work conveying some flat-bottomed scows from Sandy Hook to Harper's Ferry. As early as nine o'clock about one hundred men came down opposite the ferry, just above the old bridge, and broke into little groups, in military precision. Four or five with spades and other implements improvised a wooden abutment on the shore; another party rowed against the stream, moored a scow, and let it drift down until it was opposite the wooden abutment; then a party of ten advanced, each two men carrying a claw-balk, or timbers fitted with a claw, one of which held the gunwale of the boat, the other the shore abutment. Twenty men now came down on the left with planks, one inch thick, six inches wide, and fifteen feet long, narrowed at each end; these they laid across the five joists or balks, and returned on the right. Another party meanwhile moored another boat, which dropped down-stream opposite the one already bridged; five joists, each twenty feet long, were laid upon the gunwale by five men; these were fastened by those in the boat, by means of ropes, to cleats or hooks provided for the purpose on the side of the scows, which were shoved off from the shore until the shore end of the balk rested upon the shore boat. These were covered with planks in the same manner as before; side-rails of joists were lashed down with ropes to secure the whole. So one after another of the boats was dropped into position until a bridge several hundred feet long reached from the Maryland to the Virginia shore, for the passage of artillery and every description of munitions for an army. Owing to the force of the current, a large rope cable was stretched from shore to shore fifty feet above the bridge, and the upper end of each boat was stayed to the cable by a smaller rope. The clock-like precision with which these men worked showed them to be the drilled engineers and pontoniers of the regular army. After the bridge was built, a slight, short man, with sandy hair, in military dress, came out upon it and congratulated the engineers on their success.



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.)

This unassuming man was George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac.

It was the first boat-bridge thrown out in active service of the army of the United States, and it was on this that the army of General Banks crossed to the Virginia shore in 1862. Hour after hour this frail-looking bridge, which by force of the current swung almost in a semicircle between the two shores, was crowded with men and the material of an army. Officers were not allowed to trot their horses; troops in crossing were given the order, "Route step," as the oscillation of the cadence step or trotting horse is dangerous to the stability of a bridge of any kind, much more of the seemingly frail structure of boats and timbers, put together with ropes, here described.

I crossed the bridge soon after it was laid; visited Jefferson Rock, the ruins of the burned armory, and the town in general. The occasional crack of a musket among the hills on the other side of the Shenandoah told that the rebel scouts were still there. Colonel Geary's men were engaged in driving them from the hills, preparatory to the advance of General Banks. During the day fifteen or twenty were captured and marched through the town, presenting a generally shabby and unmilitary appearance. They did not impress me as they did afterward when charging on our lines, with their unmusical yell and dauntless front.

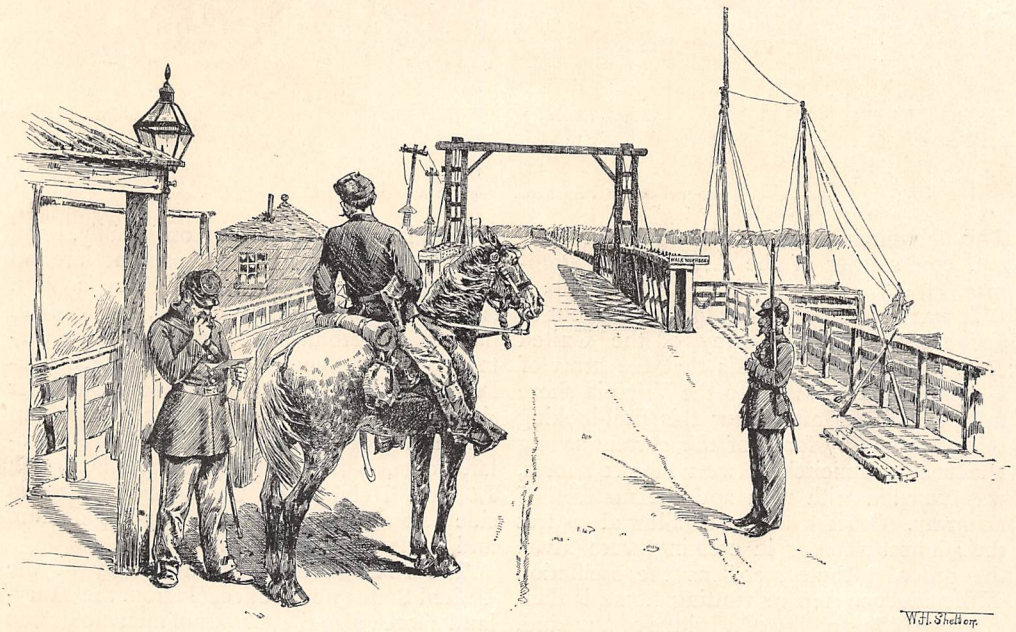
The craggy heights about Harper's Ferry are exceedingly picturesque. Here, around this promontory, the waters of the Shenandoah and Potomac meet with murmurs of congratulation, and go dancing on joyfully, hand in hand, to the ocean. The headland, around which the village of Harper's Ferry is built, is noticeable for its ruggedness, but its bold outlines are subdued into something like pastoral beauty by contrast with the huge, irregular heights which rise grandly above on either side, and look down upon it. Maryland Heights, precipitous, rock-ribbed, and angular, frown, as it were, at their rougher rival, Loudon Heights, on the opposite Virginia side below, while Harper's Ferry lies demure and modest between them.

The ruins of the burned armory of the United States were noticeable from the Maryland shore; also the masses of men moving in ceaseless tramp over the long and almost crescent-like bridge. The murmur of many voices, the mellow, abrupt call of the negro drivers to their mules, the glistening arms of the infantry reflected in the sunlight, the dull rumble of artillery-wheels and baggage-wagons, live in memory to-day, after a lapse of years, as one of the pictures of "war's wrinkled front," framed in the routine of more ordinary scenes of army life.

One of my early army passions was collecting mementos of historic interest. For weeks I carried in my knapsack a brick taken from the old engine-house where John Brown so coolly fought, while his sons lay dying by his side. Near the ruins of the armory was a rough, extemporized barricade across the railroad which ran around the northern shore, upon a foundation built on solid masonry, rising from the river's edge. The barricade was made of broken and fire-bruised machinery, twisted muskets and bayonets, the débris of

the armory. I had obtained a pass, and, prospecting around the village, had wandered along the shore to the barricade described. Among its material was a hand-car without driving machinery or brake—simply a platform on wheels. I succeeded, after laboring a long time, in getting the car upon the railroad, and pushed it forward up the incline of the track about a mile. Blocking the wheels, I visited a cave near there, obtaining specimens of minerals and stalagmites, and loading them upon my chariot, started on the down-grade, with a strong wind as assistant motive-power. My car soon began to obtain a rapidity of motion that astonished me. The farther I went the greater the speed. I had no idea so much momentum could be obtained on a slight down-grade. I rushed on like the wind. Blue-coated comrades shouted in derision as I passed them. I remember saluting two or three officers, who gazed at me with dazed and amused countenances, as I rushed at break-neck speed along the track toward the barricade from which I had started. I was rather confused, but could see distinctly enough that there was soon to be a smash-up. I saw discord ahead unless I could avoid the collision; and as that seemed impracticable, I jumped and struck on the softest spot I could find in my hasty survey. The knees of my trowsers were badly torn, and I was bruised in more spots than one would deem possible, but got to my feet in season to see the climax. My carriage struck the barricade with such force as to send it over, with a dull crash, into the river below! It cured me forever of any desire to ride where no provision has been made for stopping the vehicle. I tell this incident as a specimen of the scrapes an idle soldier may fall into.

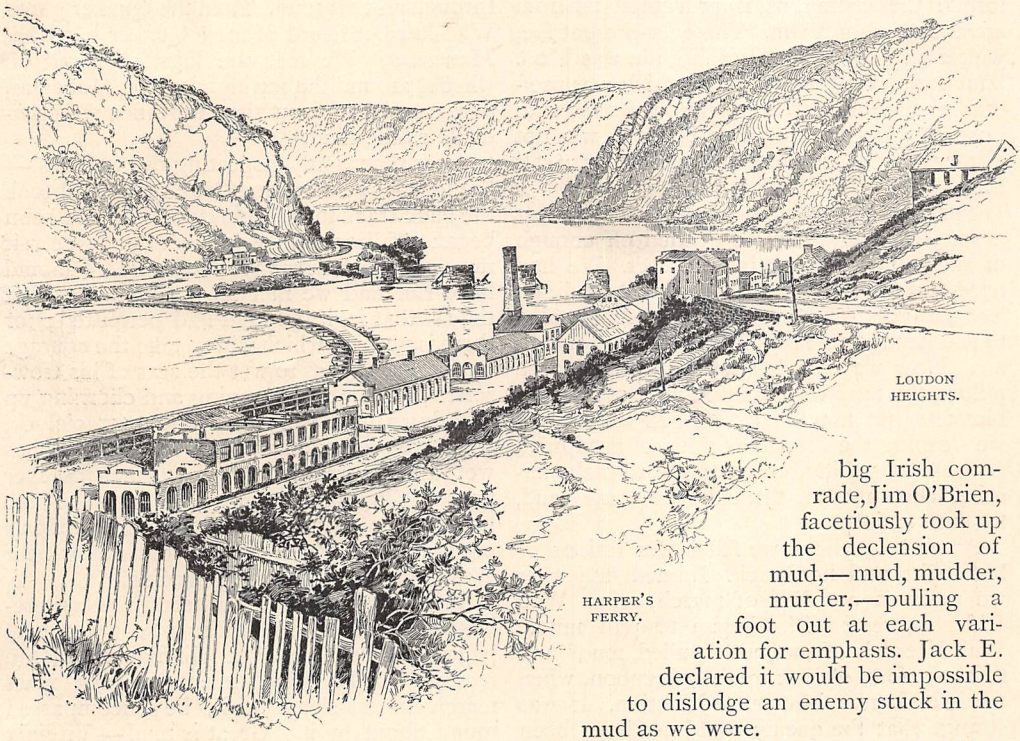
The next day we were sent by rail back to Washington, and into camp upon our old grounds. A few mornings afterward an inspection was ordered. It came with the usual hurry and parade. Knapsacks and equipments were in shining order; every musket, bayonet, and button, boot and belt, as bright as rubbing and fear of censure or police duty could make them. Inspection over, the last jingle of ramrod in resounding musket was heard, and we were dismissed, with an intimation that on the morrow we were to go on a march.



LONG BRIDGE — EXAMINING A PASS.

The sun rose through the mists of the morning,—one of those quiet mornings when every sound is heard with distinctness. The waters of the Potomac were like a sheet of glass as we took up our line of march across the Long Bridge, making the old structure shake with our cadence step. Our moods varied: some laughed and joked; some, in suppressed tones, talked with their comrades as to their destination. Not much was said about fighting, but I, for one, did a great deal of thinking on that tender subject.

After we passed the fort, which commanded



MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

the bridge on the Virginia side, we encountered one of the most powerful allies of the Rebel hosts, particularly during the winter and spring campaigns in Virginia,— MUD. No country can beat a Virginia road for mud. We struck it thick. It was knee-deep. It was verily "heavy marching." The foot sank very insidiously into the mud, and reluctantly came out again; it had to be coaxed, and while you were persuading your reluctant left, the willing right was sinking into unknown depths; it came out of the mud like the noise of a suction-pump when the water is exhausted.

The order was given, "Route step"; we climbed the banks of the road in search of firm earth, but it couldn't be found, so we went on pumping away, making about one foot in depth to two in advance. Our feet seemingly weighed twenty pounds each. We carried a number six into the unknown depths of mud, but it came out a number twelve, elongated, yellow, and nasty; it had lost its fair proportions, and would be mistaken for anything but a foot, if not attached to a leg. It seemed impossible that we should ever be able to find our feet in their primitive condition again. Occasionally a boot or shoe would be left in the mud, and it would take an exploring expedition to find it. Oh, that disgusting, sticking mud! Wad Rider declared that if Virginia was once in the Union, she was now in the mud. A big Irish comrade, Jim O'Brien, facetiously took up the declension of mud,— mud, mudder, murder,— pulling a foot out at each variation for emphasis. Jack E. declared it would be impossible to dislodge an enemy stuck in the mud as we were.

The army resembled, more than anything else, a congregation of flies making a pilgrimage through molasses. The boys called their feet "pontons," "mud-hooks," "soil-excavators," and other names not quite so polite. When we halted to rest by the wayside, our feet were in the way of ourselves and everybody else. "Keep your mud-hooks out of my way," "Save your pontoons for another bridge," were heard on all sides, mingled with all the reckless, profane, and quaint jokes common to the army, and which are not for print.

The mud was in constant league with the enemy; an efficient ally in defensive warfare; equivalent to reënforcements of twenty thousand infantry. To realize the situation, spread tar a foot deep all over your back-yard, and then try to walk through it; particularly is this experiment recommended to those citizens who were constantly crying, "Why doesn't the army move?" It took the military valor all out of a man. Any one would think, from reading the Northern newspapers, that we soldiers had macadamized roads to charge over at the enemy. It would have pleased us much to have seen those "On to Richmond" fellows put over a five-mile course in the Virginia mud, loaded with a forty-pound knapsack, sixty rounds of cartridges, and haversacks filled with four days' rations.

Without exaggeration, the mud has never got full credit for the immense help it af-

forded the enemy, as it prevented us from advancing upon them. The ever-present foe, winter and spring, in Old Virginia was Mud. Summer and fall it was Dust, which was preferable; though marching without water, with dust filling one's nostrils and throat, was not a pleasant accompaniment with our "salt horse" and "hard-tack."

That first night out we went into camp near a small brook, where we washed off enough of the mud to recognize our feet. We had hard-tack and coffee for supper. And didn't it "go good"! What sauce ever equaled that of hunger? Truly the feast is in the palate. How we slept! Feet wet, boots for a pillow, the mud oozing up around our rubber blankets, but making a soft bed withal, and we sleeping the dreamless sleep of tired men. I would be willing, occasionally, to make another such march, through the same mud, for such a sleep.

At early daylight we fell in for rations of hot coffee and hard-tack. Immediately after we took up our line of march, or, as Wad Rider expressed it, "began to pull mud." With intervals of rest, we "pulled mud" until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we halted near Manassas Junction. It was strange that the enemy could not have been chivalrous enough to meet us half-way, and save us the trials and troubles of wallowing through all that mud. Then the Quaker guns! Who has not heard of the "Quaker guns" at Manassas? We met the logs, mounted on wheels, around the fortifications of Manassas, and can assure you they were not so formidable as the mud.

After thoroughly inspecting our enemies,— the logs,— we re-formed our ranks and took the back track for Washington. The rain soon began to fall, coming down literally in sheets; it ran down our backs in rivulets, and we should have run had we met the enemy about that time—that is, if the mud had permitted; for there is nothing which will so take the courage out of a soldier as to wet the seat of his trowsers. On we went, pumping and churning up and down in the mud, till about ten o'clock, when we pitched camp near the road-side, as wet and bedraggled a set of men as ever panted for military glory, or pursued the bubble reputation at the wooden cannon's mouth. We arrived at our old camp near Washington the following evening.

Virginia mud has never been fully comprehended; but I hope those who read these pages will catch a faint glimmering of the reality. To be fully understood, one must march in it, sleep in it, be encompassed round about by it. Great is mud—Virginia mud!

Warren Lee Goss.

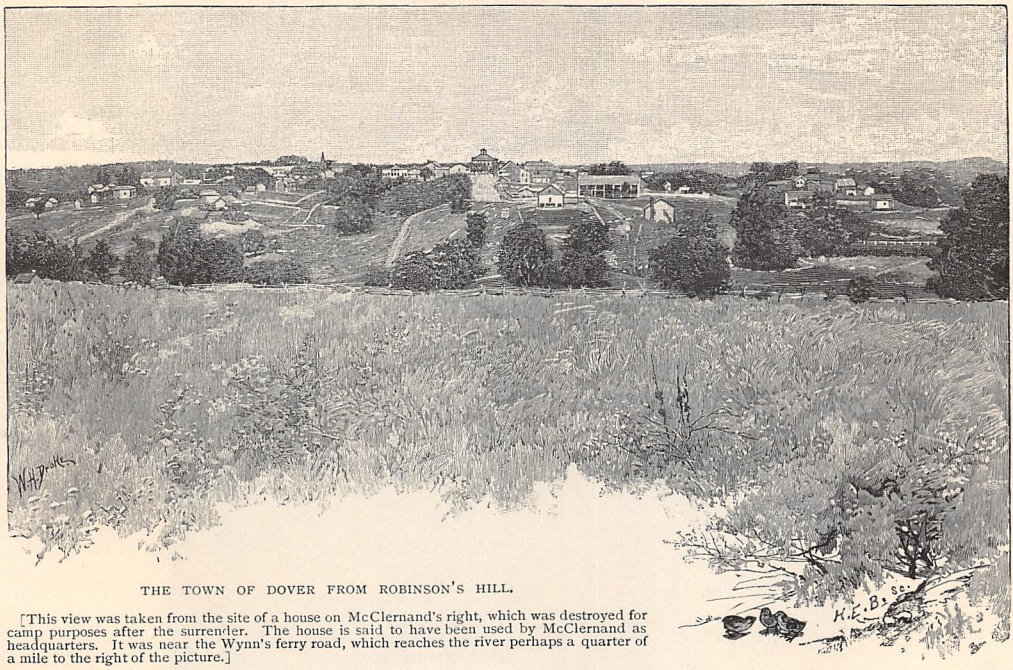
THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

FEBRUARY 12–16, 1862.



ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

THE village of Dover was—and for that matter yet is—what our English cousins would call the shire-town of the county of Stewart, Tennessee. In 1860 it was a village unknown to fame, meager in population, architecturally poor. There was a court-house in the place, and a tavern, remembered now as double-storied, unpainted, and with windows of eight-by-ten glass, which, if the panes may be likened to eyes, were both squint and cataractous. Looking through them gave the street outside the appearance of a sedgy slough of yellow backwater. The entertainment furnished man and beast was good of the kind; though at the time mentioned a sleepy traveler, especially if he were of the North, might have been somewhat vexed by the explosions which spiced the good things of a debating society that nightly took possession of the bar-room, to discuss the relative fighting qualities of the opposing sections. The pertinency of the description lies in the fact that on these occasions the polemicists of Dover, even the wisest of them, little dreamed how near they were to a day when trial of the issue would be had on the hills around them, and at their very doors, and



THE TOWN OF DOVER FROM ROBINSON'S HILL.

[This view was taken from the site of a house on McClernand's right, which was destroyed for camp purposes after the surrender. The house is said to have been used by McClernand as headquarters. It was near the Wynn's ferry road, which reaches the river perhaps a quarter of a mile to the right of the picture.]

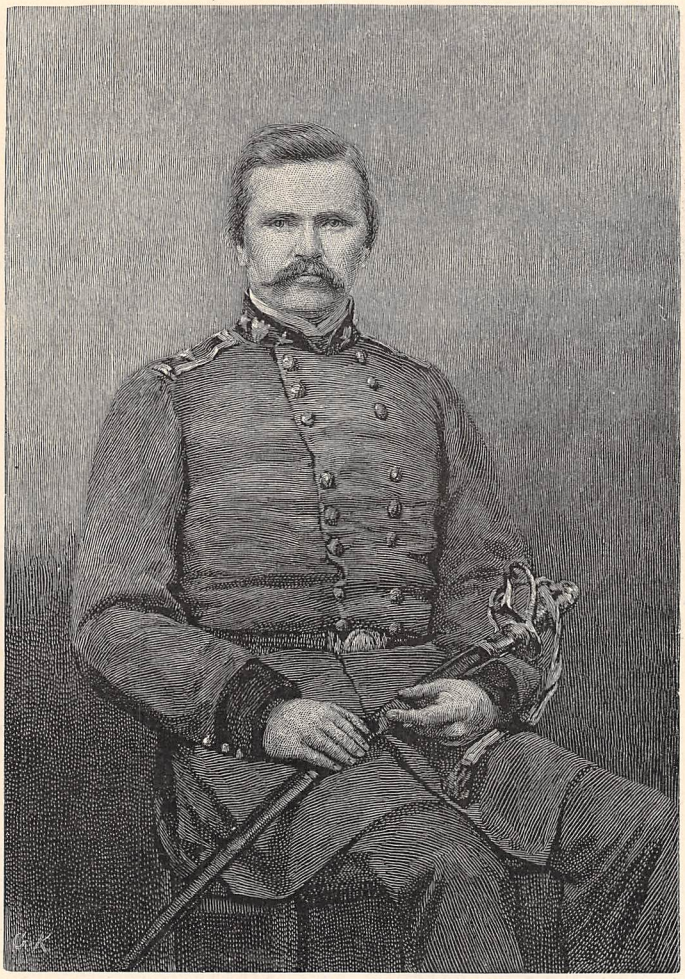
that another debating society assembled in the same tavern would shortly pass upon the same question under circumstances to give its decision a real sanction, and clothe the old town, obscure as it was, with an abiding historical interest.

If there was little of the romantic in Dover itself, there was still less of poetic quality in the country round about it. The only beautiful feature was the Cumberland river, which, in placid current from the south, poured its waters, ordinarily white and pure as those of the springs that fed it, past the village on the east. Northward there was a hill, then a small stream, then a bolder hill round the foot of which the river swept to the west, as if courteously bent on helping Hickman's creek out of its boggy bottom and cheerless ravine. North of the creek all was woods. Taking in the ravine of the creek, a system of hollows, almost wide and deep enough to be called valleys, inclosed the town and two hills, their bluffest ascents being on the townward side. Westward of the hollows there were woods apparently interminable. From Fort Henry, twelve miles north-west, a road entered the village, stopping first to unite itself with another wagon-way, now famous as the Wynne's Ferry road, coming more directly from the west. Still another road, leading off to Charlotte and Nashville, had been cut across the low ground near the river on the south. These three highways were the chief reliances of the people of Dover for communication with the country, and as they were more than supplemented by the river and its boatage, the three were left the year round to the guardianship of the winds and rains.

However, when at length the Confederate authorities decided to erect a military post at Dover, the town entered but little into consideration. The real inducement was the second hill on the north; more properly it might be termed a ridge. Rising about a hundred feet above the level of the inlet at its feet, the reconnoitering engineer, seeking to control the navigation of the river by a fortification, adopted it at sight. And for that purpose the bold bluff was in fact a happy gift of nature, and we shall see presently how it was taken in hand and made terrible.

FORT DONELSON.

It is of little moment now who first enunciated the idea of attacking the rebellion by way of the Tennessee river; most likely the conception was simultaneous with many minds. The trend of the river; its navigability for large steamers; its offer of a highway to the rear of the Confederate hosts in Kentucky and the State of Tennessee; its silent suggestion of a secure passage into the heart of the belligerent land, from which the direction of movement could be changed toward the Mississippi, or, left, toward Richmond; its many advantages as a line of supply and of

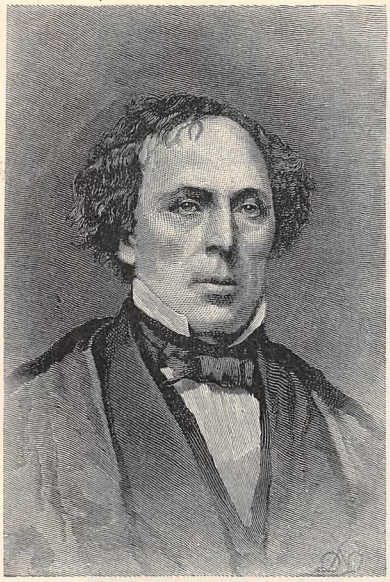


GENERAL SIMON B. BUCKNER. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. ANTHONY.)

general communication, must have been discerned by every military student who, in the summer of 1861, gave himself to the most cursory examination of the map. It is thought better and more consistent with fact to conclude that its advantages as a strategic line, so actually obtrusive of themselves, were observed about the same time by sensible men on both sides of the contest. With every problem of attack there goes a counter problem of defense.

A peculiarity of the most democratic people in the world is their hunger for heroes. The void in that respect had never been so gaping as in 1861. General Scott was then old and passing away, and the North caught eagerly at the promise held out by George B. McClellan; while the South, with as much precipitation, pinned its faith and hopes on Albert Sidney Johnston. There is little doubt that up to the surrender of Fort Donelson the latter was considered the foremost soldier of all who chose rebellion for their part. When the shadow of that first great failure fell upon the veteran, President Davis made haste to re-assure him of his sympathy and unbroken confidence. In the official correspondence which has survived the Confederacy there is nothing so pathetic, and at the same time so indicative of the manly greatness of Albert Sidney Johnston, as his letter in reply to that of his chief.

When General Johnston assumed command of the Western Department, the war had ceased to be a new idea. Battles had been fought. Preparations for battles to come were far advanced. Already it had been accepted that the North was to attack and the South to defend. The Mississippi river was a central object; if opened from Cairo to Fort Jackson (New Orleans), the Confederacy would be broken into halves, and good strategy required

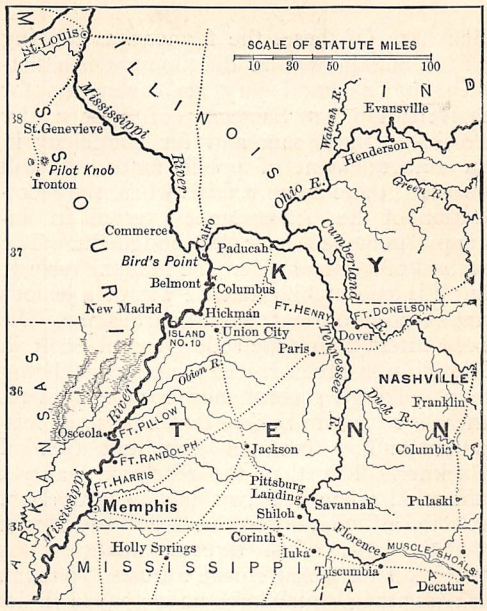


GENERAL JOHN B. FLOYD. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. ANTHONY.)

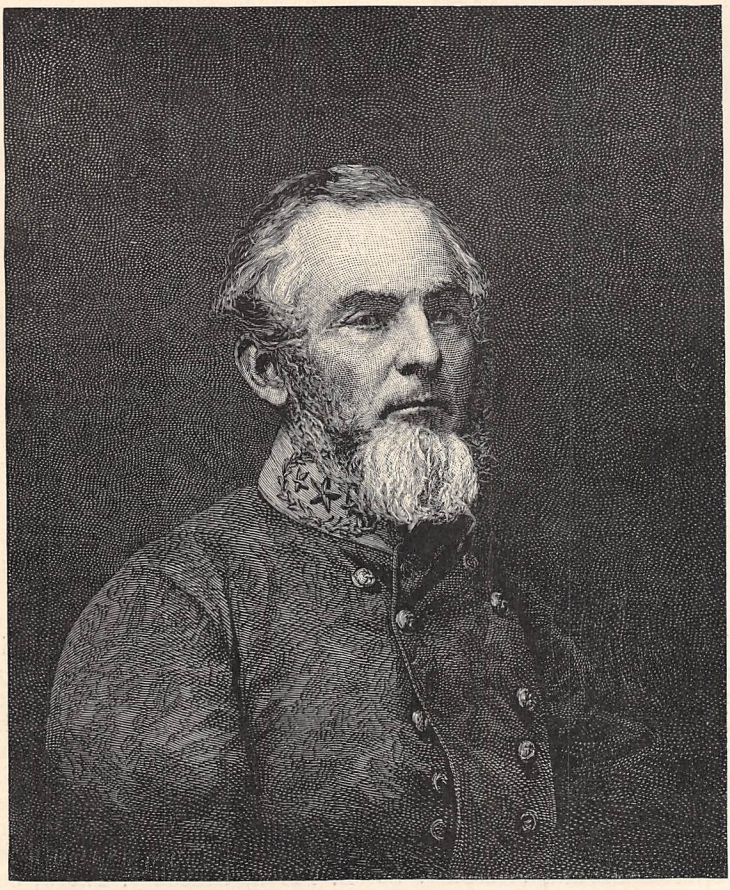
it to be broken. The question was whether the effort would be made directly or by turning its defended positions. Of the national gun-boats afloat above Cairo, some were formidably iron-clad. Altogether the flotilla was strong enough to warrant the theory that a direct descent would be attempted; and to meet the movement the Confederates threw up powerful batteries, notably at Columbus, Island No. 10, Memphis, and Vicksburg. So fully were they possessed of that theory that they measurably neglected the possibilities of invasion by way of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. Not until General Johnston established his headquarters at Nashville was serious attention given to the defense of those streams. A report to his chief of engineers of November 21, 1861, establishes that at that date a second battery on the Cumberland at Dover had been completed; that a work on the ridge had been laid out, and two guns mounted; and that the encampment was then surrounded by an abatis of felled timber. Later, Brigadier-general Lloyd Tilghman was sent to Fort Donelson as commandant, and on January 25th he reports the batteries prepared, the entire field-works built with a trace of two thousand nine hundred feet, and rifle-pits guarding the approaches commenced. The same officer speaks further of reënforcements housed in four hundred log-cabins, and adds that while this was being done at Fort Donelson, Forts Henry and Heiman, over on the Tennessee, were being thoroughly strengthened. January 30th, Fort Donelson was formally inspected by Lieutenant-colonel Gilmer, chief engineer of the Western Department, and the final touches ordered to be given it.

It is to be presumed that General Johnston was satisfied with the defenses thus provided for the Cumberland river. From observing General Buell at Louisville, and the stir and movement of multiplying columns under General U. S. Grant in the region of Cairo, he suddenly awoke determined to fight for Nashville at Donelson. To this conclusion he came as late as the beginning of February; and thereupon the brightest of the Southern leaders proceeded to make a capital mistake. The Confederate estimate of the Union force at that time in Kentucky alone was one hundred and nineteen regiments. The force at Cairo, St. Louis, and the towns near the mouth of the Cumberland river was judged to be about as great. It was also known that we had unlimited means of transportation for troops, making concentration a work of but few hours. Still General Johnston persisted in fighting for Nashville, and for that purpose divided his thirty thousand men. Fourteen thousand he kept in observation of Buell at Louisville. Sixteen thousand he gave to defend Fort Donelson. The latter detachment he himself called "the best part of his army." It is difficult to think of a great master of strategy making an error so perilous.

Having taken the resolution to defend Nashville at Donelson, he intrusted the operation to three chiefs of brigade — John B. Floyd, Gideon J. Pillow, and Simon B.



THE LOWER TENNESSEE AND CUMBERLAND REGION.



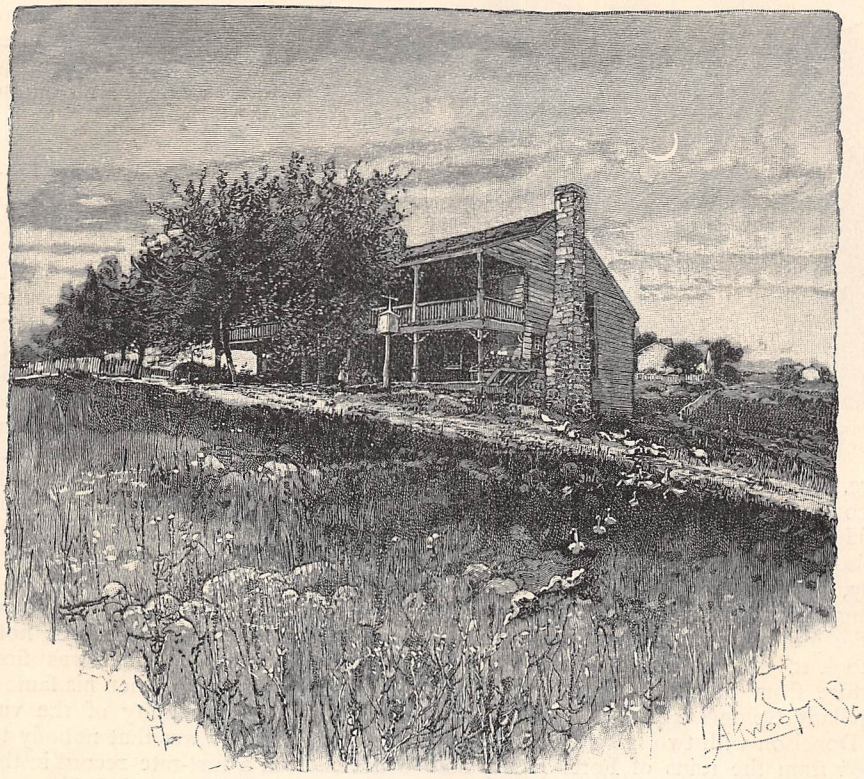
GENERAL GIDEON J. PILLOW. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE S. COOK.)

Buckner. Of these, the former was ranking officer, and he was at the time under indictment by a grand jury at Washington for malversation as Secretary of War under President Buchanan, and for complicity in an embezzlement of public funds. As will be seen, there came a crisis when the recollection of the circumstance exerted an unhappy influence over his judgment. The second officer had a genuine military record; but it is said of him that he was of a jealous nature, insubordinate, and quarrelsome. His bold attempt to supersede General Scott in Mexico was green in the memories of living men. To give pertinency to the remark, there is reason to believe that a personal misunderstanding between him and General Buckner, older than the rebellion, was yet unsettled when the two met at Donelson. All in all, therefore, there is little doubt that the junior of the three commanders was the fittest for the enterprise intrusted to them. He was their equal in courage; while in devotion to the cause and to his profession of arms, in tactical knowledge, in military bearing, in the faculty of getting the most service out of his inferiors, and inspiring them with confidence in his ability,—as a soldier in all the higher meanings of the word, he was greatly their superior.

FORT DONELSON READY FOR BATTLE.

THE 6th of February, 1862, dawned darkly after a thunder-storm. Pacing the parapets of the work on the hill above the inlet formed by the junction of Hickman's creek and the Cumberland river, a sentinel, in the serviceable butternut jeans uniform of the Confederate army of the West, might that day have surveyed Fort Donelson almost ready for battle. In fact, very little was afterward done to it. There were the two water batteries sunk in the northern face of the bluff, about thirty feet above the river; in the lower battery nine thirty-two-pounder guns and one ten-inch Columbiad, and in the upper another Columbiad, bored and

rifled as a thirty-two-pounder, and two thirty-two-pounder carronades. These guns lay between the embrasures, in snug revetment of sand in coffee-sacks, flanked right and left with stout traverses. The satisfaction of the sentry could have been nowise diminished at seeing the backwater lying deep in the creek; a more perfect ditch against assault could not have been constructed. The fort itself was of good profile, and admirably adapted to the ridge it crowned. Around it, on the landward side, ran the rifle-pits, a continuous but irregular line of logs, covered with yellow clay. From Hickman's Creek they extended far around to the little run just outside the town on the south. If the sentry thought the pits looked shallow, he was solaced to see that they followed the coping of the ascents, seventy or eighty feet in height, up which a foe must charge, and that, where they were weakest, they were strengthened by trees felled outwardly in front of them, so that the interlacing limbs and branches seemed impassable by men under fire. At points inside the outworks, on the inner slopes of the hills, defended thus from view of an enemy as well as from his shot, lay the huts and log-houses of the garrison. Here and there groups of later comers, shivering in their wet blankets, were visible in a bivouac so cheerless that not even morning fires could relieve it. A little music would have helped their sinking spirits, but there was none. Even the picturesque effect of gay uniforms was wanting.



DOVER TAVERN — GENERAL BUCKNER'S HEADQUARTERS AND THE SCENE OF THE SURRENDER.

In fine, the Confederate sentinel on the ramparts that morning, taking in the whole scene, knew the jolly rollicking picnic days of the war were over.

To make clearer why the 6th of February is selected to present the first view of the fort, about noon that day the whole garrison was drawn from their quarters by the sound of heavy guns, faintly heard from the direction of Fort Henry, a token by which every man of them knew that a battle was on. The occurrence was in fact expected, for two days before a horseman had ridden to General Tilghman with word that at 4:30 o'clock in the morning rocket signals had been exchanged with the picket at Bailey's Landing, announcing the approach of gun-boats. A second courier came, and then a third; the latter, in great haste, requesting the general's presence at Fort Henry. There was quick mounting at headquarters, and, before the

camp could be taken into confidence, the general and his guard were out of sight. Occasional guns were heard the day following. Donelson gave itself up to excitement and con-



MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. SMITH. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

jecture. At noon of the 6th, as stated, there was continuous and heavy cannonading at Fort Henry, and greater excitement at Fort Donelson. The polemicists in Dover became uneasy, and prepared to get away. In the evening fugitives arrived in groups, and told how the gun-boats ran straight upon the fort and took it. The polemicists hastened their departure from town. At exactly midnight the gallant Colonel Heiman marched into Fort Donelson with two brigades of infantry rescued from the ruins of Forts Henry and Heiman. The officers and men by whom they were received then knew that their turn was at hand; and at day-break, with one mind and firm of purpose, they set about the final preparation.

Brigadier-General Pillow reached Fort Donelson on the 9th; Brigadier-General Buckner came in the night of the 11th; and Brigadier-General Floyd on the 13th. The latter, by virtue of his rank, took command.

The morning of the 13th — calm, spring-like, the very opposite of that of the 6th — found in Fort Donelson a garrison of twenty-eight regiments of infantry: thirteen from Tennessee, two from Kentucky, six from Mississippi, one from Texas, two from Alabama, four from Virginia. There were also present two independent battalions of Kentuckians, one regiment of cavalry, and artillerymen for six light batteries and seventeen heavy guns, making a total of quite eighteen thousand effectives.

General Buckner's division — six regiments and two batteries — constituted the right wing, and was posted to cover the land approaches to the water batteries. A left wing was organized into six brigades, commanded respectively by Colonels Heiman, Davidson, Drake, Wharton, McCausland, and Baldwin, and posted from right to left in the order named. Four batteries were distributed amongst the left wing. General Bushrod R. Johnson, an able officer, served the general commanding as chief-of-staff. Dover was converted into a depot of supplies and ordnance stores. These dispositions made, Fort Donelson was ready for battle.

EN ROUTE TO FORT DONELSON.

It may be doubted if General Grant called a council of war. The nearest approach to it was a convocation held on the *Tigress*, a steam-boat renowned throughout the Army of the Tennessee as his headquarters. The morning of the 11th of February, a staff-officer visited each commandant of division and brigade with the simple verbal message: "General Grant sends his compliments, and requests to see you this afternoon on his boat." Minutes of the proceedings were not kept; there was no adjournment; each person retired when he got ready, knowing that the march would take place next day, probably in the forenoon.

There were in attendance on the occasion some officers of great subsequent notability. Of these Ulysses S. Grant was first. The world knows him now; then his fame was all before him. A singularity of the volunteer service in that day was that nobody took account of even a first-rate record in the Mexican War. The battle of Belmont, though indecisive, was a much better reference. A story was abroad that Grant had been the last man to take boat at the end of that affair, and the addendum that he had lingered in face of the enemy until he was hauled aboard with the last gang-plank, did him great good. From the first his silence was remarkable. He knew how to keep his temper. In battle, as in camp, he went about quietly, speaking in a conversational tone; yet he appeared to see everything that went on, and was always intent on business. He had a faithful assistant adjutant-general, and appreciated him; he preferred, however, his own eyes, word, and hand. His aides were little more than messengers. In dress he was plain, even negligent; in partial amendment of that his horse was always a good one and well kept. At the council — calling it such by grace — he smoked, but never said a word. In all probability he was framing the orders of march which were issued that night.

Charles F. Smith, of the regular army, was also present. He was a person of superb physique, very tall, perfectly proportioned, straight, square-shouldered, ruddy-faced, with eyes of genuine blue, and long snow-white mustaches. He seemed to know the army regulations by heart, and caught a tactical mistake, whether of command or execution, by a kind of mental *coup d'œil*. He was naturally kind, genial, communicative, and never failed to answer when information was sought of him; at the same time he believed in "hours of service" regularly published by the adjutants as a rabbi believes in the ten tables, and to call a court-martial on a "bummer" was in his eyes a sinful waste of stationery. On the review he had the look of a marshal of France. He could ride along a line of volunteers in the regulation uniform of a brigadier-general, plume, chapeau, epaulets and all, without exciting laughter — something nobody else could do in the beginning of the war. He was at first accused of disloyalty, and when told of it, his eyes flashed wickedly; then he laughed, and said, "Oh, never mind! They'll take it back after our first battle." And they did. At the time of the meeting on the *Tigress* he was a brigadier-general, and commanded the division which in the land operations against Fort Henry marched up the left bank of the river against Fort Heiman.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. McCLERNAND.

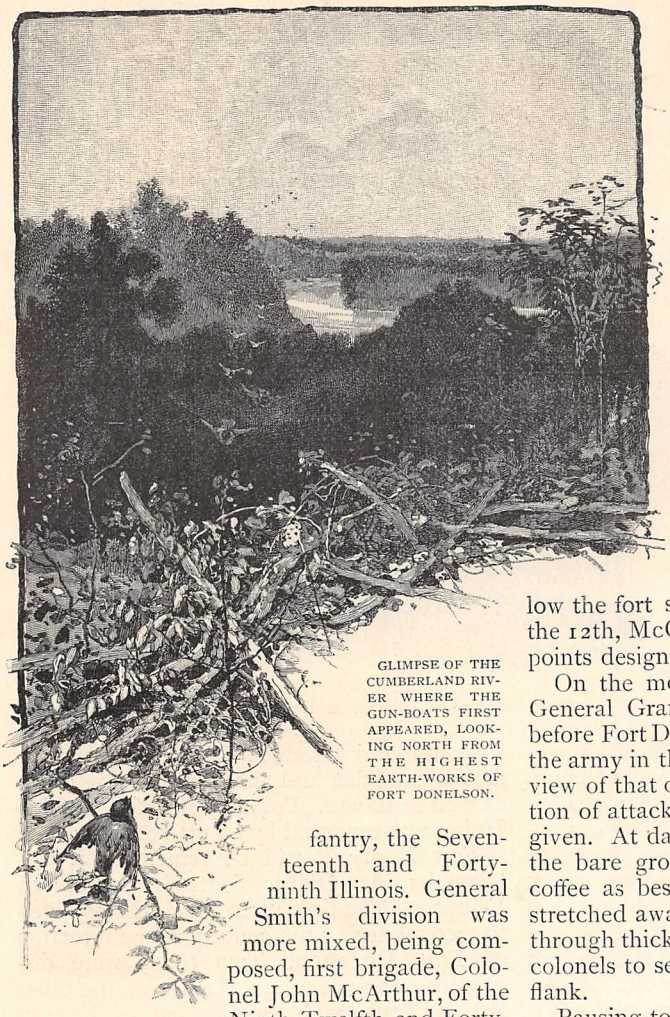
Another officer worthy of mention was John A. McClernand, also a brigadier. By profession a lawyer, he was in his first of military service. Brave, industrious, methodical, and of unquestioned cleverness, he was rapidly acquiring the art of war.

There was still another in attendance on the *Tigress* that day not to be passed — a young man who had followed General Grant from Illinois, and was seeing his first of military service. No soldier in the least familiar with headquarters on the Tennessee can ever forget the slender figure, large black eyes, hectic cheeks, and sincere, earnest manner of John A. Rawlins, then assistant adjutant-general, afterward major-general and secretary of war. He had two devotions in especial — the cause and his chief. He lived to see the first triumphant and the latter first in peace as well as in war. Probably no officer of the Union was mourned by so many armies.

Fort Henry, it will be remembered, was taken by Flag-Officer Foote on the 6th of February. The time up to the 12th was given to reconnoitering the country in the direction of Fort Donelson. Two roads were discovered: one of twelve miles direct, the other almost parallel with the first, but, on account of a slight divergence, two miles longer.

By eight o'clock in the morning, the first division, General McClernand commanding, and the second, under General Smith, were in full march.

McClernand's was composed of Illinois troops entirely, with the exception of company C Second United States cavalry and company I Fourth United States cavalry. The first brigade, Colonel Richard J. Oglesby, five regiments of infantry, the Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois; artillery, batteries A and B, Illinois; cavalry, besides the companies stated, Carmichael's, Dollins', O'Harnett's, and Stewart's. The second brigade, Colonel W. H. L. Wallace, four regiments of infantry, the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-eighth Illinois; artillery, batteries B and D; cavalry, the Fourth Illinois. Third brigade, Colonel W. R. Morrison, two regiments of in-



GLIMPSE OF THE CUMBERLAND RIVER WHERE THE GUN-BOATS FIRST APPEARED, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HIGHEST EARTH-WORKS OF FORT DONELSON.

fantry, the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth Illinois. General Smith's division was more mixed, being composed, first brigade, Colonel John McArthur, of the Ninth, Twelfth, and Forty-first Illinois; third brigade, Colonel John Cook, the Seventh and Fiftieth Illinois, the Fifty-second Indiana, Fourteenth Iowa, and Thirteenth Missouri, with light artillery batteries D, H, and K, Missouri; fourth brigade, Colonel Jacob G. Lauman, infantry, the Twenty-fifth Indiana, Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa, and Berge's sharp-shooters; fifth brigade, Colonel Morgan L. Smith, infantry, the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana.

It is to be observed now that the infantry of the command with which, on the morning of the 12th of February, General Grant set out to attack Fort Donelson was twenty-five regiments in all, or three less than those of the Confederates. Against their six field-batteries he had seven. In cavalry alone he was materially stronger. The rule in attacking fortifications is five to one; to save the Union commander from a charge of rashness, however, he had at control a fighting quantity ordinarily at home on the sea rather than the land.

After receiving the surrender of Fort Henry, Flag-Officer Foote had hastened to Cairo to make preparation for the reduction of Fort Donelson. With six of his boats, he passed into the Cumberland River; and on the 12th, while the two divisions of the army were marching across to Donelson, he was hurrying, fast as steam could drive him and his following, to a second trial of iron batteries afloat against earth batteries ashore. The *Carondelet*, Commander Walke, having preceded him, had been in position below the fort since the 12th. By sundown of the 12th, McClernand and Smith reached the points designated for them in orders.

On the morning of the 13th of February General Grant, with about 20,000 men, was before Fort Donelson.* We have had a view of the army in the works ready for battle; a like view of that outside and about to go into position of attack and assault is not so easily to be given. At dawn the latter host rose up from the bare ground, and, snatching bread and coffee as best they could, fell into lines that stretched away over hills, down hollows, and through thickets making it impossible for even colonels to see their regiments from flank to flank.

Pausing to give a thought to the situation, it is proper to remind the reader that he is about to witness an event of more than mere historical interest; he is about to see the men of the North and North-west and of the South and South-west enter for the first time into a strife of arms; on one side, the best blood of Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, aided materially by fighting representatives from Virginia; on the other, the best blood of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska.

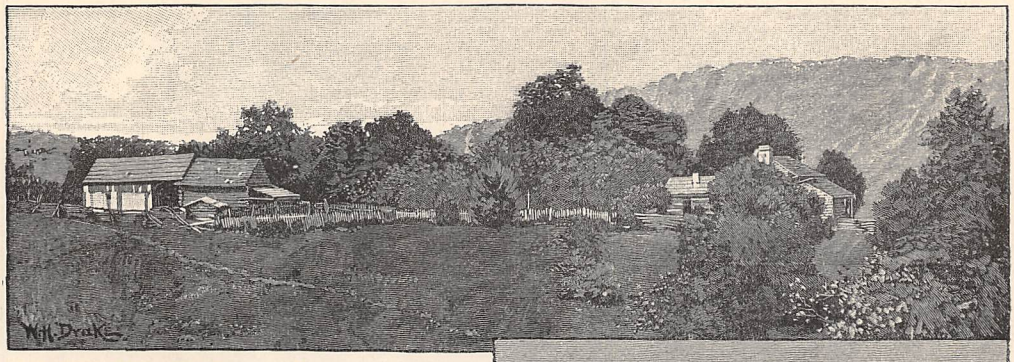
THE FEDERALS FIND POSITIONS.

We have now before us a spectacle seldom witnessed in the annals of scientific war — an army behind field-works erected in a chosen

* General Grant estimates his available forces at this time at 15,000, and on the last day at 27,000, 5000 or 6000 of whom were guarding transportation trains in the rear.—Ed.

position waiting quietly while another army very little its superior in numbers proceeds at leisure to place it in a state of siege. Such was the operation General Grant had before him at day-break of the 13th of February. Let us see how it was accomplished and how it was resisted.

In a clearing about two miles from Dover there was a log-house, at the time occupied

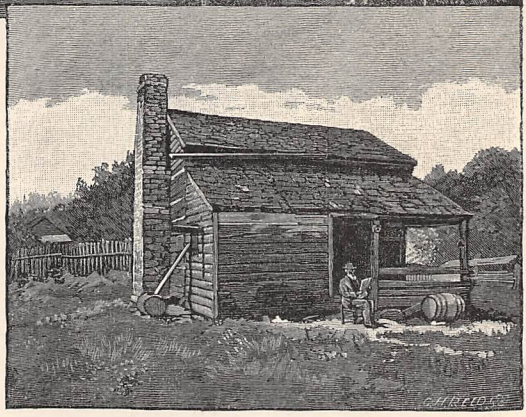


THE CRISP FARM — GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

by a Mrs. Crisp. As the road to Dover ran close by, it was made the headquarters of the commanding general. All through the night of the 12th, the coming and going was incessant. Smith was ordered to find a position in front of the enemy's right wing, which would place him face to face with Buckner. McClernand's order was to establish himself on the enemy's left, where he would be opposed to Pillow.

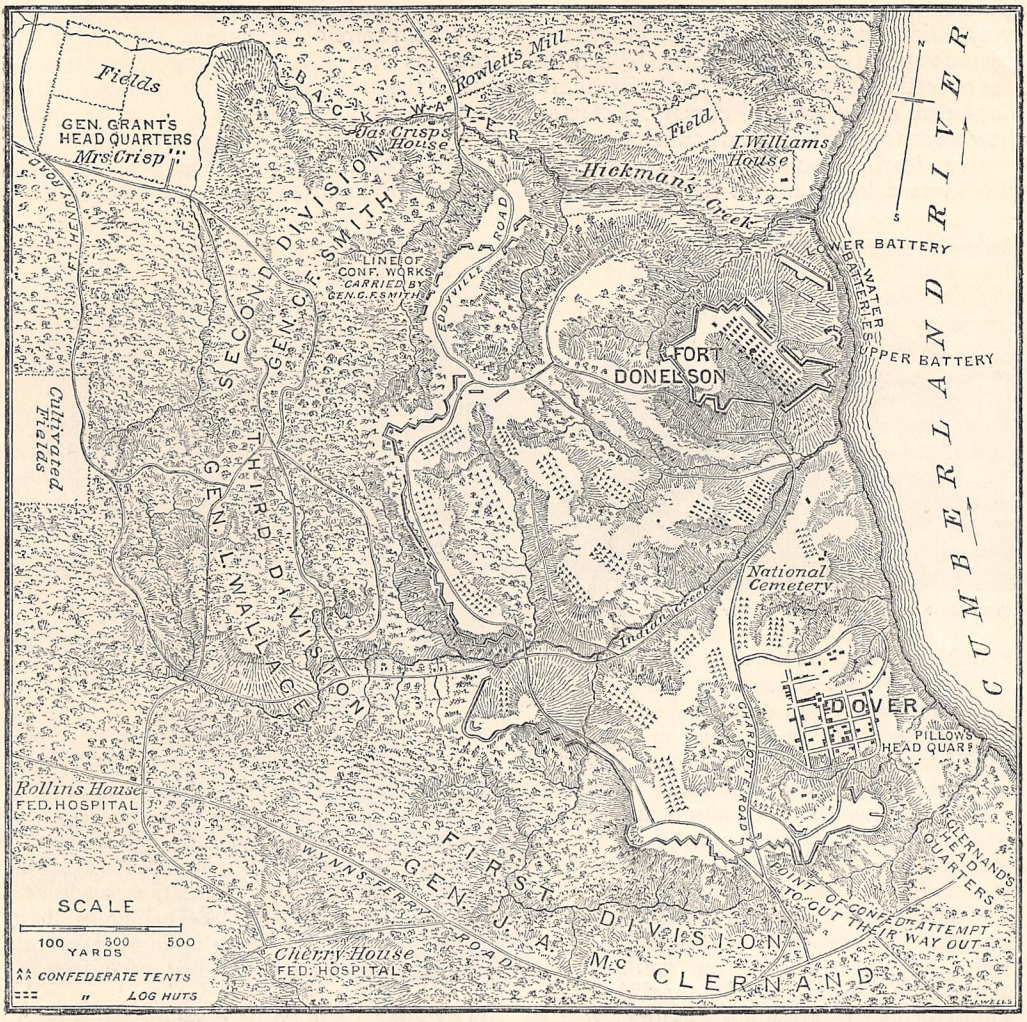
A little before dawn Berge's sharp-shooters were astir. Theirs was a peculiar service. Each was a preferred marksman, and carried a long-range Henry rifle, with sights delicately arranged as for target practice. In action each was perfectly independent. They never maneuvered as a corps. When the time came they were asked, "Canteens full?" "Biscuits for all day?" Then their only order, "All right; hunt you holes, boys." Thereupon they dispersed, and, like Indians, sought cover to please themselves, behind rocks and stumps, or in hollows. Sometimes they dug holes; sometimes they climbed into trees. Once in a good location, they remained there the day. At night they would crawl out and report in camp. This morning, as I have said, the sharp-shooters dispersed early to find places within easy range of the breastworks.

The movement by Smith and McClernand was begun about the same time. A thick wood fairly screened the former. The latter had to cross an open valley under fire of two batteries, one on Buckner's left, the other on a high point jutting from the line of outworks held by Colonel Heiman of Pillow's command.



FRONT VIEW OF MRS. CRISP'S HOUSE.

Graves commanded the first, Maney the second: both were of Tennessee. As always in situations where the advancing party is ignorant of the ground and of the designs of the enemy, resort was had to skirmishers, who are to the main body what antennæ are to insects. Theirs it is to unmask the foe. Unlike sharp-shooters, they act in bodies. Behind the skirmishers, the batteries started out to find positions, and through the brush and woods, down the hollows, up the hills the guns and caissons were hauled. It is nowadays a very steep bluff, in face of which the good artillerist will stop or turn back. At Donelson, however, the proceeding was generally slow and toilsome. The officer had to find a vantage-ground first; then with axes a road to it was hewn out; after which, in many instances, the men, with the prolongs over their shoulders, helped the horses along. In the gray of the dawn the sharp-shooters were deep in their deadly game; as the sun came up, one battery after another, having found position, opened fire, and was instantly and gallantly answered; and all the time behind the hidden sharp-shooters, and behind the skirmishers, who occasionally stopped to take a hand in the fray, the regiments marched, route-step, colors flying, after their colonels.



MAP OF FORT DONELSON, AS INVESTED BY GENERAL GRANT; BASED ON THE OFFICIAL MAP BY GENERAL J. B. McPHERSON.

About eleven o'clock Commander Walke, of the *Carondelet*, engaged the water batteries. The air was then full of the stunning music of battle; though as yet not a volley of musketry had been heard. Smith, nearest the enemy at starting, was first in place; and there, leaving the fight to his sharp-shooters and skirmishers and to his batteries, he reported to the chief in the log-house, and, like an old soldier, calmly waited orders. McClernand, following a good road, pushed on rapidly to the high grounds on the right. The appearance of his column in the valley covered by the two Confederate batteries provoked a furious shelling from them. On the double-quick his men passed through it; and when in the wood beyond, they resumed the route-step and saw that nobody was hurt, they fell to laughing at themselves. The real baptism of fire was yet in store for them.

When McClernand arrived at his appointed place and extended his brigades, it was discovered that the Confederate outworks offered a front too great for him to envelop. To attempt to rest his right opposite their extreme left would necessitate a dangerous attenuation of his line and leave him without reserves. Over on their left, moreover, ran the road already mentioned as passing from Dover on the south to Charlotte and Nashville, which it was of the highest importance to close hermetically that soon there would be no communication left General Floyd except by the river. If the road to Charlotte were left to the enemy, they might march out at their pleasure.

The insufficiency of his force was thus made apparent to General Grant, and whether a discovery of the moment or not, he set about its correction. He knew a reënforcement was

coming up the river under convoy of Foote; besides which a brigade, composed of the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana infantry and Battery A, Illinois, had been left behind at Forts Henry and Heiman under myself. A courier was dispatched to me with an order to bring my command to Donelson. I ferried my troops across the Tennessee in the night, and reported with them at headquarters before noon the next day. The brigade was transferred to General Smith; at the same time an order was put into my hand assigning me to command the third division.

As the regiments marched past me in the road, I organized them: first brigade, Colonel Cruft, the Thirty-first Indiana, Seventeenth Kentucky, Forty-fourth Indiana, and Twenty-fifth Kentucky; third brigade, Colonel Thayer, the First Nebraska, and Seventy-sixth and Sixty-eighth Ohio. Four other regiments, the Forty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Illinois and Twentieth Ohio, intended to constitute the second brigade, came up later, and were attached to Thayer's command.

My division was thereupon conducted to a position between Smith and McClernand, enabling the latter to extend his line well to the left and cover the road to Charlotte.

Thus on the 14th of February the Confederates were completely invested, except that the river above Dover remained to them. The supineness of General Floyd all this while is to this day incomprehensible. A vigorous attack the morning of the 13th might have thrown Grant back upon Fort Henry. Such an achievement would have more than offset Foote's conquest. The *morale* to be gained would have alone justified the attempt. But with McClernand's strong division on the right, my own in the center, and Smith's on the left, the opportunity was gone. On General Grant's side the possession of the river was all that was wanting; with that he could force the fighting, or wait the certain approach of the grimmest enemy of the besieged — starvation.

ILLINOIS BREAKS A LANCE WITH TENNESSEE.

It is now — morning of the 14th — easy to see and understand with something more than approximate exactness the oppositions of the two forces. Smith is on the left of the Union army opposite Buckner. My division, in the center, confronts Colonels Heiman, Drake, and Davidson, each with a brigade. McClernand, now well over on the right, keeps the road to Charlotte and Nashville against the major part of Pillow's left wing. The infantry on both sides are in cover behind the crests of the hills or in thick woods, listening to the ragged fusillade which the sharp-shooters and skirmishers maintain against each other almost without intermission. There is little pause in the exchange of shells and round shot. The careful chiefs have required their men to lie down. In brief, it looks as if each party was inviting the other to begin.

These circumstances, the sharp-shooting and cannonading, ugly as they may seem to one who thinks of them under comfortable surroundings, did in fact serve a good purpose the day in question in helping the men to forget their sufferings of the night before. It must be remembered that the weather had changed during the preceding afternoon: from suggestions of spring it turned to intensified winter. From lending a gentle hand in bringing Foote and his iron-clads up the river, the wind whisked suddenly around to the north and struck both armies with a storm of mixed rain, snow, and sleet. All night the tempest blew mercilessly upon the unsheltered, fireless soldiers, making sleep impossible. Inside the works, nobody had overcoats; while thousands of those outside had marched from Fort Henry as to a summer fête, leaving coats, blankets, and knapsacks behind them in camp. More than one stout fellow has since admitted, with a laugh, that nothing was so helpful to him that horrible night as the thought that the wind, which seemed about to turn his blood into icicles, was serving the enemy the same way; they, too, had to stand out and take the blast.

In the hope now that the reader has a tolerable presentment of the situation which the orators of Dover had, to the extent of their influence, aided in bringing upon their village that dreary morning of the 14th of February, let us go back to the preceding day, and bring up an incident of McClernand's swing into position.

About the center of the Confederate outworks there was a V-shaped hill, marked sharply by a ravine on its right and another on its left. This Colonel Heiman occupied with his brigade of five regiments — all of Tennessee but one. The front presented was about twenty-five hundred feet. In the angle of the V, on the summit of the hill, Captain Maney's battery, also of Tennessee, had been planted. Without protection of any kind, it nevertheless completely swept a large field to the left, across which an assaulting force would have to come in order to get at Heiman or at Drake, next on the south.

Maney, on the point of the hill, had been active throughout the preceding afternoon, and succeeded in drawing the fire of some of McClernand's guns. The duel lasted until night. Next morning it was renewed with increased sharpness, Maney being assisted on



THE BIVOUAC IN THE SNOW ON THE LINE OF BATTLE — QUESTIONING A PRISONER

his right by Graves's battery of Buckner's division, and by some pieces of Drake's on his left.

McClernand's advance was necessarily slow and trying. This was not merely a logical result of unacquaintance with the country and the dispositions of the enemy; he was also under an order from General Grant to avoid everything calculated to bring on a general engagement. In Maney's well-served guns he undoubtedly found serious annoyance, if not a positive obstruction. Concentrating guns of his own upon the industrious Confederate, he at length fancied him silenced and the enemy's infantry on the right thrown into confusion — circumstances from which he hastily deduced a favorable chance to deliver an assault. For that purpose he reënforced his third brigade, which was nearest the offending battery, and gave the necessary orders.

Up to this time, it will be observed, there had not been any fighting involving infantry in line. This was now to be changed. Old soldiers, rich with experience, would have regarded the work proposed with gravity; they would have shrewdly cast up an account of the chances of success, not to speak of the chances of coming out alive; they would have measured the distance to be passed, every foot of it under the guns of three batteries, Maney's in the center, Graves's on their left, and Drake's on their right — a direct line of fire doubly crossed. Nor would they have omitted the reception awaiting them from the rifle-pits. They were to descend a hill entangled for two hundred yards with underbrush, climb an opposite ascent partly shorn of timber; make way through an abatis of tree-tops; then, supposing all that successfully accomplished, they would be at last in face of an enemy whom it was possible to reënforce with all the reserves of the garrison — with the whole garrison, if need be. A veteran would have surveyed the three regiments selected for the honorable duty with many misgivings. Not so the men themselves. They were not old soldiers. Recruited but recently from farms and shops, they accepted the assignment heartily and with youthful confidence in their prowess. It may be doubted if a man in the ranks gave a thought to the questions, whether the attack was to be supported while making, or followed up if successful, or whether it was part of a general advance. Probably the most they knew was that the immediate objective before them was the capture of the battery on the hill.

The line when formed stood thus from the right: the Forty-ninth Illinois, then the Seventeenth, and then the Forty-eighth, Colonel Haynie. At the last moment, a question of seniority arose between Colonels Morrison and Haynie. The latter was of opinion that he was the ranking officer. Morrison replied that he would conduct the brigade to the point from which the attack was to be made, after which Haynie could take the command, if he desired to do so.

Down the hill the three regiments went, crashing and tearing through the undergrowth. Heiman, on the lookout, saw them advancing. Before they cleared the woods, Maney opened with shells. At the foot of the descent, in the valley, Graves joined his fire to Maney's. There Morrison reported to Haynie, who neither accepted nor refused the command. Pointing to the hill, he merely said, "Let us take it together." Morrison turned away, and rejoined his own regiment. Here was confusion in the beginning, or worse, an assault begun without a head. Nevertheless, the whole line went forward. On a part of the hill-side the trees were yet standing. The open space fell to Morrison and his Forty-ninth, and paying the penalty of the exposure, he outstripped his associates. The men fell rapidly; yet the living rushed on and up, firing as they went. The battery was the common target. Maney's gunners, in relief against the sky, were shot down in quick succession. His first lieutenant (Burns) was one of the first to suffer. His second lieutenant (Massie) was mortally wounded. Maney himself was hit; still he stayed, and his guns continued their punishment; and still the farmer lads and shop boys of Illinois clung to their purpose. With marvelous audacity they pushed through the abatis, and reached a point within forty yards of the rifle-pits. It actually looked as if the prize were theirs. The yell of victory was rising in their throats. Suddenly the long line of yellow breastworks before them, covering Heiman's five regiments, crackled and turned into flame. The forlorn hope stopped — staggered — braced up again — shot blindly through the smoke at the smoke of the new enemy, secure in his shelter. Thus for fifteen minutes the Illinoisans stood fighting. The time is given on the testimony of the opposing leader himself. Morrison was knocked out of his saddle by a musket-ball, and disabled; then the men went down the hill. At its foot they rallied round their flags, and renewed the assault. Pushed down again, again they rallied, and a third time climbed to the enemy. This time the battery set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the heat and smoke became stifling. It was not possible for brave men to endure more. Slowly, sullenly, frequently pausing to return a shot, they went back for the last time; and in going their ears and souls



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF PILLOW'S DEFENSES IN FRONT OF McCLERNAND, SHOWING WATER IN THE TRENCHES.

were riven with the shrieks of their wounded comrades, whom the flames crept down upon and smothered and charred where they lay.

Considered as a mere exhibition of courage, this assault, long maintained against odds — twice repulsed, twice renewed — has been seldom excelled. One hundred and forty-nine men of the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth were killed and wounded. Of Haynie's loss we have no report.

THE BATTLE OF THE GUN-BOATS.

THERE are few things connected with the operations against Fort Donelson so relieved of uncertainty as this: that when General Grant at Fort Henry became fixed in the resolution to undertake the movement, his primary object was the capture of the force to which the post was intrusted. To effect their complete environment, he relied upon Flag-Officer Foote, whose astonishing success at Fort Henry justified the extreme of confidence.

Foote arrived on the 14th, and made haste to enter upon his work. The *Carondelet* (Commander Walke) had been in position since the 12th.* Behind a low outpost of the shore, for two days, she maintained a fire from her rifled guns, happily of greater range than the best of those of the enemy.

At nine o'clock on the 14th, Captain Culbertson, looking from the parapet of the upper battery, beheld the river below the first bend

* A fuller account of the part the gun-boats took in the attack will be included in an illustrated paper on the work of Foote and the Western Flotilla, to appear in the next issue of THE CENTURY, and to be contributed by Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Walke, who was one of the chief actors in this important service. The construction of the fleet will also be described by Captain James B. Eads, who planned and built the iron-clads.—ED.

full of transports, landing troops under cover of a fresh arrival of gun-boats. The disembarkation concluded, Foote was free. He waited until noon. The captains in the batteries mistook his deliberation for timidity. The impinging of their shot on his iron armor was heard distinctly in the fort a mile and a half away. The captains began to doubt if he would come at all. But at three o'clock they took position under fire: the *Louisville* on the right, the *St. Louis* next, then the *Pittsburg*, then the *Carondelet*, all iron-clad.

Five hundred yards from the batteries, and yet Foote was not content! In the Crimean war the allied French and English fleets, of much mightier ships, undertook to engage the Russian shore batteries, but little stronger than those at Donelson. The French on that occasion stood off eighteen hundred yards. Lord Lyons fought his *Agamemnon* at a distance of eight hundred yards. Foote forged ahead within four hundred yards of his enemy, and was still going on. His boat had been hit between wind and water; so with the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet*. About the guns the floors were slippery with blood, and both surgeons and carpenters were never so busy. Still the four boats kept on, and there was great cheering; for not only did the fire from the shore slacken; the lookouts reported the enemy running. It seemed that fortune would smile once more upon the fleet, and cover the honors of Fort Henry afresh at Fort Donelson. Unhappily, when about three hundred and fifty yards off the hill, a solid shot plunged through the pilot-house of the flag-ship, and carried away the wheel. Near the same time the tiller-ropes of the *Louisville* were disabled. Both vessels became unmanageable, and began floating down the current. The eddies turned them round like logs. The *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet* closed in and covered them with their hulls.

Seeing this turn in the fight, the captains of the batteries rallied their men, who cheered in their turn, and renewed the contest with increased will and energy. A ball got lodged in their best rifle. A corporal and some of his men took a log fitting the bore, leaped out on the parapet, and rammed the missile home.* "Now, boys," said a gunner in Bidwell's battery, "see me take a chimney!" The flag of the boat and the chimney fell with the shots.

When the vessels were out of range, the victors looked around them. The fine form of their embrasures was gone; heaps of earth had been cast over their platforms. In a space of twenty-four feet they picked up as many shot and shells. The air had been full of flying missiles. For an hour and a half the brave fellows had been rained upon; yet their losses had been trifling in numbers. Each gunner had selected a ship, and followed her faithfully throughout the action, now and then uniting fire on the *Carondelet*. The Confederates had behaved with astonishing valor. Their victory sent a thrill of joy through the army. The assault on the outworks, the day before, had been a failure. With the repulse of the gun-boats the Confederates scored success number two, and the communication by the river remained open to Nashville. The winds that blew sleet and snow over Donelson that night were not so unendurable as they might have been.

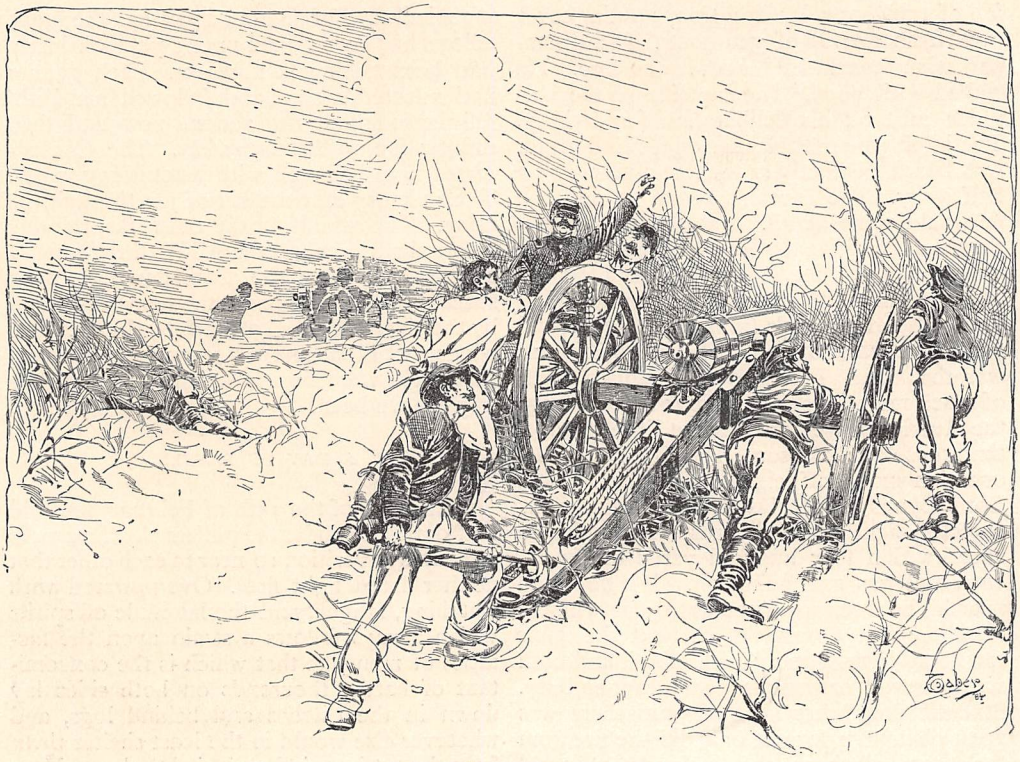
A DAY OF BATTLE.

THE night of the 14th of February fell cold and dark, and under the pitiless sky the armies remained in position so near to each other that neither dared light fires. Overpowered with watching, fatigue, and the lassitude of spirits which always follows a strain upon the faculties of men like that which is the concomitant of battle, thousands on both sides lay down in the ditches and behind logs, and whatever else would in the least shelter them from the cutting wind, and tried to sleep. Very few closed their eyes. Even the horses, after their manner, betrayed the suffering they were enduring.

That morning General Floyd had called a council of his chiefs of brigades and divisions. He expressed the opinion that the post was untenable, except with fifty thousand troops. He called attention to the heavy reënforcements of the Federals, and suggested an immediate attack upon ther right wing to re-open land communication with Nashville, by way of Charlotte. The proposal was agreed to unanimously. General Buckner proceeded to make dispositions to cover the retreat, in the event the sortie was successful. Shortly after noon, when the movement should have begun, the order was countermanded at the instance of Pillow. Then came the battle with the gun-boats.

In the night the council was recalled, with general and regimental officers in attendance. The situation was again debated, and the same conclusion reached. According to the plan resolved upon, Pillow was to move at dawn with his whole division, and attack the right of the besiegers. General Buckner was to be relieved by troops in the forts, and with his command to support Pillow by assailing the right of the enemy's center. If he succeeded, he was to take post outside the entrenchments

* One of the gunners is said to have torn up his coat in lieu of wadding.— ED.



McALLISTER'S BATTERY IN ACTION.*

on the Wynn's Ferry road to cover the retreat. He was then to act as rear-guard. Thus early, leaders in Donelson were aware of the mistake into which they were plunged. Their resolution was wise and heroic. Let us see how they executed it.

Preparations for the attack occupied the night. The troops were for the most part taken out of the rifle-pits, and massed over on the left to the number of ten thousand or more. The ground was covered with ice and snow; yet the greatest silence was observed. It seems incomprehensible that columns mixed of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, could have engaged in simultaneous movement, and not have been heard by some listener outside. One would think the jolting and rumble of the heavy gun-carriages would have told the story. But the character of the night must be remembered. The pickets of the Federals were struggling for life against the blast, and probably did not keep good watch.

Oglesby's brigade held McClernand's extreme right. Here and there the musicians were beginning to make the woods ring with reveille, and the numbed soldiers of the line were rising from their icy beds, and shaking the snow from their frozen garments. As yet, however, not a company had "fallen in." Suddenly the pickets fired, and with the alarm on their lips rushed back upon their comrades. The woods on the instant became alive.

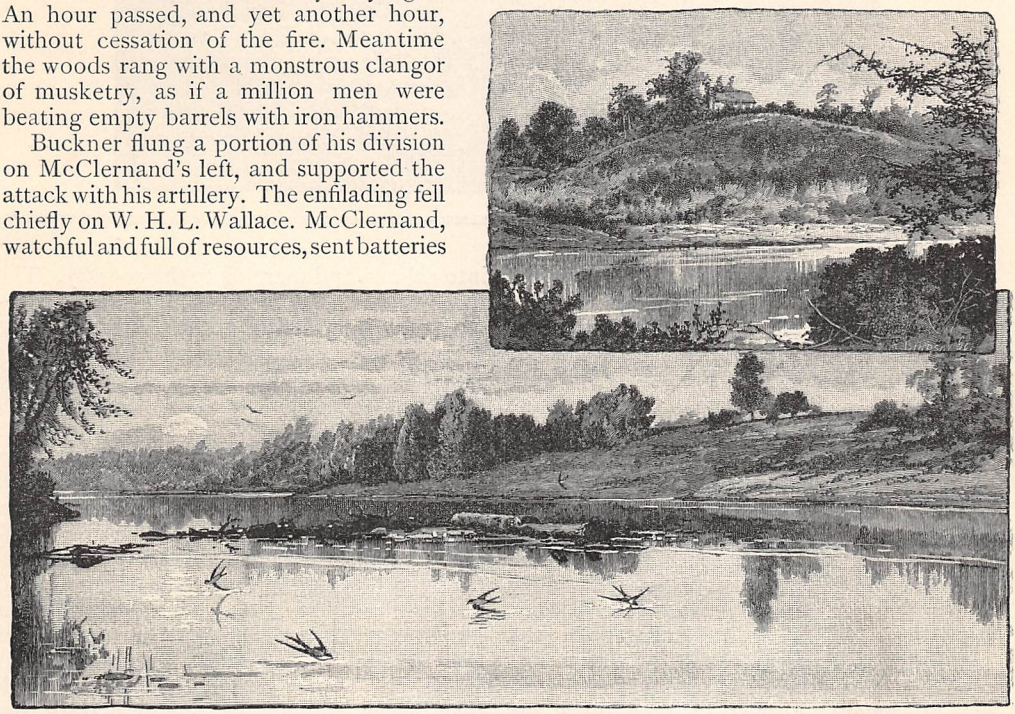
The regiments formed, officers mounted and took their places; words of command rose loud and eager. By the time Pillow's advance opened fire on Oglesby's right, the point first struck, the latter was fairly formed to receive it. A rapid exchange of volleys ensued. The distance intervening between the works on one side and the bivouac on the other was so short that the action began before Pillow could effect a deployment. His brigades came up in a kind of echelon, left in front, and passed "by regiments left into line," one by one, however; the regiments

* Captain McAllister's battery did good service the next day. In his report he describes the manner of working the battery as follows: "I selected a point, and about noon opened on the four-gun battery through an opening in which I could see the foe. Our fire was promptly returned, with such precision that they cut our right wheel on howitzer number three in two. I had no spare wheel, and had to take one off the limber to continue the fight. I then moved all my howitzers over to the west slope of the ridge and loaded under cover of it, and ran the pieces up by hand until I could get the exact elevation. The recoil would throw the guns back out of sight, and thus we continued the fight until the enemy's battery was silenced."— ED.

quickly took their places, and advanced without halting. Oglesby's Illinoisans were now fully awake. They held their ground, returning in full measure the fire that they received. The Confederate Forrest rode around as if to get in their rear,* and it was then give and take, infantry against infantry. The semi-echelon movement of the Confederates enabled them, after an interval, to strike W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, on Oglesby's left. Soon Wallace was engaged along his whole front, now prolonged by the addition to his command of Morrison's regiments. The first charge against him was repulsed; whereupon he advanced to the top of the rising ground behind which he had sheltered his troops in the night. A fresh assault followed, but aided by a battery across the valley to his left, he repulsed the enemy a second time. His men were steadfast, and clung to the brow of the hill as if it were theirs by holy right. An hour passed, and yet another hour, without cessation of the fire. Meantime the woods rang with a monstrous clangor of musketry, as if a million men were beating empty barrels with iron hammers.

Buckner flung a portion of his division on McClernand's left, and supported the attack with his artillery. The enfilading fell chiefly on W. H. L. Wallace. McClernand, watchful and full of resources, sent batteries to meet Buckner's batteries. To that duty Taylor rushed with his Company B; and McAllister pushed his three twenty-four-pounders into position and exhausted his ammunition in the duel. The roar never slackened. Men fell by the score, reddening the snow with their blood. The smoke, in pallid white clouds, clung to the underbrush and tree-tops as if to screen the combatants from each other. Close to the ground the flame of musketry and cannon tinted everything a lurid red. Limbs dropped from the trees on the heads below, and the thickets were shorn as by an army of cradlers. The division was under peremptory orders to hold its position to the last extremity, and W. H. L. Wallace was equal to the emergency.

It was now ten o'clock, and over on the right Oglesby was beginning to fare badly. The pressure on his front grew stronger. The "rebel yell," afterward a familiar battle-cry on many fields, told of ground being gained against him. To add to his doubts, officers were riding to him with a sickening story that their commands were getting out of ammunition, and asking where they could go for a supply. All he could say was to take what was in the boxes of the dead and wounded. At last he realized that the end was come. His right companies began to give way, and as they retreated, holding up their empty cartridge-boxes, the enemy were



PRESENT ASPECT OF THE POSITION OF THE GUN-BOATS AND OF THE WEST BANK.

[Fort Donelson is in the farther distance on the extreme left — Hickman's Creek empties into the Cumberland in the middle distance — Midway are the remains of the obstructions placed in the river by the Confederates — The upper picture, showing Isaac Williams's house, is a continuation of the right of the lower view.]

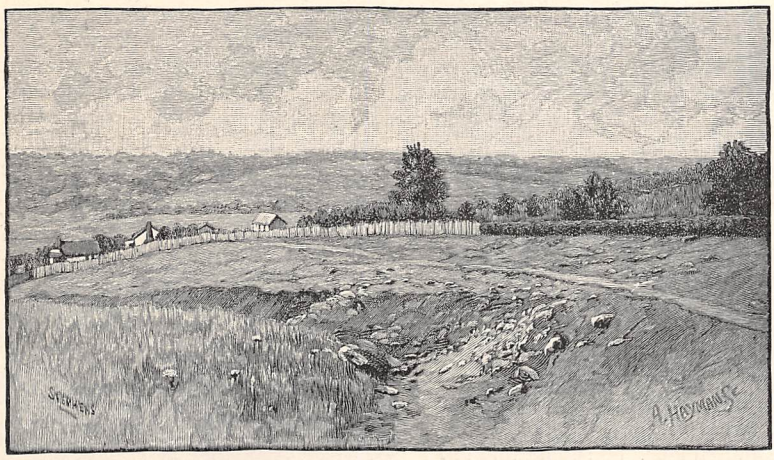
* Colonel John McArthur, originally of General C. F. Smith's division, but then operating with McClernand, was there, and though at first discomfited, his men beat the cavalry off, and afterward shared the full shock of the tempest with Oglesby's troops.— L. W.

emboldened, and swept more fiercely around his flank, until finally they appeared in his rear. He then gave the order to retire the division.

W. H. L. Wallace from his position looked off to his right and saw but one regiment of Oglesby's in place, maintaining the fight, and that was John A. Logan's Thirty-first Illinois. Through the smoke he could see Logan riding in a gallop behind his line; through the roar in

THE THIRD DIVISION IN BATTLE.

WITHOUT pausing to consider whether the Confederate general could now have escaped with his troops, it must be evident that he should have made the effort. Pillow had discharged his duty well. With the disappearance of W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, it only remained for the victor to deploy his regiments



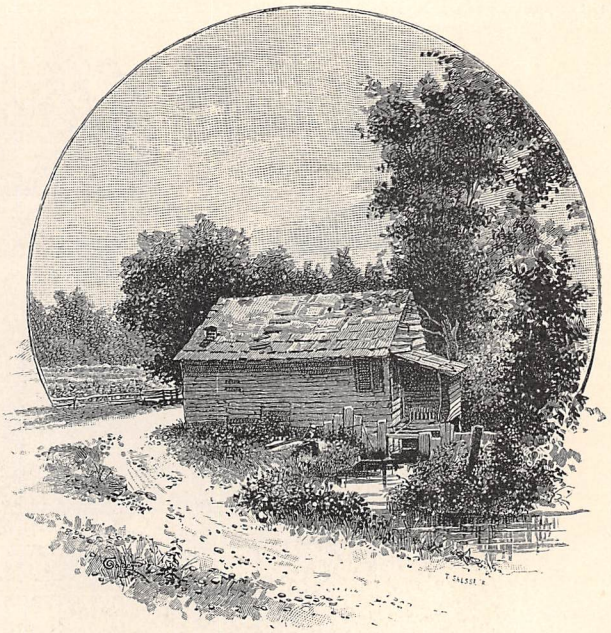
VIEW NEAR DOVER TOWARD THE INTERIOR WORKS OF FORT DONELSON — HEDGE OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY ON THE RIGHT.

his front and the rising yell in his rear, he could hear Logan's voice in fierce entreaty to his "boys." Near the Thirty-first stood W. H. L. Wallace's regiment, the Eleventh Illinois, under Lieutenant-colonel Ransom. The gaps in the ranks of the two were closed up always toward the colors. The ground at their feet was strewn with their dead and wounded; at length the common misfortune overtook Logan. To keep men without cartridges under fire sweeping them front and flank would be cruel, if not impossible; and seeing it, he too gave the order to retire, and followed his decimated companies to the rear. The Eleventh then became the right of the brigade, and had to go in turn. Nevertheless, Ransom changed front to rear coolly, as if on parade, and joined in the general retirement. Forrest charged them and threw them into a brief confusion. The greater portion clung to their colors, and made good their retreat. By eleven o'clock Pillow held the road to Charlotte and the whole of the position occupied at dawn by the first division, and with it the dead and all the wounded who could not get away.

Pillow's part of the programme, arranged in the council of the night before, was accomplished. The country was once more open to Floyd. Why did he not avail himself of the dearly bought opportunity, and march his army out? into column and march into the country. The road was his. Buckner was in position to protect Colonel Head's withdrawal from the trenches opposite General Smith on the right; that done, he was also in position to cover the retreat. Buckner had also faithfully performed his task.

On the Union side the situation at this critical time was favorable to the proposed retirement. My division in the center was weakened by the dispatch of one of my brigades to the assistance of General McClernand; in addition to which my orders were to hold my position. As a point of still greater importance, General Grant had gone on board the *St. Louis* at the request of Flag-Officer Foote, and he was there in consultation with that officer, presumably uninformed of the disaster which had befallen his right. It would take a certain time for him to return to the field and dispose his forces for pursuit. It may be said with strong assurance, consequently, that Floyd could have put his men fairly *en route* for Charlotte before the Federal commander could have interposed an obstruction to the movement. The real difficulty was in the hero of the morning, who now made haste to blight his laurels. General Pillow's vanity whistled itself into ludicrous exaltation. Imagining General Grant's whole

army defeated and flying in rout for Fort Henry and the transports on the river, he deported himself accordingly. He began by ignoring Floyd. He rode to Buckner and accused him of shameful conduct. He sent an aide to the nearest telegraph station with a dispatch to Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Department, asseverating, "on the honor of a soldier," that the day was theirs. Nor did he stop at that. The victory, to be available, required that the enemy should be followed with energy. Such was a habit of Napoleon. Without deigning even to consult his chief, he ordered Buckner to move out and attack the Federals. There was a gorge, up which a road ran toward our central position, or rather what had been our central position. Pointing to the gorge and the road, he told Buckner that was his way, and bade him attack in force. There was nothing to do but obey; and when Buckner had begun the movement, the wise programme decided upon the evening before was wiped from the slate.



ROWLETT'S MILL, ON THE EDDYVILLE ROAD AT HICKMAN'S CREEK.

When Buckner reluctantly took the gorge road marked out for him by Pillow, the whole Confederate army, save the detachments on the works, was virtually in pursuit of McClernand, retiring by the Wynn's Ferry road — falling back, in fact, upon my position. My division was now to feel the weight of Pillow's hand; if they should fail, the fortunes of the day would depend upon the veteran Smith.

When General McClernand perceived the peril threatening him in the morning, he sent an officer to me with a request for assistance. This request I referred to General Grant, who was at the time in consultation with Foote. Upon the turning of Oglesby's flank, McClernand repeated his request, with such a representation of the situation that, assuming the responsibility, I ordered Colonel Cruft to report with his brigade to McClernand. Cruft set out promptly. Unfortunately a guide misdirected him, so that he became involved in the retreat, and was prevented from accomplishing his object.

I was in the rear of my single remaining brigade, in conversation with Captain Rawlins, of Grant's staff, when a great shouting was heard behind me on the Wynn's Ferry road, whereupon I sent an orderly to ascertain the cause. The man reported the road and woods full of soldiers apparently in rout. An officer then rode by at full speed, shouting, "All's lost! Save yourselves!" A hurried consultation was had with Rawlins, at the end of which the brigade was put in motion toward the enemy's works, on the very road by which Buckner was pursuing under Pillow's mischievous order. It happened also that Colonel W. H. L. Wallace had dropped into the same road with such of his command as stayed by their colors. He came up riding and at a walk, his leg over the horn of his saddle. He was perfectly cool, and looked like a farmer from a hard day's plowing.

"Good-morning," I said.

"Good-morning," was the reply.

"Are they pursuing you?"

"Yes."

"How far are they behind?"

That instant the head of my command appeared on the road. The colonel calculated, then answered:

"You will have about time to form line of battle right here."

"Thank you. Good-day."

"Good-day."

At that point the road began to dip into the gorge; on the right and left there were woods, and in front a dense thicket. An order was dispatched to bring Battery A forward at full speed. Colonel John A. Thayer, commanding the brigade, formed it on the double-quick into line; the First Nebraska and the Fifty-eighth Illinois on the right, and the Fifty-eighth Ohio, with a detached company, on the left. The battery came up on the run and swung across the road, which had been



BRANCH OF HICKMAN'S CREEK NEAR JAMES CRISP'S HOUSE — THE LEFT OF GENERAL SMITH'S LINE.

left open for it. Hardly had it unlimbered, before the enemy appeared, and firing began. For ten minutes or thereabouts the scenes of the morning were reënacted. The Confederates struggled hard to perfect their deployments. The woods rang with musketry and artillery. The brush on the slope of the hill was mowed away with bullets. A great cloud arose and shut out the woods and the narrow valley below. Colonel Thayer and his regiments behaved with great gallantry, and the contest was over. The assailants fell back in confusion and returned to the entrenchments. W. H. L. Wallace and Oglesby re-formed their commands behind Thayer, supplied them with ammunition, and stood at rest waiting for orders. There was then a lull in the battle. Even the cannonading ceased, and everybody was asking, What next?

Just then General Grant rode up to where General McClernand and I were in conversation. He was almost unattended. In his hand there were some papers, which looked like telegrams. Wholly unexcited, he saluted and received the salutations of his subordinates. Proceeding at once to business, he directed them to retire their commands to the heights out of cannon range, and throw up works. Reënforcements were *en route*, he said, and it was advisable to await their coming. He was then informed of the mishap to the First Division, and that the road to Charlotte was open to the enemy.

In every great man's career there is a crisis exactly similar to that which now overtook General Grant, and it cannot be better described than as a crucial test of his nature. A mediocre person would have accepted the news as an argument for persistence in his resolution to enter upon a siege. Had General Grant done so, it is very probable his history would have been then and there concluded. His admirers and detractors are alike invited to study him at this precise juncture. It cannot be doubted that he saw with painful distinctness the effect of the disaster to his right wing. His face flushed slightly. With a sudden grip he crushed the papers in his hand. But in an instant these signs of disappointment or hesitation — as the reader pleases — cleared away. In his ordinary quiet voice he said, addressing himself to both officers, "Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken." With that he turned and galloped off.

Seeing in the road a provisional brigade, under Colonel Morgan L. Smith, consisting of the Eleventh Indiana and the Eighth

Head quarters, Army in the Field
Camp near Fort Donelson, February 16th 1862.

Sir: Yours of this date, proposing armistice and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant

U. S. Grant

Brigadier General, Commanding

General S. B. Buckner,
Confederate Army.

Copied by me, October 29th 1884.

U. S. G.

FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPHIC COPY OF GENERAL GRANT'S "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" DISPATCH.

Missouri infantry, going, by order of General C. F. Smith, to the aid of the First Division, I suggested that if General McClernand would order Colonel Smith to report to me, I would attempt to recover the lost ground; and the order having been given, I reconnoitered the hill, determined upon a place of assault, and arranged my order of attack. I chose Colonel Smith's regiments to lead, and for that purpose conducted them to the crest of a hill opposite a steep bluff covered by the enemy. The two regiments had been formerly of my brigade. I knew they had been admirably drilled in the Zouave tactics, and my confidence in Smith and in McGinness, colonel of the Eleventh, was implicit. I was sure they would take their men to the top of the bluff. Colonel Cruft was put in line to support them on the right. Colonel Ross, with his regiments, the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth, and the Forty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Illinois, were put as support on the left. Thayer's brigade was held in reserve. These dispositions filled the time till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when heavy cannonading, mixed with a long roll of musketry, broke out over on the left, whither it will be necessary to transfer the reader.

CHARLES F. SMITH'S BATTLE.

THE veteran in command on the Union left had contented himself with allowing Buckner no rest, keeping up a continual sharp-shooting. Early in the morning of the 14th he made a demonstration of assault with three of his regiments, and though he purposely withdrew them, he kept the menace standing, to the great discomfort of his *vis-à-vis*. With the patience of an old soldier, he waited the pleasure of the general commanding, knowing that when the time came he would be called upon. During the battle of the gun-boats he rode through his command and grimly joked with them. He who never permitted the slightest familiarity from a subordinate, could yet indulge in fatherly pleasantries with the ranks when he thought circumstances justified them. He never for a moment doubted the courage of volunteers; they were not regulars — that was all. If properly led, he believed they would storm the gates of his Satanic Majesty. Their hour of trial was now come.

From his brief and characteristic conference with McClernand and myself, General Grant rode to General C. F. Smith. What took place between them is not known further than that he ordered an assault upon the outworks as a diversion in aid of the assault about to be delivered on the right. General Smith personally directed his chiefs of brigade to get their regiments ready. Colonel John Cook by his order increased the number of his skirmishers already engaged with the enemy.

Taking Lauman's brigade General Smith began the advance. They were under fire instantly. The guns in the fort joined in with the infantry who were at the time in the rifle-pits, the great body of the Confederate right wing being with General Buckner. The defense was greatly favored by the ground, which subjected the assailants to a double fire from the beginning of the abatis. The men have said that "it looked too thick for a rabbit to get through." General Smith, on his horse, took position in the front and center of the line. Occasionally he turned in his saddle to see how the alignment was kept. For the most part, however, he held his face steadily toward the enemy. He was, of course, a conspicuous object for the sharp-shooters in the rifle-pits. The air around him twittered with minie-bullets. Erect as if on review, he rode on, timing the gait of his horse with the movement of his colors. A soldier said: "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on."

On to the abatis the regiments moved without hesitation, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind. There the fire seemed to grow trebly hot, and there some of the men halted, whereupon, seeing the hesitation, General Smith put his cap on the point of his sword, held it aloft, and called out, "No flinching now, my lads! — Here — this is the way! Come on!" He picked a path through the jagged limbs of the trees, holding his cap all the time in sight; and the effect was magical. The men swarmed in after him, and got through in the best order they could — not all of them, alas! On the other side of the obstruction they took the semblance of re-formation and charged in after their chief, who found himself then between the two fires. Up the ascent he rode; up they followed. At the last moment the keepers of the rifle-pits clambered out and fled. The four regiments engaged in the feat — the Twenty-fifth Indiana, and the Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa — planted their colors on the breastwork. And the gray-haired hero set his cap jauntily on his head, pulled his mustache, and rode along the front, chiding them awhile, then laughing at them. He had come to stay. Later in the day, Buckner came back with his division; but all his efforts to dislodge Smith were vain.

THE THIRD DIVISION RETAKES THE HILL.

WE left my division about to attempt the recapture of the hill, which had been the scene of the combat between Pillow and

McClernand. If only on account of the results which followed that assault, in connection with the heroic performance of General C. F. Smith, it is necessary to return to it.

Riding to my old regiments,— the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana,— I asked them if they were ready. They demanded the word of me. Waiting a moment for Morgan L. Smith to light a cigar, I called out, "Forward it is, then!" They were directly in front of the ascent to be climbed. Without stopping for his supports, Colonel Smith led them down into a broad hollow, and catching sight of the advance, Cruft and Ross also moved forward. As the two regiments began the climb, the Eighth Missouri slightly in the lead, a line of fire ran along the brow of the height. The flank companies cheered while deploying as skirmishers. Their Zouave practice proved of excellent service to them. Now on the ground, creeping when the fire was hottest, running when it slackened, they gained ground with astonishing rapidity, and at the same time maintained a fire that was like a sparkling of the earth. For the most part the bullets aimed at them passed over their heads, and took effect in the ranks behind them. Colonel Smith's cigar was shot off close to his lips. He took another and called for a match. A soldier ran and gave him one. "Thank you. Take your place now. We are almost up," he said, and, smoking, spurred his horse forward. A few yards from the crest of the height the regiments began loading and firing as they advanced. The defenders gave way. On the top there was a brief struggle, which was ended by Cruft and Ross with their supports.

The whole line then moved forward simultaneously, and never stopped until the Confederates were within the works. There had been no occasion to call on the reserves. The road to Charlotte was again effectually shut, and the battle-field of the morning, with the dead and wounded lying where they had fallen, was in possession of the Third Division, which stood halted within easy musket-range of the rifle-pits. It was then about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. I was reconnoitering the works of the enemy preliminary to charging them, when Colonel Webster, of General Grant's staff, came to me and repeated the order to fall back out of cannon range and throw up breastworks. "The General does not know that we have the hill," I said. Webster replied: "I give you the order as he gave it to me." "Very well," said I, "give him my compliments, and say that I have received the order." Webster smiled and rode away. The ground was not vacated, though the assault was deferred. In assuming the responsibility, I had no doubt of my ability to satisfy General Grant of the correctness of my course; and it was subsequently approved.

When night fell, the command bivouacked without fire or supper. Fatigue parties were told off to look after the wounded; and in the relief given there was no distinction made between friend and foe. The labor extended through the whole night, and the surgeons never rested. By sunset the conditions of the morning were all restored. The Union commander was free to order a general assault next day or resort to a formal siege.

THE LAST COUNCIL OF WAR.

A GREAT discouragement fell upon the brave men inside the works that night. Besides suffering from wounds and bruises and the dreadful weather, they were aware that though they had done their best they were held in a close grip by a superior enemy. A council of general and field officers was held at headquarters, which resulted in a unanimous resolution that if the position in front of General Pillow had not been re-occupied by the Federals in strength, the army should effect its retreat. A reconnaissance was ordered to make the test. Colonel Forrest conducted it. He reported that the ground was not only re-occupied, but that the enemy were extended yet farther around the Confederate left. The council then held a final session.

General Buckner, as the junior officer present, gave his opinion first; he thought he could not successfully resist the assault, which would be made at daylight by a vastly superior force. But he further remarked, that as he understood the principal object of the defense of Donelson was to cover the movement of General A. S. Johnston's army from Bowling Green to Nashville, if that movement was not completed he was of opinion that the defense should be continued at the risk of the destruction of the entire force. General Floyd replied that General Johnston's army had already reached Nashville, whereupon General Buckner said that "it would be wrong to subject the army to a virtual massacre, when no good could result from the sacrifice, and that the general officers owed it to their men, when further resistance was unavailing, to obtain the best terms of capitulation possible for them."

Both Generals Floyd and Pillow acquiesced in the opinion. Ordinarily the council would have ended at this point, and the commanding general would have addressed himself to the

duty of obtaining terms. He would have called for pen, ink, and paper, and prepared a note for dispatch to the commanding general of the opposite force. But there were circumstances outside the mere military situation which at this juncture pressed themselves into consideration. As this was the first surrender of armed men, banded together for war upon the general government, what would the Federal authorities do with the prisoners? This question was of application to all the gentlemen in the council. It was lost to view, however, when General Floyd announced his purpose to leave with two steamers which were to be down at daylight, and to take with him as many of his division as the steamers could carry away.

General Pillow then remarked that there were no two persons in the Confederacy whom the Yankees would rather capture than himself and General Floyd (who had been Buchanan's Secretary of War, and was under indictment at Washington). As to the propriety of his accompanying General Floyd, the latter said, coolly, that the question was one for every man to decide for himself. Buckner was of the same view, and added that as for himself he regarded it as his duty to stay with his men and share their fate, whatever it might be. Pillow persisted in leaving. Floyd then directed General Buckner to consider himself in command. Immediately that the council was concluded, General Floyd prepared for his departure. His first move was to have his brigade drawn up. The peculiarity of the step was that, with the exception of one Missouri regiment, his regiments were all Virginians. A short time before daylight the two steam-boats arrived. Without loss of time the General hastened to the river, embarked with his Virginians, and at an early hour cast loose from the shore, and in good time, and safely, he reached Nashville. He never satisfactorily explained upon what principle he appropriated all the transportation on hand to the use of his particular command.

Colonel Forrest was present at the council, and when the final resolution was taken, he promptly announced that he neither could nor would surrender his command. The bold trooper had no qualms upon the subject. He assembled his men, all as hardy as himself, and after reporting once more at headquarters, he moved out and plunged into a slough formed by backwater from the river. An icy crust covered its surface, the wind blew fiercely, and the darkness was unrelieved by a star. There was fearful floundering as the command following him. At length he struck dry land, and was safe. He was next heard of at Nashville.

General Buckner, who throughout the affair, bore himself with dignity, ordered the troops back to their positions and opened communications with General Grant, whose laconic demand of "unconditional surrender," in his reply to General Buckner's overtures, became at once a watch-word of the war.

THE SURRENDER.

THE Third Division was astir very early on the 16th of February. The regiments began to form and close up the intervals between them, the intention being to charge the breastworks south of Dover about breakfast-time. In the midst of the preparation a bugle was heard, and a white flag was seen coming from the town toward the pickets. I sent my adjutant-general to meet the flag halfway and inquire its purpose. Answer was returned that General Buckner had capitulated during the night, and was now sending information of the fact to the commander of the troops in this quarter, that there might be no further bloodshed. The division was ordered to advance and take possession of the works and of all public property and prisoners. Leaving that agreeable duty to the brigade commander, I joined the officer bearing the flag, and with my staff rode across the trench and into the town, till we came to the door of the old tavern already described, where I dismounted. The tavern was the headquarters of General Buckner, to whom I sent my name; and being an acquaintance, I was at once admitted.

I found General Buckner with his staff at breakfast. He met me with politeness and dignity. Turning to the officers at the table, he remarked: "General Wallace, it is not necessary to introduce you to these gentlemen; you are acquainted with them all." They arose, came forward one by one, and gave their hands in salutation. I was then invited to breakfast, which consisted of corn bread and coffee, the best the gallant host had in his kitchen. We sat at table about an hour and a half, when General Grant arrived, and took temporary possession of the tavern as his headquarters. Later in the morning the army marched in and completed the possession.

Lew Wallace.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

One Way to Prevent Divorce.

THE more the statistics of divorce in the United States are studied and understood, the more alarming seems the situation. Although a good deal has been said and written on the subject in this magazine and elsewhere, it has not yet had the sifting and discussion that must take place before our law-makers are brought to give the proper attention to it. That some of the evils which exist may be reached by intelligent legislation concerning marriage and divorce, with a view to uniformity and the avoidance of fraud, there can be no doubt. Indeed, the time may come when legislation will not only look toward the unifying of our own laws on this subject, but likewise toward an international correspondence of legislation. For perplexity, distress, and outrage are owing not only to differences in legal enactments as between States of the Union, but also as between our own and other countries; and as the world advances in civilization and genuine Christianity, and as the natural barriers are more and more broken down, there is no reason why this all-important matter should not be arranged with a view to the general good of the people of all nations.

But while statisticians, moralists, and statesmen are at work, ordinary human beings may also be doing their share toward bringing about a different state of affairs. The institution of marriage suffers on the one hand from the cynic, on the other from the sentimentalist. The cynical method leads to ill-assorted and unhappy marriages, from which men and women fly to divorce for deliverance; the sentimentalist method often leads more dangerously, because more deceitfully, to the same disastrous consummation. (We are speaking of sentimentalism, and not of true sentiment.) Both the cynic and the sentimentalist will enter into the bonds of matrimony with perhaps less consideration of the true nature of the relation and the fitness of the person than that given by a careful man to the selection of his cook. A man who thinks deeply of his dishes will make many inquiries and tests. The sentimentalist will have none of these.

Is it not, in fact, the lack of a high ideal that renders many marriages in our day merely so many social disasters? Religion and morality may do much — but religion and morality in their broadest and profoundest sense. The men of law may make things seem somewhat better, but they will never be truly better unless the ideal of marriage is raised in the popular mind.

In scouting sentimentalism, it is only to pay higher respect to sentiment. What is wanted in the art of marriage, *i. e.*, in what old-fashioned people called "the selection of a partner," is the same that Joseph Jefferson once said was wanted in the art of acting,— namely, a warm heart and a cool head! But what is mainly needed is the old-fashioned thing that the poets of all ages have understood better than any others. In this domain the poetic is the practical. Poets themselves have by no means always successfully practiced what they preached; but the poetry was right, if the poet was not. In the field of the imagination, unfaithfulness, an impure heart, cut sorry figures; there the only thing right and beautiful is unselfish and everlasting devotion. That is the standard set up by the rarest minds in their most inspired words.

It is said that nowadays the poets are comparatively unread; that science and history have taken their place, even with the young. Is it fantastic to hint that this may have something to do with the impaired popular standard with regard to that most sacred, most deeply poetic, of all human relations?

Evidently the best way to prevent divorce is to maintain a purer and higher ideal of marriage.

Was the Chinese Traveler Right?

THERE is a story of a Chinese traveler who when asked what had struck him as most remarkable in the United States, replied, "the lack of honor." It would be well if the natural resentment of Americans at such an imputation could be fortified by facts and statistics. The repudiation of public debts by communities large and small; the recent unprecedented number of breaches of trust on the part of managers of banks and other corporations; the countless defalcations by trusted employees of private business firms; the growth and recklessness of speculation; the number of suits on the part of the general government to recover funds from delinquent public servants; the sordid character of much of our politics; the rings of financial adventurers discovered to be in secret collusion with legislative or executive officers,— all these would seem to sustain the view of the traveling Chinaman as to American honor.

But the situation assumes even a more serious aspect when we consider that notwithstanding the newspaper outcry at each new breach of trust, there is rarely an adequate punishment inflicted upon anything save the most flagrantly criminal action; and that the financial disasters which overtake certain institutions sometimes reveal the fact that their officers have merely been unfortunate in such speculative misappropriation of funds as is not uncommon in similar concerns.

When one contemplates the good influences active in church and state; the organized political and other reforms, our charities, and educational movements and enterprises; the vital moral and religious spirit at work as a leaven in the community,— one is re-assured as to the future; but there stand the other facts which cannot and should not be overlooked. The writer of the "Open Letter" on "The School of Dishonesty," in the last number of THE CENTURY, puts his finger upon one great source of our evils. To some his remarks will seem sweeping and sensational, but they will be corroborated by the experience of many; and the recent analyses by Dr. Elwyn Waller, chemist of the N. Y. Health Department, to

some extent confirm Mr. Tyrer's surprising statement with regard to adulterations.

There is little doubt that the thing which most needs to be preached to this generation of Americans, by ministers of the gospel, by both clerical and lay instructors of the youth, by all who have public influence or private authority, is — a sense of honor! It must be shown and insisted upon that every position in life where one person is employed by another to do a certain work, imposes an obligation to fulfill the duties of the place with an honorable and disinterested regard for the interests of the employer. It must be shown that this view of employment applies to the cook, the errand-boy, the cashier, the legislator, the Governor, the President. This is a trite, and apparently simple, and perhaps somewhat stupid view of the opportunities of a "smart" and ambitious young American of our day; but unless this commonplace view of responsibility is laid hold of by increasing numbers in the future of our country, we will not say that our society will go to pieces, but we will say that our calamities will increase, and that we will get into troubles, and not soon out of them, compared with which the dangers and distresses of the past will seem almost insignificant.

Economic Mistakes of the Poor.

ONE of the chief hindrances to the prosperity of the poor and to the improvement of their condition is their ignorance of economic matters and the mistakes they often make in them. We do not refer so much to economic laws and theories as to the practical conduct of life in its economic aspects, a matter in which theoretical knowledge is of subordinate importance. It is not to be expected that men so imperfectly educated as are the laboring masses, and with so little leisure and spare energy as they have, should be able to give much study to the laws of wealth; but there is no reason why they should not manage their own business affairs with more prudence than some of them now show. Want of skill and prudence in making purchases, and mistakes in regard to wages, are common among them, and have a tendency to prolong and intensify their poverty.

Every man in a civilized community is obliged to trade, to exchange his goods and services for those of others; since every man can produce but a small part of what he needs. It is important, therefore, for everybody to make such exchanges wisely, so as to purchase what he wants at the smallest cost, and sell his own services to the best advantage. Exceptional skill in this direction is the special qualification of the successful business man, and those who are lacking in such skill are sure to be less prosperous than their neighbors. Moreover, such skill and prudence are specially important for the poor; for though a rich man may continue prosperous notwithstanding blunders and losses, a man born to poverty can seldom rise to a better condition without care and wisdom in the management of his affairs.

Now, the mistakes of the poor in practical economy are frequent and of various kinds; and, first, in making their purchases. Their means are so small that they can ill afford to spend even a portion of them imprudently; and yet they very often do so. They are apt, for instance, to purchase goods in very small quantities, when they could buy in larger amounts at a reduced rate. Some things, of course, must necessarily be purchased in small quantities, because they will not keep well; but many of the things that a man requires for his table or for other purposes can just as well be bought in larger amounts, and if so bought they can usually be got at a considerable reduction in price. Again, the poor are too much in the habit of buying goods on trust, when exertion and forethought would enable them to buy for cash, and make a further saving in that way. Moreover, their want of knowledge of commercial affairs and inattention to the course of prices prevent them from taking advantage of the state of the market, as they might sometimes do, so as to buy what they need at the lowest price. It may be said that the mass of the poor have not the means to buy in large quantities, or to buy always for cash and to take advantage of the fluctuations in price; and to a certain extent this is true. Yet it would be easy, in most cases, for them to get together a sufficient sum to make a beginning in these matters, and, once begun, the practice could more easily be continued. Many of them, indeed, are already alive to the advantages that may thus be gained, and are shrewd and economical in all their purchases; but many others are either ignorant or heedless of such things, and thus miss the opportunity of making many a small saving.

Besides these mistakes of a strictly economical character, there are others of a different kind into which the poor are apt to fall in the use of their means, though not the poor alone. One of them is the purchase of inferior goods, or shabby imitations, when a genuine article, even of a lower grade, would be more satisfactory, as well as cheaper. Then, large sums in the aggregate are spent for articles of ornament that are not ornamental, and for vulgar amusements and other things of little or no real value. We might allude, also, to the vast sums that are wasted on liquors and other things that are positively injurious; but all these habits and practices are rather to be condemned from a moral and æsthetic point of view than from the purely economical, bad as their economical effects undoubtedly are. Besides, it is not the poor alone who are guilty or imprudent in these matters, but other classes as well; and, so far as they concern the poor, we have spoken of them in these pages before.

Such are some of the economical mistakes of the poor in the employment of their means; but those of them that work for hire, who are the great majority, make mistakes of another kind on the subject of wages. Every friend of humanity must wish that the earnings of the poor might be increased; but the means they often employ to effect such an increase seem little likely to attain their object. We are not now concerned with the general policy of strikes and trades-unions, nor with the question of their justification from a moral point of view. But we would call attention to the lack of economic knowledge and the mistakes in economic policy which their leaders so abundantly display. One would think that if men were going to seek an increase of wages, they would take care to do it when the condition of the market was favorable to the success of their attempt. Yet nothing is more common than for the managers of a trades-union to order a strike when trade is dull, the

price of goods falling, and the market, perhaps, filled with unemployed labor. Under such circumstances the attempt to raise wages is necessarily a failure; while, if proper care were used to take advantage of the market, an increase of pay might often be obtained without any struggle at all.

But there is a further mistake into which laborers are apt to fall on this subject of wages: they often entertain extravagant ideas as to the extent to which wages can be raised. One would think from the talk in which some of them indulge, and from the reckless manner in which they order strikes, that they thought almost any rate could be obtained if sufficient pressure were brought to bear. Yet a little attention to the conditions of business, to commercial history, and to the state of the market at a given time, would show that any great and sudden increase of wages was out of the question. Such increase as is possible will result in part from the general moral and intellectual improvement of the laborer himself, and of his special skill as a workman, and in part from taking advantage of the various markets and of the times and seasons, so as to get the highest rate obtainable in each particular case.

Besides the mistakes above mentioned, to which the mass of the poor are liable, there are others, to which those of their number are exposed who attempt to do business on their own account. Men born in narrow circumstances have seldom much chance in early life to learn the management of business; and they need, therefore, to be specially careful in undertaking it. Yet they are very apt to enter upon it without sufficient attention to its conditions, and without the amount of capital which the business requires. Every year a multitude of small capitalists are thus wrecked; and in the majority of cases their failure is due to mistakes and imprudences which a little more care and forethought might have prevented. Doubtless one cause of such failures is the passion for great and sudden gains; a passion that afflicts multitudes in our time, and has caused the ruin of many rich men no less than of many poor. But whatever may be the cause of failure in any particular case, the result is much to be regretted, since an increase in the number of small capitalists is greatly to be desired.

Without touching here upon the subject of coöperative industry, or the means which the rich may devise for improving the condition of the poor, we have merely tried to state briefly some of the more serious economic mistakes into which poor men and those of small means are liable to fall, and which are a hindrance, and sometimes a great one, to the improvement of their lot. If, now, we are asked what remedy can be applied, we fear there is none except the slow working of time and education. For the purchase of goods by the poor, it has been proposed that coöperative stores should be established, so as to save for the purchasers the profit they now pay to the retail dealer. That such stores, when well conducted, are highly beneficial, there can be no doubt; but for some reason or other most enterprises of this sort in America have proved unsuccessful. On the subject of wages our native American laborers have not, as a rule, been so widely mistaken as foreign laborers and those of foreign birth; and experience will in time, no doubt, lead to more correct views and wiser methods. The general education of the poor, bringing with it more thoughtfulness and foresight, must also in the course of time lead to greater knowledge of economic subjects and better methods of management. But something also may be done by direct advice and exhortation.

A Ready-made Foreign Market for American Goods.

THE recent political canvass was prolific of wide differences of opinion; but we believe there is one point upon which most men of all parties are now substantially agreed, viz., the desirability of securing additional foreign markets for American goods. Many think this can best be obtained by a reduction of duties which now operate against the freedom of commerce; while others advocate the establishment by public subsidy of ocean lines, or the conversion into business agencies of our entire consular service. A commission of investigation has been appointed to visit the countries of Central and South America with a view to the extension of our trade in those quarters, and legislation of some sort may be expected to grow out of this mission. That, in a large number of cases, our manufactories are abundantly able to put out more goods than they can dispose of is disclosed by the failures from overproduction, the reduction of wages, and the ruinous competition for the home market, which are matters of daily record in the newspapers. A considerable addition to the present area of sale for American goods would in all probability not only relieve the present stringency in trade, but would put many of our manufactures upon a favorable basis for years to come.

Whatever of trade we may hereafter acquire in new markets will be based upon a demonstrated demand for our products — a demand which can only be created in the laborious course of business. In other words, the market will have to be "worked up" in strict competition with the products of other countries. Agencies must be established, samples must be shown, advertised, and tested, and patents and trade-marks secured. These labors performed, there is no lack of assurance that those who shall thus extend our material civilization will be fully protected in obtaining the legitimate profits of their labor. The agent, the owner, and the inventor will each find new rewards and a new stimulus.

There is, however, one American business which, by the neglect of Congress, has been refused the security of its legitimate profits in foreign countries. Moreover, the demand for its products is already so well established and so extensive that the industry has for years given employment to a large body of smugglers, chiefly in England, who, by underselling the market with stolen goods, have grown rich by the labors of our producers, lessening the rewards not only of these, but of those capitalists in our own country by whom the products have been set before the world. The market is there, virtually ready-made, and waiting only for Congress to say the word to enable us to occupy it. No tariff has to be repealed, no commercial agency of consuls has to be established. Nothing remains but to secure the patent which is granted with alacrity to other forms of expressing American ideas; and this Congress could accomplish in twenty minutes. The revenue which would have accrued to America had this been done fifty years ago is incalculable, but

it is secondary to the national stimulus which has been lost by this flagrant and onerous omission. The product we have in mind is American literature.

On another page we print an "Open Letter" from Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, secretary of the American Copyright League, setting forth the efforts that are now being made by that body to obtain from Congress a recognition of property in literary products equal to that which we accord to even the poorest brand of Havana cigars. We have already called attention in these columns to the distinguished advocates, in politics and literature, of the principle embodied in the Dorsheimer Copyright Bill, which is now high up on the calendar of the House of Representatives. The bill is not open to a single partisan consideration; it has no proper relation to the tariff, and the only strife it ought to give rise to is an eager emulation on the part of representatives to see who can do the most to procure the early passage of an always just and now doubly expedient measure.

OPEN LETTERS.

The World's Exposition at New Orleans.

ITS SCOPE AND EXPECTED RESULTS.

THE World's Exposition at New Orleans is the response to a demand that arose from most of the Southern States simultaneously — a response that had previously found partial expression in the local expositions of Atlanta and Louisville. The South herself was astonished at those exhibitions of success which had attended the labor necessitated by her defeat in the Civil War. She had been too absorbed in the struggle for existence to notice the change her energy was creating; and it was only when she had won for herself the right to a moment's rest that she looked around and saw the gratifying result of her toil.

The project of the new World's Exposition was born of a spirit of friendly rivalry with those other sections that had already proclaimed to the world their industrial development; and it was intended simply to show one phase of the country's resources. But as it was planned on an extensive scale, leading men of "the new South" saw the opportunity they had been seeking, and easily prevailed upon those having the enterprise in hand to make it neither local nor sectional, but national. The steps to this end were natural and easy. Cotton might no longer be King, but its cultivation from the seed to the bale, and its manufacture from the bale to the fabric, embraced so significant a part of the nation's industry, was so inextricably woven up with the wealth of the world, that it required no change of plan — merely an extension of idea — to make an exposition of cotton an exposition of the world's industry. As soon as this decision was reached, the entire country came to the aid of the undertaking, and, with a spontaneity and enthusiasm which are gratefully appreciated by the Southern people, extended such pecuniary assistance and moral support as were necessary for the successful completion of so gigantic an enterprise. Such are the causes that gave birth to the Exposition and extended its original scope; but the results that may be expected to flow from it cannot be so briefly stated.

What the Southern people have accomplished since the war has not been due to emulation springing from observation of what the world beyond their borders was accomplishing. The largest proportion of her people have been and still are profoundly ignorant of the higher phases of intellectual and mechanical power as applied to the every-day wants of life. It is true that they read in their papers and in books that there is a continual re-adaptation of the sciences to meet the changed conditions of society, that each element of nature is being utilized in some new way to satisfy some new need. But those things are to them as things in dreams. Poverty has held them to their work; and living as they do far from the centers of activity, they have not been able by even hurried glimpses of great cities to form a conception of how their surroundings could be improved. What they have done has been by untiring energy with inferior appliances. It would be unfair to say that this is true of all sections of the South. There are certain portions of it where results are reached by the same means as those used in the North; but in the majority of instances Southern energy has been handicapped by inferior methods and appliances. Add improved methods to her natural advantages and intense desire to develop herself, and there must come a prosperity unexcelled in history. And since the larger mass of her people cannot go out into the world and see things with their own eyes, the world in essence is to be brought to them. National and international expositions have heretofore been held in the great centers of population, in places needing them least. The results have, notwithstanding, been beneficial, as interchange of thoughts and sympathies must always be; but it will be difficult to foretell how largely the Southern people will be instructed by the great Object Lesson to be placed before them at New Orleans.

If these remarks hold good of even the white population, who by means of the press have kept themselves to a certain extent *au courant* with the progress and processes of society, what can be said of the colored population, that vast agglomeration of ignorance as yet scarcely touched by the leaven of civilization?

If the Exposition has no other effect than that of guiding in the right direction the uncertain aspirations of this element of Southern life, the million of dollars appropriated by the National Government will be returned to it a thousand-fold. For, besides the advantages which the blacks will receive in common with the whites, a new factor has been introduced into their development, a factor so important that the World's Exposition is likely to mark an era in their history almost as significant as their emancipation from slavery. It is difficult to find at present a white Southerner who would return if he could to the ante-bellum system;

still the feeling toward the colored man up to within the past two or three years has been the passive sentiment of "live and let live." The civil equality of the negro was forced upon the white man against his will; but to his credit be it said that in order to show his acquiescence in the theory of government for *all* the people, he has come forward and asked the colored people, as being a large component of the society of which he is himself a part, to assist him in showing to the world what the South has grown to be. The management of the Exposition have created a department devoted exclusively to an exhibition of the advancement made by the colored people within the past twenty years, and have put at the head of it a colored man who commands the confidence of the entire country. A large space has been reserved for the colored people's exhibition in the Government Building. In consequence of this, the negroes in every Southern State are alive with eager activity; and although their exhibition will probably be crude, it will be one of the most significant features of the occasion.

These are the two distinctive benefits to the South that will flow from the Exposition. There are others common to all expositions not necessary to be enumerated here; but one or two of national importance cannot be passed over. New Orleans was selected as the site for the Exposition not only because this is the natural outlet for a large proportion of Southern trade, but because the city is the natural gateway for the vast commerce that must at some time spring up between the United States and the Central and South American countries. To foster and develop that trade, the management of the Exposition have bent every energy. Although aware that New Orleans and the South would be the principal gainers, they saw that the entire country would be enriched, particularly the manufacturing and agricultural industries of the North and West. Nothing was left undone to secure the coöperation of these southern races. Commissioners were sent to interest the governments and the peoples; desirable locations were reserved in the buildings and grounds; premiums were offered to suit the demands of the exhibitors. As a result, the most intense enthusiasm has arisen among countries that had never before evinced the least inclination to participate in foreign exhibitions. Each has vied with the other in attempts to place herself in the most favorable attitude before the world; and each will keenly watch what the various commercial, industrial, and agricultural centers of the world can offer in the way of interchange. European countries have finally appreciated this fact. At first there was a positive refusal on their part to participate in the Exposition. New Orleans was a great way off, and they had been surfeited with expositions. But when they saw the unprecedented zeal of the South American countries, the feeling changed. The newspapers began to call upon the merchants and manufacturers to exert themselves, unless they wished to see their trade directed away from its former channels. And now from across the Atlantic comes information that self-interest has done what self-pride could not do, and that the European will compete with the North American in a struggle for commercial supremacy in the far South.

The Woman's Department of the Exposition is also to be national in its scope, and will yield an abundance of good fruit to the entire country. The women of the South particularly will reap a harvest from the experience of their more fortunate sisters of the North.

To say that the Exposition will have a softening effect upon the lingering animosities of the war is to imply that such animosities still exist — an implication that the Southerner is loath to admit. There is nothing so potent as prosperity to wipe out resentment. The more prosperous the South has grown, the less disposition has she felt to dwell upon what she was wont to consider her injuries; and to-day, standing on the eve of her great festival, to which she has invited the nations of the earth, she would resent the imputation that she harbors malice against any. Doubtless, however, the Exposition will bring about a still better knowledge and higher respect among the various sections of our common country.

New Orleans. *Richard Nixon.*

Recent Electrical Progress.

The Electrical Exhibition held at Philadelphia in September and October was to many people a disappointment. Many of the international exhibitions held in the last ten years have been marked by the appearance of important inventions, as the telephone at the Centennial and the phonograph at the great exhibition at Paris. This has led to a general expectation that all important exhibitions will be signalized by the first display of some startling and wonderful discovery or invention. This is particularly true in electricity, the public mind being quite prepared to accept anything, however strange, in this field of research. It must be observed as a curious change in public opinion that while twenty years ago all inventions were received with distrust and unbelief, there is now an eagerness to welcome everything that would be to the elder inventors, like Morse or Howe, something quite bewildering. All this seemed to give to the visitors to the Philadelphia exhibition a certain sense of disappointment, while to the student this feeling was the most striking feature of the occasion.

At the same time, the exhibition was in the best sense a success and very far from disappointing, because it showed a remarkable commercial and industrial progress of the electric light. With the general introduction of dynamos for lighting appeared new mechanical problems. There must be high speed, steadiness of motion combined with ease of management. The dynamos for isolated lighting, as in a hotel, factory, or single building of any kind or on ship-board, must also be compact in design and light in weight. The steam-engines shown at the exhibition were, for this reason, quite as interesting as the lamps. No specially novel motor was exhibited, yet the effect of the demand for high speed was evident in all the types of engines in the exhibition. Even in the matter of belts for connecting engines with dynamos progress was claimed, some belting being shown specially designed to secure steadiness of motion. In brief, the improvement in engines and connections is clearly the result of the peculiar demands of the dynamo, and a new class of motors has appeared, giving high speed and uniform motion, with the utmost compactness of design. One gas-engine directly connected with a dynamo was shown as an interesting illustration of the conver-

sion of heat with little light into motion, and reconversion of motion into light with little heat. Many experiments were made to show the transmission of power by electricity, including the driving of machine tools, printing-press, sewing machines, and a short line of railroad.

The necessity of getting rid of poles and wires in city streets has led inventive talent into this field of work, and a number of new underground systems were represented by models. Among these was at least one that is in actual operation, carrying both telegraph and telephone wires for some distance through the streets of Philadelphia. This system employs a wrought-iron tube carrying a cable formed of insulated copper wires braided together and laid loosely in the pipe, the pipe being kept full of oil slowly moving through the pipe under pressure. A more recent system consists of a brick conduit to be laid in the street, with man-holes at intervals. Within the brick tube are arranged on each side brackets carrying troughs in which the cables or bundles of insulated wires are laid. A track is laid in the center of the conduit between the brackets, and on this track runs a car, having a standard supporting arms that extend over the brackets on each side. This car is drawn through the conduit from one man-hole to another and serves to deposit the wires in the troughs. It is intended that the various wires, or cables, shall lie in the troughs, and to assist the insulation it is designed to have the conduit air-tight, and to fill it at all times with dry air under pressure. To accomplish this, an air-compressor is to be placed at some point of the line, and a tank containing some hygroscopic chemical to dry the air will be placed in connection with the conduit and kept full of compressed air. Safety-valves will also be placed at intervals to relieve the conduit from undue pressure. The aim of this invention is to keep the conduit free from moisture by an excess of dry air, every leak being rendered harmless by an outflow of air that would prevent the entrance of moist air. The system has not yet been tried on a commercial scale. Another more simple system employs a square tube of wood designed to be buried underground. Within the tube are cross-pieces for the support of insulated telegraph and telephone wires. When all the wires are in position an insulating material is poured into the tube, completely covering all the wires from one to six inches, and soon hardening into a kind of artificial stone. The material seemed to be hard and durable, though no tests were offered of its insulating value. Telegraph cables for streets were also shown, one system, at least, being already in use. Sections of the system used with incandescent lights in this city were also shown, consisting of copper rods bedded in insulating material in iron pipes. Other street systems were also shown in models, but seemed to offer no special features of novelty, except in one instance where a sheet of glass perforated with holes is used as a support for the wires in the conduit.

In the application of electricity to railroad work there seems to be some progress in increased efficiency in signaling. Perhaps the most novel is the use of a small dynamo on the engine, constantly kept in motion while the locomotive is running. The engine is insulated from the tender, and the wires from the dynamo are connected one with the engine and the other with the tender, so that the current flows down the wheels of the locomotive, along the rails to the wheels of the tender, and through these wheels to the other wire. If now the joint between any pair of rails and the next pair is separated by some insulating material, the circuit will be broken for the instant when the wheels of the engine are on one pair of rails and the wheels of the tender on the other. This breakage of the circuit through wheels and rails may be used to ring a bell or sound the whistle. It is easy to see that a wire connected with the rail on one side of the insulated joint might be carried any distance and connected with a switch or the lock of a draw-bridge, and then carried back to the rail on the other side of the joint. In the normal position of the switch or the bridge this wire would be a closed circuit bridging the broken joint, and the engine passing the joint would not be affected. If now the switch or draw be opened, the circuit will be broken, and the current as the engine passed the joint would be interrupted and the signal made to sound. In this manner the movement of any switch, bridge, etc., could be made to signal automatically to an approaching engine while still at a considerable distance. By a reversal of the plan, the engine could be used to transmit in advance a warning of its approach. This is, however, already accomplished by other methods. The novelty appears to be in the automatic signaling to the engine by the movement of a distant switch or draw, or from any cause whatever, a washout, breakage of culvert, fire on bridge, or other accident.

The most important application of electricity to railroad work was a combined pneumatic and electric switch and signaling system. The design of this system is to control all the switches and signals at a junction by means of compressed air. The system consists essentially of a compressor and air-reservoir to supply air under considerable pressure to the pipes that extend from the signal-station to each switch and signal-post. At each switch and signal-post is placed a cylinder having a piston and piston-rod, and so arranged that the movement of the piston will control the switch or the signal. In the signal-station is an annunciator connected with distant points on each line of rails. On the approach of a train a bell is rung and the position of the train is shown by the annunciator. All the signals of the system are in their normal condition of danger, and to prepare the lines for the passage of the train hand-levers are turned and air under pressure is admitted to the cylinders controlling the proper switches and signals. This, at the same time, locks all other signals and displays on a board in the hut the exact position of every switch in the system. A full-size model of the switch and signals was shown in operation, and seemed on examination to work with certainty and precision.

Charles Barnard.

The Present State of the Copyright Movement.

THE American Copyright League was formed in May, 1883, with the object of obtaining a reform in our copyright law which should secure to foreign authors the right of property in their works in this country.

Early in the last session of Congress, Representa-

tive William Dorsheimer, of New York, introduced a bill intended to attain that object. The League knew nothing beforehand of his proposed action, but its Executive Committee at once decided to ask Mr. Dorsheimer to modify his bill, so as to grant the foreign author copyright for forty-two years, instead of twenty-five, with a limitation in case of death, as at first proposed. This change having been adopted, the League went on to give the bill all the support it could. The measure was referred to the House Committee on the Judiciary,—one of the most thoughtful, conservative, and impartial committees within the Speaker's range of appointment,— and was reported favorably by that body, without a single adverse vote. It was placed on the calendar, with only ten bills (and those unimportant) in advance of it.

On Monday, February 18th, Mr. Dorsheimer moved to make the bill a "special order" for February 27th; that is, to take it from the calendar and discuss it until a decision of the House could be had upon it. This motion required a two-thirds vote. There were 155 given for and 98 against it; so it was not carried. But the vote in favor fell short of two-thirds only by fourteen. This shows that a large majority of representatives wanted to give the bill a hearing. Besides, several supporters of the bill were absent, and a few others voted "No" simply because they wanted to show their disapproval of the rules of the House, which make it impossible to consider any bills — except those on tariff and appropriations — unless a day be fixed for their discussion.

Mr. Dorsheimer, for the Judiciary Committee, made a report in which he showed that the United States is the only civilized nation which withholds property rights from alien authors. The report said:

"The policy by which States refused rights of property to foreigners has long since been reversed. . . . It is manifest that the ancient discriminations grew out of ignorance and prejudice. . . . It is believed that if the bill is passed, American authors will receive great and valuable advantages. They will then be able to obtain copyrights in England and in the English colonies, so that when they successfully address all the English-speaking people, they will receive the compensation to which their genius and industry may entitle them. . . . The Committee earnestly commend this measure to the House, in the full belief that its passage will work a high and enduring benefit to the people of the United States, and contribute to the civilization and enlightenment of the world."

It must not be forgotten that Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, and many others urged in the strongest terms a measure of this kind. The subject has been under discussion at intervals for fifty years. When I went to Washington last winter to see what were the prospects for Mr. Dorsheimer's bill, I found the sentiment of members friendly toward it, with a few exceptions. I had been told that the "wild West" would develop a bitter opposition; but, on the contrary, most of the Western members whom I met were extremely liberal in their view, and showed a fine enthusiasm for what they considered an act of simple justice. They also manifested a hearty appreciation of American authorship, and a desire to give it fair play by relieving it from the unjust and ruinous competition with unrecompensed foreign literature, which a contemptible habit of theft forces upon us. Some of the highly cultivated Eastern members, on whom authors relied as intelligent adherents, proved to be weak-kneed, because they tangled up the question with inapt, illogical tariff and manufacturing considerations. On the other hand, all but fourteen of the Southern members voted for consideration, and many, including the whole of a large delegation from one of the Southern States, pledged themselves without question to support the bill. Let me add that, in common with other gentlemen of the League who consulted members as to their views, I was careful to talk also with representatives who were thought to oppose international copyright; for it was our desire to have a fair and open discussion on both sides.

Why, then, did the bill not receive a hearing? First let us review the forces that urged it. The League grew to the number of nearly seven hundred men and women — authors, editors, college presidents and professors, clergymen, lawyers, journalists, physicians — engaged in the making of books. Among these were nearly all the most distinguished literary artists of the country: *their* weight was thrown for the bill. The "Christian Union" published letters from a number of clergymen: *their* weight was thrown for the bill. The great newspapers in all parts of the country — omitting the Chicago "Tribune" and "Times" — spoke up on behalf of justice: *their* weight, likewise, was thrown for the bill. The "Publishers' Weekly," representing the whole trade of book-manufacture and book-selling, printed the statements of fifty-two leading firms, scattered throughout the Union, saying that they wanted copyright granted to foreign authors: again, *their* weight was thrown for the bill. Since then the Music Teachers' National Association, meeting at Cleveland, Ohio, in July, has come to the support of the Dorsheimer bill; and the music publishers are also reported as giving it a hearty approval.

Now let us count the opposition. Out of all the publishers addressed by the "Publishers' Weekly," only fifteen insisted that, if a foreign book is to have copyright here, it must be manufactured in this country. *Of those fifteen, seven were situated in Philadelphia.* The organized hostility came from that source; and it was based on the theory that American industry would be hurt unless every foreign author were compelled to have his book set up, stereotyped, printed, and bound in this country.

That organized hostility on the part of a small Philadelphia minority of publishers proceeded to work upon the fears of typographers and paper-makers by telling them that they would lose their occupation if copyright were given to aliens, because all foreign books would then be manufactured abroad — this despite the fact that we long ago repealed, after short trial, the law compelling foreign patentees to manufacture their machines in this country. The first answer to this is, that any book made abroad is subject to a duty of twenty per cent. when imported. Next, it must be kept in mind that our compositors would still have a great deal to do in bringing out new editions of foreign works published before the enactment of an international copyright law. Thirdly, the production of books by American authors would be greatly stimulated, thus adding to the market of compositors and paper-makers. Fourthly, the enterprise

of our publishers, some of whom are now on good terms with English authors, would enable them to secure books from those authors for manufacture here. "Cheap books for the people" are loudly insisted upon; *but in the same breath the Philadelphians insist on a total re-manufacture, which frequently would double the cost*, many books being now simply printed here from imported duplicate plates. No author will object to the policy of moderately cheap books, so long as he is not defrauded by it. Cheap clothing, iron, coal, food, houses, are all desirable; but no one maintains that they should be made cheap by means of theft, or the refusal to pay the producer. Only a few years ago Americans constantly bought current books — books for amusement on the cars — at $1.50, without a hint of grumbling. Do they not still freely pay a dollar to go into the theater? In the case of foreign "stars," citizens have been known to give three dollars uncomplainingly, in return for a two-and-a-half hours' entertainment. As yet no Congressman or Philadelphia theorist has declared that the foreign actor should be forced by law to play to our audiences at ten cents a head. The case of lectures and concerts is the same. Hence, I conclude that the American people are really not so poverty-stricken that they cannot afford to pay, individually, a moderate price for a book, which yet shall compensate the author. Besides, before the epoch of pamphlet reprints, the people had a large net-work of libraries and book-clubs, by which for a small subscription — a few cents per book — they could obtain a year's reading, and reading of a good kind. The League tried to counteract the fallacies of the Philadelphians and the paper-makers, by printing and circulating several short documents. But a "scare" was created by the men who said that, unless the inhabitants of this republic can buy most foreign books for, say, from ten to forty cents, and unless foreign books are wholly remade here, the country will be ruined as to its paper and printing interests, and plunged into ignorance.

As if this appalling argument were not enough, they contended that an author, anyhow, has no right to put a price upon the work in which he has invested his time, labor, money, brains, manual labor,— all his capital, in short,— and that he ought to be grateful if we give him anything for his production after it is published. Ideas, they say, are common property, and no one may demand a price for an idea. True enough. But how about the *form* in which those ideas are presented? Is not that the author's own work, wrought out with toil, sweat, and often with privations? Is not the labor bestowed upon that form as worthy of proper wage as the manual skill devoted to the making of a jumping-jack? Yet no one has denied that jumping-jacks must be paid for. Besides, the law already recognizes this *form* in which an author presents his idea, and calls it property, if only the author be an American. The argument that authors have no property in the form given to their ideas falls, therefore, to the ground; and no excuse remains for denying such property to foreigners, unless we hold as valid the excuse of deliberate dishonesty.

"The Constitution of the United States (Art. I., Sec. VIII., 8) empowers Congress 'to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by *securing*, for limited times, to *authors* and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings,' etc. But, by its failure to render the rights of all authors *secure*, Congress has practically defeated hitherto the intent of the Constitution in this respect." I quote this from a sheet which was printed and sent to every member of the House of Representatives and of the Senate of the United States last winter. Ought not the statement to be heeded by bringing up the Dorsheimer Bill for debate at the next session of Congress? Is it not decent — nay, essential — that the representatives of the people should openly confer upon the question of common honesty involved in defending recognized property; a question that vitally affects the well-being of thousands of laborers in a useful profession? It has been supposed that American citizens, even if their occupation be only that of paving streets or writing books, are entitled to have from Congress a fair consideration of their rights, if not redress for their wrongs. I venture to ask all friends of the copyright movement, whether of the literary profession or not, to press upon the members of Congress for their respective districts, immediately, the propriety and importance of at least giving the Dorsheimer Bill a prompt and fair hearing.

G. P. Lathrop,
Secretary American Copyright League.

80 WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Coöperative Agriculture.

DR. GLADDEN'S article in the October CENTURY is worthy the serious study of both capitalists and laborers. I have been connected with the largest labor organization in this country, and have studied the labor question. While indorsing wholly Dr. Gladden's paper, I wish to add one caution in respect to laborers.

It is unfortunately the case that too many workingmen spend enough of their hard earnings foolishly in ten years to pay for comfortable homes. This is spent for needless beverages, gambling, and other so-called pleasures. While I greatly sympathize with all workingmen, I cannot but believe that intemperance is mother to half their woes.

Within a stone's throw, at this writing, live a score of mechanics. Some of them have comfortable homes — some do not. The cause of this difference is the personal habits of these men. The temperate, judicious men are thrifty, contented, and happy. The intemperate are poor, miserable, and ready to "strike" at any opportunity.

It is no less true, however, that manufacturers are grasping, and do not love their employees as themselves.

In Kentucky, as well as in many other States, agriculture is carried on coöperatively. The owners furnish land, teams, machinery, seed, and food. The laborer furnishes his labor and skill. The crops are sold and the profits divided. There is general harmony and satisfaction. No one has ever heard of an agricultural "strike."

J. W. Caldwell.

CORINTH, KENTUCKY.

The Number of Men Engaged at Bull Run.

IN the series of papers on the Civil War begun in this magazine last month it is not intended to deal with statistics except in a compact form; but so defective are the official returns of the forces engaged in the battle of Bull Run that we have requested Generals Fry and Jordan (who, it will be remembered, were the adjutants-general of the Union and Confederate armies respectively) to prepare the following careful estimates based on the existing official returns.—ED. C. M.

[UNION.]

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: I have your letter asking me to give you a statement of the forces of General McDowell's army engaged in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

Many of the men of that army were volunteers, called into service for three months by the President's proclamation of April 15, 1861. After they arrived in Washington, and were equipped, they were sent across the Potomac to General McDowell, and were hurriedly thrown into brigades and divisions, and then pushed into an active campaign, in order that they might do something before they were discharged. Even if the officers had understood army returns and the necessity for rendering them, they had not time to attend to such matters. It was not practicable at the time to ascertain the strength of the army with accuracy; and it is impossible now to make a return which can be pronounced absolutely correct.

The army of General McDowell in the campaign consisted of five divisions: Tyler's first division contained four brigades—Keyes's, Schenck's, Sherman's, and Richardson's; Hunter's second division contained two brigades—Andrew Porter's and Burnside's; Heintzelman's third division contained three brigades—Franklin's, Willcox's, and Howard's; Runyon's fourth division was not organized into brigades; Miles's fifth division contained two brigades—Blenker's and Davies's.

Miles's division, with Richardson's brigade of Tyler's division attached, was in reserve at and in front of Centreville. Some of it was lightly engaged on our side of Bull Run in repelling a feeble advance of the enemy.

Runyon's division was left to guard our communications with the Potomac, its advance being seven miles in rear of Centreville.

The abstract which appears on page 309, vol. ii., "Official Records of the Rebellion," and which you seem to regard as a return of McDowell's army at the battle of Bull Run, is not such, and was not prepared by me, but, as I understand, has been compiled since the war. It purports to give the strength of the "Department of North-eastern Virginia," July 16th and 17th, not of McDowell's army, July 21st.

In fact, it is not a return of General McDowell's army at the battle of Bull Run; and if used for calculating such a return, several facts should be borne in mind. First, it does not show the losses resulting from the discharge of the Fourth Pennsylvania Infantry and Varian's New York battery, which marched to the rear on the morning of the 21st, nor the heavy losses incident to the march of the army from the Potomac; second, it embraces two regiments—the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth New York Infantry—which were not with the army in the field; and third, it contains the strength of Company E, Second United States Cavalry, as a special item, whereas that company is embraced in the strength of the second (Hunter's) division, to which it, with the rest of the cavalry, belonged.

In his report of the battle (p. 324, vol. ii., "Official Records of the Rebellion") General McDowell says he crossed Bull Run "with about eighteen thousand men." I collected information to that effect for him at the time. His statement is substantially correct. The following is an exhibit in detail:

COMMANDS.	*Officers.*	*Enlisted men.*
General staff	19	
First Division, two brigades only	284	5,068*
Second Division, two brigades	252	5,717†
Third Division, three brigades	341	6,891‡
Total—seven brigades	896	17,676

The artillerymen who crossed Bull Run are embraced in the figures of the foregoing table. The guns were as follows:

Ricketts's Battery	6	ten-pounder rifle guns.
Griffin's Battery	4	ten-pounder "
	2	twelve-pounder howitzers.
Arnold's Battery	2	thirteen-pounder rifle guns.
	2	six-pounder smooth-bore guns.
Rhode Island Battery	6	thirteen-pounder rifle guns.
Seventy-first New York Regiment's Battery	2	Dahlgren howitzers.
Total pieces	24	

That is to say, General McDowell crossed Bull Run with 896 officers, 17,676 rank and file, and 24 pieces of artillery.

The artillery, in addition to that which crossed Bull Run, was as follows:

Hunt's Battery	4	twelve-pounder rifle guns.
Carlisle's "	2	thirteen-pounder "
	2	six-pounder smooth-bore guns.
Tidball's "	2	six-pounder " "
	2	twelve-pounder howitzers.
Greene's "	4	ten-pounder rifle guns.
Ayres's "	2	ten-pounder rifle guns.
	2	six-pounder smooth-bore guns.
	2	twelve-pounder howitzers.
Edwards's "	2	twenty-pounder rifle guns.
	1	thirty-pounder rifle gun.

Very respectfully,

James B. Fry,
Retired A. A. G. with rank of Colonel,
Brevet-Major General U. S. A.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1884.

* This division contained four brigades. Only Keyes's and Sherman's brigades crossed Bull Run.

† A battalion of marines, a battalion of regular infantry, and seven companies of regular cavalry were embraced in this division. There were but two brigades.

‡ This division was composed of three brigades.

[CONFEDERATE.]

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: I take pleasure in handing you an accurate statement of the forces on the Confederate side engaged in the battle of the 21st of July, 1861, known by some as the Battle of Bull Run and by others as that of Manassas. So far as the troops of Beauregard's immediate Army of the Potomac are concerned, my present statement is condensed from two that I prepared with the sub-returns of all the commands before me as the adjutant-general of that army, September 25th, 1861, and I can assure you of its exactness. Copies of the original papers prepared at that date will be found on page 568, Series 1, Vol. II., "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." In respect to the Army of the Shenandoah (Johnston's), I have been obliged to present an estimate, my authority for which is a statement written by me in the official report of the battle, and based, as I distinctly recollect, upon official documents and returns in my hands at the time, of the accuracy of which I was and am satisfied.

Respectfully, *Thomas Jordan.*

COMMANDS.	*Number of Regiments.*	*General and Staff Officers.*	INFANTRY. *Officers.*	INFANTRY. *Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*	CAVALRY. *Officers.*	CAVALRY. *Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*	ARTILLERY. *Officers.*	ARTILLERY. *Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.*	*Rank and File actively engaged in battle, July 21, 1861.*
General Beauregard and Staff	..	15	....	....	..	....	..	....	10
Bonham's Brigade	5	4	211	4,070	..	....	..	....	1,527
Ewell's "	..	4	133	2,307	..	....	..	....	.....
Jones's, D. R. "	3	4	128	1,989	..	....	..	....	.....
Longstreet's "	4	4	160	2,364	..	....	..	....	.....
Cocke's "	6	3	208	3,065	..	....	..	....	3,276
Early's "	4	3	261	2,356	..	....	..	....	1,650
NOT BRIGADED.									
Seventh Louisiana Infantry	1	..	44	773	..	....	..	....	827
Eighth "	1	..	43	803	..	....	..	....	508
Hampton's Legion	1	..	27	627	..	....	..	....	627
Radford's Cavalry (30th Va.)	1	..	....	....	34	642	..	....	600
Harrison's Virginia Cavalry Battalion (3 Co's)	..	..	....	....	13	196	..	....	150
UNREGIMENTED.									
Ten Companies of Cavalry	..	..	....	....	38	545	..	....	250
Washington Artillery (11 guns)	..	..	....	....	..	....	19	201	60
Kemper's (Va.) Battery (4 guns)	..	..	....	....	..	....	4	76	80
Latham's " " (4 ")	..	..	....	....	..	....	4	86	90
Roger's " " (4 ")	..	..	....	....	..	....	3	55	58
Shields's " " (4 ")	..	..	....	....	..	....	3	82	.....
Camp Pickens — Heavy Artillery	..	..	....	....	..	....	18	275	.. ..
	26	37	1,215	18,354	85	1,383	51	775	9,713
Holmes's Brigade (6 guns)	2	..	....	1,265	..	....	..	....	.....
ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.									
Jackson's Brigade of Infantry	5	..	....	....	..	....	..		
Bee's and Bartow's Brigade of Infantry	5 1-5	..	....	....	..	....	..		
Kirby Smith's or Elzey's Brigade	..	..	....	....	..	....	..		
Fisher's N. C. Regiment of Infantry	1	..	....	....	..	....	..		8,334
Hill's (A. P.) Va. Regiment	1	..	....	550	..	....	..		
Stuart's Regiment Cavalry (12 Co's)	1	..	....	....	..	300	..		
Five Batteries Field Artillery (20 guns)	..	..	....	....	..	....	..		
Gen. J. E. Johnston and Staff	..	6	....	....	..	....	..	....	6
	..	6	....	550	..	300	..	....	8,340

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

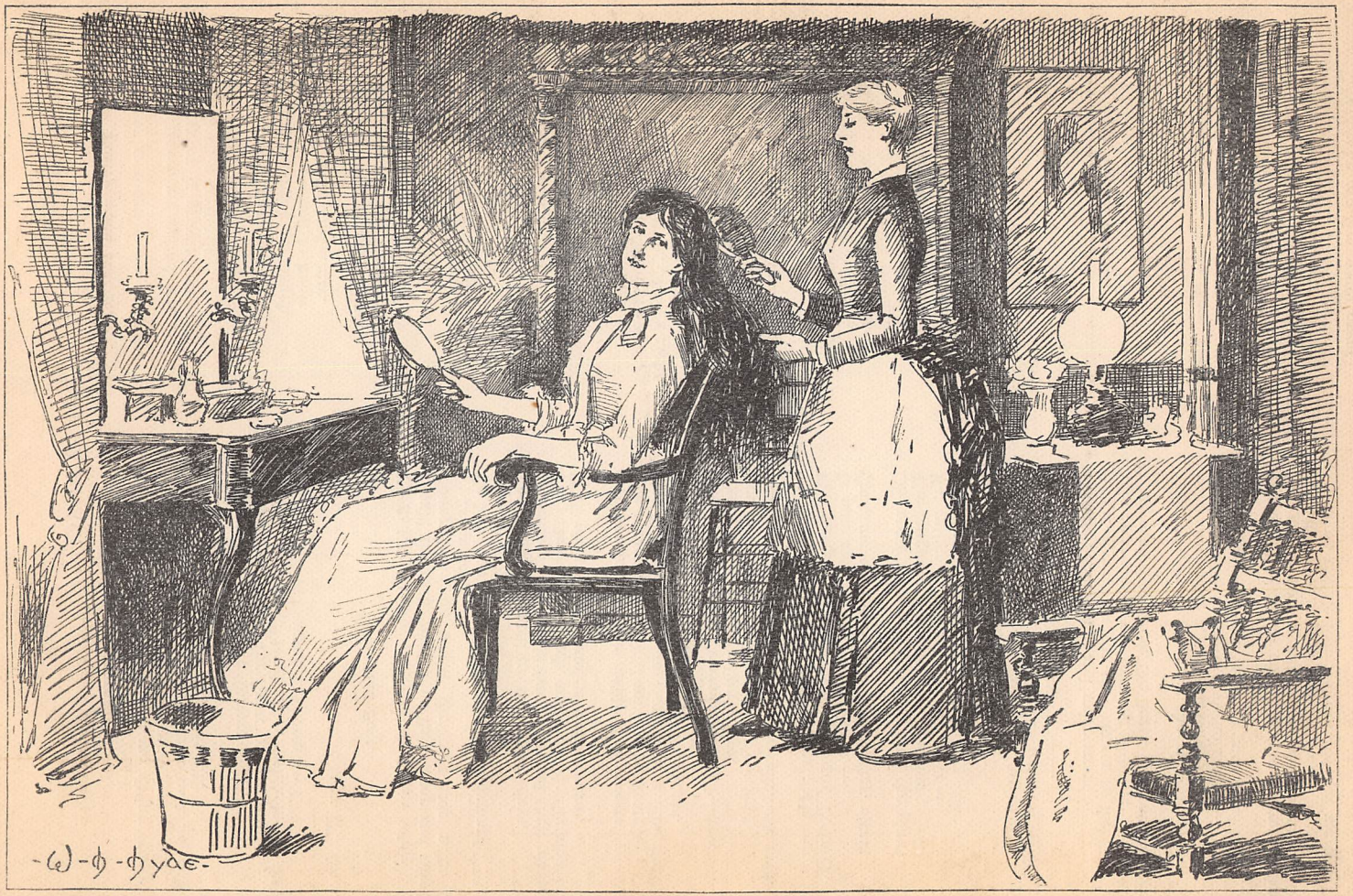
AGGREGATES AVAILABLE ON THE FIELD.		FORCES ACTIVELY ENGAGED.	
Generals and Staff	37	Infantry, Rank and File	8,415
Infantry, Rank and File	19,569	Cavalry, " "	1,000
Cavalry, " "	1,468	Artillery, " "	288
Artillery, " "	826	Generals and Staff	10
	21,900		9,713
Field Guns	27	Field Guns	17

RECAPITULATION.

	Infantry.	*Cavalry.*	*Artillery.*	*Staff.*	*Total.*
Army of the Potomac — Rank and File Engaged	8,415	1,000	288	10	9,713
" " Shenandoah, " " " (estimated)	7,684	300	350	6	8,340
Total Rank and File, both Confederate armies engaged..	16,099	1,300	638	16	18,053

NEW YORK, October 4, 1884.

Thomas Jordan,
Formerly Adjt.-General Confederate Army of the Potomac.



LADY (to recently imported French maid): "Well, Josephine, how do you get on with English?"
JOSEPHINE: "Ah, Madame, I find ze English vay deeficult; *mais* ve alvays find it so, ve other French. Eet must be more easy for ze German. Zay know already *one* foreign language!"

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Poetry made Practic.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. STEDMAN.)

THE leaves are gettin' sere,
The green is growin' gray;
It's been a tryin' day
At turnin' o' the year.

My spritely little fire,
It frisks it brisk as though
It sort o' seemed to know
A heart could kind-a tire.

I'll hasp that swingin' blind,
And pull the curting down;
It's most too fur to town
Ag'in a nippin' wind.

Old Rover and the houn',
Each flame at sich a rate
A-dancin' to his mate,—
They've nothin' to't in town.

I reck'n I better read
A bit o' poetry—
A tech of love, may be,
To keep from goin' to seed.

Hello, what's this chap at?
"The Doorstep," eh. That's right;
Not quite a doorstep night,
This 'ere, but what o' that?

Hold on — he's not there yet.
The snow all crispy — good!
'Twixt "tippet" an' the "hood"
There's suthin' up, I'll bet.

Her "hand outside her muff"—
She's fixin' plaguy quick;
Well, now, that *is* jess slick—
A-hold on't! That's enough.

He knowed jest how things wuz
With country folks, I see;—
Dern slumpy poetry
Onless a feller does.

Well said — I do declare!
The "old folks," "ringlets," "moon,"—
He's stickin' to the tune,
And must be almost there.

A fiddle on his "sister"!
Ef he should up and blunder—
No, by the jumpin' thunder!
He has — he's kissed her! —

That's poetry. — Down there, houn'! —
It aint so very late;
I'm goin' to strike my gait;
Yes, sir, I'm off to town.

An' Mr. Pote — Git Rover! —
Ef it would be amusin',
I'll prove by me and Susin
Jest "who can live youth over"!

John Vance Cheney.

Compensation.

LOVE came to me, and found me sitting lonely;
Love went from me, left me more lonely still.
"Oh why," I cried, "does love to us bring only
Some unknown ill?"

My cry despairing, ere forever flitting,
Recalled a moment the light, wanton boy.
"Did it not bring," laughed he, "while lonely sitting,
Some unknown joy?"

George W. Jones.

A Mad Poet.

YE fledgling bards, that fain on downy wing
Would try with tougher quills to soar and sing!
Young larks, on whom the cage-door ne'er has slammed,
To lock you in, "all silent and all damned!" *

Those poets counted great in other days,
If writing now, would have to mend their ways.
They *thought* too much, and, on their thinking bent,
With plain heroic couplets were content.

But woe to him who rashly now repeats
The measure of a Goldsmith or a Keats!
One form, and only one, could serve him worse—
Let no live poet venture on blank verse.

The roundel — the Provençal roundel — try,
That dazzles oft the editorial eye.
You say it's artificial, cramped, my lad?
Take care! I said so, and they called me mad.

The sonnet that was used in ages dark,
For songs of love, by Shakspere and Petrarch,
Is now appropriate to any theme —
Cant, metaphysics, bricks and mortar, steam.

Oh, not for you the grandeur and the glow,
The language that poetic poets know;
But rather word-confectionery make —
Heap sugar flowers upon a spongy cake.

If you've originality, disguise it;
Be sure that Aristarchus would despise it.
Keep off the grass! Remember poor old Walt!
Be insignificant, and shun his fault.

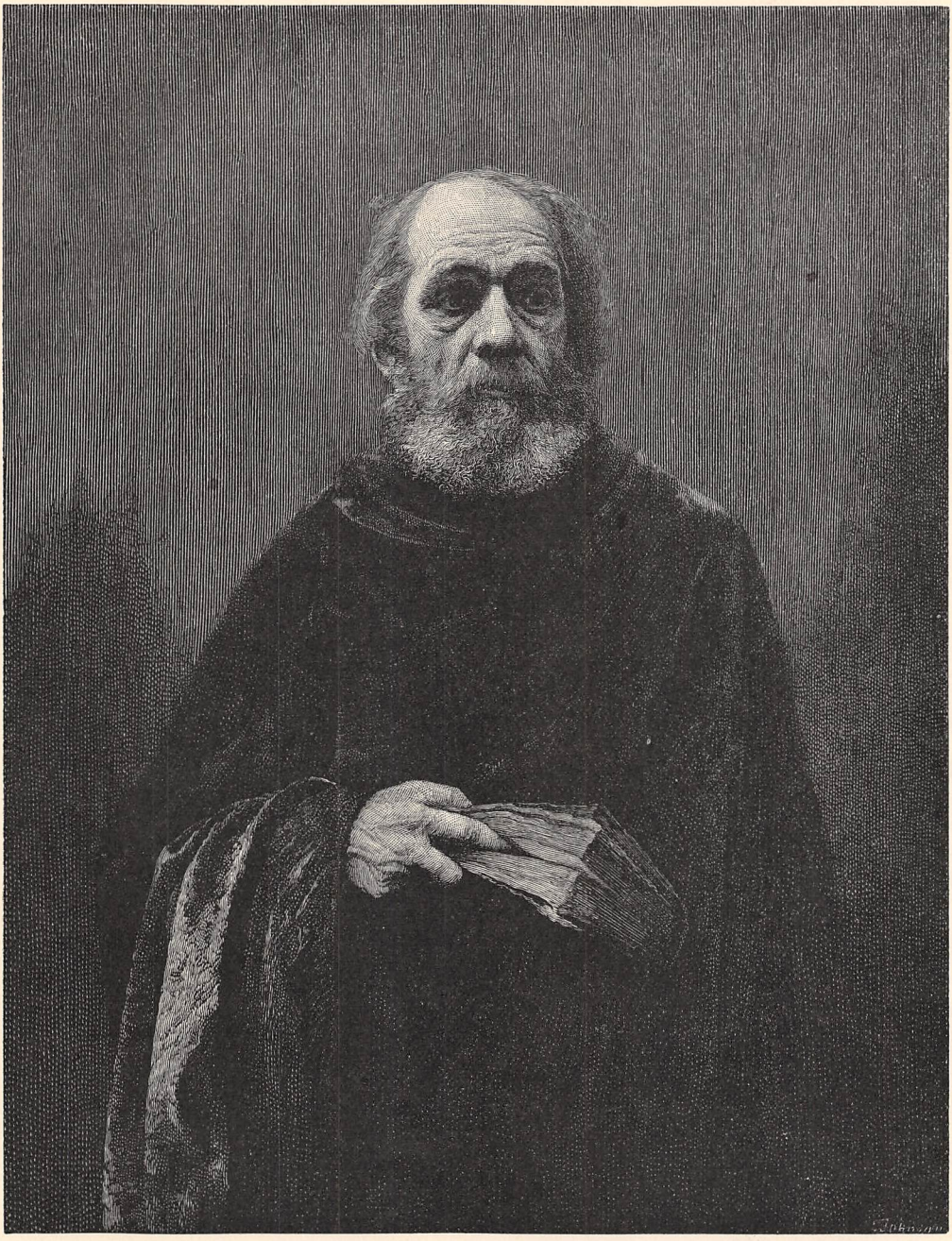
Become sophisticate, and ne'er reveal
Aught of emotion you may chance to feel;
'Tis execrable form, 'tis most ill-bred:
Song comes not from the heart, but from the head.

Write Christmas verses in the month of June;
In January sing a summer tune;
Chant elegies before the victim's dead—
For magazines want verse six months ahead.

When, following my advice, you've conquered fame,
Fail not to sign in full your middle name.
My lot in this regard was very sad:
I had no middle name — they thought me mad!

Nat Lee.

* Wordsworth, "Peter Bell."



Edward Everett Hale

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RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. IV.

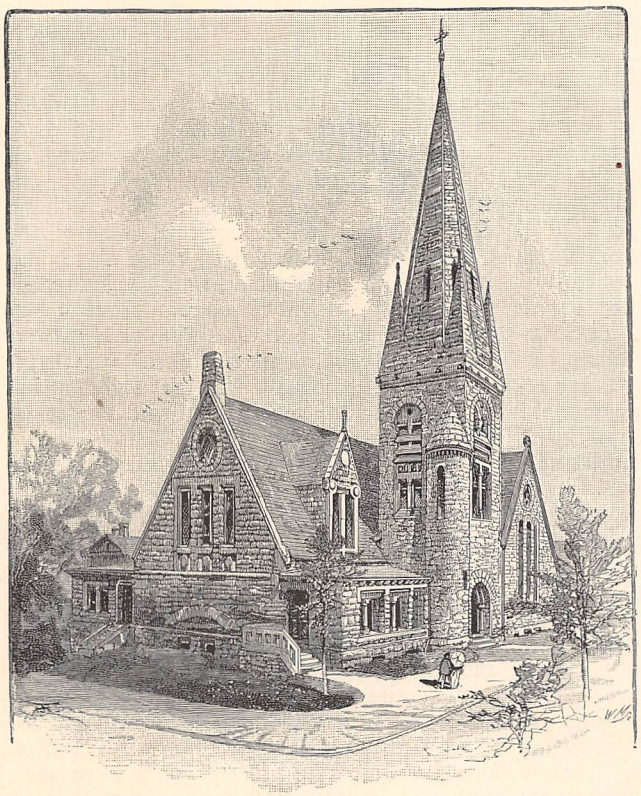
CHURCHES.

IT is still too general an idea that his ecclesiastical work must be the easiest part of a modern architect's activity. It is still too commonly supposed that the mediæval styles offer him a multitude of models which, exactly copied or but slightly modified, will answer all his purposes,—that he must be able to imitate discreetly and skillfully, but need give no thought to the fundamental problems of his art, since these were fully worked out in ages past and settled once for all. Such belief in the present adequacy of mediæval precedents — a belief which awhile ago was almost superstitious in its protests against the use of any other style or the desirability of modern innovation — is, I need hardly say, of but recent origin. Gothic art died with the dying supremacy of the Catholic church, and till our own day no one wished for its reanimation. As the various classic fashions succeeded one another, each in its turn was used for all ecclesiastical as well as for all secular constructions. In the seventeenth century the genius of Wren brought practical fitness, and often structural though not decorative beauty, out of the elements then in favor. Later on, when the pseudo-Greek temple was in vogue, no good end was attained. And then came the "Gothic Revival," bringing change where change was sorely needed. Its results, however, were not of unmixed good, for reason and common sense were ostracized from its early counsels. The newly recognized beauty of mediæval work so intoxicated a generation that had been fed on the dry pabulum of classic nullities, that its eyes were blinded to the change which had come over practical requirements, or else persuaded that this change was a misfortune to be deplored and disregarded. Nor, in its new-found desire for the "ecclesiastical feeling" so evident in Gothic art, did it reflect upon the necessity of *truth* in architectural expression — a necessity which robs "ecclesiastical feeling" of all but a dilettante, archæologic, superficially æsthetic value, unless it is the unforced voice of the actual devotional mood of those who build. Many of Wren's churches were far more appropriate to current needs than those of earlier days; but his inventions were despised and a distinct backward step was taken — the pernicious doctrine being taught that architectural "art" need not concern itself with matters of fitness and veracity.

For a while we in America accepted this view of church-building almost as implicitly as did our English brethren. And with less excuse than they; for where the Anglican church is preëminent, far less change has come in practical or expressional necessities than where, as is the case with us, a majority of the people belong to the extremer Protestant communions. For a while we believed in the entire adequacy of an imitated mediæval art to meet needs which in truth are modern in the full sense of the word. But of late this belief, though still, as I have said, both wide-spread and strong, is neither so universal nor so implicit as it was; and we may rejoice to note the fact. Not that Gothic art is of necessity to be abandoned for some other; and not that we need wish for that "new style" for which the lovers of mere novelty are longing. "Style" is not the question at all — only the rational or irrational use of whatever style may be selected. The thing that is most important, and that will best justify a hopeful looking toward the future, is —

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here, no less than in any other branch of architecture—that we should *reason* about our work, should accept nothing on the mere authority of ancient precedent, or for the mere sake of artistic charm. If we do thus accept a style, we shall never work with it in a really vigorous way. We shall be copyists only, and, to judge by the average of modern work, not such successful copyists that even superficial beauty will result. But if our art is founded on reason and intelligent common sense, we shall learn to do *good* work at least. Whether it will eventually grow to be very beautiful work or not will depend upon the gifts with which nature sees fit to endow us. But neither fundamental excellence nor satisfying, vital beauty can grow from any other basis.



NORTH CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

But perhaps I should stop a moment now to prove that our needs are indeed quite different from those of Gothic-building generations.

It will hardly be questioned that the mediæval architect was inspired not by the *fond*, the basis, the essentials of Christianity, not by those things which the simplest of Protestant sects may claim to hold in common with the church of Hildebrand, but by the specialized demands of this church. If we know the plan and features of a mediæval structure, we know how accurately they were fitted to the performance of the Catholic ritual. If we follow the course of architectural history, we know how they grew up and grouped themselves as that ritual expanded and crystallized into shape, absorbing a thousand beliefs, traditions, rites, and ceremonies with which fundamental Christianity had little enough to do and which Protestantism has cast aside.

It is true that such a church may be used for Protestant forms of worship. But we can say as much of any spacious interior; and the plea of partial appropriateness, which is valid with regard to existent and venerable structures, strikes below the mark when new creations are in question.

With those sects—dominant, as I have said, with us—that have abandoned ritual altogether, the whole character and whole intention of the service have been changed. It is no longer a sacrifice offered for the people by its priests, no longer a gorgeous ceremonial to be but vaguely seen, no longer an elaborate musical rite in a stranger tongue, but a common act in which the laity take a far more direct and personal share, and of which every word must be caught by all. It needs no chapels for a populous pantheon of saints; no spacious chancel for a numerous clergy; no broad aisles for processional pomp and show; and even the altar must change in place as well as purport when it is called a communion table. Moreover,—and this is no unimportant point,—that love of physical comfort which is a peculiarly modern characteristic asks for stationary cushioned seats, for unobstructed sight and sound, for warmth and ventilation, and for thorough lighting both by day and night. Do such needs get rational satisfaction from the old cathedral type, or even from that of the English parish church of other days?

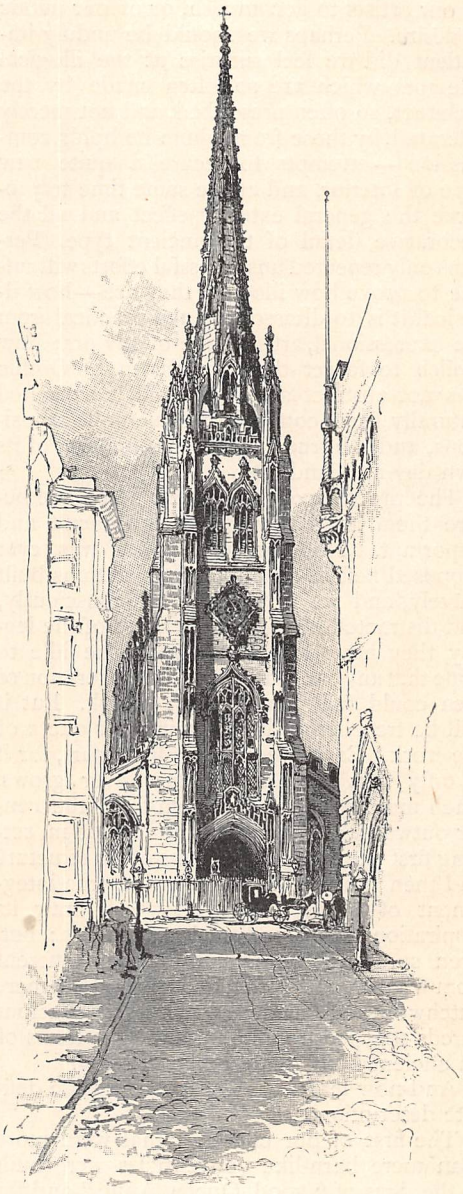
And it is the same with regard to our expressional necessities. The mediæval architect expressed not some fundamental sentiment common to Christianity as a whole, but the special sentiments of its mediæval phase, the peculiar mental mood and social state to which those sentiments owed their birth. The

church was then the one great social fact and influence that ruled mankind with undisputed sway. It inspired, demanded, and absorbed all the activity of man's more peaceful moods; took the entire tribute not only of his heart, but of his mind and hand and purse. And it absorbed nothing more wholly than art. In its cathedrals was expressed all that we now express in our public buildings, our charitable institutions, our civic adornments, and our sumptuous private homes. Into its treasuries went all those minor works which are now dispersed to a myriad secular ends. Hence the size and richness, the pomp and splendor, the magnificence in effect and the lavish care in detail of a mediæval sanctuary.

But to-day we have no "church" in the same sense of the word. We have a number of different communions, banded together for the simple purposes of common worship and moral teaching, which are without direct secular influence or importance, and absorb but a part of our mental activity, our artistic energy, or our superabundant wealth. Consider, too, the devotional temper of mediæval men. Consider their blind unreasoning faith in a thousand things we have long since questioned and denied; consider their mysticism, their love of symbolism and allegory, their passion for the gloomy, the obscure, the terrible, the grotesque, the vague, intangible, vast, and supersensual. Is this the devotional attitude of our time? Can their huge interiors, their vanishing perspectives, their soaring vaults, their dim religious light, their wealth of symbolic detail, their throngs of forgotten saints, their expression of the insignificance of the individual and the supremacy of the priesthood, their testimony that man should approach his Maker through the medium of a sumptuous allegoric ceremonial — can these things be in harmony with the mood a Protestant brings to the house of God to-day?

I do not forget the profound emotion that an ancient church must still excite in any susceptible breast. We need not try to analyze it at the moment; but when our future building is in question, then we must. Then we must ask ourselves how much of this emotion is really religious, how much artistic or historic in its promptings; and further, how much of its really religious portion is genuine and personal, how much sympathetic and imaginative. We must ask whether such a structure would be the natural results if our own needs and minds and hearts were given full and true expression.

We are gradually groping our way, I think, to a perception of these facts and a belief that we should respect them in our practice. Already we have acknowledged that in practical ways the ancient ecclesiastical type is not so entirely adequate as we once supposed. And if we do not so definitely question its expressional fitness, at least we no longer strictly limit the architect thereto in his search for "ecclesiastical feeling." Very rightly we demand that such feeling should exist, and neither unnaturally nor irrationally we believe that it may be wrought through the adaptation of some mediæval mode more easily than in any other way. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that as free an adaptation as is necessary should as yet be within the power



TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

of our artists to accomplish, or of our public to desire. Perhaps we should be unduly impatient did we feel surprise at the illogical attempts which are so often made by the architect, so often prescribed, and not merely tolerated, by those from whom he holds commission — attempts to secure a quite new type of interior, and at the same time to preserve the general exterior effect and all the decorative detail of the ancient type. Perhaps only repeated unsuccessful efforts will suffice to prove how illogical they are — how illogical it is to disassociate the practical from the expressional, artistic side of any art; how foolish to forget that the charm of Gothic was not abstract and superficial, but resulted naturally from convenient structural dispositions, and the true expressional impulse of its own day and land.

The problem our architects here have before them is as novel as it is difficult and important. Nothing just like it was ever proposed before, since other generations built naïvely, and we must build self-consciously, and distracted by the very richness of the legacy they have left us. It would be idle to hope that any one man or any one generation of men could fully master such a task. But it will be treacherous if any shirks his quota of the work. Each must do his little part, for it is only thus that architecture ever grows. Each must study his problem from the center outward, and not from the outside in, settling first the bones and sinews of his structure and then trying to fit them with a true integument of beauty. This may well draw its inspiration from mediæval precedents; but, even so, it will be something very different from what we most often find to-day — a mere patchwork of attractive but mendacious shreds stripped from the trunk and limbs of an ancient body quite unlike the new.

And now let us pass at last to a little definite description.

The first of our churches that were more than mere barn-like conventicles were built in the days of "good Queen Anne," and for more than a century the modern-classic styles were the only ones we knew. Mr. Grant White showed some of our earlier examples to my readers not many months ago, and did full justice to the finest of them all — St. Paul's in New York. But upon one important point, it seemed to me that he hardly laid sufficient stress — upon the interesting variety that resulted when wood was the chosen material, and the colonial architect intelligently modified the English model to suit its new requirements. This was a time when simple convenience was the architect's chief aim in his interior, when the public seems to have had no conscious craving for "ecclesiastical feeling." Yet, nevertheless, some of these interiors — Trinity in Newport, for example, and King's Chapel in Boston — have a certain grave dignity, simple sobriety, and homely, cheerful stateliness, which are, perhaps, more truthfully expressive of the temper of modern Protestantism than is a dim and shadowy, elaborate and sumptuous Gothic church. But of course when I speak thus I leave all purely *artistic* considerations out of sight. These sensible and attractive if not eminently beautiful structures were succeeded by pseudo-Greek temples, and then we, too, came in for our share of the Gothic revival.

Its first eminent apostle was the elder Upjohn, an Englishman by birth, but American in his artistic life. Trinity in New York was his masterpiece, and is still the most beautiful church in the city. When I add that it is an orthodox, scholarly reproduction of a simple type common among English parish churches, the admission must not be made to prove too much. The conclusion need not follow that it would be best for us to cleave faithfully to the same kind of work; for what we have not yet been able to do is hardly a conclusive argument to decide for what we ought to strive. Trinity proves that our inventive efforts have not yet produced anything in all New York as satisfactory, from an artistic point of view, as Mr. Upjohn's imitative skill could build. But the artistic point of view is not the only one that should be regarded. In spite of Trinity's beauty, it is far from impressing us with the belief that here is the ideal modern church with which we should rest content. It answers fairly well the needs of its own congregation — an Episcopal congregation with High Church leanings and a choral service. But turn to one of Mr. Upjohn's less conspicuous structures, and see how badly even his hands succeeded in fitting the same type to the needs of other communions. Take, for instance, the Presbyterian church on the corner of Tenth street and University Place. Look at the long nave divided into three by rows of massive columns, that inconvenience materially the occupants of the outer pews; look at the deep galleries which cut the long windows in twain, and the support of which is unprovided for in the structure of the walls from which they project; look at the lofty vaulted ceiling, which absorbed so much light that it had to be spoiled by a coat of pale-hued paint; look at the high-paneled wooden screen which fills the east end, but so palpably does not belong there, and at the way the pulpit clings to it without constructive rhyme or reason. Is this a good way to build such a church — this way which results in

something that is neither a copy nor an adaptation, but merely a mutilation of the ancient type, unsuccessful alike in the way of practical fitness and of architectural coherence?

Mr. Upjohn's exteriors, though not always in strict accord with his interiors, are sure to have much beauty of the best because most architectural kind. They all exhibit in a less degree the peculiar excellence of Trinity — an excellence which springs from harmony of proportion, strength and grace of outline, well-regulated size of feature, and discreet employment of very simple decoration. They point a lesson which might well have been regarded by our later Gothicists, who have too often quite ignored the claims of these prime elements in architectural success.

For many years after Mr. Upjohn led the way, the style of our ecclesiastical work was almost always Gothic, though there were occasional reversions to a classic type, such as we see in the Arlington Street Church in Boston and the "Brick Church" at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street. But the Gothic was of every imaginable and unimaginable variety,—"natural, unnatural, and preternatural." Sometimes it was carefully and dryly "correct"; sometimes it aimed at correctness in a stupid and blundering way; sometimes it was plain to meagerness, sometimes lavishly but inartistically elaborate. In our villages we had poverty-stricken and ludicrous specimens, which were only "Gothic" because their windows were pointed and their eaves were bordered with a jig-saw ornament that looked like paper fringing for a pantry-shelf. Sad contrasts must such things have seemed, even in the eyes of the most devoted mediævalist, to our wooden relics of a former century — so simple, so straightforward, so unpretentious, and yet so far from bald or inartistic. And we had (and still continue to produce, alas!) Gothic in stone which is less immediately funny, but far more distressing to the eye and contaminating to the taste: Gothic like that shown in some of our most conspicuous up-town churches — a mere accumulation of features which are false to the interior they purport to explain, which have no force or grace of outline and no proportion or harmony among themselves, and which are not helped by a profusion of showy ornament as monotonous in design and as hard in execution as though its substance were cast-iron instead of stone. Simple, conventional, almost undecorated Gothic work is better than such work as this, as is proved by Mr. Upjohn's two churches on Fifth Avenue below Fourteenth street, and by Mr. Renwick's Catholic cathedral, which is faulty in many points, but still dignified, intelligent, and attractive. And "classical" work may, I think, be better, too, even if it is not so good as that of the last century, even if it is only discreet and commonplace like the "Brick Church" already mentioned. We cannot call this a beautiful ecclesiastical monument, but it has at least the excellence of repose, honesty, and dignity. It looks at least as though its author knew what he wanted to do, and knew how to use his chosen style to reach his ends. And this is more than we can say for the riotous yet mechanical effect of our most glaring Gothic failures. And its expression, too, is it not more in keeping with the simple, severe, non-mystical rites of the Presbyterian faith, than the bastard, pretentious mediævalism of many a fabric which houses sister congregations?

But if we search we can find much good Gothic work, as well as bad. Especially in our smaller towns there are many churches that are sensible and charming. It is natural that success should have come more frequently here than in our crowded cities, since site and surroundings are usually more felicitous, and since enforced economy often acts as a wholesome check on that vaulting ambition which is so apt to o'erleap itself when unrestrained by the drawing of the purse-string. Listen to what so good a judge as Mr. Edward Freeman has written:

> "I found the modern churches of various denominations certainly better than I had expected. They may quite stand beside the average of modern work in England, setting aside a few of the very best. All persuasions have a great love of spires, and if the details are not always what one could wish, the general effect of the spires is very stately, and they help largely toward the general effect of the cities in a distant view. But I thought the churches, whose style is most commonly Gothic of one kind or another, decidedly less successful than some of the civil buildings."

And we learn from Mr. Freeman's context what we might have guessed on general principles — that the better results of secular work have come because here the effort has not so often been made to say one thing while in reality we are meaning quite another.

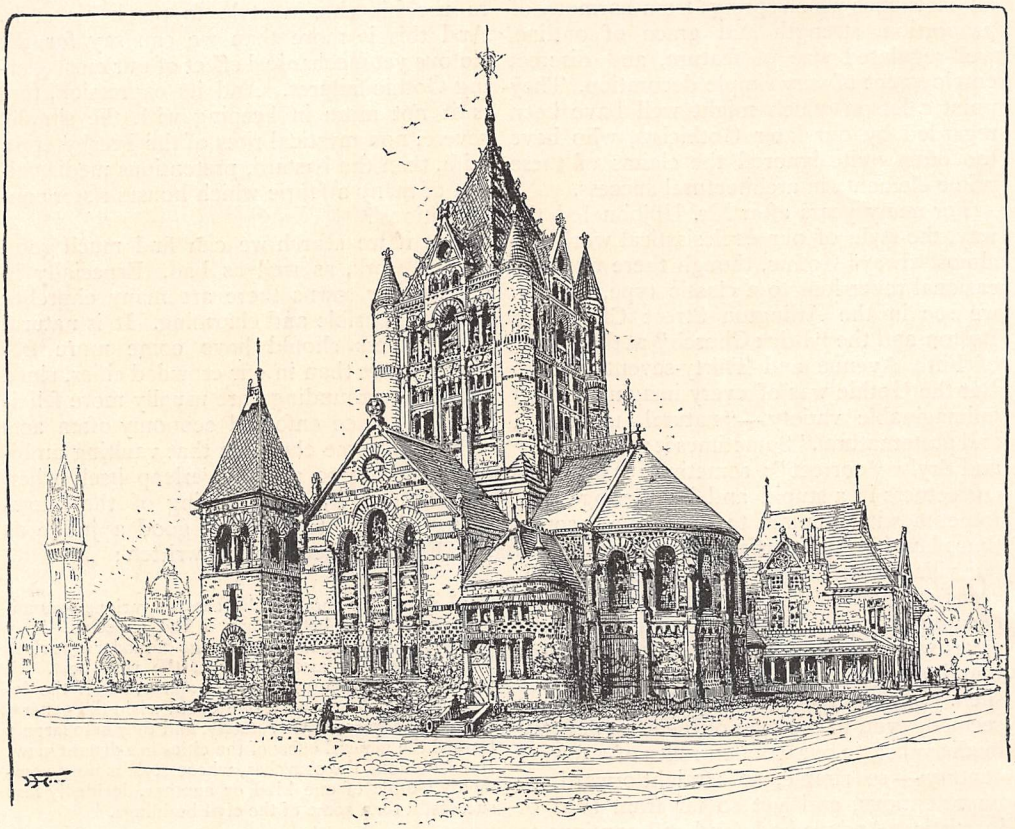
But of late years many of our architects, breaking away from the trammels of convention, and unseduced by the cheap charms of willful novelty, have built churches where the desire to secure *fitness* shows in a marked and interesting way. This is true, however, of their interiors rather than of such structures as a whole.

Our new needs, let me premise, are not of a single sort. No one type of church will now answer every want as it might if one communion ruled our land. There must be varying solutions of a varying problem. Each

will require the adaptation as distinct from the imitation of former fashions, and some will necessitate a process of thought as distinctly creative as can be any which concerns itself with architecture in this late age of the world.

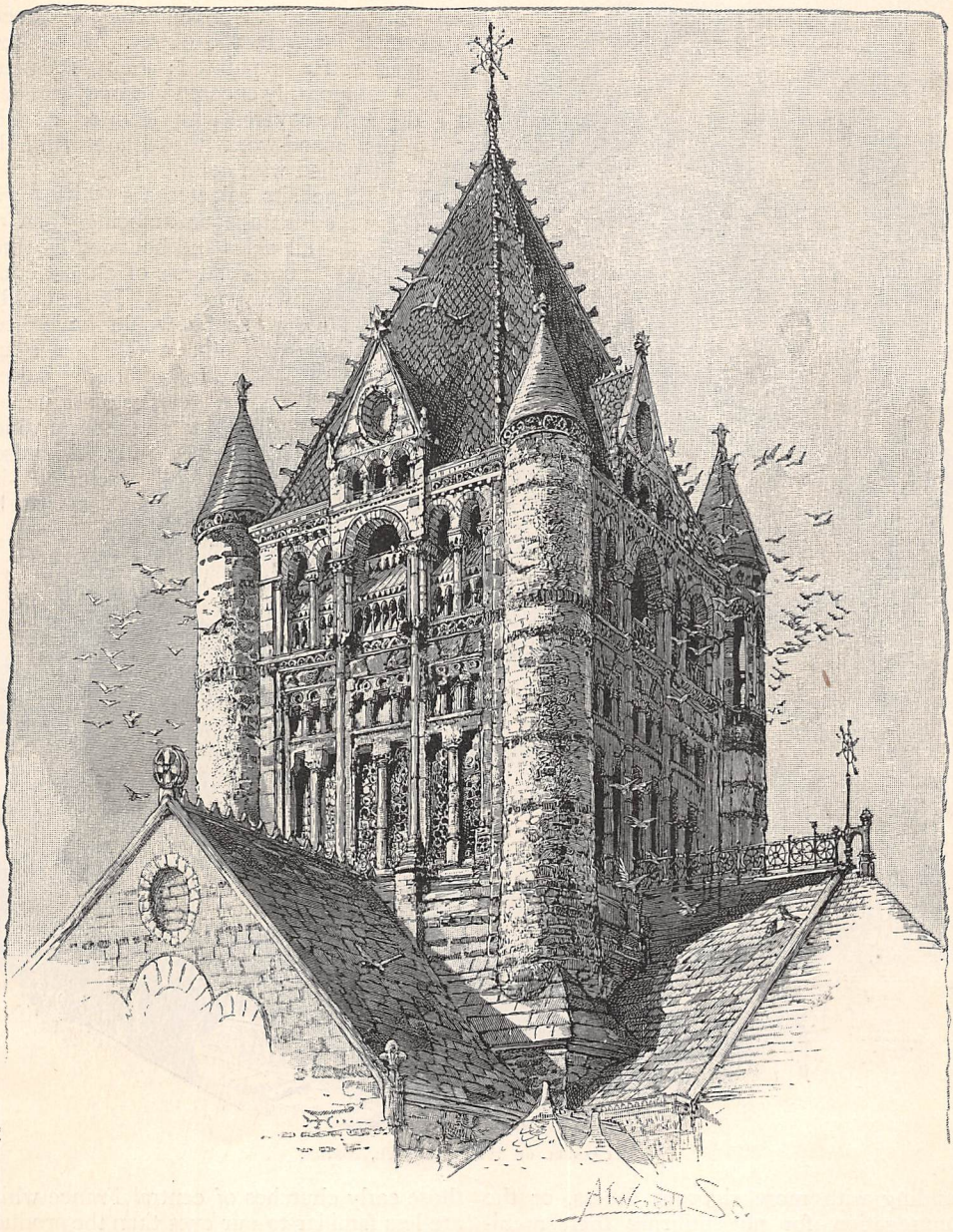
Let us speak first of one or two of our new Episcopal churches, since here, of course, there has been a less radical divergence from ancient precedents than when other Protestant sects have housed themselves. But even here we are not surprised to mark a growing impulse toward innovation, a growing tendency, for example, to abandon the old elongated proportions of the nave and to do away with obstructive rows of columns.

Mr. Richardson's is, I am very sure, the first name I should cite in this connection. Several churches for different communions—among them the sensible "North Church" in Springfield, Mass., and the interesting, if not wholly admirable, Brattle Street Church in Boston, with its finely effective tower—were among his earlier efforts. But none of them predicted what he was to do when he should come to build Trinity in Boston. It is hard to approach this work in a mood of sober criticism, for it is very unlike any of our previous efforts, as well as very striking, imposing, and beautiful. Certainly we have no church that from an artistic point of view we can admire so heartily. Only Trinity in New York is worthy to be named beside it, and the two are so entirely different that actual comparison is impossible. I must try to describe it before we can ask whether it is as right as it is delightful.



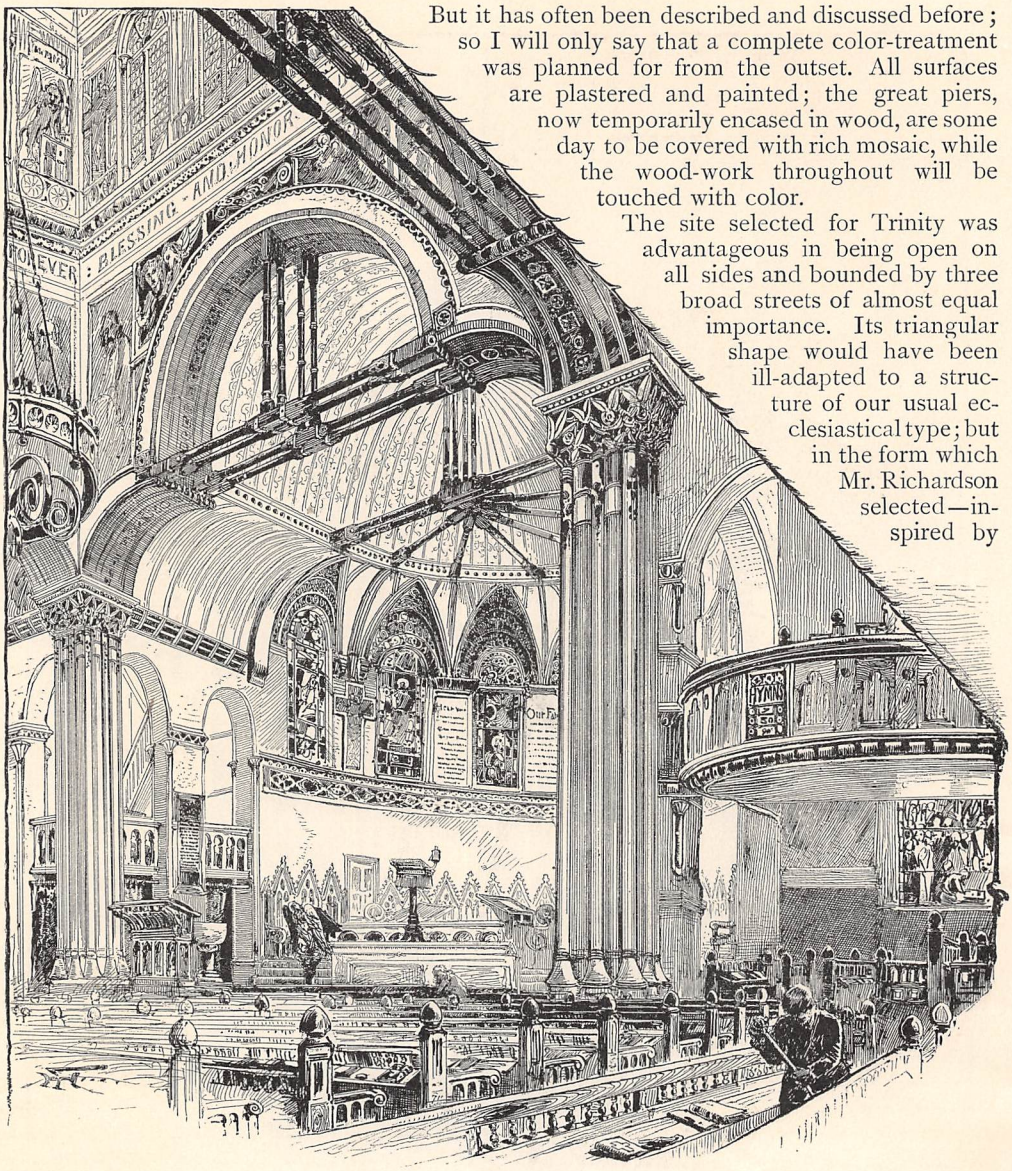
TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

Looking first at its interior, we find a Latin cross, the arms of which are very broad in proportion to their length, thus affording far better accommodation to modern worshipers than the old type gave. There are no rows of columns, and the four great piers which support the tower over the intersection of nave and transepts are placed close to the angles of the structure, so that they offer no obstruction to the sight. The so-called aisles are mere passageways beyond the seats, and above them is a gallery so shallow that it also is scarcely more than a passageway connecting the galleries proper, which fill the ends of either transept and of the nave above the



TOWER OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

vestibule. The eastern arm, which forms the chancel, is prolonged by a semicircular apse of equal breadth. The ceiling of the nave is sixty-three feet in height, but in the center, under the tower, it rises to a height of one hundred and three feet. That a flat finish was adopted, instead of the more beautiful and architecturally appropriate vaulted form, may probably be attributed to those acoustical considerations which are so important now. Great round arches, forty-six feet in span, connect the piers and give dignity and structural expression to the whole. The chancel and apse of this church are certainly in harmony with the other proportions of the interior, but are much too large for the Low Church service performed therein. This fact is clearly proclaimed by their bareness and emptiness, wanting as they do the choir-seats and screens, the splendid altar and elaborate desks which the eye demands. We hardly know whether we blame the architect for not



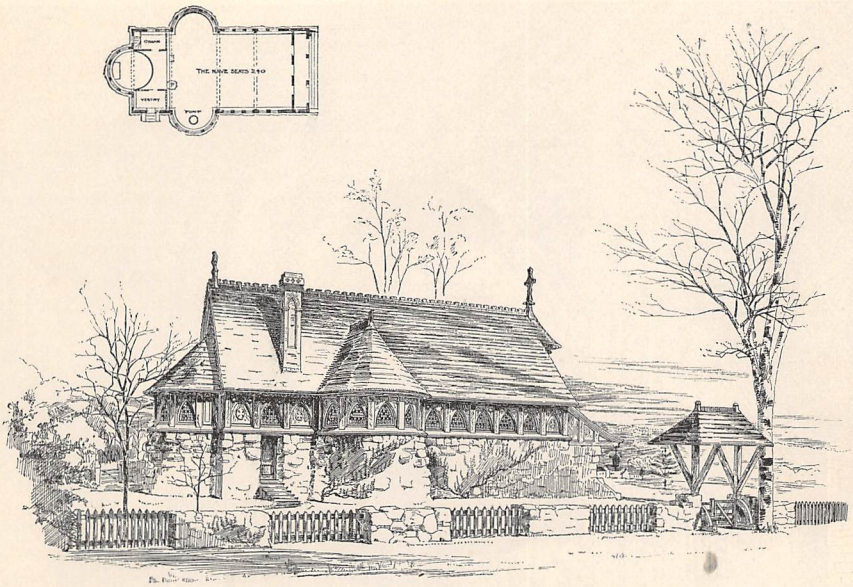
CHANCEL OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

But it has often been described and discussed before; so I will only say that a complete color-treatment was planned for from the outset. All surfaces are plastered and painted; the great piers, now temporarily encased in wood, are some day to be covered with rich mosaic, while the wood-work throughout will be touched with color.

The site selected for Trinity was advantageous in being open on all sides and bounded by three broad streets of almost equal importance. Its triangular shape would have been ill-adapted to a structure of our usual ecclesiastical type; but in the form which Mr. Richardson selected—inspired by those early churches of central France which are less familiar to our eyes than the products of northern Gothic—Trinity looks as though its site had been planned for its sole sake. A great central tower dominates a composition which is pyramidal in effect, and includes, besides the church itself, a chapel with open outside stairway and connecting cloisters. Each point of view offers a different perspective of much vigor, beauty, and picturesqueness, and from each the tower retains its due preëminence and composes well with the lower masses, excepting from the front, whose flanking towers are brought by the short nave

building with more rigorous fitness, or the congregation for not utilizing their architectural opportunities, for not furnishing their chancel properly, and inaugurating a sumptuous High Church service. Theoretically considered, it seems as though Mr. Richardson's interior must have been less harmonious and less beautiful had he built more appropriately in this particular. And yet fitness is the fundamental law, and when Mr. Richardson seriously tries he can usually compel it to a finely artistic result.

It would be interesting, were space not so limited, to describe the decoration of Trinity.

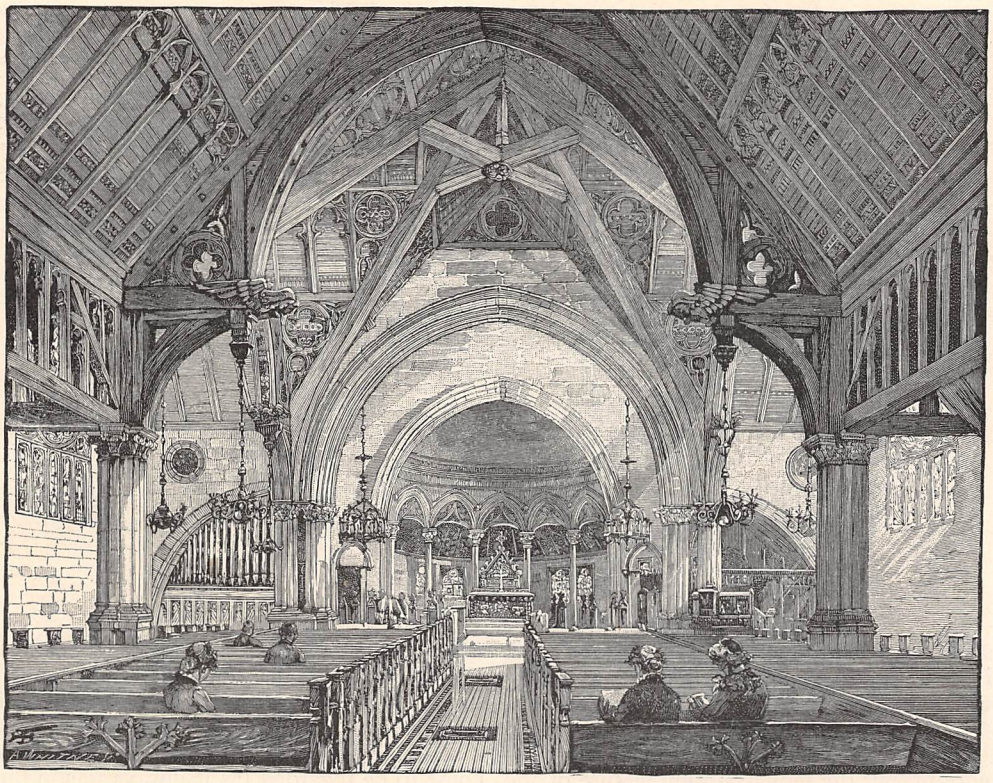


ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

so close to the central tower that the effect is somewhat confused at this point. However, the present effect will be much improved by the addition of the proposed porch.

The central tower is not only the most important, but the most beautiful feature of the whole. It seems to have been prompted by the tower of the old cathedral of Salamanca, which is built in the Romanesque fashion which came to Spain from France, and is essentially the same as that from which the main inspiration of the church was drawn. But it is a free treatment of its original, not a literal copy. To me it gives an impression such as one constantly receives from actual mediæval work, but which I have never felt so forcibly in the presence of any other modern essay. It looks, that is to say, entirely spontaneous and living, distinctly non-mechanical or labored. It looks like the result of a genuine, powerful impulse, not like a lesson learned and then repeated. We accept it on its own evidence, and care little to ask whether it had a definite prototype, or to judge it by any standard of comparison. In the arrangement and proportioning of its features it has that felicity which we instinctively call artistic rightness, and that mystery which is one of the chief charms of ancient work, and the one we most rarely find in the cut-and-dried rigidity or the willful yet labored license of modern art. It does not become tame and commonplace on long acquaintance, but has the perennial novelty and freshness which always mark results that are artistic in the highest sense. The detail of Trinity's exterior is rich, and, for modern work, unusually artistic in design and in execution. We are promised that the sculptures planned for the western porch shall owe their chief features to Mr. St. Gaudens — a happy augury that in the future architectural sculpture may come to be regarded (as it always was in the great artistic ages) as the very noblest work to which the artist can devote his chisel. Nor must I forget to note the important rôle that color plays outside as well as within this church. Much of Trinity's beauty is due to the happy selection and arrangement of the yellowish granite (which looks, in truth, more like a sandstone) used in the walls, and the warm, red-brown Longmeadow stone lavishly employed for the trimmings and decorative features. And the red tiles add greatly to the general effect.

And now we must inquire into the *rightness* of Trinity, ungracious as the task appears in presence of such indisputable beauty. Is it throughout a good *type* — is it a good model for the inspiration of our future work, as well as a thing to be admired on purely æsthetic grounds? In many points I think it is. The ground plan is a very excellent one for an Episcopal church — convenient, "ecclesiastical," and architecturally fine. The arrangement of the galleries is a vast improvement on our past practice when galleries have been a sad necessity. And the color-treatment — the entire dependence upon the brush to the exclusion of the chisel — seems to me as sensible as in this country it was novel. The brush is with us a better-understood instrument of decoration than the chisel. Its results



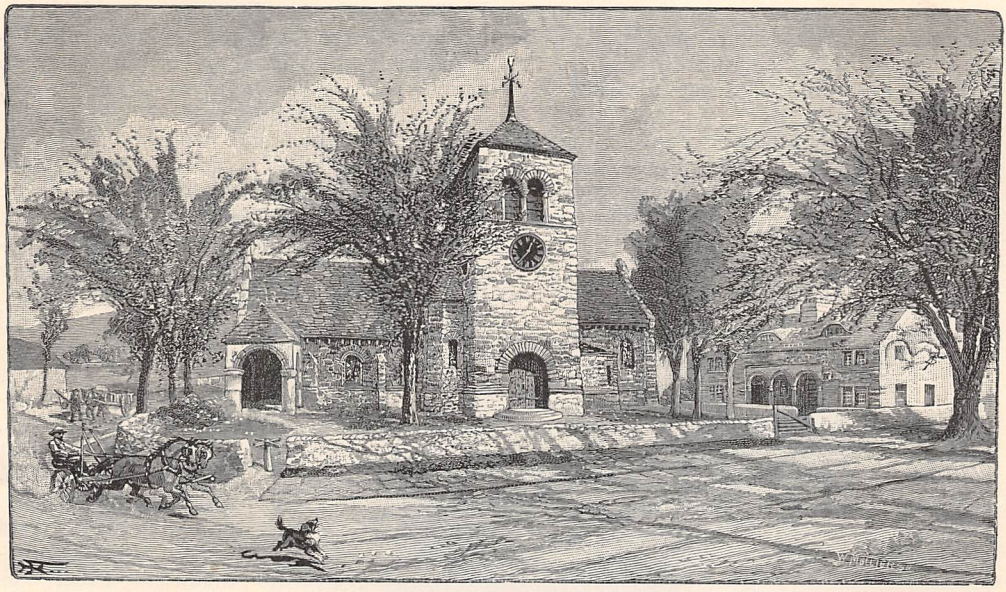
INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, LYNN, MASS.

are well in keeping with the nature of our climate, and in their greater warmth, cheerfulness, and definiteness give, I think, a more appropriate expression to the home of a modern congregation than would such results as the chisel wrought in northern Gothic work.

Outside, now, we find that the notable picturesqueness of Trinity is not willful and mendacious, but truthfully expressive of its interior. The place and size of the great tower, for instance, and the way in which the other masses depend upon it, mark the position and the shape of the body of the nave and the lesser importance of its wings. Only in the tower itself do we find a slight violation of truthfulness. Its extreme solidity and the strengthening turrets at its angles might lead us to expect a vault within; and this, as I have said, does not exist, though possibly it was contemplated in the original design. But how is it with the artistic voice of this exterior? Beautiful though it is, does it correspond to the distinctly modern voice of the interior? Is it thoroughly appropriate to a Protestant church in the New England of to-day? Does it affect us as being not only beautiful, but, so to say, inevitable in its accent? When we stand in front of the Lexington Avenue warehouse in New York, for example, our wonder is that the same thing had not been done long before; we marvel how any one could ever have considered such a problem without finding just such a solution. Of course thoughts like these are instinctive, not really rational; but they are the thoughts which always come in presence of a perfectly appropriate architectural creation. What is really the discovery of a peculiarly gifted intelligence always looks like the mere course of nature, like a logical, unescapable deduction from the given premises. But do such thoughts come when we look at Trinity? Of course I am not trying to compare these two buildings, with which comparison would be utterly impossible. I am only trying to contrast, not the strength nor the delightfulness, but merely the *character* of the impression they produce. Do we feel that Trinity is the sort of thing other men ought to have done before? Do we wonder how such a solution could so long have escaped the ecclesiastical builders of to-day, and decide that here they now may turn for valuable hints and lessons? Or do we not wonder, rather, that any man should have attempted to build such a church in just this time and place, and, attempting, should have triumphed

in the task? Does not Trinity strike us as a splendid anachronism, bewilder us with an exotic charm? Do we not feel that though all men must admire, none should try to rival it? And if a work of architecture, no matter what its beauty, so affects us that the last advice it prompts is, "Go thou and do likewise," are we justified in calling it the most helpful or most promising we might have had? For, be it remembered, architecture is not, like some of the sister arts, a means toward mere *personal* expression. Whenever its average results have been fine, they have represented not an individual, but a national mind and taste and temper. When it has developed, it has been by the assistance of a thousand, often unnamed, hands, all working with a common impulse and a common aim. I know that in this age of the world individuality everywhere plays a larger part than it did in ages past. But it is most probable that it will be *in spite* of this fact, not because of it, that our architectural progress will be made—if, indeed, Fate holds such progress in her hand for us. In building Trinity Mr. Richardson gave us the most beautiful structure that yet stands on our side of the ocean, and far be it from me to wish that he had built it otherwise in any of its parts. And yet we cannot but consider it (I speak now of its exterior only) an intensely individual, not a broadly characteristic, piece of work; a fascinating example, but one which stands apart and aside from the most hopeful current of our art. It is a splendid *tour de force*, rather than a natural, helpful, onward effort; a seductive glimpse opened for us toward the past, not a prophetic outlook toward a possible future of general success.

We find many other recent Episcopal churches with plans more or less akin to that of Trinity, and in every case at least the practical result seems good. As an example where the artistic result is also fine, I may cite St. Stephen's at Lynn, Mass., built by Messrs. Ware and Van Brunt. Here the pointed style is used throughout. We have again a central square marked off by great corner columns, which are connected by powerful arches and support a ceiling that rises high above that of the subordinated parts. The nave is prolonged to the west, but is short in comparison to its width. Beyond the eastern arch is the large chancel, this time appropriate in itself, and appropriately furnished, as the service is High Church; and out of the chancel, under a smaller arch, opens a semicircular apse, where the altar stands in proper state. There are no true transepts, but the wall to north and south of the central square is lightly recessed and treated like a transept end. Not only is dignity thus attained, but space is given for two great windows, which, with the one at the west end, amply light the church. The plan seems to me very good, and the execution is unusually rich, with a richness well subdued to artistic harmony. The two eastern arches, similar in outline and different in size, offer a beautiful perspective, closed by a rich

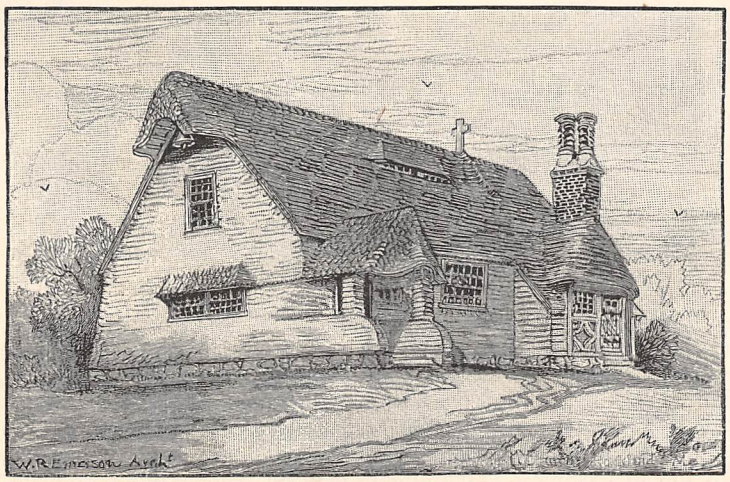


ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

arcade with marble columns that divides the apse itself from the ambulatory which encircles it. The elaborate wooden ceiling is another fine feature, and its lofty central portion is not only very effective and beautiful, but, so far as I know, novel in design as well. Adjoining the church is a chapel, and the two are connected by a small cloister surrounding the burial-plot of him to whose munificence the structure owes its birth.

The exterior of St. Stephen's does not seem to be so wholly admirable. Some of its features are beautiful, but it is broken and unquiet in effect. And yet, if we examine, we find that this result has not come from a superficial striving after picturesqueness, but, on the contrary, from an effort to express the interior with more definiteness than are often the objects of desire.

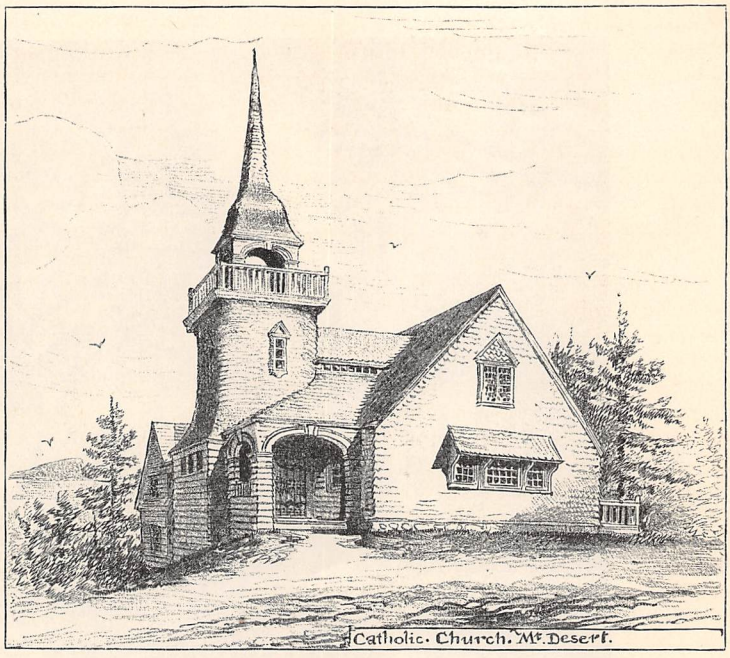
In many of our other recent churches—Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, and Presbyterian—we find a much greater degree of novelty than any Episcopal interior shows. We find the "long-drawn aisle" and the cruciform plan alike abandoned, and a simple rectangle frankly utilized. In Mr. Cady's Methodist Church, on the corner of Park Avenue and Eighty-sixth street, for example, we see a square interior with deep galleries running around three sides. At each corner of the inner square marked out by their face stands a column. Round arches connect these columns, and are thrown from them to the outer walls. Above the inner rectangle thus formed, the ceiling rises higher than it does above the galleries. At the east side (one can no longer say east *end*) is the large pulpit platform, behind it are the seats for the choir, and behind these, again, the tall organ pipes. Unfortunately the columns and arches, which are painted throughout, appear to be of iron, and the spandrels above are filled in with an open net-work of turned wood. The effect is therefore too fragile to be architecturally fine. It is not a very beautiful interior, but it is very convenient, and I do not think its purpose could be mistaken. It looks certainly not like an ancient church, but still not unlike a place for religious use.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

But we have other churches which are still more unlike all past examples of ecclesiastical architecture—which, in truth, have been inspired by the secular lecture-room or concert-hall. One of the first among them was Dr. Hall's church on Fifth Avenue. We can hardly be surprised if the architect who essayed to treat so immense an interior on so novel a scheme has failed to satisfy the eye. Convenience he has secured, but no particle of beauty can be found in his vast, bare galleried room—no expression of structure, and no more ecclesiastical effect than Steinway Hall exhibits, unless, indeed, we are to find this last in the Gothic detail of his woodwork. Others coming after him, and working on a smaller and therefore less difficult scale, have done a good deal better. Much more successful, for example, is Mr. J. R. Thomas's Calvary Baptist Church, on Fifty-seventh street near Seventh Avenue. The interior is about one hundred feet square, but an amphitheatrical effect has been given by slanting the floor somewhat steeply, curving the rows of seats, and also giving a curvilinear form to the face of the shallow gallery which runs around three sides and even along a portion of the fourth. A great rose-window opens above the gallery opposite the pulpit, and there is another large window group on one of the sides. The other side unfortunately shows no opening, as subordinate rooms here adjoin the church. The choir seats are again behind the pulpit platform, but the organ pipes are disposed in two groups to right and left, and a window is pierced between. Light is also admitted in the center of the ceiling, where rises what I may call a little clear-story of metal. Decoration in color is alone possible in such an interior, and here it is deep-toned and sufficiently harmonious, though not artistically

remarkable. In spite of its analogy in plan to a secular interior for public use, this church, too, looks not unlike a place of worship, for the difference is marked by the sober decoration, the low ceiling, and the ecclesiastical-looking windows with their colored glass.



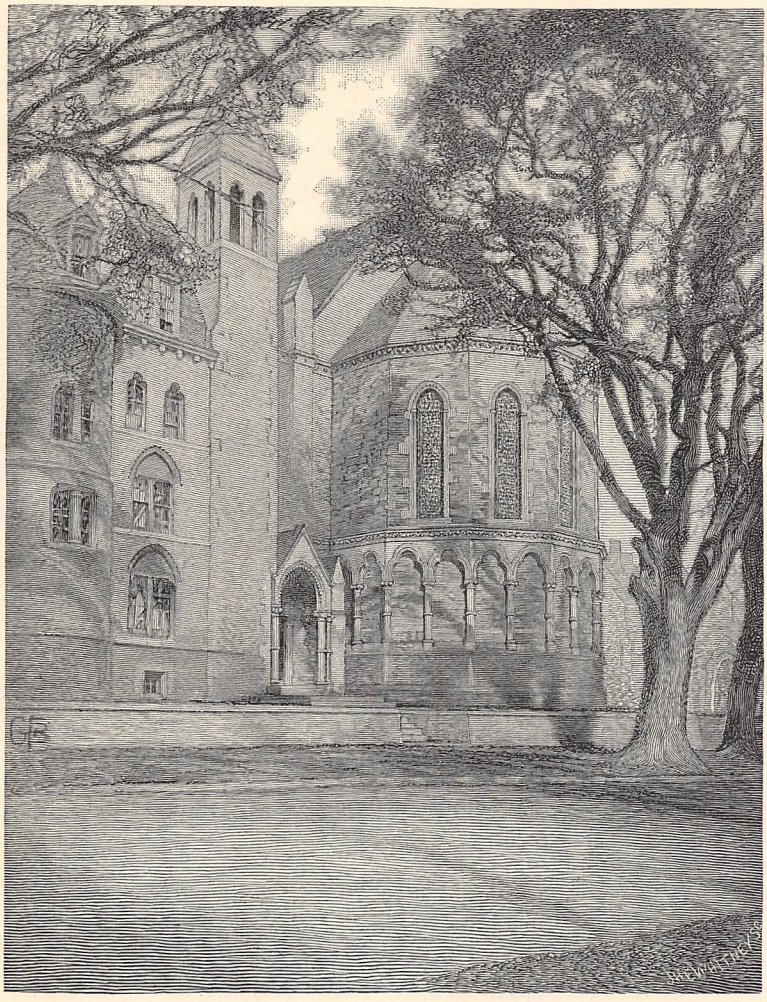
ST. SYLVIA'S CHURCH, MT. DESERT, MAINE.

Such churches as this (showing, of course, many variations of the same general idea) have rapidly grown in numbers during the last few years —so rapidly, indeed, that the type which is based on the secular concert-hall bids fair to be the most prominent of all in a future near at hand. There may be other examples better than any I have seen, but I doubt whether a thoroughly good solution has yet been found. I doubt it not only upon the evidence of my own experience and the testimony of others, but upon theoretic grounds. It is almost impossible that so difficult a problem should have been mastered so very quickly. It is much more probable that we shall have to wait yet many a year before we see an amphitheatrical church-interior that will be architecturally faultless, unmistakably ecclesiastical in its expression, and beautiful in all its features.

But it need not be thought impossible that such a church should some day be developed —no, not though its parent be something as alien as a concert-hall. Was not the mediæval church itself derived from the secular basilica of pagan Rome? Architectural origins seem strange enough when we try to trace them out. Their history teaches that we may borrow where and what we will—even a plan in one place, features in another, and details in a third. Only—and this is the vital fact that justifies or condemns—we must blend them, so to say, *chemically* and not mechanically; we must make of them a new body, and not merely a patchwork.

I have already hinted at the fact that the interiors of our new churches exhibit, if not always more beauty than their exteriors, at least more palpable signs of the thought and intelligence and desire for truth which are the foundation-stones of excellence. Their exteriors sometimes show "originality," but this seldom has veracity and common sense for its inspiration. For example, such churches as I have last described consist of the great rectangular auditorium, together, almost always, with a number of subordinate but still large apartments used for mildly festal congregational purposes—lecture, Sunday-school, and class-rooms, "church-parlors," and sometimes even kitchens too. Truthful external expression is often aimed at in individual features, but the composition as a whole is commonly most untruthful. We find it difficult to decipher, and when we think we have deciphered it, our imaginings have led us quite astray. I have yet to see or hear of any such exterior which frankly exhibits the size and shape of the church itself, and makes it evidently supreme above its dependencies. And a really good exterior we shall never have until this is done.

At Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue is a new church which, built by the Paulist Fathers for Catholic use, naturally follows the ancient plan, and yet is one of the most sensible and non-mediæval structures we have produced. When I last saw it, it was still incomplete both within and without, and its exterior was not remarkable except for size and solid simplicity. Inside it showed a huge-aisled nave, with a chancel of equal width, but without transepts. The aisles were divided from the nave by an arcade with very plain columns and lofty arches of slightly pointed shape. Above this rose a deep belt



YALE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

of unbroken wall, and then the clear-story with single windows of large size. The ceiling was a barrel vault of wood, slightly pointed in section. The walls still showed the same undressed, irregular stones inside as out, and the effect, though rugged enough, was so massive and imposing that one would almost have been content to know that no further finish would be given. But they are to be plastered throughout and decorated with color. If, as has been prophesied, Mr. La Farge receives the commission for the work, he will have in these vast fields a chance such as seldom comes in an artist's way. And the success he has hitherto achieved — in Trinity in Boston, and in the beautiful mosaic work that almost redeems the architectural nothingness of the interior of the "Brick Church" on Fifth Avenue — leads us to believe that he may make it one of the most beautiful interiors of our day. It is already one of the very *best*. There could hardly be a more convincing proof than it afforded in its unfinished state that good architecture is a matter of *construction*, not of ornamentation; that from fine proportions and the artistically regulated size and shape and disposition of very few and simple features, may come the most impressive beauty, without the aid of a single decorative chisel-stroke or a single touch of brush. It proved, too, how unnecessary it is for us to aim at the literal imitation of ancient fashions; how much more important it is to build rationally than to build conventionally. I can hardly say with what "style" one should rank this church. We may call it Gothic, if we will, since its openings are pointed; but it shows no window-tracery

and no Gothic decoration, and its broad wall-spaces remind us of very different fashions of construction. Whatever its "style," its effect will certainly not be that of an imitated mediævalism.*

It would be almost impossible, in this day and land, to build a cathedral that should be such in more than name, that should have the actual, not to speak of the relative, importance of the cathedrals of old — almost as impossible as undesirable. Look at an ancient example — at Durham imperious on its rock, or at Antwerp soaring from the human habitations that cluster like swallow-nests around its base, and dwarfing even the huge municipal palaces of a later century. Why should we wish to build the like? On our soil, would not such a cathedral be an anachronism of as palpable a sort as would be a Lanfranc or a Becket among the upper shepherds of our flocks? Even in old days such structures were raised only partly to the glory of God and partly to the glory of a dominant hierarchy. To-day we have no such hierarchy, and we have learned to glorify God in other ways. So, even when we pretend to build a cathedral, it is not such in the ancient sense. The Catholic cathedral on Fifth Avenue, for example, is only a parish church of not excessive size; and the Protestant cathedral at Garden City on Long Island is of very moderate dimensions indeed. It is a pity, by the way, that it is not more accessible to the public, so striking a lesson is it in the art of how not to build. Its plan is that of a true cathedral, but reduced to a size which robs it of all convenience and of all effect. Its exterior features are so large as to be out of keeping with the proportions of the composition. And the same may be said of the decorative detail, which, moreover, is not only out of scale, but applied with so indiscreet a hand that the general effect is hopelessly confused and overdone. Nor does the elaborate richness of the interior atone for the want of artistic feeling and of good taste it shows.

But it was not long ago determined to build at Albany another Protestant cathedral, and to make it more consonant with its name. It is to be erected by Mr. Gibson in a florid, pointed style, and, of course, after an ancient type. It promises to be larger and more sumptuous than one might deem appropriate to its time and place and actual practical purpose. But had Mr. Richardson's design for it been carried out, we should have had a cathedral indeed. So beautiful is this design that one is tempted to believe it must have been chosen if the millions it demanded had been forthcoming — if, that is to say, our people had really desired a real cathedral. It was a learned, grammatical study in a sterner type of that southern Romanesque which Trinity in Boston exhibits. No effort after novelty could be traced in any part, and yet it was not imitated from any one original. It was a splendidly logical *résumé* of ancient precedents, hints, and intentions, all amalgamated into perfect harmony. On simply artistic grounds one could not but have rejoiced to see it taking shape. But for the reasons I have already mentioned, and also because we are sure that Mr. Richardson can do better with his life than to devote many years of it to what would have been an anchronism from end to end, — and most of all in the desire which gave it birth, — we are content that it should remain on paper.

Much good practical sense, and no little artistic skill as well, have of late been shown in our simplest country churches. Take, for example, Mr. Emerson's church of St. Sylvia at Mt. Desert. It is thoroughly suited to its locality, — plain, unassuming, and rustic, — yet has sufficient dignity to be in keeping with its purpose. We do not ask what "style" such a work belongs to, and should care not at all if it exhibited even less affinity with any we could name. The satisfaction it gives is evidence enough of its rightness. Only to one point must we take objection. To shingle the entire outside was a natural and pleasing expedient; but to shingle the *inside* too — walls and pulpit and all — savors more perhaps of willful eccentricity than of artistic discretion.

At Andover, Mass., there is a little church built by Messrs. Rotch and Tilden, which may serve as an example of how easy it is (presupposing intelligence) to build at once durably, prettily, and cheaply. The walls are of rough stone, which, at least in New England, need cost little more than the taking. The east and the transept ends take a circular form, and avoid all angles, since the careful trimming and shaping of stone is the chief expense connected with its use. The low superstructure, where are the small but numerous and sufficient windows, is of wood; and there is, not a little porch for ornament, but a sensible deep shed across the whole width of the front. Is not either of these churches, or Mr. Emerson's other example at Rockland, Maine, a vast improvement on the clap-boarded barn with jig-saw ornamentation we should have had in its place only a few years ago?

* I hardly know to whom the credit for this church should be given. I believe it is the result of the good sense of the Paulist Fathers themselves, aided with regard to certain points, such as the shape of the openings and of the ceiling, by the advice of one of our younger architects.

I shall be pardoned, I trust, if I conclude this article with a word of personal explanation. It is with regret that I note so few of our recent churches, and am forced to omit definite mention of some which I know very positively would have interested my readers. Among these are Mr. Russell Sturgis's college chapel at New Haven, and Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's church at Stockbridge, Mass., both of which are illustrated here; and also one built by Mr. Cady after our most novel type at Morristown, New Jersey, which, I hear, is a much more satisfactory example than his Park Avenue church. But it has been my misfortune to be obliged to leave the United States before I had collected all the material I desired, and to finish my work far from the influences which inspired it.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A TALL, trapper-like man, with a swinging gait, dressed in plain clothes, and wearing a soft slouch hat; a canny face, bearded and tanned, and plowed into deep wrinkles and furrows; shoulders slightly stooping, as if supporting some great burden; eyes that see everything around them, and yet seem to be gazing inward or far away; voice sonorous on the rostrum, yet gentle in conversation; and the whole manner of the man breathing a compassionate helpfulness which both inspires affection and invites confidence,—such, in outward savor and effluence, is that hard-toiling preacher and author, Edward Everett Hale: a genuine democrat and typical American, if there ever were such; one whose wallet of stories seems as inexhaustible as Fortunatus's purse, and his activities as multifarious as those of a secretary of state or a superintendent of city charities. Reading his books, you get the impression of one working at a white heat; you see that he is an eager reader and a good stylist, that he quarries everywhere for unbookish words, and has a retentive memory, an almost Rabelaisian or Burtonian wealth of allusion. The central purpose of his life is *to help;* the dominant chord in his nature is compassion. The secret is dropped in his Alpha Delta Phi address of 1871: "*Noblesse oblige*," he says; "our privilege compels us; we professional men must serve the world, not, like the handicraftsman, for a price accurately representing the work done, but as those who deal with infinite values, and confer benefits as freely and nobly as nature." With Milton, Hale has "a boundless scorn for those drossy spirits that need the lure and whistle of earthly preferment, like those animals that fetch and carry for a morsel." He urges his publishers to issue cheap editions of his books, and speaks slightingly of gilt edges and costly covers,—saying of the publisher Phillips that the world was not worthy of him, because he put conscience before interest in his business. All of Mr. Hale's writings show him to be a keen observer of the minute details of the daily life of men and women, boys and girls, and especially of the more intelligent artisans and workers of any sort. He is a believer in athletic morality; is practical — talks about what we shall have for dinner, how to sleep, a good appetite, exercise, economy, and happy homes; is humorous — kindling a slow combustion of good hearty gladness in you which finally breaks forth into laughter.

He is a preacher; but the preacher has not spoiled the author, because the author has been, in the main, but a preacher still: all his activities have revolved about the pulpit as their sun, and they have all been performed "in His name." In his Utopia, "Sybaris," he gives you the key to his own style of preaching. "The sermon," he says, "was short, unpretending, but alive and devout. It was a sonnet all on one theme; that theme pressed, and pressed, and pressed again; and, of a sudden, the preacher was done." His sermons are brief, terse, conversational; they are like the speech of a general to a trained army before the battle; for he is an organizer of activities in others, believes that "a church has its duties quite beyond and outside a minister's; and its history should not be the biography of the pastor merely, but the record of its own work, prayer, and life."

His people have caught the glow of his humanitarian enthusiasm. The echo of the guns of Sumter had hardly died away before the vestries of the South Congregational Church were crowded with ladies, met to provide flannel and other clothing for the three regiments that had been ordered by Governor Andrew to set out for Washington within twenty-four hours. From that day to the day when the decimated veteran regiments placed their tattered war-banners in the State House, and were served with coffee by the same ladies as they passed the church in their parade,

the South Congregational Church was untiring in its patriotic work of helping on the cause. When the war broke out they had on their walls the unfinished inscription, "Glory to God in the Highest"; and on the day when Richmond fell they called their painter and bade him add what they had no heart to add before: "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men." From this church went out the first teachers of the freedmen at Port Royal; the editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was from the South Congregational Society, as were also the young physicians who first appeared in charge of a hospital steamer after the battle of Shiloh; and "the flannel shirts on the company who fell martyrs at Shiloh in the gray of the morning, and saved that day for the nation," were from Mr. Hale's society.

Born in Boston in 1822, Mr. Hale has passed the greater part of his life under that "blessed meridian of seventy-one degrees" which runs through Boston Harbor. In his early boyhood the place was little more than a large country town full of greenery and open spaces. Washington street, on "the Neck," was then a quiet country road, along which stood thirty or forty substantial homesteads, as well as long rows of sheds where farmers baited their horses, while "thousands of cooing pigeons feasted upon the lavish corn left in the roadway for their gleaning." At the celebration of the silver birthday of Warren Street Chapel, Mr. Hale said: "I have sailed my bark boat on the salt waters where I now can sit in the parlors of my parishioners. I have studied botany on the marshes where I now sit in my own study to prepare the notes which I read to you. I rode in triumph on the locomotive which hissed over the first five miles that were ready of that highway to the West, where now she might run five thousand." Indeed, Mr. Hale was in a sense twinned with the locomotive in Massachusetts, for his father, the Honorable Nathan Hale, by his indefatigable efforts in the advocacy of railroads, was instrumental in the construction of the first road for steam locomotives in the State, namely, what is now the "Boston and Albany Railroad." Nathan Hale founded the "Boston Advertiser," and helped establish the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner"; and through his efforts more than those of any one else the pure Cochituate water was introduced into Boston, thereby making habitable the regions of the Back Bay, the Neck, and the South Cove. Nathan Hale bore the same name as his uncle, the famous martyr-spy, of Coventry, Connecticut, whose last recorded words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The Honorable John P. Hale was another kinsman. Sir Matthew Hale was perhaps of the same blood, and also Sir James Hale, one of the judges of Lady Jane Grey, who certainly drowned himself in a fit of insanity, and is alluded to by the *First Clown* in "Hamlet" ("Give me leave. Here lies the water," etc.) The wife of Nathan Hale of Boston was Sarah Preston Everett, a sister of Edward Everett, from whom her son was named. She was an accomplished scholar, and from her pen came many translations from German authors, which were published in her husband's paper, the "Advertiser," and elsewhere.

Edward Everett Hale thumbed his Greek Reader and learned his paradigms under Masters Dillaway and Gardner, at the famous old School Street Latin School, with its pea-green settees and lilac-colored walls. He entered Harvard College in 1835, and when graduated in 1839 was chosen as the class poet. The president in Mr. Hale's day was Josiah Quincy, as we learn from his novel "Ups and Downs," wherein may also be found other glimpses of his college life. He has retained a lively interest in his Alma Mater; his sons have graduated at Harvard; he has served on her Board of Overseers, been president of the Phi Beta Kappa, and has delivered numerous lectures before the students.

Many things pointed to journalism as a suitable career for a son of Nathan Hale. As a boy, in his father's office he learned to set type, and he has served the "Advertiser" in every capacity, from reporter up to editor-in-chief. Before he was eleven years old he translated for the paper a French article on "Excavations in Nineveh," and before he was of age he wrote a great part of the "Monthly Chronicle" and the "Miscellany." For six years he was the South American editor of the "Advertiser," having been led to the study of Spanish and Spanish-American history at a time when he supposed he was to be the reader and amanuensis of Prescott the historian. From this accidental beginning grew that familiarity with Spanish history which has made Mr. Hale one of the first authorities on Spanish-American subjects.

His manuscripts at this time were always neat and finished, and to this he attributes much of their acceptability; the handwriting of his hurried later days is said to be pretty tough material for the puzzled printers and proof-readers. The motives which led him away from journalism into the ministry were two: first, he believed the office of the preacher to be the noblest on earth, and, second, he was impatient of the drudgery of the professional journalist. He shrewdly and wisely fore-

saw that as an influential author and minister he could command the columns of a larger number of journals for the dissemination of any particular view than if he were himself a journalist. It is, moreover, his opinion that no author should depend upon his pen alone for bread. But, notwithstanding all, Mr. Hale has involuntarily been a journalist at large. His score and more of volumes of stories almost all appeared originally in periodicals; and he has written more editorial articles than would suffice to fill all his published books. Hundreds of these have, of course, been contributed to the "Boston Advertiser," and even now he is occasionally requested to write an editorial for that journal. In 1857 he was living in the same house with Mr. Phillips (of Phillips, Sampson & Co.), the founder of the "Atlantic Monthly," and Mr. Phillips used to say that if it had not been for his interest he would not have undertaken the magazine. But the most serious piece of journalistic work to which he has thus far put his hand was the editorship of "Old and New," a magazine founded in 1869 by himself, in coöperation with the American Unitarian Association, for the purpose of giving wider currency to liberal Christian ideas through the medium of a first-class literary journal. It proved a literary, if not a financial, success, as its eleven volumes of solid reading-matter prove. But discouraging circumstances made advisable the merging of the journal with "Scribner's Magazine," which was accordingly done. The title of "Old and New" may have been suggested to its editor by that of an early sketch of his, "The Old and the New Face to Face," published in "Sartain's Magazine," and describing an imaginary meeting between the apostle Paul and Nero. The critical department of "Old and New" was especially fine. Mr. Hale has said that it was his custom always to place a work for review in the hands of a friendly critic, who was also an expert on the subject of the volume, and might be supposed to know more about it than its writer, or at least as much.

While pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, from 1846 to 1856, Mr. Hale published "Scenes from Christian History," a Sabbath-school book; "Margaret Percival in America," a religious novel; and "Kansas and Nebraska," a guide for free-soil emigrants. "The Gospel of Freedom extended by the Organization of Emigration: An Essay on the Scriptural and Political Remedy for the North in the Present Crisis on Slavery," is the title of a paper by Mr. Hale, which, in 1855, took a hundred-dollar prize offered by the Rev. Thomas Boardman, of Fall River. Emigration is Mr. Hale's hobby; the reader will find some broad fun on the subject in the story of "The Happy Island."

In 1856 Mr. Hale was called to be the pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston, and its pastor he has been ever since. His residence in the heart of Roxbury is one of those huge white mansions with enormous pillars in front, that one sees so often in the South. Great liana-like vines weave a screen between the columns, and within are an ample hall and rooms filled with books. The study is crammed with book-shelves and cases of drawers, and looks as you might imagine would look the thinking-shop of one who is spoken of as the hardest-working man in Boston.

Mr. Hale's books may be grouped, for convenience, under three heads: Extravaganza Stories, or Tales of the Improbable; Moral Stories; and Miscellaneous Works.

There can be no question that his forte lies in the telling of a story, although he himself does not regard himself as par excellence a novelist, or *raconteur*, but as a historian. Yet the statistics of the libraries show that it is as a romancer and fabulist that he has become popular. It is probable that a thousand people have read "The Man without a Country," "In His Name," and "Ten Times One is Ten," for a hundred who even know of the existence of Mr. Hale's original and valuable historical papers. His stories of imagination or extravagance are full of the most delightful escapades and *tours de force*. Give him the least bit of a *pou stō*, and, by sheer force of genius and fancy, he will project you into the air a full-blown romance, which shall keep touch with the base earth of reality by said pivotal *pou stō*, and nothing else. How he revels in the wild play of his fancy in these tales! He reminds you of Jules Verne rather than of Poe, and does not merely climb, but soars away into the ether; he constructs a Brick Moon, and by the aid of vast water-power machinery projects it into space with its inhabitants as easily as a prestidigitateur tosses a ball into the air; and when he has got it revolving there in the meridian of Greenwich, as a celestial beacon for all lost mariners, what does he do but set his brick-moon inhabitants to leaping two hundred feet or so into the air, in long and short jumps, by way of a Morse system of telegraphic signals to their friends on the earth!

Poe journeys off leisurely to the moon in a balloon, but Hale makes his own moon, and gets astride of that for a ride; the mountain in this case comes to Mahomet. There is more deceptive verisimilitude in the adventure of Hans Pfaal, but that of "Colonel Ingham" is more thrilling. I have said that Hale re-

minds you of Jules Verne; but it is to be noted that when the American began to write in this vein the Frenchman had produced only one or two books, which were untranslated and scarcely heard of outside of France. What a mad, wild story is that of Hale about "The Lost Palace"! What verisimilitude! Do not the minute technical details of the plan almost make us believe in the possibility of the daring leap of the train of cars across a chasm, with the loss of only one "palace" from the rear?

The story that first brought Mr. Hale into notice was the capital piece of fun, "My Double, and How he Undid me," published in one of the early numbers of the "Atlantic." It was a great hit. Everybody was laughing and quoting the four formula-phrases of Dennis. This piece of wit, as well as many of its author's later stories, grew out of his own pastoral experience. When the bores became unendurable, he quietly pinned them into the pasteboard box of a story, and poured a little satirical chloroform upon them. When he puts into the mouth of his "double," or factotum, the phrase, "I'm very glad you liked it," he is thereby expressing his weariness of sermon-complimenters; and in the fable of "His Level Best" he points the moral for those unfortunate public servants who perish in the Quixotic attempt to meet all the demands of society upon their time and attention. There is a bit of history connected with "My Double," which has not been published before, I think. The story happened to be written in a number of blue-covered writing-books. For the engraved copies he substituted others, in alphabetical order, such as "Boards are Made of Wood," "Great Ganders Grow from Little Geese," etc. It was Mr. Hale's idea to sprinkle these jokes through the story, or rather print them just as they happened to come in the manuscript, and throw out the idea that, as the piece purported to emanate from a "double"-ruined clergyman in the backwoods of Maine, he had been too poor to purchase suitable writing-paper. But Mr. Lowell then thought the plan scarcely feasible; so, unfortunately, the twenty-six jokes were omitted.

"The Man without a Country" was published in the third year of the Civil War (1863), at the time when Vallandigham had turned rebel and been sent across the border. It was intended that the story should appear in the "Atlantic" in time to influence the autumn elections, but for some reason it could not be brought out in season. To have its proper and intended effect, it was of course necessary that it should be thought to be the *bona fide* production of the naval officer assumed to be the narrator. Every precaution was therefore taken to preserve Mr. Hale's incognito. All went well; the magazine appeared, and publisher and author were doubtless congratulating themselves upon their success in keeping the secret — when, lo and behold! in the index appears the name of Edward Everett Hale attached to the article. The index-maker at the Cambridge University Press had let the cat out of the bag.

The bit of fiction gave its author a national reputation. It is the best sermon on patriotism ever written. It was intended to create, and did create, a national sentiment. It has done much, and will do more, to foster the idea of national unity, of a united country as opposed to state autonomy or separate sectional interests.

Colonel Ingham's geographical stories, such as "Around the World in a Hack" and "Journey to the North Pole," are extremely fantastic *jeux d'esprit*. Under the glaring light of his imagination the steppes and oceans of the globe gleam out in vast *Vorstellung*, and their enormous distances are traversed with the nonchalance and ease with which men ordinarily take a day's jaunt into the country. If Mr. Joshua Cradock, of Beacon street, takes a little drive around the world in a hack, and founds a mimic Boston on the shores of the Baikal Sea in Siberia, why, 'tis a small thing; or if the "Colonel" steps over to the North Pole to have a little confidential interview with his antipodal double, who has also made the journey from China for the same purpose, 'tis nothing, 'tis nothing. Have we not all our double on the other side of the globe? and when one of us sleeps, does not the other wake? And if Wendell Phillips immortalizes Toussaint, the black Napoleon, it is no wonder; for did they not both live on the same meridian, and therefore feel drawn to each other by hidden and mysterious ties?

It has been said that the moral of many of Mr. Hale's stories sticks out too conspicuously. But the moral, if present, is not obtrusive; if detected, it does not seem annoying in its pleasant relation to the rest of the story. Genius glorifies all her work, and the borderline between the beautiful and the moral is hard to find; what we lose in the one sphere, we gain in the other. Of Mr. Hale's power to write a story which shall so secretly and subtly kindle the heart to good deeds that we shall not be aware whence or why the stimulus comes, it seems to me that "Crusoe in New York" is a fine specimen. We follow the secret building of the little cottage and the making of the city garden — both as completely isolated as if on an uninhabited island — with such a thrill of interest that it is only upon subsequent reflection that we discover

how the self-sacrificing devotion of the son to his beloved mother has impressed an ethical lesson on our minds. Of Colonel Ingham's "Contes Moraux," two of the airiest and most whimsical are "Bane and Antidote" (published in "Variegated Leaves") and "The Skeleton in the Closet," both of which might be called "Sequences and Consequences of Little Things." An editor slips on the ice, and a train of consequences follows which ends in loss to the commerce of the world; an old hoop-skirt thrown into the street maims a man, and one thrown into the river entangles a gun-boat, both of which occurrences are full of the direst consequences. Those who think they should be perfectly happy if they could live where it is perpetual spring learn by Mr. Hale's "Ideals" to be content where they are. "The Rag-man and the Rag-woman" become well-to-do by selling paper and rags during war time, and thus learning the lesson of economy in little things. Mr. John Sapp is an office-seeking booby, who, after a life of failure to get anything, at last secures a United States commission as lieutenant-governor of an Aleutian island. He has at length the thing he long has sought, a place with nothing to do; but it turns out that the "civil servant" is governor of nothing but seals, and in his Crusoe solitariness loses his wits, to the terror of the crew who next year land to leave his provisions and stores.

Great is the power of a song or a cry as a spur to the spirit; the proverbs of a people are sermons in a nutshell; a good *mot*, or saw, is the guide-post, or better the pocket-compass, of the mind, serving you always in the nick of time. The author of "Ten Times One is Ten" has formulated in that work four famous practical mottoes which have the ring of battle-orders:

> "Look up and not down;
> Look out and not in;
> Look forward and not back;
> Lend a hand."

The four mottoes stand for the Faith, Hope, and Love of the Gospels, and were first enunciated by their author in 1869, in a course of lectures given at the Lowell Institute in Boston. They form the motto of the Harry Wadsworth Club of the "Ten Times One" story. The purpose of that story was to show "the possible extension of personal influence where people live faithfully, unselfishly, and hopefully." Suppose one individual attempt to influence ten others to good action, then those ten might each influence ten others, or a hundred, and that hundred ten more each, and so on in a geometrical series — $10\times1=10$; $10\times10=100$; $10\times100=1000$, and so on, until soon the entire world might be reformed and ennobled. The idea got hold of the imagination of Christian workers, and there are now over five hundred Harry Wadsworth Clubs in existence, the first of them being that formed in New York by Miss Ella Russell, and called "The Harry Wadsworth Helpers." In 1874 Miss Mary A. Lathbury, who had seen the four mottoes on the frieze of a friend's parlor in Orange, founded the "Look Up Legion," which has a membership of about four thousand boys and girls belonging to Methodist Sunday-schools. The idea has proved the fertilizing pollen to other "Lend a Hand" clubs, and various flower and fruit missions.

The most important of Mr. Hale's miscellaneous works are his two historical novels, "In His Name" and "Philip Nolan's Friends." The former — "A Story of the Waldenses Seven Hundred Years Ago" — is a tale strong and rich in its coloring, truthful in historical atmosphere, and glowing with the enthusiasm of Christianity and ethical passion. The artless Nicolette-like Félicie, the idolized daughter of the master-weaver, is given by her foolish mother, on St. Victoria's night, a drink of hemlock-leaved œnanthe — a deadly poison — the mother thinking it to be the potion of lavender and rosemary which once a year she administers to her pretty darling. Around this simple incident of the poisoning, and the romantic mountain ride in search of a physician, the author has grouped a series of vivid delineations of the character and spirit of the Waldenses, whose secret symbol in those troublous times was (according to the story) the sign of the Maltese cross ✠, and their passwords were the phrases, "In His Name" and "For the Love of Christ." It is a production to be classed with "Hypatia," "Zenobia," "The Prince of the House of David," "The Schönberg Cotta Family," and Freeman Clarke's "The Legend of Thomas Didymus."

The book is full of good racy English idiom; and so is its author's speech, written or spoken. Here is a portion of the address of the master-weaver:

> "And as those slow hours went by, I prayed to my God, and I promised him, that whether my darling lived or died, — whether she lived with me here or with his angels there, — for me, I would live from that day forward for all my brothers and all my sisters, for you, and for you, and for you; yes, for all his children, if I could help them. But, dear friends, I could not begin to do this without asking him to forgive me, and you to forgive me, that so often I have said I would care for myself if the others for themselves would care. I could not begin to live for the rest without asking the rest to pardon me that I had lived for myself before. And so, at little Félicie's feast, I ask her, as I ask you, as I ask the good God, to show me how to take care for others, and to show others how to take care of me."

For other specimens of the excellent diction of Mr. Hale, one may open his books almost at random. Here is a paragraph from "My Visit to Sybaris":

> "We cracked on all day, made Spartimento blue in the distance, made it purple, made it brown, made it green, . . . and by the time the light-house at Sybaris was well ablaze, we were abreast of it, and might begin to haul more northward."

"Philip Nolan's Friends," as a piece of historical fiction, is a fresh and genuine product of American life, as "Waverley" or "Guy Mannering" is of Scotch life. Like Mr. Cable's "Grandissimes," the scene is laid (partly) in New Orleans in the first year of the present century — the time just preceding the transfer of Louisiana, now the "Great West," to the United States by Napoleon. It is well to remember that the hero, Philip Nolan, a brave and gallant Kentuckian, was the protomartyr to Mexican treachery, and instrumental, through the fear his name and deeds excited in Spanish breasts, in causing the transfer of the vast possessions of the Spaniards to France, and so indirectly to the United States. Nolan was murdered by the Spaniards, and fell like Custer fighting among his men. It is interesting to contrast this work of Mr. Hale with that of Mr. Cable, alluded to a moment ago,— the one full of the dazzle and glow and fierce dreamy passion of the South; the other cast in the cool, temperate, and objective style of the North.

Of other books of Mr. Hale — "What Career," "How To Do It," "Seven Spanish Cities," "Ninety Days' Worth of Europe," "Our Christmas in a Palace," his "Plum Series," "Stories of War," "Stories of the Sea" — only mention can be made.

It remains to say a word of the subject of this sketch as historian and antiquary. As a member of the American Antiquarian Society, he has been led to prepare papers on early American maps; in Mr. Justin Winsor's "History of Boston," he has written on the siege of that city, and on King Philip's war; he has elsewhere discussed "Coronado's Discovery of the Seven Cities" and the "Cosmogony of Dante and Columbus"; and he led the crusade against the Boston vandals for the rescue of that holy of holies in the city of freedom, the Old South Church, and, on the occasion of the opening of the permanent exhibition in the building, wrote a spirited ballad:

> "To hide the time-stains on our wall,
> Let every tattered banner fall!
> The Bourbon lilies, green and old,
> That flaunted once, in burnished gold;
> The oriflamme of France, that fell
> That day when sunburned Pepperell
> His shotted salvos fired so well,
> The *Fleur de Lys* trailed sulky down,
> And Louis-burg was George's town."

Of his various writings on the French and Spanish in America, Mr. Hale considers the best to be the four chapters contributed by him to Bryant and Gay's "Popular History of the United States." Probably there is no one else in America who has to such an extent made Spanish-American subjects the specialty of his literary delvings. In the antiquarian field proper, Mr. Hale has made at least one noteworthy discovery: he has grounds for thinking that the air of "Yankee Doodle" was first composed for an old scrap of a song current in Cromwell's time; and he has found out how California came to be so named.

It was in reading an old romance called the "Deeds of Esplandian" — a sequel to "Amadis de Gaul," and published twenty-five years before the discovery of Lower California by the soldiers of Cortes (1535) — that he lighted on the secret. The "Deeds of Esplandian" was one of the yellow-backed novels of its day, and so was undoubtedly as well known to the Spanish discoverers as "Pickwick" is to our naval officers and soldiers. It describes the rescue of Constantinople by Amadis and other knights. In the midst of the narrative is introduced an account of a certain island situated "on the right hand of the Indies," and called *California*. From this island came a body of gigantic black Amazons to the rescue of the hard-pressed knights at the siege. The romance states that in their island were men-fed griffins and other marvels, and that there was no metal there but *gold*. Now, when Cortes and his men landed upon the great peninsula of the Pacific, they thought it to be an island, and although they got not a particle of the gold for which they were thirsting, yet they saw no reason why they should not name the land *California*, or the Island of Gold; for it was the custom to give such fanciful and hopeful names as El Dorado to new lands which might perhaps be found to contain the precious ore, although at first none was found. This is Mr. Hale's explanation, and it has been accepted by the best antiquarian scholars as a trustworthy one.

Wm. Sloane Kennedy.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK FOREST.*

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD,

Author of "Only an Incident," "One Chapter," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

SURELY no place was ever more admirably fitted for lovers and love-making than Rippolds Au. In whichever direction one goes, east, west, north, or south, every walk is romantically beautiful, beginning to be so from the very start. There are no long stretches of sand, or dusty highways, or monotonous levels to be traversed first, wearying one before one has fairly begun to walk. Roads there are, in truth, for those who do not care to climb; but firm, smooth roads, winding through the wonderful valleys of the Black Forest, each with its own wayside companion in a prattling, dancing stream, which coquets with it in the most barefaced manner—now following the road meekly along, so modestly, so straightly, one thinks it has no will but only to be led; now frolicking on before, and forcing the road to follow all its merry twists and turns; now running away out of sight, weary both of guidance and of guiding; and now suddenly reappearing with a little delighted laugh, to follow on as before, or diving all at once under the road to begin on the other side with the very same antics, that yet seem never twice alike, go as far and as long as one will. And, oh, the views on either hand! There are no snow-capped mountains, awing the beholder with the whiteness of their splendor; no far-off vistas of restless, illimitable seas; no maddening precipices and great gulfs of sunless, stony darkness. All is peaceful and glad and perfect. If there be rocks, the mosses have crept over them and made them into velvet mounds fit for kings to sit upon. If there be gorges, somehow the sun struggles through, and the tall pines fill them up tier on tier, and a brook runs babbling and fearless at the bottom, calling out that it is not afraid, for it has sunlight sometimes, though no starlight ever; and there are flowers and ferns and waving grasses there too, and birds to sing to it, and many a living thing to keep it company. The hills stand out in gently undulating lines, dense and dark against the horizon, one mass of deep but exquisitely shaded greens, up into which curve brighter emerald slopes of close, soft grass, kept fresh with the eternal overflow of countless mountain streams; while below are paler tints of newly mown fields, to which groups of picturesquely costumed peasants, spreading out the hay to dry, or, later, tossing it into fragrant heaps, add yet gayer coloring. And over all the sunlight glides in turn, lending a surpassing glory to the spot it touches, which seems but to give by contrast a further grace to the mysteriousness and depth of the impenetrable shadows beyond. And from every point start charming little mountain walks, luring one to follow by the gentleness of their ascent, and beguiling one farther and farther on, higher and higher up, until one is in the very heart of the woods, wandering on paths soft with moss or odorous with the spicy needles of the pines; paths only wide enough for two, and leading from one solitude to another, with views out into the valley at every turn, tempting one on and on till one finds one's self betrayed at last into a wild scramble up some daring footpath which makes direct for the regions of the fairies, and leaves one there alone with the invisible gnomes and elves. Hark! Is that a laugh,—a little low, silvery, mocking laugh? Turn quickly. No, it is only a stream leaping out behind a stone and slipping away to lose itself hopelessly in a labyrinth of holly and ferns and heather. And there on the left, what is that soft murmur? Only another little gurgling brook talking fancifully to itself as it runs, and laughing aloud at the witchery of its dreams. Ah, if but our ears were finer, perhaps we should hear them too. If but our sight were keener, who knows into what mysteries we might not penetrate! The bluebells hang trembling on their slender stems. They have only just done ringing for the fairies, and the fairies are coming surely. They will be here in a moment, any moment, only not just this moment while we wait. They are hiding everywhere: there in the firs, whose branches hang so heavily, like robes of sorrow about a mourner; here in this bed of ferns, that nod and tremble with graceful glee at the secret they are keeping; or, closer yet, in the very air itself,

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that is fresh and pure, and full of hints of unfinished sounds, whose utterance would be sweeter than all sweetest music. O beautiful Rippolds Au! O beautiful, beautiful, mysterious world of the Black Forest!

But nothing of all this saw Miss Betty, though strolling slowly along one of the loveliest of all the mountain rambles. She was dressed very bewitchingly this afternoon (either her dresses or herself seemed to grow prettier every day), and she was glancing up at the Count out of the shadow of her big hat, in a certain little way she had of her own, that seemed somehow utterly unlike the way of anybody else; for when did one coquette ever appear to use exactly the wiles and stratagems and deadly weapons of another, even though everybody knows that there is but one arsenal common to them all? Aunt Sarah was somewhat tired that afternoon, and the Count, though fully aware that he was offending against native decorum in going out alone with two young girls, had agreed immediately to Betty's proposal that he should escort them on their promenade, and won Aunt Sarah's consent and golden opinion together by presenting her with a little bunch of wild flowers, with an air that seemed to transform it into a gift of royal value.

"They are only Americans," he thought. "It doesn't matter what I do. One can't compromise American girls."

So they were walking out alone, Betty and the Count in advance, and Lois a little behind, her soul filled to overflowing with a keen sense of all the beauty that the other two were missing.

"Why are you so silent?" asked Von Lindenfels presently, turning to address her in that softened tone that Betty noticed he always employed in speaking to Lois.

"Only because it is so very beautiful," she answered, with a smile that seemed almost like tears. "It makes me still."

He gave her a quick sympathetic glance (he had the power of throwing a world of comprehension into a single look).

"You are right. You know always the best. But we,"—and he turned a laughing look on Betty that seemed to give a peculiar significance to the plural pronoun,—"we are foolish, are we not, mademoiselle?"

"No," answered Betty, giving him back glance for glance. "I like better to talk—with you."

"Mademoiselle is too good," said the Count, lifting up a branch that threatened to displace her saucy hat, and at the same time dexterously catching back another into which Lois was dreamily walking.

"Then I will stop being too good, and not say another word. Or if it is best to be still, you may prefer my silence."

"No, that would be bad; so bad it would spoil all the goodness before," laughed he. "My ears sleep only when they hear not your voice." Then he turned again to Lois. "Mademoiselle, it seems we cannot learn from you to be still, therefore you must from us learn to speak. Or are your thoughts too holy, too angel-like, to tell them us?"

"I was not thinking at all," answered Lois, still smiling at him. "I was only feeling, and seeing, and listening. Go on talking with Betty."

"We shall wait and rest first," said the Count, "or you will tire. We shall make a place here." And he spread out his light overcoat as a seat for the girls, and threw himself down a little farther off, where he could look up into both their faces at once.

"Now talk," said Lois.

"What will you have me to talk?" The look included both; the voice, only Lois.

"Sing," she said softly.

She was not looking at him, but sat half turned aside, and with her hands folded in her lap. Betty leaned back on her elbow, pulling her hat up and down over her eyes and never once looking away from him as he sang; sang song after song without waiting their bidding; little German songs out of the Volkslieder, so simple and easy that even with their imperfect knowledge of the language they could hardly help catching at the meaning. And still as he sang, his look rested on both, and his song seemed only for Lois.

"What does it mean, that last one?" Betty asked abruptly. "Oh, I understand the words well enough; but the meaning? It's all about a little rose and a boy. And the boy vows he will pick the little rose, and the rose says he sha'n't, and she will prick him, and she wont stand it; and the boy does pick the little rose, and she does prick him, yet all her resistance goes for nothing, and she has to bear it. What perfect nonsense to make a song out of!"

"Is it nonsense?" said Lois quickly. "I thought it meant——" and she stopped short, and blushed brightly as she met Von Lindenfels's eyes.

"No; it is not nonsense. It is truth—all truth," he said; and a light came into his eyes as he spoke. And then he sprang to his feet and gave Betty his hand to help her rise. "It has become late while I have sung my nonsense. We must go back now. And so you do not understand my song, mademoiselle? my Röslein, Röslein? *Ach*, I shall teach you the meaning some day. You shall know it too."

Was it fancy, or did he really press her hand? Betty snatched it away ("Whence came this unwonted accession of prudishness?" she asked herself), and he looked at her reproachfully.

"Have I tired you with my singing? Did I think so little? I was wrong."

It was almost the voice which he kept for Lois, and Betty instantly gave him one of her irresistible smiles, those which she reserved for rarest occasions, and during the rest of the walk he kept by her side, talking. But not as he had talked before. Had Lois's mood fallen upon him too? He told Betty legend after legend of the Black Forest, and strange, weird tales that chimed in wondrously with their surroundings; and all the time, while Betty laughed and jested and made light of it all, and even when he laughed and jested back, not a single beauty of the path they were following, or a single detail of the views beyond, seemed to escape him. He scarcely addressed Lois, and yet never before had she felt so fully understood and sympathized with, so completely in communication with another's mind, as she did that afternoon. Even Betty grew quiet at last, and, dropping a little behind, began plucking off one by one the petals of a great daisy that had nodded to her familiarly from the side of the path, as if promising to tell her truly all about it this time.

"*Un peu,—beaucoup,—passionnément,—pas du tout,*" counted Betty. She had not named the daisy. She would see what it said first. "*Un peu,*" said the last daisy-leaf, and Betty flung it away with a scowl, tossing the poor maimed flower after it.

"Count von Lindenfels," she called imperatively, "get me a daisy, please. I can't find any nice ones."

Lois stopped. The Count looked round, spied daisies near, and came back with his hands full. Betty drew one out and began again.

"*Un peu,— beaucoup,—passionnément,—pas du tout. Un peu,— beaucoup*——"

"What for?" interrupted the Count, much mystified.

Betty explained with a roguish laugh:

"I name it for my love, and count to see how much he loves me; for whatever the last petal comes out is gospel truth for the state of his affections." Von Lindenfels was deeply interested at once, and Betty counted on.

"*Un peu,*" said the last daisy-leaf again, and again Betty scowled.

"Only *un peu?*" said the Count. "*Ach,* these daisies are all afraid to speak the whole truth. They tell it not half. They are very discreet flowers indeed. To you now the turn, mademoiselle." And he held out his hand toward Lois.

Why should she blush as she took a daisy from him? It was very silly of her, Betty thought, as she furtively watched the two from under her long lashes. How interested he looked. So had he when she had tried her fate. He was drawing nearer Lois. But he had come nearer yet to her; her dress had almost brushed against him. There. The last petal. "*Beaucoup.*" What would he say to that? Would he say — what he had said to her?

The Count said nothing at all. He merely looked at Lois. It was Lois who spoke, and she was oddly flushed.

"'*Beaucoup*' wont do for me," she said. "It must be '*passionnément*' or '*pas du tout.*'"

And still the Count only looked at her without speaking, and Betty felt that his silence said more than the words he had said to her.

It made a pretty little group as they stood so, filling up all the way; and some one coming up the path toward them with a quick, springing step, stopped short at sight of them, and made another picture just beyond, framed in between the trees and the mossy bank, with the sunlight falling full upon him. It was a young man of twenty-eight, a short, well-made figure, with a sunburned, homely, thoroughly good face, and a pair of keen gray eyes.

Lois looked up first, and, seeing him standing there, gave a little cry, it was hard to tell whether of pleasure or the reverse, and did not move. But Betty, seeing him too, sprang forward with a bound and held out both hands.

"Why, it's Ned Prentiss!" she cried, in unmistakable delight. "Ned Prentiss! Oh, Mr. Prentiss, I'm so glad you've come!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"'Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Haiden,'"

sang Betty softly, as she threw off her hat and rearranged her curls. "Hurry, Lois; tea's nearly ready, and you know Mr. Prentiss is to be here:

'Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Haiden.'"

"I don't see why Aunt Sarah invited him, Betty."

"Why, of course, she asked him to come back when dispatching him off so cavalierly

to hunt us up. It would have been very queer if she hadn't; especially when he has come so far to see you."

"He needn't have come. Nobody asked him to."

"And you wish he hadn't? There's gratitude for you!"

"Ye-es — no — yes," said Lois.

"And there's choice of answers. I'll choose 'no.' You don't wish he hadn't come. Of course you don't. He's very nice."

"I had forgotten he was quite so plain," said Lois, musingly. "How short he looks beside the Count."

"'Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,'"

sang Betty, with a laugh.

"What makes you keep singing that all the time?" asked Lois, dropping her brush and turning round abruptly. "I thought you said you didn't like it and it was nonsense."

"I am trying to sing it into sense, and I *do* like it."

"But the sense of it is so easy," said Lois. "Don't you see? Some one is in love with some one."

"Lucid thus far, astonishingly."

"Well, Röslein is a beautiful young girl, then, if you prefer."

"I do, of course:

'War so jung und morgenschön.'

Is that you or me? The description just fits me — or you."

"O Betty, don't! Listen. Some one comes wooing the beautiful Röslein, and she will have none of him."

"Of which? The Count or Ned?"

"I wont go on, Betty. You are too bad."

"Oh, but you must go on. I am so curious to know how it ends according to you. I remember,

'Röslein sprach, ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich.'

I suppose that means she'll jilt him, but is going to flirt with him so much at first that he'll swear at her till his dying day. I wonder you could listen so approvingly to such an immoral song, Lois."

"I think," Lois continued, "she means that her loveliness will break his heart if he comes too near and dares seek to win her; for he will never be able to forget her, and yet she will have none of him."

"You said that before. Don't try to be poetical. You are only tautological."

"But he woos her still in his wild, mad, passionate daring — that is the way *I* would like to be wooed, Betty! — he *will* have her; and before she knows it he has taken her resisting heart by storm, has won her to himself. All her brave defense, her resolve to keep him at bay and repel him, are of no avail; her powers are powerless before his; love overmasters her against her will, and in the end what more can she do than only just that, submit, '*Musst es eben leiden*'?"

"In plain English," said Betty, "he says, 'Will you?' She says, 'I wont.' He says, 'You must.' She says, 'Plague take it, I do.' Nothing like short meter for taking the hifalutin out of stuff. I think I'll get Ruprecht's version of it. He said he would teach me the meaning some day."

Lois was silent, but a little look as of pain shot over her face.

"I think he would like to teach it to me," Betty continued, swinging a little daintily slippered foot back and forth. "I am sure he would. He can teach it to me in German, and I will teach it to him in English, and we'll both have a good lesson out of it, if nothing else. There is Ned. I hear him talking to Aunt Sarah Of course, you aren't ready. I'll go in. Put on your blue dress, Lois. You look nicest in that."

Tea was on the table before Lois came into the parlor, and after all she was not in the pretty pale blue cachemire, that suited so well with her exquisite complexion and soft fair hair. What had possessed her to put on her very most unbecoming dress instead? Betty wondered. There were no unbecoming dresses in Betty's wardrobe.

But blue dress or brown dress was all the same to Ned Prentiss. He looked at her with a great pleasure in his honest eyes, and then got up and went and sat down by her.

"I'm so glad to see you, Miss Lois, you don't know," he said. "I've been telling your aunt how fast I traveled to get here; just stopped in London to settle up my business (duty first, you know, even before ladies), and once on the continent, I thought I wouldn't waste time on the road."

"Waste time!" echoed Lois. "Oh, but there's so much to see on the way here, such old historical places, and such grand, such wonderful things! How could you help stopping?"

"I wanted to see you," said the young man simply. "Europe hasn't much else in it that I care for."

"Oh, but Brussels, Cologne, Frankfort, Heidelberg,— you don't mean you didn't even stop there, when this is your first trip abroad and you can go just where you like!"

"I did go just where I liked; exactly that. I came here," said Prentiss, breaking into the

good-humored laugh that, *bon gré mal gré*, always made every one else laugh too. "I don't see what more a fellow can do with his holiday than make the most of it. And I never was much for foreign travel. Let a man take what's thrown in his way, say I; and for the rest, let him keep where he was born and where he's got to live."

"Oh, but, Mr. Prentiss," expostulated Lois, "how should we ever improve ourselves if we all just staid at home and never traveled anywhere, never saw anything?"

"Have you been improving yourself?" he asked with a smile; a very frank, sweet smile it was too. "You don't look much less pale for it than you did, I am thinking."

"It's her dress," put in Betty. "She has put on the very ugliest one she's got as a welcome to you. She knows she always looks badly in that pongee."

Lois flushed almost guiltily.

"She's not pale now, anyway," said Prentiss, looking at her with quite unconcealed fondness. "And she looks as well to me in one gown as another. But it's you who are improved by your trip, Miss Betty. You look quite rosy. And your aunt looks wonderfully well too."

Aunt Sarah beamed on him with mild pleasure, and sugared his tea twice over at once.

"It's all in our dresses," explained Betty amiably. "It's always the dressing, not the face. Auntie and I are tricked out in our best. Oh, not for you, Mr. Prentiss; we know well enough you don't notice us. No, I confess it frankly, *I* am dressed up for the Count."

"And have you made out this one to be a real count?" asked Prentiss, smiling again. It was well he chanced to have fine teeth, he smiled so much. "I've always understood counts and barons were thick over here, but that more than half of them weren't the real thing."

"Oh, but this one is!" cried Betty. "Isn't he, Aunt Sarah? Isn't he, Lois?"

"He's a remarkable young man, certainly," said Aunt Sarah. "And he's in the Almanach of Goethe."

"Gotha, aunt," corrected Lois.

"Gotha, is it, dear? Oh, yes. Goethe was the poet, I remember, and this one made the Almanach, and Count von Lindenfels is in it. Everybody is real who is in the Almanach, Kreuzner says."

"But he's not in the Almanach, Aunt Sarah," corrected Lois again. "He isn't a reigning prince, you know. He's in the German Peerage. That's where Kreuzner found it all. But he's real, anyway."

"Well, he looks stylish enough to be real," said Prentiss good-naturedly. "He would take all the shine out of these titled samples that come over to the States. But you had better take care, Miss Betty. In spite of his title, he's probably poorer than a country parson, and lives in some rickety old farm-house somewhere, that you couldn't squeeze a Saratoga trunk into."

"No, he does not," said Lois quickly, lifting her head a little. "He lives in a castle, oh, a beautiful castle, somewhere not far from the Rhine. He has told us all about it, and about his family; he's the eldest, and there are four sons besides and a daughter, and three of his brothers are in the army, and his sister has just been married."

"He seems to have told you a good deal," said Prentiss quietly, but with a keen look toward Lois, whose cheeks had a little bright pink spot in them. "What is he here for now? Certainly not for the waters?"

"Well," laughed Betty, "to be frank, Mr. Prentiss, he is here for Lois and myself. It goes against me to put Lois in too, but I'm afraid I must divide the honors. He came about ten days ago, you see, expecting to meet some friends here and go with them to Switzerland. And then he got a telegram saying they would be detained for two or three weeks,—that was the one we saw him reading the first day, you know, Lois,—and he thought he would go to Baden-Baden, or Wiesbaden, or some jolly place, to wait till they came; but, in the mean time, he got to know us, and so just waited on here. I hope his interfering old friends wont come at all."

"He certainly couldn't have a lovelier place to wait in than Rippolds Au," said Lois, rising as her aunt left the table, and leading the way out upon the balcony. "Don't you think so, Mr. Prentiss?"

"I don't know," he answered, sitting down and leaning his arms on the balustrade. "Rippolds Au is a pretty small place for a rather large young man, isn't it? That is, for any length of time."

"Oh, but it's so beautiful!" said Lois, leaning against the wall beside him, straight and slim and graceful. "I don't think I was ever in a lovelier spot than this. Didn't you think the drive up from Wolfach exquisite?"

"Well, yes, it was pretty," he admitted lazily, looking up at her with perfect content, while she, looking back at him, suddenly remembered that the Count would never have taken a seat while she was still standing, and was struck, as if all at once, with the ungainliness of his attitude.

"Let's go inside," she said. "Aunt Sarah and Betty are in there."

"Waiting for the Count, I suppose," said

Prentiss, running his fingers through his thick black hair, cropped close, but curling still, in utter defiance of the scissors. "No, don't let's go in. I came to see you, not them, and it's so nice out here. Sit down, wont you?" And leaning forward without rising, he drew up another chair. "You'll be more comfortable."

"No, thanks, I would rather stand."

"You wont be cold, will you?" he asked. "Oh, here's a shawl or something. Put that on." And he caught up a dainty wrap lying conveniently at hand, and threw it awkwardly around her, the wrong side up. Lois slightly frowned as she altered it.

"I'm very clumsy, I know," he said apologetically, detecting the frown. "Lois, is the Count here for you or Betty?"

The brusque question and absence of prefix to her name startled her exceedingly. With all his bluntness, he had never addressed her so before. She looked at him without answering, and colored violently. He saw his blunder and reddened too.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lois. I ought not to have spoken so. And it's like enough you don't know yourself. Let's forget him and have a good talk by ourselves, like old times. Wont you sit down here, please? You look so far off standing there."

But she was not any nearer him when she did at last reluctantly take the chair beside him. They were much farther apart now, those two, than when the ocean lay between them.

"Tell me about yourself," he asked, with a faint sigh she never noticed. "I have missed you dreadfully; while you, you have been perfectly happy, have you not, over here among all the grand sights you wanted to see so much? You are not disappointed in any of it, then?"

"Oh, no. Oh, no, indeed," she answered fervently. "How could I be? How could any one be? It has been unclouded happiness to me from beginning to end. I cannot bear to think I must ever go back."

"I'm not properly educated up to it, that must be it," he said. "It's all beyond me. I would rather have a good hard day's work at the office, and come home tired out to dinner, feeling I had really accomplished something, than tear about seeing all the cathedrals and gimcracks in the world."

"Cathedrals and gimcracks! Oh, Mr. Prentiss!" cried Lois.

"There it is again," he said. "I can't even talk properly about it."

"No," she said petulantly, "you can't."

There was a moment's silence. The Count had come into the parlor. Lois heard his low, cultured voice and Betty's sweet laugh. But Prentiss did not offer to move, and, it was true, he had come far to see her, and she ought to stay and talk if he wished. But was he never going to speak again? She made an effort to collect her wandering thoughts, and turned to him with a faint smile.

"Tell me about home, please."

He was watching her, but very gravely.

"I was waiting for that," he answered. "I was sure you could not have altered so—as wholly to forget home. It is home to you still, Miss Lois, isn't it, even though you like Europe so much?"

"Why, of course," she replied impatiently. "I haven't any other home. It must be my home. How could I help it if I would?"

"If that is all that makes it home to you, then it isn't really home any longer," said Prentiss, with a pained tone in his pleasant voice. "You *are* altered, Miss Lois, more than I thought at first."

"You mean you think I have — not improved?"

"Yes, I do," he said steadily, looking full at her with very kind eyes still, but eyes from which all the glad light seemed suddenly to have gone out. A wicked little rebellion took possession of Lois. His words hurt her, but she would not show it. What did his opinion matter to her now?

"You are not very complimentary," she said, with a little don't-care shrug.

"That is one of my peculiarities. I never learned to say anything I did not strictly mean. I cannot speak anything but the downright truth as I see it, not even to please you, Miss Lois; not even though I knew that by not doing so,"—he broke off abruptly and changed the sentence,—"not even though my life depended on it. And you believe in it too," he added presently, as she did not speak.

"I do love truth," she answered; and then she put out her hand to him almost unwillingly, as if to atone for the words that followed, spoken lower, yet very distinctly. "But I do not like roughness and bluntness at all. I never did, and still less now."

He did not take her hand. Could it be he did not see it? She drew it back, piqued.

"Let us go in," she said, rising at last, as he still said nothing; and, for all her seeming indifference, there was a sore spot at her heart. "They will think it strange if we stay out here longer alone."

Prentiss followed her into the parlor, still without a word. Aunt Sarah was industriously knitting away on a long silk stocking, of such generous proportions that her nieces were careful always to explain that it was not for

them. Von Lindenfels and Betty were bending together over a book, which she closed reluctantly as the two came in from the balcony.

"What did you come back for?" she said, with a very real pout. "I was taking a German lesson."

"I have been having a lesson too," said Lois, "from Mr. Prentiss. But I think I would rather learn German."

"From me?" asked the Count softly, as she came near to lay her wrap on the table. "From me, *nicht wahr?*"

CHAPTER IX.

Lois was very quiet when they turned to retrace their steps, going back, however, by the woods instead of the road, and Betty twitted her not a little on her silence.

"I believe she is thinking up another poem," she said at last. "Do you know, Count, Lois writes poetry."

"Hush, Betty, hush!" cried Lois, appealingly.

"Oh, but she does," laughed Betty, bent on mischief. "She makes up lines that rhyme and that have feet without legs to them, like centipedes; so, of course, she's a poet. And, Count, don't you want to hear? Mr. Prentiss, of course you do. Here's a poem she wrote last night about that daisy she told her fate by."

Lois gave a faint cry and sprang toward her.

"Betty! Betty! I thought I must have torn it up. I couldn't find it this morning. Give it to me! please! Oh, Betty, do, do give it to me!"

How could Betty withstand her? Prentiss wondered. He would have given her the very soul out of his body had she asked him for it in that pleading tone and with such beseeching eyes.

"Don't tease her, Miss Betty," he said bluntly. "We don't want to hear anything she doesn't want us to. It isn't fair to her."

"*Ach*, mademoiselle, you have written a poem about yesterday, about the flower, can it be?" asked the Count eagerly. "You will give us, give me, the great pleasure to hear it? You will not deny me when I do pray it? Mademoiselle, you will be so angel good?"

Lois hesitated and flushed deeply, looking up into his imploring eyes, her own full of conflicting emotions. The Count won.

"Read it, then. I don't care," she said at last, and threw herself on the moss a little way off from them all, with her face turned away. Betty stood still where she was, pulling off and tossing aside her gloves (was it because her hands were so pretty that she found that necessary?) and unfolding a small sheet of paper. She was conscious that she read well, and that the Count, whose eyes were riveted on her, and lost no movement of her round, pliant figure, as she stood before him in all her young prettiness, was taking in vastly more than just the sense of the lines. Prentiss found a comfortable seat for Aunt Sarah on the bank and stood near, looking fixedly at Lois, but not losing a word that Betty read.

"You know," began Betty in explanation, "we tried our fates yesterday afternoon—just when you came up, Mr. Prentiss. My daisy wasn't good for much, but it seems Lois had satisfactory luck, for this is what she wrote about it. She doesn't say who it was named for,—you know one always names it for one's lover,—but of course we are free to guess. Now, listen."

And in her sweet, soft voice, standing with her pretty head bent at its sauciest angle, her face framed like a picture in her flaring hat, and flushing a very little beneath the Count's steady gaze, as every now and then she shot him a stealthy glance, which seemed to say it was she, not Lois, who spoke in those lines, Betty read:

"DAISY-FATE.

"Daisy, little daisy, growing 'mid the grasses,
Fairest of thy band, as a May-queen 'mid her lassies,
Dost thou feel the sweet south wind? dost thou hear
it as it passes?

"Listen closely, daisy, zephyrs speak so low,
And they bring thee tidings of something I must
know:
Some sweet secret thou must tell me, ere I let thee
go.

"Canst thou whisper nothing, so demure thou art,
With thy spotless garments and thy shining heart,
And that little humble look, as of a saint apart?

"Wilt thou tell me nothing of thine own accord?
Dost thou guard thy knowledge as misers guard their
hoard?
Unresponsive still and dumb, wilt not own me for
thy lord?

"Give me up thy secret! Thou hast ears so fine,
Thou canst hear his heart-beats, for thou hast counted
mine,
And thou knowest if he love me, though he gives no
sign.

"Tell me quickly, daisy,—I am pitiless,—
These thy pure white robes may prove a martyr's
dress;
For I'll tear thy secret from thee, be it No or Yes!

"Silent still? O daisy, foolish little flower,
Take thy last look upward. Thou art in my power,
And shalt never meet again the sunshine or the
shower.

"Since thou wilt not speak, and since I cannot wait,
Daisy, thou must die that I may learn my fate.
What is one white daisy less? He loves?—or does
he hate?

"Leaf by leaf, remorseless,—oh, cruel woman art,
Reaching to the truth through the crushing of a
heart!
Loves! He loves!—But in my joy the daisy hath
what part?"

Lois did not move when Betty's voice ceased. She sat with her head drooping still lower and a smile stealing to her lips. Had the daisy really known when it said "*Beaucoup*" yesterday? The Count's eyes had said "*Passionnément.*"

Von Lindenfels, who had been leaning against a tree with folded arms, came forward and took the paper from Betty's hands.

"All that you read must sound like music," he said softly as he did so, the action bringing him so near her he could speak without being overheard. "For your voice makes to me songs out of all words. And I want no other poetry but your face."

His voice was so low, so musical, so irresistible as he spoke! Surely he must mean what he said? Betty's heart gave a great, unexpected flutter.

"Nonsense; we are both flirting," she said to herself. "We don't either of us mean anything at all." She stooped and picked a daisy that grew near. "You shall have this to remember the daisy song by," she said aloud. "I will put it in your buttonhole myself."

And then, some strange impulse tempting her, she raised it to her lips, turning a vivid scarlet as she did so. It was very rare for Betty to blush, and the rich color, suddenly mantling her creamy cheeks, made her positively beautiful for the moment; but she felt that she was blushing, felt it like a hot tingle through all her veins, with an odd wonder at herself, and it confused her.

"I could not help kissing it," she murmured, looking up at the Count with a diffidence as foreign to her usual self as the blush. "I love flowers. I could not let even a daisy go without a good-bye."

She was fastening the flower in his coat now, with fingers that absolutely trembled a little. What had come over her, when she was only flirting as she had done since babyhood, and when neither of them meant anything at all?

"*Ach*, yes," said the Count. "Is it not so?" And then he sang softly, softly, under his breath:

"'Liebchen, ade. Scheiden thut Weh.
Weil ich denn scheiden muss,
So gieb mir einen Kuss!
Liebchen, ade. Scheiden thut Weh!'"

Of course the words only referred to the flower she had kissed good-bye. She understood that perfectly. But the Count stood with his back to the others; they could not see; and he had laid his hand lightly, as he sang, upon the slender fingers, that, perhaps because he was so tall, and it was hard to reach, were so unwontedly slow and awkward at their simple task; and at his touch she drew back with a frightened start, half feigned, half real.

"*Röslein*," he said, still very softly, "you fear me not? *Ach*, no?"

"I do," she murmured, moving still farther away, and looking up at him with a sort of trouble growing in her dark eyes. "I do. It's very odd and—and uncomfortable, but—yes—I do."

And then she broke off with a laugh (she must remember she was only flirting) and ran to Lois.

"Lois, the Count has stolen your poem; he likes it so much. You must get it back if you want it. I can't. I can't do anything with him. He wont do anything for me."

Von Lindenfels, following, had time to give her one all-comprehensive glance, reproachful, tender, rebuking, adoring,—everything, in fact, that a single unaided glance can be,—before he turned to Lois.

"You will give it me, will you not, mademoiselle?" he asked earnestly, holding her poem pressed against his heart. "Is it too much to hope?"

"You do not want it," said Lois, timidly. "What can it be to you? Give it back to me, please!"

He put it in his pocket with a triumphant smile. "It is much to me. I shall have it for my *Vergissmeinnicht*. Only one thing it has not to make it perfect. One thing it said not. Of whom thought you when you wrote it?"

And his anxious look seemed to say his whole soul hung upon her answer.

"Only the daisy knows," Lois replied, a little proudly.

"But I may guess?" asked Von Lindenfels, in a low tone. "You will not forbid me to guess?"

"Yes, I do," said Lois, quickly. "I forbid it. You have no right to my secrets. Besides, there is nothing to guess."

"Nothing?" sighed the Count. "Nothing? You will not tell me always that there is nothing, will you?"

Lois sprang up and began walking on, almost as if to escape him. But he kept by her side.

"*Ach*, you think to run from me, but my thoughts they follow you. They let you not away. I speak not if it trouble you. I keep

silent if you desire; but my heart, that you cannot bid be still. That speaks on."

"Don't! Don't!" prayed Lois. "You must not speak so."

"Why not?" he asked. "Would you know not the truth?"

"Is it the truth?" questioned Lois in return.

They were a little in advance of the others, whom a bend of the road hid from sight. She stood still in her earnestness, lifting great, serious eyes to his — pure, true eyes, before which it seemed as if all falsehood must shrink.

"Does any speak ever to *you* what is not truth?" he said, and bent forward to take her hand. She drew it back very quietly and put it behind her, afraid of she knew not what, disturbed and perplexed, and unable to read his face.

"At least we will never have anything but truth between us, will we?" she replied. "Not now or ever."

Her heart was beating quickly, though her face was so calm and white, and she stood waiting for what he might say next, when the others appeared around the bend in the road. The Count made a gesture of despair.

"They come. I may say nothing. But, mademoiselle, believe, my heart it speaks forever."

"Are you waiting for us?" inquired Prentiss, as the three came up. "Now, that is nice of you."

"No," answered Lois. "We only stopped to talk."

Yet his honest, true face seemed a sort of rest to her just then when she felt so strangely puzzled and troubled, and she found herself nearest him as they all walked on together.

"I haven't had a chance to speak to you about those verses of yours," he said, kicking a dead branch out of Aunt Sarah's way.

"Did you like them?" asked Lois, indifferently.

"Well, as to that, I never was great on poetry, you know. Prose is more in my line. They seemed to jingle all right, but I suppose it takes more than that to make a poem. What I wanted to say was, that I liked that idea in it that it was rough to get at what one wanted by putting another to pain. That's the right thing, Miss Lois. Keep to it. Nothing is worth while having that hurts another in the getting — even if it's the heart that is all the world to us," he added, more to himself than to her.

Lois smiled. "I believe you do think so, Mr. Prentiss. I believe you would let everything go, even your own happiness, if you thought it stood in any one's way, however remotely."

"Yes, of course I would, because no happiness could atone for causing others unhappiness. And I am glad you think so too. It isn't often that we seem to agree of late, Miss Lois."

"We are so different," she said. "Did you ever see two people as different, Aunt Sarah?"

"But you are different from everybody," answered Aunt Sarah, with a fond smile across Prentiss at her darling. "There is no one just like you, so fond of books and poetry, and so full of pretty dreams and fancies."

"Isn't there danger of being so overfull of dreams and poetry as to be unfitted for real things, and for mixing with prosy, ordinary people?" asked Prentiss gently.

"I can't help it," said Lois quickly. "I never shall like ordinary people. I never shall want to mix with them. I like culture and refinement. I like soft voices and gentle ways and cultivated minds. I like people that have read and traveled and thought, and that are fond of the beautiful, and have poetical and sympathetic hearts. I should like poets and artists and musicians, if I knew any; but I don't, and so in their place I like people that are poetical and artistic and musical — when I meet them. I can't help it."

"But you are right in liking all that," answered Prentiss. "You are that yourself, and it is natural you should like your likeness. Only don't be led away to believe all are like you at heart who merely seem so. No amount of outward polish will stand the test if there is nothing solid underneath. To put culture in the place of principles, and refinement in the place of truth, would be a sad mistake, Miss Lois. Look at the real man, and don't pin your faith too closely to appearances."

"You are thinking of Count von Lindenfels, I suppose," said Lois, diving headlong at the truth with a woman's illogical intuition.

"Yes, I am. I am thinking of him, and of all these polished princes whom you may meet over here, beside whom you will look upon plain home-folk as peasants, may be; and I am dreading lest your fancy should lead you as far astray in judging of downright human character, and weighing its respective merits and demerits, as my lack of fancy would lead me astray in judging of the true worth in art or literature. And, depend upon it, Miss Lois, your mistake would be the worse of the two to make. God keep you from it."

Her heart misgave her as he spoke. His tone was so grave, so solemn even, she felt as if he were drawing away a veil from a mistake already made, rather than warning her from one to come.



BETTY READING THE POEM.

"Why do you frighten me so?" she said, petulantly. "Why do you try to take all the beauty out of the beautiful, and say there is nothing real but ugliness? Why should not the most beautiful be the best and the truest too?"

"It should be, surely," he responded, "if there were perfection anywhere on earth. But I don't believe there is, Miss Lois. And it is because I would rather lose every vestige of your friendship than see so much as a shadow of sorrow come to you that perhaps my words might avert, that I risk offending you by warning you against a false beauty which exists as surely as the real, and which your young, inexperienced eyes might so easily mistake. I dare say I put it very blunt and plain. I am sorry. I never wish so much for all that I lack as when I am talking with you, Miss Lois."

"I don't quite see what you two are talking about," said Aunt Sarah, while Lois did not speak, keeping her eyes resolutely fixed on the ground, unwilling to meet his. "But of one thing I am very certain, Mr. Prentiss. Our Count is a real one. His name is in the Peerage, and Kreuzner says there is no doubt about it. He will warrant him."

Lois laughed — a soft laugh, that nevertheless jarred on Prentiss strangely.

"Yes, he is real enough," she said. "I do not know that he even needs Kreuzner's stamp to testify to his genuineness. There is no mistake whatever about the Count."

(To be concluded.)

THE MAKING OF A MUSEUM.

In no single respect, perhaps, has the progress of the American capital been more striking than in the history of the National Museum. Originating in a quantity of "curiosities" which had been given to the United States by foreign powers, or sent home by consuls and naval officers, old visitors to Washington remember it as a heterogeneous cabinet in the Patent Office. It included such diverse objects as the femur of a Missouri mastodon, Washington's knee-breeches, and the oriental spoils of the Wilkes expedition around the world. In 1846 a step was taken toward something coherent and creditable, by an act of Congress establishing a National Museum, following the precedent of a dozen or more other nations; but this intention took effect very slowly, though various exploring expeditions and embassies largely increased the bulk of the collections. When the inventive faculty of this Yankee race had crowded the Patent Office with models, the "cabinet of curiosities" was trundled over to the Smithsonian Institution.

This was not at all to the liking of Professor Joseph Henry, then the Smithsonian secretary. His idea of the aim and usefulness of the Institution was, in the words of its motto, the "diffusion of knowledge"; but his interpretation restricted this to mean printed information. To him the Institution was wholly studio and laboratory, not at all cabinet. Since in scientific studies apparatus, books, and specimens are needful for proper experiment and comparison, he consented to the collection of these whenever a definite reason was presented, but discouraged miscellaneous contributions. He even caused the extremely useful set of books belonging to the Smithsonian to be turned over to the Congressional Library, and it is only since his death that the National Museum has been able to begin the collection of a working library for its curators, independent of the distant and inconvenient biblical catacombs on Capitol Hill. As for specimens, Professor Henry considered them of no value to the Institution or to the government, and would have cheerfully given them away when the monograph they had served to work out was finished.

Fortunately for zoölogists, at least, he had associated with him as assistant Spencer F. Baird, who took quite the opposite view of the value of the specimens of natural history which came to hand, and so far as his authority went not only carefully preserved everything he could get, but acquired as much more as possible. Thus the Museum grew in spite of the indifference of its chief, and the store-rooms became clogged with packages acquired from western explorers, — Dr. F. V. Hayden, Lieutenant Wheeler, Major Powell, and others, — and from private donors.

The name National Museum, however, was rarely heard. Everything was addressed to the Smithsonian, and in popular parlance the collectors and naturalists were all "Smithsonian men." They went westward and northward and southward, and came back with car-loads of Indian relics and modern implements of savagery, skins, shells, insects, minerals, fossils, skeletons, alcoholic preparations, herbaria, and note-books, — the last crammed with novel information. It was natural, there-

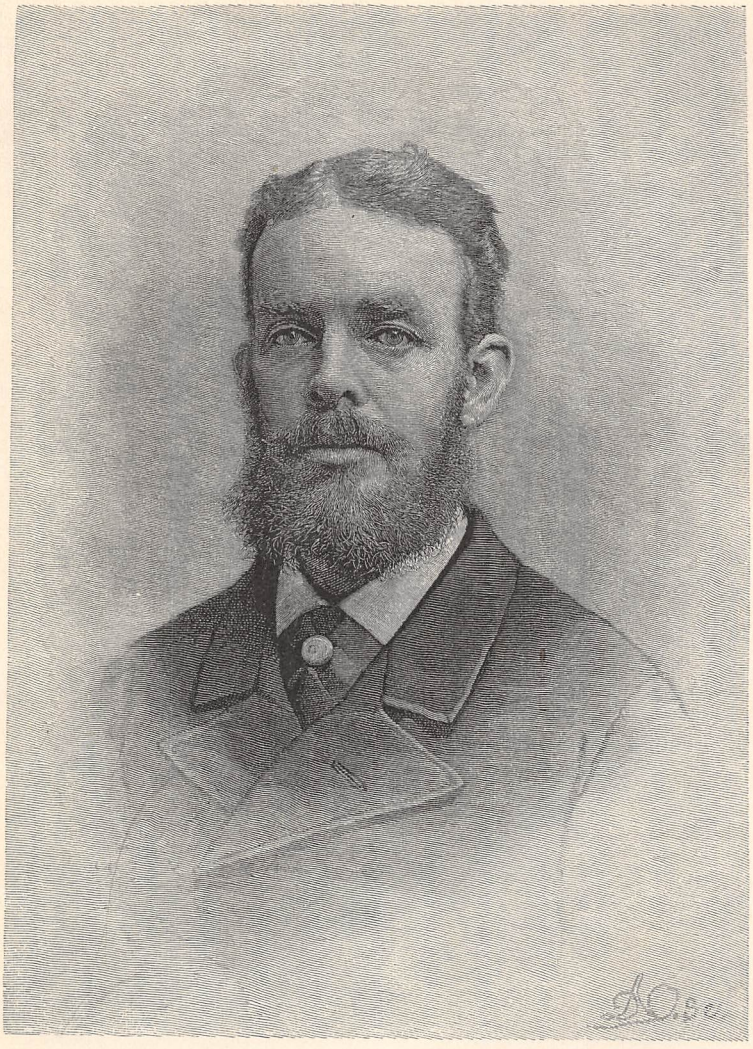


SPENCER F. BAIRD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. W. SMILLIE, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.)

fore, that the Smithsonian regents should be made custodians of the national collections, and that the appropriations annually made by Congress for the support of the Museum should be administered by them. The Smithsonian itself, however, is supported by an endowment, much of which redounds to the advancement of the Museum.

When, upon the death of Professor Henry, in 1877, the secretaryship of the Smithsonian and the direction of the National Museum passed to Professor Baird, he applied himself with great energy to pushing the fortunes of the latter. A few years later the general supervision was given to Dr. G. Brown Goode, a gentleman whose specialty was fishes, but who had shown in his college cabinet at Middletown, and as one of the assistants in the United States Fish Commission, a special aptitude for executive work in this direction.

In the Centennial Exhibition came the opportunity of its directors; and from the "government exhibit," which everybody admired at Philadelphia, dates the real starting-point, except in zoölogy. The creditable showing made there, and the clever persuasion on the part of its officers, secured to our collections the gift of nearly all the government exhibits of other countries, and gave us an enormous mass of novel and most precious objects, representing resources and humanity "from China to Peru." The work of the United States Fish Commission (greatly stimulated at this time) also produced large accessions,



G. BROWN GOODE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST.)

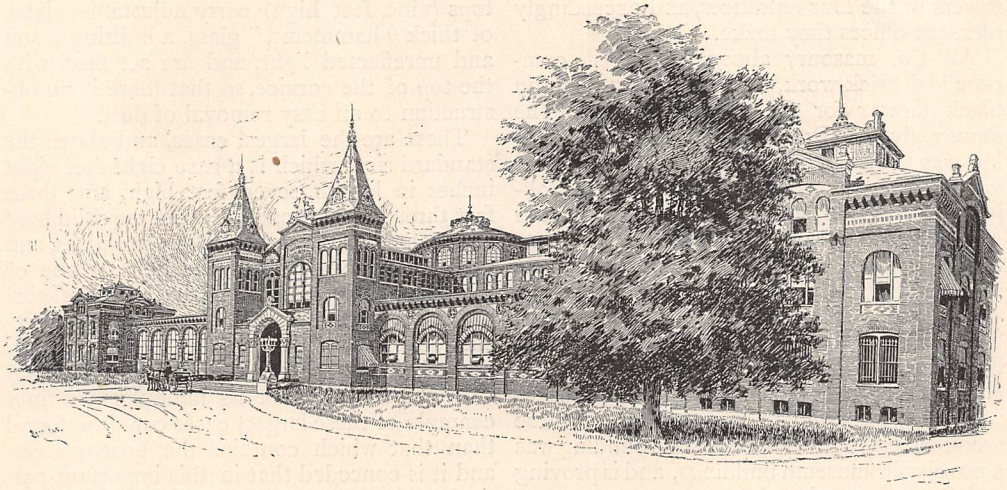
until the previously uneven zoölogical collection became balanced.

"There have been three periods in the history of the Museum," said Dr. Goode to me. "At first it was a cabinet of the results of research. When, in 1857, the Smithsonian assumed its custody, it became also a museum of records. Since 1876 the idea of public education has been predominant."

"But in the third," I observed, "the two earlier notions cannot be abandoned!"

"Not at all. The three ideas are mutually helpful and essential to the philosophic development of any broadly organized museum. Materials are gathered that they may serve as a basis for scientific thought. Objects that have fulfilled this purpose or have acquired historical significance are treasured up against destruction as permanent records of the progress of the world in thought, in culture, and in industrial achievement, and constitute most valuable materials for future study. But if no other objects than research and record are sought, a museum might well be stored away accessible only to special students. A higher purpose calls for the administration of these objects in such a manner that masses of people instead of a few should be profited by their existence. We have no place in this age for the treasure-houses of the eastern kings, locked to all eyes but those of the court. Now, one of the results of the Philadelphia exhibition was that it made plain to the people how inspiring and instructive a great industrial museum could be, under proper classifications and with assistance in the way of fully explanatory

labels. The naturalists have long understood the value of comprehensive collections in zoölogy, but heretofore the wider application has not been well enforced. Several museums have admirably carried out a single idea, like



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM. (FRONT VIEW.)

that of surgery, or practical geology, or industrial art, or archæology; but it may safely be said that all the museums of anthropology, economy, and industrial art now in existence are by design or chance limited in their scope."

Such, briefly, is the idea I gathered of this Museum's high aim. Let us now see how it is to be carried out. The immense influx of specimens of our natural resources sent by the wagon-load from territorial surveys, and derived from the Centennial Exhibition, speedily amounted to such bulk that no room existed for its storage, much less display. Congress therefore gave two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (and subsequently more) to erect a fire-proof building, which was nearly enough completed in the spring of 1881 to serve as the ball-room at the inauguration of President Garfield. This building stands with its north-western corner almost touching the old Smithsonian, but is as different from that as a terrapin from a woodcock. The Norman architecture in brown stone of the older structure is strongly contrasted in the low, tent-like expanse of red, blue, and cream-colored bricks, white stone, and glass of its new neighbor. The spacious halls are floored with vari-colored marble and slate, are divided only by lines of arches and low partitions of glass cases, and are open above to the iron-work of the lofty roof. All is light, airy, and graceful. The illumination is perfect; likewise the ventilation. The fact that everything is on one level aids the pleasing arrangement of objects (though here I am aware of an opposite opinion) and relieves the visitor of much weariness. Finally, room remains in the corners for offices, laboratories, and storage, of great extent in the aggregate, without wasting space or disturbing the artistic effect of the whole grouping.

The ground-plan is a Greek cross, having in the center a rotunda. This "rotunda" is octagonal on the ground, but is surmounted by a sixteen-sided polygon, which contains a tier of stained windows, and constitutes a domical structure with a slate roof and a lantern crowned by a decorative finial; it is one hundred and eight feet from the gold-fish in the fountain-basin to the apex of this dome. The four main halls or "naves" about the rotunda are each one hundred and one feet in length and sixty-two feet wide. Occupying the exterior angles are four rooms sixty-five feet square, called "courts," of the same height as the naves; and outside of these naves and courts are a series of eight exhibition-rooms under lean-to metal roofs, known as "ranges," whose outer walls form the exterior of the building, and are lighted by very large, round-topped windows, which ultimately will be filled with photographic transparencies of American scenery, antiquities, and so forth. By this treatment wall-spaces are obtained for the introduction of clear-story windows, which light the square courts and assist in lighting the naves. The building is thus filled up from the Greek cross into a complete square, the exterior walls of which are three hundred and seventy-five feet in length. The symmetrical exterior is broken by ornamental and projecting entrances in each fa-

çade, and at the corners, where "pavilions" rise to a less height than the towers, yet sufficient to counteract the otherwise bad effect of the long, low, outside walls. These pavilions, to the height of three or four stories, are utilized as offices and store-rooms, as also are the towers of the four entrances, and exceedingly pleasant offices they make.

All the masonry above ground is composed of brick-work, ornamented and laid in black mortar for the exterior facings. The money given to Professor Baird for the building was sufficient only for the erection of what virtually was a temporary edifice. The object of the persons in charge of the construction was to secure the safe housing of the specimens and the greatest possible convenience; the best architectural effect consistent with this aim was secured, but nothing was sacrificed to it. The result is by far the cheapest museum building in the world, it having cost only $1.50 per square foot of superficial space.

I have been full in my account of these architectural matters because this building was a novelty in museum buildings, and is proving satisfactory as to interior arrangement.

Not only the plan of the building, but all arrangements for the display of its contents, proceed from the architectural "unit of measurement" of four feet and four inches. Thus the walls, except the very exterior of the building, do not rise solidly from the base, but are simply a series of arches eight feet eight inches wide and twenty-seven feet high, resting on rectangular pillars of four feet four inches base.

To make these lines of arches serve as partitions, the aid of exhibition cases is called in after two methods. This question of glass cases and the proper exhibition of specimens has been a problem that curators have struggled with for many years, and our Museum, profiting by the experience of the world, thinks it has solved it well enough, at least. Its cases are all of iron and mahogany (ebonized and painted woods having been rejected), framed as slightly as safety will permit, and finished by oil-rubbing, which will darken with time into the finest hue of old wood; the style of ornamentation is a simply carved form of English Gothic. They stand upon solid bases, but are not fastened to the floor, walls, or anything else, except in a few instances where they are put together with bolts so as readily to be taken apart. Down the side of each main hall, at a little distance from the wall, will run a line of special cases, undivided, and of a depth according to the objects they are to contain, some being deep enough to give plenty of room for the largest mammals, like the buffalo and elk. Behind them will remain a well-concealed space, very useful for the storage of duplicates.

The bases of these cases are solid, and raise them several inches above the floor. The ends and front are of plate-glass; the backs of painted wood, very solid; and the tops (nine feet high) carry adjustable plates of thick "hammered" glass, admitting a soft and unreflected light, and are set flush with the top of the cornice, so that there is no obstruction to an easy removal of dust.

These are the largest cases, and above the standard size, which is a case eight feet eight inches in length, seven feet high, and three feet three inches broad. Except the solid base and frames, they are wholly of plate-glass, and are easily movable with the help of one of the queer little trucks contrived for the purpose; furthermore, their parts are all interchangeable with the panels, boxes, drawers, etc., of other cases, since everything is reduced to a standard size or its multiple. No finer example of these largest cases could be found than that which contains the boat-models; and it is conceded that in this important particular of museum furniture Europe can show nothing equal to ours.

The doors of all cases are made to shut with dust-proof and insect-defying precision; and a modification of the Yale lock operates bolts at top and bottom simultaneously with the middle catch, while no unsightly projection mars the outside of the door, the strong pass-key serving as a handle when inserted. Each permanent case, furthermore, is connected with the superintendent's office by an electric alarm. Every entrance and window in the whole great building is similarly guarded, the wires running in trenches beneath the floor, and forming part of an electric system, which includes the Museum, the Smithsonian, the Fish Hatchery, and various other allied institutions, in an elaborate private telephone and alarm circuit.

The serviceability of cases of the size and character I describe is very great, and is increased by the ingenuity of the designers. One of them is set into each arch, converting the line of pillars into a perforated wall of the most pleasing character. Each case so placed may be transparent, or may be divided by a central partition, so as to contain in the side toward one room objects of one class, and in the opposite side those of quite another. The same kind of cases are set out into the middle of a room wherever it is desirable; or here and there are built into the form of three sides of a hollow square against an outer blank wall, the space inclosed serving as a closet for duplicates.

Besides this standard upright case there is

a kind of table-case conforming to the unit by being eight feet eight inches long and three feet three inches high and wide. These are intended to alternate upon the open floor, in any room where needed, with upright cases or screens; but they may bear light superstructures of glass, or they may be covered with sunken plate-glass, and so become exhibition cases. That containing the large series of diplomas, medals, and other awards received by the Fish Commission at various international exhibitions of fishery matters, is a good example of this.

Many cases are filled with low drawers for the reception of articles of small size, like insects, shells, or the eggs of birds, which it is not well to expose to the light, or not worth while to exhibit more publicly, yet which should be easily accessible. These drawers are not only exchangeable, but may be suspended on edge behind the glass door of a case, or attached to a screen.

This remark introduces a second class of what, practically, are upright cases, but which, being narrower, lighter in weight, and elevated upon feet instead of resting on a solid base, are denominated *screens*. Some of them have no doors or glass fronts or tops, but simply constitute frames patterned like the narrow case. The end of this is movable, and admits a series of sliding panel-boxes with glass covers, in each of which a series of specimens is permanently arranged. One or more of these panels can thus be taken out and rearranged, or transferred to another case and replaced by a new one, without disturbing the remainder or touching the specimens themselves. Moreover, these panels are interchangeable with the drawers in the table-cases, and, by modification, with the swinging leaves on the wing-cases.

The picturesque "wing-cases," by the way, must not be omitted. They are ebonized, triangular pillars of the regular height, upon which are hung with pivotal hinges a series of swinging frames of glass, which can be turned one by one in review, as you would turn the leaves of a volume suspended vertically before you. These stand against the pillars, and therefore between the cases along the side of every room, and will contain etchings, photographs, and drawings of objects otherwise represented in the cases (for example, the painting of a plant and flower whose seeds are included among the raw drugs), and such articles, like samples of leather and textile fabrics, as will admit of compression between two panes of glass.

This contrivance, and the construction of all the cases, have in view the exhibition of every object in a clear light, against a good background, and as near to the eye as possible. Shelving is avoided by various clever devices; but where indispensable, it is hidden as well as possible behind the horizontal sash which crosses the middle of the doors. A fine general effect is made by the tall and short cases in the spacious halls, and the rich mahogany and glass partition-cases, alternating with the light-colored stuccoed pillars of the arches, combined with the many large objects set uncovered upon pedestals, surmounting the cases, or suspended from the ceiling.

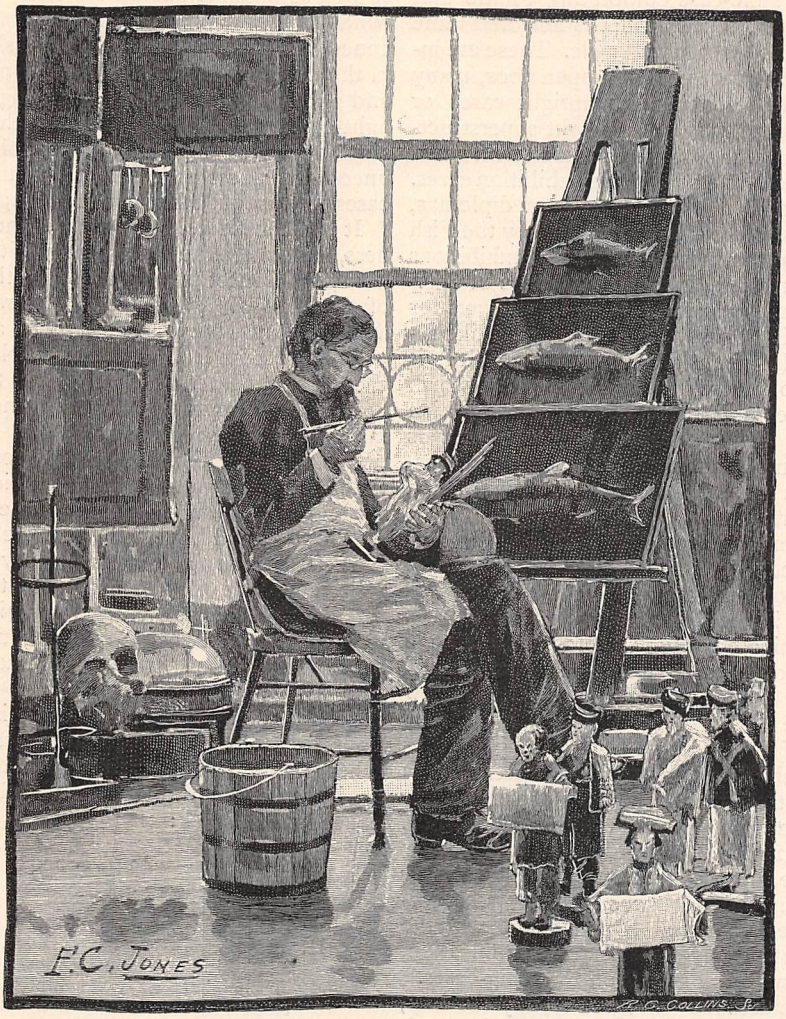
It would be idle, in this stage of incompleteness, to describe the arrangement of the collections, and I must content myself with a sketch of the plan of classification, illustrated here and there by what is to be seen by a visitor.

The Museum is built up on a philosophic classification, intended to embrace the whole universe, and minute enough to find a legitimate place for every object. This classification is made ideally, and without reference to the material at present in possession of the Museum. The arrangement of the Museum on the floor will have little or no reference to the classification; that is to say: though visitors will be told to "keep to the right" for convenience' sake, and certain special avenues are arranged, the collections will not be shown serially. If a student cared to go into a complete study, however, after the Museum plan, he would pursue his observations according to the following methodical scheme, in which all creation has been set in an ideal but scientific order, the chief heads being lettered thus:

A. MAN.
- I. *Somatology*—all men, as a unit.
  - *a*. Anatomy.
  - *b*. Physiology.
  - *c*. Pathology.
- II. *Ethnography*—men grouped in races.
  - *a*. Physical characters of races.
  - *b*. Linguistic characters of races.
  - *c*. Geographical distribution of races.
  - *d*. History of races and nations.
- III. *Representative Men*—man individually.

Etc., etc.

Now, the first of these divisions (I.) is so well represented at the Army Medical Museum in respect to anatomy and pathology, that a skeleton or two, and a few models of different organs, will cover the subject so far as our needs are concerned; but in the way of physiology, an extremely interesting exhibit is being prepared by the ingenious Mr. Hendley to show of what a man's frame is composed,—big jars of water, lesser packages of phosphates of lime, little bottles of fibrine, caseine, etc., cubes representing the bulk of nitrogen and other gases in the human body, etc., etc., all in precise proportion; together with similarly exact quantities of the excretions. A corollary of this is the display of what is proper nutrition to supply the waste of a man in different vocations and under various cli-



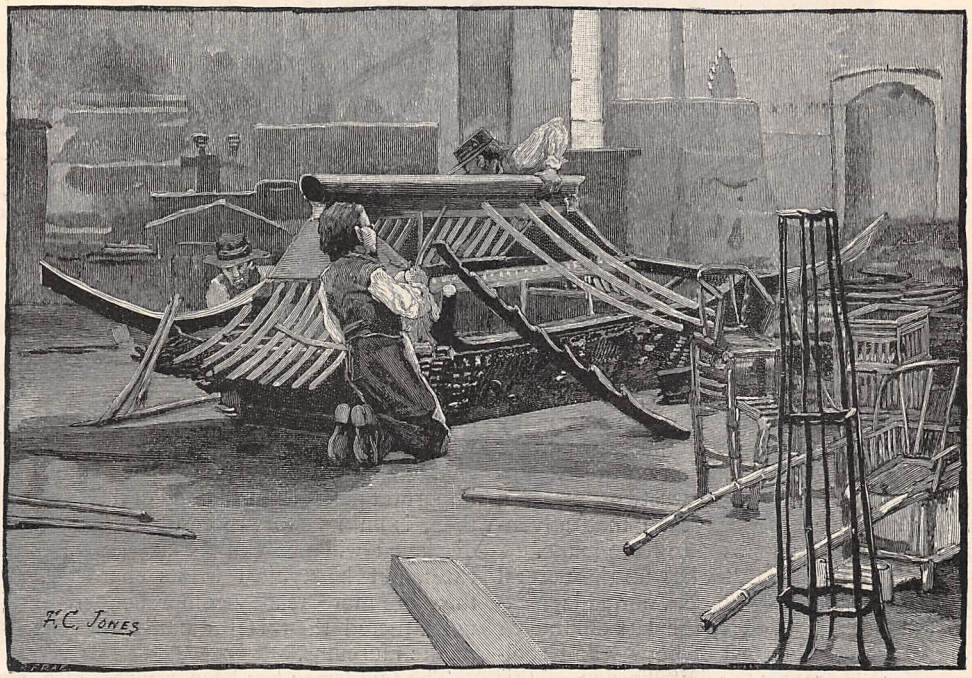
PREPARING AN EXHIBIT.

mates. Marvelous models in plaster of a loaf of bread of a particular size and weight, of so many ounces of meat, or of butter, milk, vegetables, and so on, instruct an American laborer what study and experience have shown to be a sufficient quantity and variety of daily food for his best health, and what it now costs. Similarly are displayed the rations of the army and navy in this and various other countries. This is practical dietetics based upon known physiological requirements.

Under Ethnography, the physical characters of races will be compared by manikins and portraits. Casts of the whole body, from living persons, have been made to portray the figures of various races, especially those native to America or acclimated here, like the negro and Chinese. They are posed in lifelike attitudes, made with the greatest truthfulness.

Another series of specimens belonging here is the great Catlin collection of Indian portraits and scenes in the home-life of the red man. This consists of nearly six hundred pictures in oil, each about two and a half feet square, which are now hung for the most part in the lecture-hall. They are the product of the painter's first travels in the Far West, and were made in the field and by the lodge-fire. He took them with him to Europe about 1840, where they were shown in the principal continental cities. Lacking funds, he mortgaged the collection to Mr. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, for about forty thousand dollars. Catlin then returned to America and made a second trip into the West. Mr. Harrison, finding that the debt was not to be paid, had the pictures shipped to Philadelphia and stored them in a warehouse, where

it was supposed they soon perished by fire. A short time ago they were discovered intact, and by the widow of their owner were presented to the National Museum. This series is said to be superior artistically to the second set which Catlin made. However this may be, its historical importance cannot be overrated.

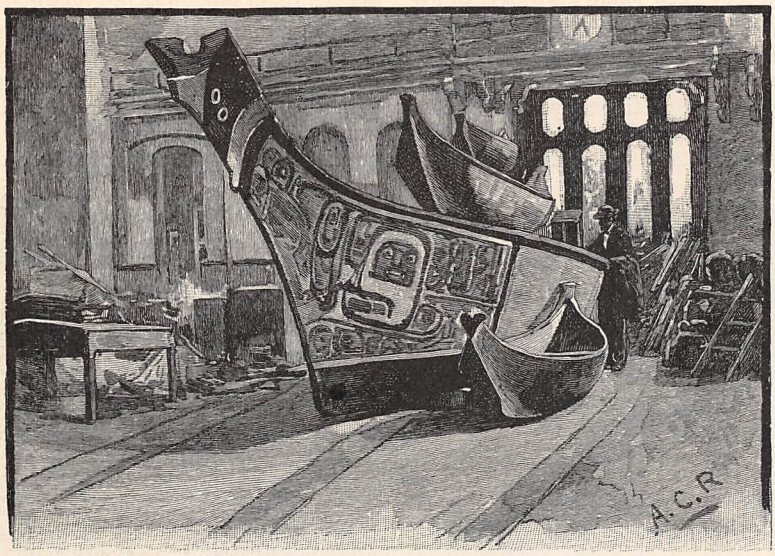


PUTTING UP A CHINESE PAGODA.

To return to our schedule, the item Linguistics will be represented by books and manuscripts in every language, charts of the growth of linguistic stocks, etc.; for the whole subject of philology comes in here. The chorography of races can be made plain by maps; their history by charts of political growth, medals, coins, schemes of genealogy, and especially by the great store of archæological relics which now, in the upper story of the Smithsonian building, forms the most orderly array in the whole Museum. So far as this collection refers to North America, it is without a peer; and a most important accession has lately been made in the shape of a large number of stone images from Central America, the gifts of Squier, Keith, and other explorers, and of casts of pillars, altars, bas-reliefs, and large fragments of inscribed walls and slabs, the originals of which were discovered in Yucatan by M. Désiré Charnay, at the expense of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York. Here are plentiful and trustworthy materials for studying that ancient Maya civilization, which probably reached the very highest point known to this continent previous to the arrival of Europeans.

The "Representative Men" of various nations, ancient and modern, will appear in a gallery of busts and portraits, and by autographs and personal souvenirs. Nowhere can be found so many relics of the Father of his Country. All of the old Patent Office cabinet is here, and to it has recently been added the table-ware and household effects of all sorts purchased by Congress for fifty thousand dollars from the heirs. Near these stands an equally precious heir-loom — the identical press upon which Franklin worked when he went as a lad to London.

The next division, "B," considers the Earth under the successive heads of Astronomy, Geology, Physiography (including changes that have been wrought in the earth's surface by man, and in its fauna and flora), Descriptive Geography, and the History of Exploration. From this division the Museum will not derive much show, save in geology, which (with palæontology) ought certainly to be provided with a building to itself for adequate representation relating to this continent alone. The enormous collections in hand are chiefly the product of the United States Geological Survey, and a building is needed for its offices and laboratories. The two desiderata might suitably be met in a single edifice adjacent to the present Museum. To illustrate the his-



INDIAN CANOES.

tory of exploration, the Museum has many arctic relics, and believes it possesses armor left by Coronado's expedition on the Republican river — evidence, if trustworthy, of a farther advance eastward than that adventurer is generally supposed to have made.

The next class, "C," takes up the natural forces of the earth — Force, Inorganic Matter, and Organic Matter, the last embracing the two grand divisions of botany and zoölogy. For illustrating the first division of this theme, there is present the large series of apparatus of phenomenal physics left by Professor Henry; but the practical utilization of these forces as illuminators, motors, etc., is shown elsewhere. Under the head of Inorganic Matter comes the whole subject of mineralogy, in which vast accumulations are at hand. The sub-head Organic Matter includes by itself the widest limit of many great museums, and has embraced hitherto the most conspicuous part of this one. As for the botanical half, it is now over at the Agricultural Department, where is stored one of the finest herbariums in the country. How rich the Smithsonian collections are in all branches of zoölogy is well understood by naturalists, who have profited throughout the world by its wide dispersion of specimens of American animals. There are gathered not only a very extended list of the groups of animals constituting the fauna of the globe, but an extraordinary number of specimens to represent each group belonging to the land and seas of North America. This is why it is the favorite center for special students who want before them as many individuals of each kind as possible, in order to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the broadest range of variation in every characteristic. The largest part, the most important part, of the zoölogy of the Museum, then, is in its store-rooms. What is to be displayed will not call for a mass of duplicates, but be typical in its character, and therefore more readily comprehended by the uninstructed than is ordinarily the case in public museums.

The taxidermy has been revised, also, and is now in the hands of a new order of men, who make an art of it. What is meant by this, readers of THE CENTURY will understand when they recall the article on that subject printed in the magazine for December, 1882.

The birds have always shown a well-mounted collection, and they have now the whole of the lower hall of the old Smithsonian building to themselves. It is a pity, however, that a more conspicuous and better place could not have been found for this most showy part of a zoölogical cabinet. Hitherto this Museum, so rich in respect to the ornithology of the rest of the world, has been almost totally lacking in specimens of the avifauna of eastern Asia; but the large additions recently made by its collectors in China and Japan place before the student an unrivaled series, particularly from Japan. The mounted specimens in the cases are only a small part of the Museum's wealth in the way of birds — a branch to which Professor Baird in early years devoted so much attention as to make his name the foremost of all in the United States in this department.

New methods of taxidermy have been in-

troduced in the other vertebrate classes with most gratifying success. The short-haired, thin-skinned mammals have hitherto baffled taxidermic skill; their hides would warp and wrinkle out of all shape. This was met by no longer trying to stuff them, but by casting their effigies in plaster. Mr. Palmer, whose skill in this direction is remarkable, will chloroform an unfortunate pointer dog, for example, place him in a life-like attitude, freeze him into sudden stiffness, and make a cast so perfect that each separate hair is distinctly reproduced. The image, after Herr von Schindler has painted it, is exceedingly good; yet the taxidermists say that they now know how to surpass this, even in the most difficult cases, such as a greyhound or one of the Mexican hairless dogs. A cast is taken of the flayed carcass, and from it all the unevenness of bone and cord and muscle is molded into a clay copy, over which the fresh skin is placed, fitting as snugly as though it had been returned to its own framework. No shrinkage is possible, and every part of the skin is filled precisely as in life. The seals, which are grouped in expressive attitudes, are fine examples of this. Of the larger mammals, one of the most interesting pieces of taxidermy is that of the three orangs engaged in a fight in the tree-tops.

The large turtles have been imitated in papier-maché, and the smaller turtles and the snakes cast in plaster, posed in the most natural attitudes, and painted with life-like fidelity. In the case of the serpents, particularly, this method has produced effects as superior to stuffing as one of Landseer's drawings is beyond the etching on a shin-bone by an idle savage of neolithic days. They lurk in tight coils, with heads upheld and nervous tails; they twine in sinuous folds over and under barky twigs; they glide with undulating ease across a path; in one instance they interlace in death-struggles, the knots of which were not tied by the imagination of the workman, but cast from the bodies of two contestants whose fury was caught in the fixity of a chloroform-sleep.

The greatest monument of ingenuity in this department—all the tools and processes of which, by and by, will be shown as an exhibit by itself—is the whale. A whale's skin cannot be stuffed. Pictures give no idea of him. The uninstructed mind finds it hard to clothe the skeletons to be seen in some cabinets, and how to image him forth has therefore been a problem hitherto unsolved. Two or three winters ago a large "humpback" was reported ashore on the tip of Cape Cod. At once a force of men were sent thither with a car-load of plaster of Paris. They built a tight fence about his whaleship, poured twenty barrels or so of plaster over the frozen carcass, and brought away good molds of one side and of his head and tail. These were set up on stocks, like a ship to be launched, and from them was made a hollow model in paper, which is true to every point of life, colored with exactness, and not too ponderous to be managed. Inside this paper shell the skeleton is mounted. Looking at him from one side, therefore, you see the counterfeit presentment of his full-bodied exterior; on the other side you have the relations borne by the bony frame to what it supports and distends. This is one of the most noticeable and pleasing things in the Museum. Other huge paper models are Emerton's images of the giant squid of Newfoundland waters, and of the spider-like octopus, which attracted so much attention at the London Fisheries Exhibition.

The next class is "Industries," divided into "Exploitative" and "Elaborative" groups, and "Ultimate Products."

D. EXPLOITATIVE INDUSTRIES.

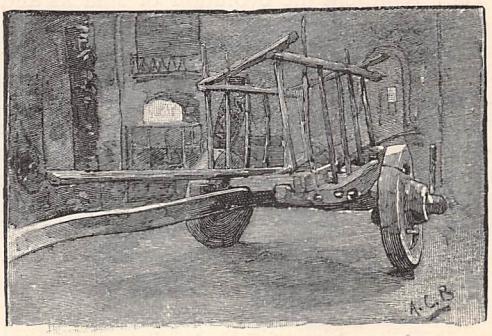
(Primary.)

I. *Quarrying and Mining.*
II. *Collection of Ice and Water.*
III. *Collection of Products of the Field and Forest.*
IV. *Fishing and Hunting.*

(Secondary.)

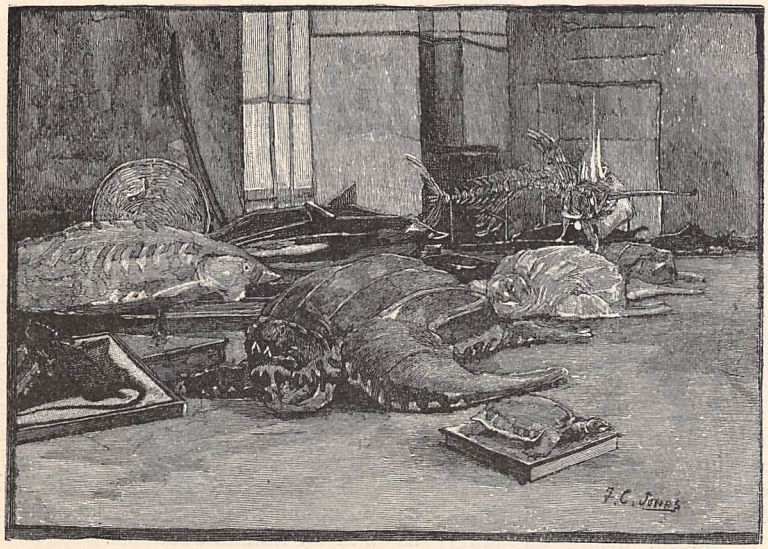
V. *Agriculture and Horticulture.*
VI. *Pecudiculture.*

The first and second of these divisions necessarily consist chiefly of pictures. The



A MEXICAN CART.

third would include such subjects as lumbering, wild fruits, berries and leaves useful to man, Irish moss, turpentines, resins, gums, medicinal herbs, bark, etc. In exhibition of the processes of hunting and fishing, no museum in the world has equal material with ours at Washington. Its resources in respect to savage weapons of the chase and of fishing are enormous, and nowhere else is there to be found so complete a set of angling imple-



NEW ARRIVALS.

ments — rods and lines of every variety, fly-books by the hundred, patented reels, hooks, creels, everything. To this the Fish Commission adds its nets, trawls, seines, dredges, etc., for sea-fishing, in reality or by models uncounted, derived from every quarter of the globe.

The three international fisheries exhibitions in which the United States has taken part have been exceedingly productive of implements used abroad. In no one feature is this more manifest than in the item of boats. They represent the evolution of smacks and cutters from the rudest and earliest to the most recent; rafts, canoes, and coracles, skin-boats and rush-boats; oddities from India, China, and the South seas; strange rigs from the Mediterranean and Baltic seas; tub-like craft from Holland, arch-keeled monstrosities from Hindostan; and every style of craft used in the sea-fisheries of Great Britain and the western shore of Europe. None of them are prettier, but many are more costly, and the majority are safer, than

> "The fishing-smacks of Gloucester,
> The sea-boats of Cape Ann."

Many of the scenes in a fisherman's work are portrayed by the use of life-size lay-figures stationed at a conspicuous elevation against the wall. One hurls a harpoon from a whale-boat; another stands in harness on the look-out at the mast-head; a third is spearing sword-fish from the point of a bowsprit. Very large drawings and photographs add their illustration; and a series of casts represent the food-fishes. Lastly, the visitor may go over to the armory and find a full exhibition of all the processes of fish-culture in active operation.

This brings me to the most important class of all in the Museum in its educational value, since it embraces all industrial art.

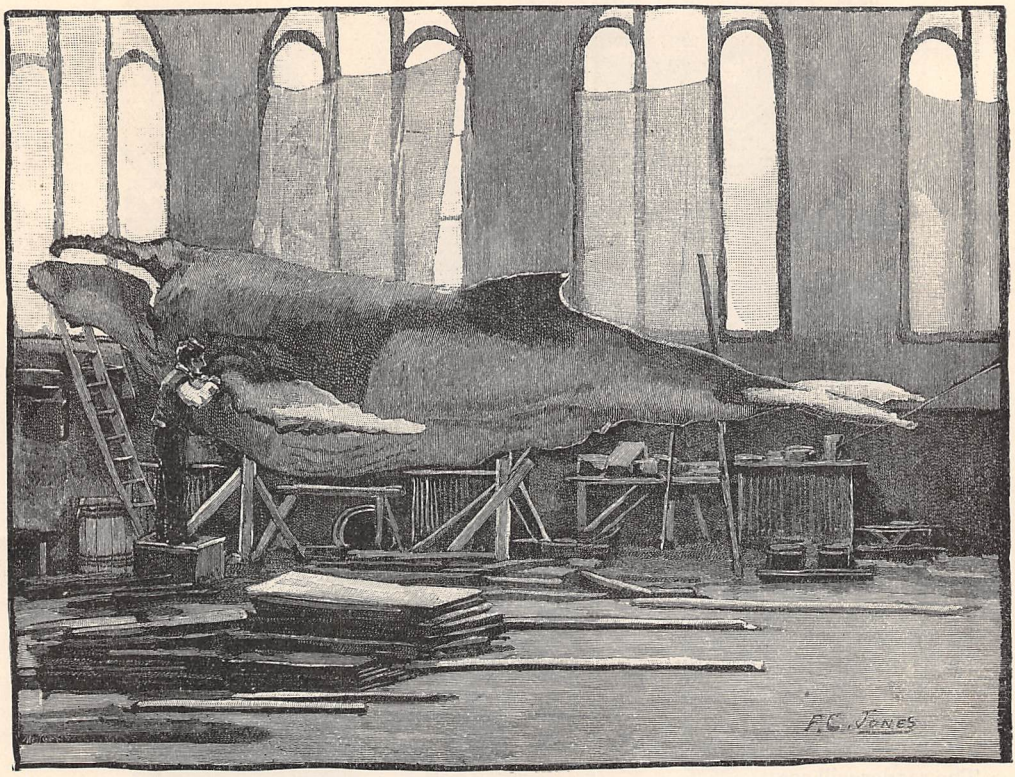
E. ELABORATIVE INDUSTRIES.

I. *Raw Materials.*
II. *Agents.*
III. *Implements.*
IV. *Processes.*
V. *Products.*

Here comes in the general idea of manufactures, and its whole range may be covered, and will be represented. Such subjects as pottery, textile fabrics, ornaments, and the like, will, however, receive special attention at first. In respect to pottery and porcelain, a full exposition is marked out of every process the clay, kaolin, etc., go through in the course of forming into vessels, decoration, baking, and so on, according to the different methods in vogue. From the government potteries have been presented full series to show how the wares of Sèvres and Dresden are made, with samples of the clay used, the glazes, the pigments concerned in decoration, the aids in the firing, and specimens showing all the stages of manufacture, together with charming examples of each style of ware in its finished form. With this may be compared the interesting methods pursued by primitive races, especially our south-western village Indians, some of the odd results of which are shown in the illustration of the making of the model of Zuñi; while immense accumulations of prehistoric and savage pottery are on hand

from all over this continent and from the Old World.

To exhibit the beauties of a delicate bit of china to full advantage, the regulation stand of the Museum has been so modified as to show all sides of a cup or vase. This is accomplished in one way by a small slanting mirror, and in another by placing a small vertical mirror behind the specimen, which rests upon a stand whose surface is of glass, half



SETTING UP THE PAPER WHALE.

an inch underneath which is a second diminutive mirror. By this arrangement you have at a glance the whole surface of the object outside and inside, and can read the maker's mark on the bottom — a matter of no small importance in the eye of the collector or connoisseur of ceramic masterpieces.

Another full display in this department will be that of textile fabrics, and particularly articles manufactured from silk and cotton. The silk-worm, its eggs, food, etc., and the odd native contrivances for securing and spinning the thread of its cocoon in eastern countries, are to be seen; among other things, a very amusing series of quaintly diminutive Chinese models, representing a group of peasants working at the thread and weaving the cloth on their hand-looms out-of-doors. Silk seen in the successive stages of its change into ribbons and dress-goods, etc., according to machine methods, will make clear how the finest specimens of that brilliant fabric are woven. The same is true of cotton goods, toward which the State Department has given three thousand specimens of cotton cloths collected by United States consuls abroad, which show the kind of cloth made and used in each foreign country — two-thirds of the world, it is said, is supplied by hand-looms — and the patterns which prevail. Manufacturers can get many a hint from such a collection, as a part of a grand whole which aims to include a specimen of every kind of textile fabric that has a name.

The next class is:

F. ULTIMATE PRODUCTS.

I. *Tools and Utensils.*
II. *Motors and Appliances for Utilization of Force.*
III. *Foods and their Preparation.*
IV. *Stimulants and Narcotics.*
V. *Drugs and Medicines.*
VI. *Perfumes and Cosmetics.*
VII. *Dress and Personal Adornment.*
VIII. *Buildings and Architectural Devices.*
IX. *Costume.*
X. *Furniture and Domestic Economy.*
XI. *Fuel and Heating.*

XII. *Illumination.*
XIII. *Refrigeration and Ventilation.*
XIV. *Water Supply and Utilization.*
XV. *Transportation.*
XVI. *Printing and Book-making.*



A MODEL OF ZUÑI.

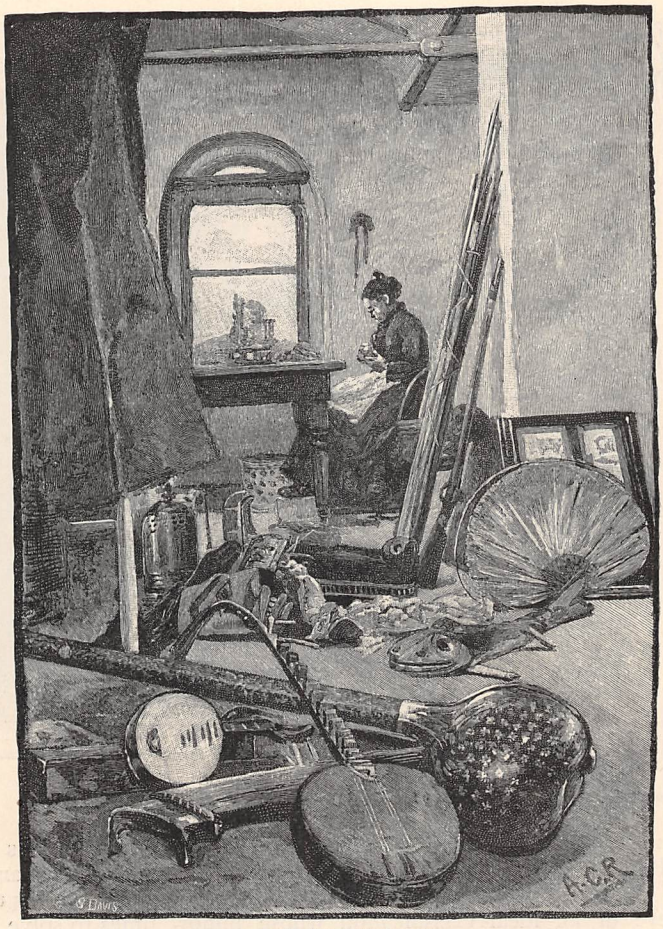
The reader will see how large a theme this is — what a world of space and material it would require to represent it fully to the eye, to carry out the classification completely. When what is attempted is in good shape, however, the visitor will be surprised to note how large a story can be told with the limited facilities at command.

Certain subdivisions, such as Motors, Architecture, Towns,* Furniture, Fuels and Heating, Ventilation, Water Supply, and Transportation, can be thrown out of the actual exhibition, or shown only by a few comprehensive drawings or models. Others may be represented only on a limited scale. Tools are possessed in great numbers by the Museum, but it only seeks to show, by a few types, their development to perfection from the simplest beginnings,— tracing, for example, the instruments of writing up from the primitive stylus to the latest type-writer and hektograph. In the same way, with methods of lighting, you will see the little bird with the wick pulled through his unfortunately fat body, serving as the luminary of some arctic igloo, the ancient lamp of a Pompeian bath, the elaborate

* There is one notable exception under this head — a model of Zuñi. It consists of clay, and occupies a frame standing two feet above the floor and about four times as big as a billiard table. The uneven surface of the site; the groups of pueblos set around their plazas; the goat-corrals behind each; the estufas and ladders and chimney-pots, and all the details of the adobe Indian town with which readers of THE CENTURY have become familiar, are here faithfully reproduced. This uniform bluish-clay tint, exactly the same in house and ground, through the utter bareness of everything, is exceedingly natural, and none admire this model (with other smaller ones) more than those who have visited those Indian towns.

candelabra of mediæval cathedrals, the student-lamp, the gas-burner, the Fresnel lens-lantern, and the electric points of to-day.

"Foods" will be shown in a series of exquisite models in plaster and wax, excelling even the finest French art of that kind; and there is now being got together in Paris a wonderful collection of perfumes and cosmetics, which will delight (if it does not dismay) women. Dozens of cases, under the head of Materia Medica, exhibit every article named in the pharmacopœias of the whole world. Side by side with each article prepared in pharmacy will appear the crude materials of the drug, a description of its process of manufacture, and a sample of its perfected condition; if the drug is of vegetable origin, there will be an herbarium specimen and a large colored plate of the plant and its flower, the latter in the wing-cases.



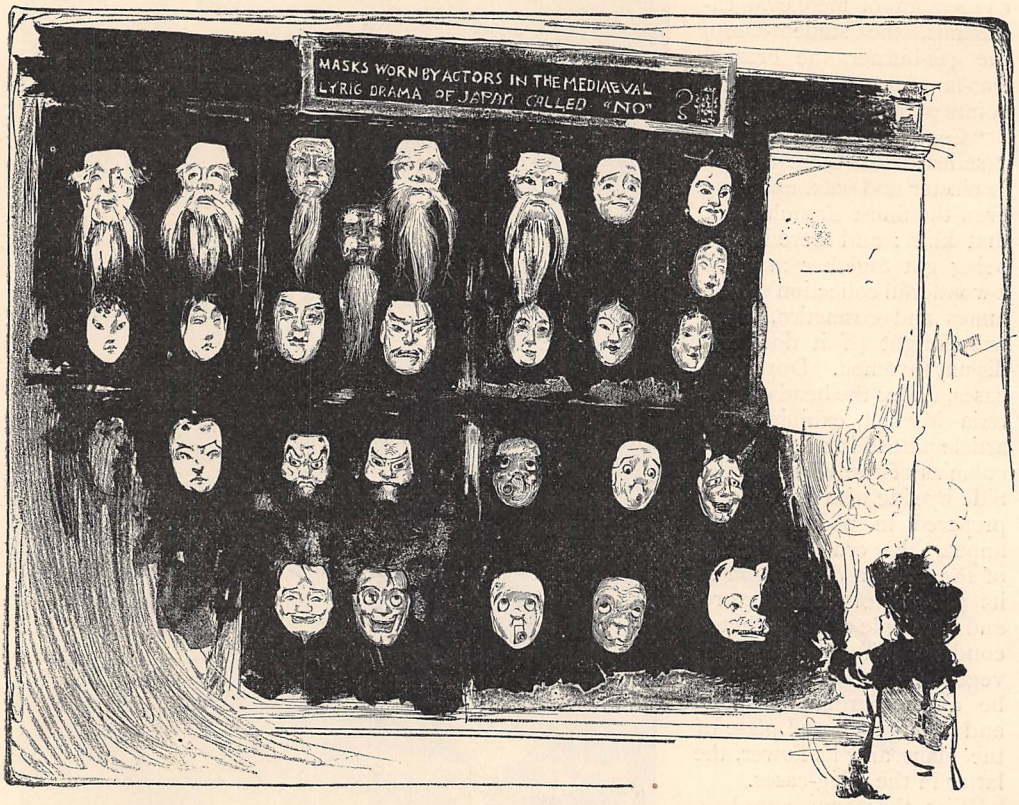
IN THE REPAIRING-ROOM.

With the same completeness a department of book-making is being carried out; and merchants in New York in the lines of drugs, groceries, printing materials, — especially for engravings, — and other departments, have volunteered to contribute collections in each line as full as can be made. The display of costumes — from kingly robes down to red Indian buckskin-dress, and even to tattooing — will be among the most showy series in the whole Museum, being mounted upon capital lay-figures, which put the features and coiffure of the proper person into his clothes or armor. Colored plates will do much to enlarge this display without undue consumption of space.

The next class can be dismissed in short order. It is "G — Social Relations of Man." It embraces the Communication of Ideas; Domestic and Social Customs and Ceremonies; Societies; Trade and Commerce; Government and Law; Ceremony; War.

The first of these, as will be seen, includes, besides writing and printing (the last already considered), mails, telegraphs, etc. The second, such observances as marriage and the funeral, varying greatly in different countries and periods. The third, "Societies," means regalia chiefly, so far as a museum is concerned; and the fourth, an exhibition of moneys and methods of book-keeping, banking, and commercial documents, like bills of lading. Under the fifth would come instruments of torture and punishment, police matters and models of prisons, public buildings, etc. "Ceremony" exhibits to us badges, flags, coats of arms, etc., while "War" gives an opportunity to display the great collection of savage and civilized weapons, armor, models of fortifications, and so on, which the Museum possesses, and which will be among the most noteworthy features in its halls.

This introduces "H — Physical Condition of Man," having the subdivisions Physical Culture, Public Health, Medicine and Surgery, Hospitals and Remedial Institutions; and "I — Intellectual Condition of Man," under which are classified his Games and Amusements, his Folk-lore, his Pictorial and Plastic Arts, his Music, Drama, Literature, Science, Philosophy, Education and Educational Instruments. Then comes "K — Moral Condition of Man," divided into Crime and Error, Su-



perstition, Religious Systems, Benevolent and Reformatory Institutions.

What is to be said of the elucidation to the eye of an ideal classification whose minor points are such simple heads as Philosophy and Literature and Science? Certain exhibitions can be made under "H," such as the apparatus of athletics, models of sanitary appliances, the mechanics of surgery and medical practice, models, inventions, and statistics in respect to hospitals and asylums, but only in the most general way. Under "I," the first head, "Amusements," admits an exhibition of toys, which is Professor Goode's pet department, and for which there is a vast variety of material from foreign countries, as well as from our own business partners of old Santa Claus in New York and London. The most wonderful kites are here,—kites that play cymbals and ring bells; kites like birds, with movable wings, legs, and claws; kites of all colors, shapes, sizes, and skill in queer performances; dancing figures from Japan; rattles that were meant for babies in Africa, in South America, in Alaska, in Hindostan, in Lapland, and everywhere else; dolls by the hundred, according to the taste of every kind of nursery toddler in every part of the world; marvelously intricate toys from Europe; games played by the boys and girls of all latitudes; and so many puzzles that it would take a dozen lifetimes to solve them all.

The subject of Art has been shown by its processes and results in notable pictures and statues. This will include many details of photography, wood-cutting, "process" and "solar" printing, and lithography, which are mysteries to the general public. Musical instruments make one of the most beautiful parts of the show, for their forms, often extremely curious in the case of savage and barbarous makers, are always ornamented with great care; and the collection is very complete.

Exposition of the drama must now restrict itself largely to special costumes belonging to actors, like those strange and vivid masks worn by the Japanese in their play called *No*. "Literature," "Science," and "Philosophy" belong to the library; but educational matters can be displayed in a way most instructive to studious people, by a set of modern appliances for facilitating study, and economizing time and strength in reading and investigation. A glimpse into the Museum offices would show all these time- and brain-saving aids to learning, together with some inventions not down in the advertisements.

One might well ask how the public is to know that it is gazing upon so perfect a scheme and profit accordingly. This is answered in the one word LABELS. So important is this matter that it is not too much to say that the Museum is to be a vast systematic collection of labels illustrated by specimens, just as engravings illustrate the text of a universal encyclopædia. Upon these labels great time and thought is being spent in each class, and they are models of *multum in parvo.* Each is intended to give the class and name of the object, and essential particulars as to its origin, process of manufacture or growth, use, etc. These labels are printed upon conspicuous cards in bold type, and with the cross-references and the citations to books which they contain, they make a compendium of the most carefully sifted knowledge of the whole class to which they refer, and a directory where the student may enlarge his information. To this matter of labeling is brought the sharpest attention, and upon its continued high execution depends more than on anything else the success of this ambitious undertaking.

Ernest Ingersoll.



MARIANA.

"'He cometh not!' she said."

HE never came whose step and loving call
I waited long to hear,
But thou hast come, last Messenger of all,
A friend well nigh as dear!

Peace if not joy!—yet peace itself were gain,
That must supremely bless
The soul sore travailed that in vain, in vain
Hungered for happiness!

Draw closer, oh, thou voiceless Guest and pale,
Whose drooping torch burns low:
Thy face is hid, but through the somber veil
Thine eyes' dark light I know!

Nay, closer still!—I yearn on brow and heart
Thy cool, strong hand to feel;
Fevered with wounds, and throbbing with a smart
Thy touch alone can heal.

I go with joy! Lead me to him at last,—
How dim the path and lone—
Him, whose far footsteps, echoing through the past,
Have never met mine own.

Stuart Sterne.

[Begun in the November number.]

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

VI.

THE Coreys had always had a house at Nahant, but after letting it for a season or two they found they could get on without it, and sold it at the son's instance, who foresaw that if things went on as they were going, the family would be straitened to the point of changing their mode of life altogether. They began to be of the people of whom it was said that they staid in town very late; and when the ladies did go away, it was for a brief summering in this place and that. The father remained at home altogether; and the son joined them in the intervals of his enterprises, which occurred only too often.

At Bar Harbor, where he now went to find them, after his winter in Texas, he confessed to his mother that there seemed no very good opening there for him. He might do as well as Loring Stanton, but he doubted if Stanton was doing very well. Then he mentioned the new project which he had been thinking over. She did not deny that there was something in it, but she could not think of any young man who had gone into such a business as that, and it appeared to her that he might as well go into a patent medicine or a stove-polish.

"There was one of his hideous advertisements," she said, "painted on a reef that we saw as we came down."

Corey smiled. "Well, I suppose, if it was in a good state of preservation, that is proof positive of the efficacy of the paint on the hulls of vessels."

"It's very distasteful to me, Tom," said his mother; and if there was something else in her mind, she did not speak more plainly of it than to add: "It's not only the kind of business, but the kind of people you would be mixed up with."

"I thought you didn't find them so very bad," suggested Corey.

"I hadn't seen them in Nankeen Square then."

"You can see them on the water side of Beacon street when you go back."

Then he told of his encounter with the Lapham family in their new house. At the end his mother merely said, "It is getting very common down there," and she did not try to oppose anything further to his scheme.

The young man went to see Colonel Lapham shortly after his return to Boston. He paid his visit at Lapham's office, and if he had studied simplicity in his summer dress he could not have presented himself in a figure more to the mind of a practical man. His hands and neck still kept the brown of the Texan suns and winds, and he looked as business-like as Lapham himself.

He spoke up promptly and briskly in the outer office, and caused the pretty girl to look away from her copying at him. "Is Mr. Lapham in?" he asked; and after that moment for reflection which an array of bookkeepers so addressed likes to give the inquirer, a head was lifted from a ledger and nodded toward the inner office.

Lapham had recognized the voice, and he was standing, in considerable perplexity of mind, to receive Corey, when the young man opened his painted glass door. It was a hot afternoon, and Lapham was in his shirt-sleeves. Scarcely a trace of the boastful hospitality with which he had welcomed Corey to his house a few days before lingered in his present address. He looked at the young man's face, as if he expected him to dispatch whatever unimaginable affair he had come upon.

"Wont you sit down? How are you? You'll excuse me," he added, in brief allusion to the shirt-sleeves. "I'm about roasted."

Corey laughed. "I wish you'd let me take off *my* coat."

"Why, *take* it off!" cried the Colonel, with instant pleasure. There is something in human nature which causes the man in his shirt-sleeves to wish all other men to appear in the same dishabille.

"I will, if you ask me after I've talked with you two minutes," said the young fellow, companionably pulling up the chair offered him toward the desk where Lapham had again seated himself. "But perhaps you haven't got two minutes to give me?"

"Oh, yes, I have," said the Colonel. "I was just going to knock off. I can give you

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twenty, and then I shall have fifteen minutes to catch the boat."

"All right," said Corey. "I want you to take me into the mineral paint business."

The Colonel sat dumb. He twisted his thick neck, and looked round at the door to see if it was shut. He would not have liked to have any of those fellows outside hear him, but there is no saying what sum of money he would not have given if his wife had been there to hear what Corey had just said.

"I suppose," continued the young man, "I could have got several people whose names you know to back my industry and sobriety, and say a word for my business capacity. But I thought I wouldn't trouble anybody for certificates till I found whether there was a chance, or the ghost of one, of your wanting me. So I came straight to you."

Lapham gathered himself together as well as he could. He had not yet forgiven Corey for Mrs. Lapham's insinuation that he would feel himself too good for the mineral paint business; and though he was dispersed by that astounding shot at first, he was not going to let any one even hypothetically despise his paint with impunity. "How do you think I am going to take you on?" They took on hands at the works; and Lapham put it as if Corey were a hand coming to him for employment. Whether he satisfied himself by this or not, he reddened a little after he had said it.

Corey answered, ignorant of the offense: "I haven't a very clear idea, I'm afraid; but I've been looking a little into the matter from the outside ——"

"I hope you haint been paying any attention to that fellow's stuff in the 'Events'?" Lapham interrupted. Since Bartley's interview had appeared, Lapham had regarded it with very mixed feelings. At first it gave him a glow of secret pleasure, blended with doubt as to how his wife would like the use Bartley had made of her in it. But she had not seemed to notice it much, and Lapham had experienced the gratitude of the man who escapes. Then his girls had begun to make fun of it; and though he did not mind Penelope's jokes much, he did not like to see that Irene's gentility was wounded. Business friends met him with the kind of knowing smile about it that implied their sense of the fraudulent character of its praise — the smile of men who had been there and who knew how it was themselves. Lapham had his misgivings as to how his clerks and underlings looked at it; he treated them with stately severity for a while after it came out, and he ended by feeling rather sore about it. He took it for granted that everybody had read it.

"I don't know what you mean," replied Corey. "I don't see the 'Events' regularly."

"Oh, it was nothing. They sent a fellow down here to interview me, and he got everything about as twisted as he could."

"I believe they always do," said Corey. "I hadn't seen it. Perhaps it came out before I got home."

"Perhaps it did."

"My notion of making myself useful to you was based on a hint I got from one of your own circulars."

Lapham was proud of those circulars; he thought they read very well. "What was that?"

"I could put a little capital into the business," said Corey, with the tentative accent of a man who chances a thing. "I've got a little money, but I didn't imagine you cared for anything of that kind."

"No, sir, I don't," returned the Colonel bluntly. "I've had one partner, and one's enough."

"Yes," assented the young man, who doubtless had his own ideas as to eventualities — or perhaps rather had the vague hopes of youth. "I didn't come to propose a partnership. But I see that you are introducing your paint into the foreign markets, and there I really thought I might be of use to you, and to myself, too."

"How?" asked the Colonel scantly.

"Well, I know two or three languages pretty well. I know French, and I know German, and I've got a pretty fair sprinkling of Spanish."

"You mean that you can talk them?" asked the Colonel, with the mingled awe and slight that such a man feels for such accomplishments.

"Yes; and I can write an intelligible letter in either of them."

Lapham rubbed his nose. "It's easy enough to get all the letters we want translated."

"Well," pursued Corey, not showing his discouragement if he felt any, "I know the countries where you want to introduce this paint of yours. I've been there. I've been in Germany and France, and I've been in South America and Mexico; I've been in Italy, of course. I believe I could go to any of those countries and place it to advantage."

Lapham had listened with a trace of persuasion in his face, but now he shook his head.

"It's placing itself as fast as there's any call for it. It wouldn't pay us to send anybody out to look after it. Your salary and expenses would eat up about all we should make on it."

"Yes," returned the young man intrepidly,

"if you had to pay me any salary and expenses."

"You don't propose to work for nothing?"

"I propose to work for a commission." The Colonel was beginning to shake his head again, but Corey hurried on. "I haven't come to you without making some inquiries about the paint, and I know how it stands with those who know best. I believe in it."

Lapham lifted his head and looked at the young man, deeply moved.

"It's the best paint in God's universe," he said, with the solemnity of prayer.

"It's the best in the market," said Corey; and he repeated, "I believe in it."

"You believe in it," began the Colonel, and then he stopped. If there had really been any purchasing power in money, a year's income would have bought Mrs. Lapham's instant presence. He warmed and softened to the young man in every way, not only because he must do so to any one who believed in his paint, but because he had done this innocent person the wrong of listening to a defamation of his instinct and good sense, and had been willing to see him suffer for a purely suppositious offense.

Corey rose.

"You mustn't let me outstay my twenty minutes," he said, taking out his watch. "I don't expect you to give a decided answer on the spot. All that I ask is that you'll consider my proposition."

"Don't hurry," said Lapham. "Sit still! I want to tell you about this paint," he added, in a voice husky with the feeling that his hearer could not divine. "I want to tell you *all* about it."

"I could walk with you to the boat," suggested the young man.

"Never mind the boat! I can take the next one. Look here!" The Colonel pulled open a drawer, as Corey sat down again, and took out a photograph of the locality of the mine. "Here's where we get it. This photograph don't half do the place justice," he said, as if the imperfect art had slighted the features of a beloved face. "It's one of the sightliest places in the country, and here's the very spot"—he covered it with his huge forefinger—"where my father found that paint, more than forty—years—ago. Yes, sir!"

He went on, and told the story in unsparing detail, while his chance for the boat passed unheeded, and the clerks in the outer office hung up their linen office coats and put on their seersucker or flannel street coats. The young lady went, too, and nobody was left but the porter, who made from time to time a noisy demonstration of fastening a distant blind, or putting something in place. At last the Colonel roused himself from the autobiographical delight of the history of his paint. "Well, sir, that's the story."

"It's an interesting story," said Corey, with a long breath, as they rose together, and Lapham put on his coat.

"That's what it is," said the Colonel. "Well!" he added, "I don't see but what we've got to have another talk about this thing. It's a surprise to me, and I don't see exactly how you're going to make it pay."

"I'm willing to take the chances," answered Corey. "As I said, I believe in it. I should try South America first. I should try Chili."

"Look here!" said Lapham, with his watch in his hand. "I like to get things over. We've just got time for the six o'clock boat. Why don't you come down with me to Nantasket? I can give you a bed as well as not. And then we can finish up."

The impatience of youth in Corey responded to the impatience of temperament in his elder.

"Why, I don't see why I shouldn't," he allowed himself to say. "I confess I should like to have it finished up myself, if it could be finished up in the right way."

"Well, we'll see. Dennis!" Lapham called to the remote porter, and the man came. "Want to send any word home?" he asked Corey.

"No; my father and I go and come as we like, without keeping account of each other. If I don't come home, he knows that I'm not there. That's all."

"Well, that's convenient. You'll find you can't do that when you're married. Never mind, Dennis," said the Colonel.

He had time to buy two newspapers on the wharf before he jumped on board the steam-boat with Corey. "Just made it," he said; "and that's what I like to do. I can't stand it to be aboard much more than a minute before she shoves out." He gave one of the newspapers to Corey as he spoke, and set him the example of catching up a camp-stool on their way to that point on the boat which his experience had taught him was the best. He opened his paper at once and began to run over its news, while the young man watched the spectacular recession of the city, and was vaguely conscious of the people about him, and of the gay life of the water round the boat. The air freshened; the craft thinned in number; they met larger sail, lagging slowly inward in the afternoon light; the islands of the bay waxed and waned as the steamer approached and left them behind.

"I hate to see them stirring up those Southern fellows again," said the Colonel,

speaking into the paper on his lap. "Seems to me it's time to let those old issues go."

"Yes," said the young man. "What are they doing now?"

"Oh, stirring up the Confederate brigadiers in Congress. I don't like it. Seems to me, if our party haint got any other stock-in-trade, we better shut up shop altogether." Lapham went on, as he scanned his newspaper, to give his ideas of public questions, in a fragmentary way, while Corey listened patiently, and waited for him to come back to business. He folded up his paper at last, and stuffed it into his coat pocket. "There's one thing I always make it a rule to do," he said, "and that is to give my mind a complete rest from business while I'm going down on the boat. I like to get the fresh air all through me, soul and body. I believe a man can give his mind a rest, just the same as he can give his legs a rest, or his back. All he's got to do is to use his will-power. Why, I suppose, if I hadn't adopted some such rule, with the strain I've had on me for the last ten years, I should 'a' been a dead man long ago. That's the reason I like a horse. You've got to give your mind to horse; you can't help it, unless you want to break your neck; but a boat's different, and there you got to use your will-power. You got to take your mind right up and put it where you want it. I make it a rule to read the paper on the boat — Hold on!" he interrupted himself to prevent Corey from paying his fare to the man who had come round for it. "I've got tickets. And when I get through the paper, I try to get somebody to talk to, or I watch the people. It's an astonishing thing to me where they all come from. I've been riding up and down on these boats for six or seven years, and I don't know but very few of the faces I see on board. Seems to be a perfectly fresh lot every time. Well, of course! Town's full of strangers in the summer season, anyway, and folks keep coming down from the country. They think it's a great thing to get down to the beach, and they've all heard of the electric light on the water, and they want to see it. But you take faces now! The astonishing thing to me is not what a face tells, but what it don't tell. When you think of what a man is, or a woman is, and what most of 'em have been through before they get to be thirty, it seems as if their experience would burn right through. But it don't. I like to watch the couples, and try to make out which are engaged, or going to be, and which are married, or better be. But half the time I can't make any sort of guess. Of course, where they're young and kittenish, you can tell; but where they're anyways on, you can't. Heigh?"

"Yes, I think you're right," said Corey, not perfectly reconciled to philosophy in the place of business, but accepting it as he must.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I don't suppose it was meant we should know what was in each other's minds. It would take a man out of his own hands. As long as he's in his own hands, there's some hopes of his doing something with himself; but if a fellow has been found out — even if he hasn't been found out to be so very bad — it's pretty much all up with him. No, sir. I don't want to know people through and through."

The greater part of the crowd on board — and, of course, the boat was crowded — looked as if they might not only be easily but safely known. There was little style and no distinction among them; they were people who were going down to the beach for the fun or the relief of it, and were able to afford it. In face they were commonplace, with nothing but the American poetry of vivid purpose to light them up, where they did not wholly lack fire. But they were nearly all shrewd and friendly-looking, with an apparent readiness for the humorous intimacy native to us all. The women were dandified in dress, according to their means and taste, and the men differed from each other in degrees of indifference to it. To a straw-hatted population, such as ours is in summer, no sort of personal dignity is possible. We have not even the power over observers which comes from the fantasticality of an Englishman when he discards the conventional dress. In our straw hats and our serge or flannel sacks we are no more imposing than a crowd of boys.

"Some day," said Lapham, rising as the boat drew near the wharf of the final landing, "there's going to be an awful accident on these boats. Just look at that jam."

He meant the people thickly packed on the pier, and under strong restraint of locks and gates, to prevent them from rushing on board the boat and possessing her for the return trip before she had landed her Nantasket passengers.

"Overload 'em every time," he continued, with a sort of dry, impersonal concern at the impending calamity, as if it could not possibly include him. "They take about twice as many as they ought to carry, and about ten times as many as they could save if anything happened. Yes, sir, it's bound to come. Hello! There's my girl!" He took out his folded newspaper and waved it toward a group of phaetons and barouches drawn up on the pier a little apart from the pack of people, and a lady in one of them answered with a flourish of her parasol.

When he had made his way with his guest

through the crowd, she began to speak to her father before she noticed Corey. "Well, Colonel, you've improved your last chance. We've been coming to every boat since four o'clock,— or Jerry has,— and I told mother that I would come myself once, and see if *I* couldn't fetch you; and if I failed, you could walk next time. You're getting perfectly spoiled."

The Colonel enjoyed letting her scold him to the end before he said, with a twinkle of pride in his guest and satisfaction in her probably being able to hold her own against any discomfiture, "I've brought Mr. Corey down for the night with me, and I was showing him things all the way, and it took time."

The young fellow was at the side of the open beach-wagon, making a quick, gentlemanly bow, and Penelope Lapham was cozily drawling, "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Corey?" before the Colonel had finished his explanation.

"Get right in there, alongside of Miss Lapham, Mr. Corey," he said, pulling himself up into the place beside the driver. "No, no," he had added quickly, at some signs of polite protest in the young man, "I don't give up the best place to anybody. Jerry, suppose you let me have hold of the leathers a minute."

This was his way of taking the reins from the driver; and in half the time he specified, he had skillfully turned the vehicle on the pier, among the crooked lines and groups of foot-passengers, and was spinning up the road toward the stretch of verandaed hotels and restaurants in the sand along the shore. "Pretty gay down here," he said, indicating all this with a turn of his whip, as he left it behind him. "But I've got about sick of hotels; and this summer I made up my mind that I'd take a cottage. Well, Pen, how are the folks?" He looked half-way round for her answer, and with the eye thus brought to bear upon her he was able to give her a wink of supreme content. The Colonel, with no sort of ulterior design, and nothing but his triumph over Mrs. Lapham definitely in his mind, was feeling, as he would have said, about right.

The girl smiled a daughter's amusement at her father's boyishness. "I don't think there's much change since morning. Did Irene have a headache when you left?"

"No," said the Colonel.

"Well, then, there's that to report."

"Pshaw!" said the Colonel, with vexation in his tone.

"I'm sorry Miss Irene isn't well," said Corey politely.

"I think she must have got it from walking too long on the beach. The air is so cool here that you forget how hot the sun is."

"Yes, that's true," assented Corey.

"A good night's rest will make it all right," suggested the Colonel, without looking round. "But you girls have got to look out."

"If you're fond of walking," said Corey, "I suppose you find the beach a temptation."

"Oh, it isn't so much that," returned the girl. "You keep walking on and on because it's so smooth and straight before you. We've been here so often that we know it all by heart — just how it looks at high tide, and how it looks at low tide, and how it looks after a storm. We're as well acquainted with the crabs and stranded jelly-fish as we are with the children digging in the sand and the people sitting under umbrellas. I think they're always the same, all of them."

The Colonel left the talk to the young people. When he spoke next it was to say, "Well, here we are!" and he turned from the highway and drove up in front of a brown cottage with a vermilion roof, and a group of geraniums clutching the rock that cropped up in the loop formed by the road. It was treeless and bare all round, and the ocean, unnecessarily vast, weltered away a little more than a stone's cast from the cottage. A hospitable smell of supper filled the air, and Mrs. Lapham was on the veranda, with that demand in her eyes for her belated husband's excuses, which she was obliged to check on her tongue at sight of Corey.

VII.

THE exultant Colonel swung himself lightly down from his seat. "I've brought Mr. Corey with me," he nonchalantly explained.

Mrs. Lapham made their guest welcome, and the Colonel showed him to his room, briefly assuring himself that there was nothing wanting there. Then he went to wash his own hands, carelessly ignoring the eagerness with which his wife pursued him to their chamber.

"What gave Irene a headache?" he asked, making himself a fine lather for his hairy paws.

"Never you mind Irene," promptly retorted his wife. "How came he to come? Did you press him? If you *did*, I'll never forgive you, Silas!"

The Colonel laughed, and his wife shook him by the shoulder to make him laugh lower. "'Sh!" she whispered. "Do you want him to hear *every* thing? *Did* you urge him?"

The Colonel laughed the more. He was going to get all the good out of this. "No, I didn't urge him. Seemed to want to come."

"I don't believe it. Where did you meet him?"

"At the office."

"What office?"

"Mine."

"Nonsense! What was he doing there?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"What did he come for?"

"Come for? Oh! He *said* he wanted to go into the mineral paint business."

Mrs. Lapham dropped into a chair, and watched his bulk shaken with smothered laughter. "Silas Lapham," she gasped, "if you try to get off any more of those things on me ——"

The Colonel applied himself to the towel. "Had a notion he could work it in South America. *I* don't know what he's up to."

"Never mind!" cried his wife. "I'll get even with you *yet.*"

"So I told him he had better come down and talk it over," continued the Colonel, in well-affected simplicity. "I knew he wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"Go on!" threatened Mrs. Lapham.

"Right thing to do, wa'n't it?"

A tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Lapham answered it. A maid announced supper. "Very well," she said, "come to tea now. But I'll make you pay for this, Silas."

Penelope had gone to her sister's room as soon as she entered the house.

"Is your head any better, 'Rene?" she asked.

"Yes, a little," came a voice from the pillows. "But I shall not come to tea. I don't want anything. If I keep still, I shall be all right by morning."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the elder sister. "He's come down with father."

"He hasn't! Who?" cried Irene, starting up in simultaneous denial and demand.

"Oh, well, if you say he hasn't, what's the use of my telling you who?"

"Oh, how can you treat me so!" moaned the sufferer. "What do you mean, Pen?"

"I guess I'd better not tell you," said Penelope, watching her like a cat playing with a mouse. "If you're not coming to tea, it would just excite you for nothing."

The mouse moaned and writhed upon the bed.

"Oh, I wouldn't treat *you* so!"

The cat seated herself across the room and asked quietly:

"Well, what could you do if it *was* Mr. Corey? You couldn't come to tea, you say. But *he'll* excuse you. *I've* told him you had a headache. Why, of course you can't come! It would be too barefaced. But you needn't be troubled, Irene; I'll do my best to make the time pass pleasantly for him." Here the cat gave a low titter, and the mouse girded itself up with a momentary courage and self-respect.

"I should think you would be ashamed to come here and tease me so."

"I don't see why you shouldn't believe me," argued Penelope. "Why shouldn't he come down with father, if father asked him? and he'd be sure to if he thought of it. I don't see any p'ints about that frog that's any better than any other frog."

The sense of her sister's helplessness was too much for the tease; she broke down in a fit of smothered laughter, which convinced her victim that it was nothing but an ill-timed joke.

"Well, Pen, I wouldn't use you so," she whimpered.

Penelope threw herself on the bed beside her.

"Oh, poor Irene! He *is* here. It's a solemn fact." And she caressed and soothed her sister, while she choked with laughter. "You must get up and come out. I don't know what brought him here, but here he *is.*"

"It's too late now," said Irene, desolately. Then she added, with a wilder despair: "What a fool I was to take that walk!"

"Well," coaxed her sister, "come out and get some tea. The tea will do you good."

"No, no; I can't come. But send me a cup here."

"Yes, and then perhaps you can see him later in the evening."

"I shall not see him at all."

An hour after Penelope came back to her sister's room and found her before her glass. "You might as well have kept still, and been well by morning, 'Rene," she said. "As soon as we were done father said, 'Well, Mr. Corey and I have got to talk over a little matter of business, and we'll excuse you, ladies.' He looked at mother in a way that I guess was pretty hard to bear. 'Rene, you ought to have heard the Colonel swelling at supper. It would have made you feel that all he said the other day was nothing."

Mrs. Lapham suddenly opened the door.

"Now, see here, Pen," she said, as she closed it behind her, "I've had just as much as I can stand from your father, and if you don't tell me this instant what it all means ——"

She left the consequences to imagination, and Penelope replied, with her mock soberness:

"Well, the Colonel does seem to be on his high horse, ma'am. But you mustn't ask me what his business with Mr. Corey is, for I don't know. All that I know is that I met them at the landing, and that they conversed all the way down — on literary topics."

"Nonsense! What do you think it is?"

"Well, if you want my candid opinion, I think this talk about business is nothing but a blind. It seems a pity Irene shouldn't have been up to receive him," she added.

Irene cast a mute look of imploring at her mother, who was too much preoccupied to afford her the protection it asked.

"Your father said he wanted to go into the business with him."

Irene's look changed to a stare of astonishment and mystification, but Penelope preserved her imperturbability.

"Well, it's a lucrative business, I believe."

"Well, I don't believe a word of it!" cried Mrs. Lapham. "And so I told your father."

"Did it seem to convince him?" inquired Penelope.

Her mother did not reply. "I know one thing," she said. "He's got to tell me every word, or there'll be no sleep for him *this* night."

"Well, ma'am," said Penelope, breaking down in one of her queer laughs, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you were right."

"Go on and dress, Irene," ordered her mother, "and then you and Pen come out into the parlor. They can have just two hours for business, and then we must all be there to receive him. You haven't got headache enough to hurt you."

"Oh, it's all gone now," said the girl.

At the end of the limit she had given the Colonel, Mrs. Lapham looked into the dining-room, which she found blue with his smoke.

"I think you gentlemen will find the parlor pleasanter now, and we can give it up to you."

"Oh, no, you needn't," said her husband. "We've got about through." Corey was already standing, and Lapham rose too. "I guess we can join the ladies now. We can leave that little point till to-morrow."

Both of the young ladies were in the parlor when Corey entered with their father, and both were frankly indifferent to the few books and the many newspapers scattered about on the table where the large lamp was placed. But after Corey had greeted Irene he glanced at the novel under his eye, and said, in the dearth that sometimes befalls people at such times: "I see you're reading 'Middlemarch.' Do you like George Eliot?"

"Who?" asked the girl.

Penelope interposed. "I don't believe Irene's read it yet. I've just got it out of the library; I heard so much talk about it. I wish she would let you find out a little about the people for yourself," she added. But here her father struck in:

"I can't get the time for books. It's as much as I can do to keep up with the newspapers; and when night comes, I'm tired, and I'd rather go out to the theater, or a lecture, if they've got a good stereopticon to give you views of the places. But I guess we all like a play better than 'most anything else. I want something that'll make me laugh. I don't believe in tragedy. I think there's enough of that in real life without putting it on the stage. Seen 'Joshua Whitcomb'?"

The whole family joined in the discussion, and it appeared that they all had their opinions of the plays and actors. Mrs. Lapham brought the talk back to literature. "I guess Penelope does most of our reading."

"Now, mother, you're not going to put it all on me!" said the girl, in comic protest.

Her mother laughed, and then added, with a sigh: "I used to like to get hold of a good book when I was a girl; but we weren't allowed to read many novels in those days. My mother called them all *lies*. And I guess she wasn't so very far wrong about some of them."

"They're certainly fictions," said Corey, smiling.

"Well, we do buy a good many books, first and last," said the Colonel, who probably had in mind the costly volumes which they presented to one another on birthdays and holidays. "But I get about all the reading I want in the newspapers. And when the girls want a novel, I tell 'em to get it out of the library. That's what the library's for. Phew!" he panted, blowing away the whole unprofitable subject. "How close you women-folks like to keep a room! You go down to the sea-side or up to the mountains for a change of air, and then you cork yourselves into a room so tight you don't have any air at all. Here! You girls get on your bonnets and go and show Mr. Corey the view of the hotels from the rocks."

Corey said that he should be delighted. The girls exchanged looks with each other, and then with their mother. Irene curved her pretty chin in comment upon her father's incorrigibility, and Penelope made a droll mouth, but the Colonel remained serenely content with his finesse. "I got 'em out of the way," he said, as soon as they were gone, and before his wife had time to fall upon him, "because I've got through my talk with him, and now I want to talk with *you*. It's just as I said, Persis; he wants to go into the business with me."

"It's lucky for you," said his wife, meaning that now he would not be made to suffer for attempting to hoax her. But she was too intensely interested to pursue that matter further. "What in the world do you suppose he means by it?"

"Well, I should judge by his talk that he had been trying a good many different things since he left college, and he haint found just the thing he likes — or the thing that likes him. It aint so easy. And now he's got an idea that he can take hold of the paint and push it in other countries — push it in Mexico

and push it in South America. He's a splendid Spanish scholar," — this was Lapham's version of Corey's modest claim to a smattering of the language, — " and he's been among the natives enough to know their ways. And he believes in the paint," added the Colonel.

" I guess he believes in something else besides the paint," said Mrs. Lapham.

" What do you mean ? "

" Well, Silas Lapham, if you can't see *now* that he's after Irene, I don't know what ever *can* open your eyes. That's all."

The Colonel pretended to give the idea silent consideration, as if it had not occurred to him before. " Well, then, all I've got to say is, that he's going a good way round. I don't say you're wrong, but if it's Irene, I don't see why he should want to go off to South America to get her. And that's what he proposes to do. I guess there's some paint about it too, Persis. He says he believes in it," — the Colonel devoutly lowered his voice, — " and he's willing to take the agency on his own account down there, and run it for a commission on what he can sell."

" Of course! He isn't going to take hold of it any way so as to feel beholden to you. He's got too much pride for that."

" He aint going to take hold of it at all, if he don't mean paint in the first place and Irene afterward. I don't object to him, as I know, either way, but the two things wont mix; and I don't propose he shall pull the wool over my eyes — or anybody else. But, as far as heard from, up to date, he means paint first, last, and all the time. At any rate, I'm going to take him on that basis. He's got some pretty good ideas about it, and he's been stirred up by this talk, just now, about getting our manufactures into the foreign markets. There's an overstock in everything, and we've got to get rid of it, or we've got to shut down till the home demand begins again. We've had two or three such flurries before now, and they didn't amount to much. They say we can't extend our commerce under the high tariff system we've got now, because there aint any sort of reciprocity on our side, — we want to have the other fellows show all the reciprocity, — and the English have got the advantage of us every time. I don't know whether it's so or not; but I don't see why it should apply to my paint. Anyway, he wants to try it, and I've about made up my mind to let him. Of course I aint going to let him take all the risk. I believe in the paint *too*, and I shall pay his expenses anyway."

" So you want another partner after all ? " Mrs. Lapham could not forbear saying.

" Yes, if that's your idea of a partner. It isn't mine," returned her husband dryly.

" Well, if you've made up your mind, Si, I suppose you're ready for advice," said Mrs. Lapham.

The Colonel enjoyed this. " Yes, I *am*. What have you got to say against it ? "

" I don't know as I've got anything. I'm satisfied if you are."

" Well ? "

" When is he going to start for South America ? "

" I shall take him into the office awhile. He'll get off some time in the winter. But he's got to know the business first."

" Oh, indeed! Are you going to take him to board in the family ? "

" What are you after, Persis ? "

" Oh, nothing! I presume he will feel free to visit in the family, even if he don't board with us."

" I presume he will."

" And if he don't use his privileges, do you think he'll be a fit person to manage your paint in South America ? "

The Colonel reddened consciously. " I'm not taking him on that basis."

" Oh, yes, you are! You may pretend you aint to yourself, but you mustn't pretend so to me. Because I know you."

The Colonel laughed. " Pshaw! " he said.

Mrs. Lapham continued : " I don't see any harm in hoping that he'll take a fancy to her. But if you really think it wont do to mix the two things, I advise you not to take Mr. Corey into the business. It will do all very well if he *does* take a fancy to her; but if he don't, you know how you'll feel about it. And I know you well enough, Silas, to know that you can't do him justice if that happens. And I don't think it's right you should take this step unless you're pretty sure. I can see that you've set your heart on this thing —— "

" I haven't set my heart on it at all," protested Lapham.

" And if you can't bring it about, you're going to feel unhappy over it," pursued his wife, regardless of his protest.

" Oh, very well," he said. " If you know more about what's in my mind than I do, there's no use arguing, as I can see."

He got up, to carry off his consciousness, and sauntered out of the door on to his piazza. He could see the young people down on the rocks, and his heart swelled in his breast. He had always said that he did not care what a man's family was, but the presence of young Corey as an applicant to him for employment, as his guest, as the possible suitor of his daughter, was one of the sweetest flavors that he had yet tasted in his success. He knew who the Coreys were very well, and, in his simple, brutal way, he had long hated their

name as a symbol of splendor which, unless he should live to see at least three generations of his descendants gilded with mineral paint, he could not hope to realize in his own. He was acquainted in a business way with the tradition of old Phillips Corey, and he had heard a great many things about the Corey who had spent his youth abroad and his father's money everywhere, and done nothing but say smart things. Lapham could not see the smartness of some of them which had been repeated to him. Once he had encountered the fellow, and it seemed to Lapham that the tall, slim, white-mustached man, with the slight stoop, was everything that was offensively aristocratic. He had bristled up aggressively at the name when his wife told how she had made the acquaintance of the fellow's family the summer before, and he had treated the notion of young Corey's caring for Irene with the contempt which such a ridiculous superstition deserved. He had made up his mind about young Corey beforehand; yet when he met him he felt an instant liking for him, which he frankly acknowledged, and he had begun to assume the burden of his wife's superstition, of which she seemed now ready to accuse him of being the inventor.

Nothing had moved his thick imagination like this day's events since the girl who taught him spelling and grammar in the school at Lumberville had said she would have him for her husband.

The dark figures, stationary on the rocks, began to move, and he could see that they were coming toward the house. He went indoors so as not to appear to have been watching them.

VIII.

A WEEK after she had parted with her son at Bar Harbor, Mrs. Corey suddenly walked in upon her husband in their house in Boston. He was at breakfast, and he gave her the patronizing welcome with which the husband who has been staying in town all summer receives his wife when she drops down upon him from the mountains or the sea-side. For a little moment she feels herself strange in the house, and suffers herself to be treated like a guest, before envy of his comfort vexes her back into possession and authority. Mrs. Corey was a lady, and she did not let her envy take the form of open reproach.

"Well, Anna, you find me here in the luxury you left me to. How did you leave the girls?"

"The girls were well," said Mrs. Corey, looking absently at her husband's brown velvet coat, in which he was so handsome. No man had ever grown gray more beautifully. His hair, while not remaining dark enough to form a theatrical contrast with his mustache, was yet some shades darker, and, in becoming a little thinner, it had become a little more gracefully wavy. His skin had the pearly tint which that of elderly men sometimes assumes, and the lines which time had traced upon it were too delicate for the name of wrinkles. He had never had any personal vanity, and there was no consciousness in his good looks now.

"I am glad of that. The boy I have with me," he returned; "that is, when he *is* with me."

"Why, where is he?" demanded the mother.

"Probably carousing with the boon Lapham somewhere. He left me yesterday afternoon to go and offer his allegiance to the Mineral Paint King, and I haven't seen him since."

"Bromfield!" cried Mrs. Corey. "Why didn't you stop him?"

"Well, my dear, I'm not sure that it isn't a very good thing."

"A good thing? It's horrid!"

"No, I don't think so. It's decent. Tom had found out—without consulting the landscape, which I believe proclaims it everywhere ——"

"Hideous!"

"That it's really a good thing; and he thinks that he has some ideas in regard to its dissemination in the parts beyond seas."

"Why shouldn't he go into something else?" lamented the mother.

"I believe he has gone into nearly everything else, and come out of it. So there is a chance of his coming out of this. But as I had nothing to suggest in place of it, I thought it best not to interfere. In fact, what good would my telling him that mineral paint was nasty have done? I dare say *you* told him it was nasty."

"Yes! I did."

"And you see with what effect, though he values your opinion three times as much as he values mine. Perhaps you came up to tell him again that it was nasty?"

"I feel very unhappy about it. He is throwing himself away. Yes, I should like to prevent it if I could!"

The father shook his head.

"If Lapham hasn't prevented it, I fancy it's too late. But there may be some hopes of Lapham. As for Tom's throwing himself away, I don't know. There's no question but he is one of the best fellows under the sun. He's tremendously energetic, and he has plenty of the kind of sense which we call horse; but he isn't brilliant. No, Tom is not brilliant. I don't think he would get on in a profession, and he's instinctively kept out of everything of the kind. But he has got to

do something. What shall he do? He says mineral paint, and really I don't see why he shouldn't. If money is fairly and honestly earned, why should we pretend to care what it comes out of, when we don't really care? That superstition is exploded everywhere."

"Oh, it isn't the paint alone," said Mrs. Corey; and then she perceptibly arrested herself, and made a diversion in continuing: "I wish he had married some one."

"With money?" suggested her husband. "From time to time I have attempted Tom's corruption from that side, but I suspect Tom has a conscience against it, and I rather like him for it. I married for love myself," said Corey, looking across the table at his wife.

She returned his look tolerantly, though she felt it right to say, "What nonsense!"

"Besides," continued her husband, "if you come to money, there is the paint princess. She will have plenty."

"Ah, that's the worst of it," sighed the mother. "I suppose I could get on with the paint ——"

"But not with the princess? I thought you said she was a very pretty, well-behaved girl?"

"She is very pretty, and she is well-behaved; but there is nothing of her. She is insipid; she is very insipid."

"But Tom seemed to like her flavor, such as it was?"

"How can I tell? We were under a terrible obligation to them, and I naturally wished him to be polite to them. In fact, I asked him to be so."

"And he was too polite?"

"I can't say that he was. But there is no doubt that the child is extremely pretty."

"Tom says there are two of them. Perhaps they will neutralize each other."

"Yes, there is another daughter," assented Mrs. Corey. "I don't see how you can joke about such things, Bromfield," she added.

"Well, I don't either, my dear, to tell you the truth. My hardihood surprises me. Here is a son of mine whom I see reduced to making his living by a shrinkage in values. It's very odd," interjected Corey, "that some values should have this peculiarity of shrinking. You never hear of values in a picture shrinking; but rents, stocks, real estate—all those values shrink abominably. Perhaps it might be argued that one should put all his values into pictures; I've got a good many of mine there."

"Tom needn't earn his living," said Mrs. Corey, refusing her husband's jest. "There's still enough for all of us."

"That is what I have sometimes urged upon Tom. I have proved to him that with economy, and strict attention to business, he need do nothing as long as he lives. Of course he would be somewhat restricted, and it would cramp the rest of us; but it is a world of sacrifices and compromises. He couldn't agree with me, and he was not in the least moved by the example of persons of quality in Europe, which I alleged in support of the life of idleness. It appears that he wishes to do something—to do something for himself. I am afraid that Tom is selfish."

Mrs. Corey smiled wanly. Thirty years before, she had married the rich young painter in Rome, who said so much better things than he painted—charming things, just the things to please the fancy of a girl who was disposed to take life a little too seriously and practically. She saw him in a different light when she got him home to Boston; but he had kept on saying the charming things, and he had not done much else. In fact, he had fulfilled the promise of his youth. It was a good trait in him that he was not actively but only passively extravagant. He was not adventurous with his money; his tastes were as simple as an Italian's; he had no expensive habits. In the process of time he had grown to lead a more and more secluded life. It was hard to get him out anywhere, even to dinner. His patience with their narrowing circumstances had a pathos which she felt the more the more she came into charge of their joint life. At times it seemed too bad that the children and their education and pleasures should cost so much. She knew, besides, that if it had not been for them she would have gone back to Rome with him, and lived princely there for less than it took to live respectably in Boston.

"Tom hasn't consulted me," continued his father, "but he has consulted other people. And he has arrived at the conclusion that mineral paint is a good thing to go into. He has found out all about it, and about its founder or inventor. It's quite impressive to hear him talk. And if he must do something for himself, I don't see why his egotism shouldn't as well take that form as another. Combined with the paint princess, it isn't so agreeable; but that's only a remote possibility, for which your principal ground is your motherly solicitude. But even if it were probable and imminent, what could you do? The chief consolation that we American parents have in these matters is that we can do nothing. If we were Europeans, even English, we should take some cognizance of our children's love affairs, and in some measure teach their young affections how to shoot. But it is our custom to ignore them until they have shot, and then they ignore us. We are altogether too delicate to arrange the marriages of our children; and

when they have arranged them we don't like to say anything, for fear we should only make bad worse. The right way is for us to school ourselves to indifference. That is what the young people have to do elsewhere, and that is the only logical result of our position here. It is absurd for us to have any feeling about what we don't interfere with."

"Oh, people do interfere with their children's marriages very often," said Mrs. Corey.

"Yes, but only in a half-hearted way, so as not to make it disagreeable for themselves if the marriages go on in spite of them, as they're pretty apt to do. Now, my idea is that I ought to cut Tom off with a shilling. That would be very simple, and it would be economical. But you would never consent, and Tom wouldn't mind it."

"I think our whole conduct in regard to such things is wrong," said Mrs. Corey.

"Oh, very likely. But our whole civilization is based upon it. And who is going to make a beginning? To which father in our acquaintance shall I go and propose an alliance for Tom with his daughter? I should feel like an ass. And will you go to some mother, and ask her sons in marriage for our daughters? You would feel like a goose. No; the only motto for us is, Hands off altogether."

"I shall certainly speak to Tom when the time comes," said Mrs. Corey.

"And I shall ask leave to be absent from your discomfiture, my dear," answered her husband.

The son returned that afternoon, and confessed his surprise at finding his mother in Boston. He was so frank that she had not quite the courage to confess in turn why she had come, but trumped up an excuse.

"Well, mother," he said promptly, "I have made an engagement with Mr. Lapham."

"Have you, Tom?" she asked faintly.

"Yes. For the present I am going to have charge of his foreign correspondence, and if I see my way to the advantage I expect to find in it, I am going out to manage that side of his business in South America and Mexico. He's behaved very handsomely about it. He says that if it appears for our common interest, he shall pay me a salary as well as a commission. I've talked with Uncle Jim, and he thinks it's a good opening."

"Your Uncle Jim does?" queried Mrs. Corey in amaze.

"Yes; I consulted him the whole way through, and I've acted on his advice."

This seemed an incomprehensible treachery on her brother's part.

"Yes; I thought you would like to have me. And besides, I couldn't possibly have gone to any one so well fitted to advise me."

His mother said nothing. In fact, the mineral paint business, however painful its interest, was, for the moment, superseded by a more poignant anxiety. She began to feel her way cautiously toward this.

"Have you been talking about your business with Mr. Lapham all night?"

"Well, pretty much," said her son, with a guiltless laugh. "I went to see him yesterday afternoon, after I had gone over the whole ground with Uncle Jim, and Mr. Lapham asked me to go down with him and finish up."

"Down?" repeated Mrs. Corey.

"Yes, to Nantasket. He has a cottage down there."

"At Nantasket?" Mrs. Corey knitted her brows a little. "What in the world can a cottage at Nantasket be like?"

"Oh, very much like a 'cottage' anywhere. It has the usual allowance of red roof and veranda. There are the regulation rocks by the sea; and the big hotels on the beach about a mile off, flaring away with electric lights and roman-candles at night. We didn't have them at Nahant."

"No," said his mother. "Is Mrs. Lapham well? And her daughter?"

"Yes, I think so," said the young man. "The young ladies walked me down to the rocks in the usual way after dinner, and then I came back and talked paint with Mr. Lapham till midnight. We didn't settle anything till this morning coming up on the boat."

"What sort of people do they seem to be at home?"

"What sort? Well, I don't know that I noticed." Mrs. Corey permitted herself the first part of a sigh of relief; and her son laughed, but apparently not at her. "They're just reading 'Middlemarch.' They say there's so much talk about it. Oh, I suppose they're very good people. They seemed to be on very good terms with each other."

"I suppose it's the plain sister who's reading 'Middlemarch.'"

"Plain? Is she plain?" asked the young man, as if searching his consciousness. "Yes, it's the older one who does the reading, apparently. But I don't believe that even she overdoes it. They like to talk better. They reminded me of Southern people in that." The young man smiled, as if amused by some of his impressions of the Lapham family. "The living, as the country people call it, is tremendously good. The Colonel — he's a colonel — talked of the coffee as his wife's coffee, as if she had personally made it in the kitchen, though I believe it was merely inspired by her. And there was everything in the house that money could buy. But money has its limitations."

This was a fact which Mrs. Corey was be-

ginning to realize more and more unpleasantly in her own life; but it seemed to bring her a certain comfort in its application to the Laphams. "Yes, there is a point where taste has to begin," she said.

"They seemed to want to apologize to me for not having more books," said Corey. "I don't know why they should. The Colonel said they bought a good many books, first and last; but apparently they don't take them to the sea-side."

"I dare say they *never* buy a *new* book. I've met some of these moneyed people lately, and they lavish on every conceivable luxury, and then borrow books, and get them in the cheap paper editions."

"I fancy that's the way with the Lapham family," said the young man, smilingly. "But they are very good people. The other daughter is humorous."

"Humorous?" Mrs. Corey knitted her brows in some perplexity. "Do you mean like Mrs. Sayre?" she asked, naming the lady whose name must come into every Boston mind when humor is mentioned.

"Oh, no; nothing like that. She never says anything that you can remember; nothing in flashes or ripples; nothing the least literary. But it's a sort of droll way of looking at things; or a droll medium through which things present themselves. I don't know. She tells what she's seen, and mimics a little."

"Oh," said Mrs. Corey, coldly. After a moment she asked: "And is Miss Irene as pretty as ever?"

"She's a wonderful complexion," said the son, unsatisfactorily. "I shall want to be by when father and Colonel Lapham meet," he added, with a smile.

"Ah, yes, your father!" said the mother, in that way in which a wife at once compassionates and censures her husband to their children.

"Do you think it's really going to be a trial to him?" asked the young man, quickly.

"No, no, I can't say it is. But I confess I wish it was some other business, Tom."

"Well, mother, I don't see why. The principal thing looked at now is the amount of money; and while I would rather starve than touch a dollar that was dirty with any sort of dishonesty ——"

"Of course you would, my son!" interposed his mother, proudly.

"I shouldn't at all mind its having a little mineral paint on it. I'll use my influence with Colonel Lapham — if I ever have any — to have his paint scraped off the landscape."

"I suppose you wont begin till the autumn."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the son, laughing at his mother's simple ignorance of business. "I shall begin to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!"

"Yes. I've had my desk appointed already, and I shall be down there at nine in the morning to take possession."

"Tom!" cried his mother, "why do you think Mr. Lapham has taken you into business so readily? I've always heard that it was so hard for young men to get in."

"And do you think I found it easy with him? We had about twelve hours' solid talk."

"And you don't suppose it was any sort of — personal consideration?"

"Why, I don't know exactly what you mean, mother. I suppose he likes me."

Mrs. Corey could not say just what she meant. She answered, ineffectually enough:

"Yes. You wouldn't like it to be a favor, would you?"

"I think he's a man who may be trusted to look after his own interest. But I don't mind his beginning by liking me. It'll be my own fault if I don't make myself essential to him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Corey.

"Well," demanded her husband, at their first meeting after her interview with their son, "what did you say to Tom?"

"Very little, if anything. I found him with his mind made up, and it would only have distressed him if I had tried to change it."

"That is precisely what I said, my dear."

"Besides, he had talked the matter over fully with James, and seems to have been advised by him. I can't understand James."

"Oh! it's in regard to the paint, and not the princess, that he's made up his mind. Well, I think you were wise to let him alone, Anna. We represent a faded tradition. We don't really care what business a man is in, so it is large enough, and he doesn't advertise offensively; but we think it fine to affect reluctance."

"Do you really feel so, Bromfield?" asked his wife, seriously.

"Certainly I do. There was a long time in my misguided youth when I supposed myself some sort of porcelain; but it's a relief to be of the common clay, after all, and to know it. If I get broken, I can be easily replaced."

"If Tom must go into such a business," said Mrs. Corey, "I'm glad James approves of it."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't matter to Tom if he didn't; and I don't know that I should care," said Corey, betraying the fact that he had perhaps had a good deal of his brother-in-law's judgment in the course of his life. "You had better consult him in regard to Tom's marrying the princess."

"There is no necessity at present for that," said Mrs. Corey, with dignity. After a mo-

ment, she asked, "Should you feel quite so easy if it were a question of that, Bromfield?"

"It would be a little more personal."

"You feel about it as I do. Of course, we have both lived too long, and seen too much of the world, to suppose we can control such things. The child is good, I haven't the least doubt, and all those things can be managed so that they wouldn't disgrace us. But she has had a certain sort of bringing up. I should prefer Tom to marry a girl with another sort, and this business venture of his increases the chances that he wont. That's all."

"'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve.'"

"I shouldn't like it."

"Well, it hasn't happened yet."

"Ah, you never can realize anything beforehand."

"Perhaps that has saved me some suffering. But you have at least the consolation of two anxieties at once. I always find that a great advantage. You can play one off against the other."

Mrs. Corey drew a long breath as if she did not experience the suggested consolation; and she arranged to quit, the following afternoon, the scene of her defeat, which she had not had the courage to make a battle-field. Her son went down to see her off on the boat, after spending his first day at his desk in Lapham's office. He was in a gay humor, and she departed in a reflected gleam of his good spirits. He told her all about it, as he sat talking with her at the stern of the boat, lingering till the last moment, and then stepping ashore, with as little waste of time as Lapham himself, on the gang-plank which the deck-hands had laid hold of. He touched his hat to her from the wharf to reassure her of his escape from being carried away with her, and the next moment his smiling face hid itself in the crowd.

He walked on smiling up the long wharf, encumbered with trucks and hacks and piles of freight, and, taking his way through the deserted business streets beyond this bustle, made a point of passing the door of Lapham's warehouse, on the jambs of which his name and paint were lettered in black on a square ground of white. The door was still open, and Corey loitered a moment before it, tempted to go upstairs and fetch away some foreign letters which he had left on his desk, and which he thought he might finish up at home. He was in love with his work, and he felt the enthusiasm for it which nothing but the work we can do well inspires in us. He believed that he had found his place in the world, after a good deal of looking, and he had the relief, the repose, of fitting into it. Every little incident of the momentous, uneventful day was a pleasure in his mind, from his sitting down at his desk, to which Lapham's boy brought him the foreign letters, till his rising from it an hour ago. Lapham had been in view within his own office, but he had given Corey no formal reception, and had, in fact, not spoken to him till toward the end of the forenoon, when he suddenly came out of his den with some more letters in his hand, and after a brief "How d'ye do?" had spoken a few words about them, and left them with him. He was in his shirt-sleeves again, and his sanguine person seemed to radiate the heat with which he suffered. He did not go out to lunch, but had it brought to him in his office, where Corey saw him eating it before he left his own desk to go out and perch on a swinging seat before the long counter of a down-town restaurant. He observed that all the others lunched at twelve, and he resolved to anticipate his usual hour. When he returned, the pretty girl who had been clicking away at a type-writer all the morning was neatly putting out of sight the evidences of pie from the table where her machine stood, and was preparing to go on with her copying. In his office Lapham lay asleep in his arm-chair, with a newspaper over his face.

Now, while Corey lingered at the entrance to the stairway, these two came down the stairs together, and he heard Lapham saying, "Well, then, you better get a divorce."

He looked red and excited, and the girl's face, which she veiled at sight of Corey, showed traces of tears. She slipped round him into the street.

But Lapham stopped, and said, with the show of no feeling but surprise: "Hello, Corey! Did you want to go up?"

"Yes; there were some letters I hadn't quite got through with."

"You'll find Dennis up there. But I guess you better let them go till to-morrow. I always make it a rule to stop work when I'm done."

"Perhaps you're right," said Corey, yielding.

"Come along down as far as the boat with me. There's a little matter I want to talk over with you."

It was a business matter, and related to Corey's proposed connection with the house.

The next day the head book-keeper, who lunched at the long counter of the same restaurant with Corey, began to talk with him about Lapham. Walker had not apparently got his place by seniority; though, with his bald head, and round, smooth face, one might have taken him for a plump elder, if he had not looked equally like a robust infant. The thick, drabbish-yellow mustache was what ar-

rested decision in either direction, and the prompt vigor of all his movements was that of a young man of thirty, which was really Walker's age. He knew, of course, who Corey was, and he had waited for a man who might look down on him socially to make the overtures toward something more than business acquaintance; but, these made, he was readily responsive, and drew freely on his philosophy of Lapham and his affairs.

"I think about the only difference between people in this world is that some know what they want, and some don't. Well, now," said Walker, beating the bottom of his salt-box to make the salt come out, "the old man knows what he wants every time. And generally he gets it. Yes, sir, he generally gets it. He knows what he's about, but I'll be blessed if the rest of us do half the time. Anyway, we don't till he's ready to let us. You take my position in most business houses. It's confidential. The head book-keeper knows right along pretty much everything the house has got in hand. I'll give you my word *I* don't. He may open up to you a little more in your department, but, as far as the rest of us go, he don't open up any more than an oyster on a hot brick. They say he had a partner once; I guess he's dead. *I* wouldn't like to be the old man's partner. Well, you see, this paint of his is like his heart's blood. Better not try to joke him about it. I've seen people come in occasionally and try it. They didn't get much fun out of it."

While he talked, Walker was plucking up morsels from his plate, tearing off pieces of French bread from the long loaf, and feeding them into his mouth in an impersonal way, as if he were firing up an engine.

"I suppose he thinks," suggested Corey, "that if he doesn't tell, nobody else will."

Walker took a draught of beer from his glass, and wiped the foam from his mustache.

"Oh, but he carries it too far! It's a weakness with him. He's just so about everything. Look at the way he keeps it up about that type-writer girl of his. You'd think she was some princess traveling incognito. There isn't one of us knows who she is, or where she came from, or who she belongs to. He brought her and her machine into the office one morning, and set 'em down at a table, and that's all there is about it, as far as we're concerned. It's pretty hard on the girl, for I guess she'd like to talk; and to any one that didn't know the old man — " Walker broke off and drained his glass of what was left in it.

Corey thought of the words he had overheard from Lapham to the girl. But he said, "She seems to be kept pretty busy."

"Oh, yes," said Walker; "there aint much loafing round the place, in any of the departments, from the old man's down. That's just what I say. He's got to work just twice as hard, if he wants to keep everything in his own mind. But he aint afraid of work. That's one good thing about him. And Miss Dewey has to keep step with the rest of us. But she don't look like one that would take to it naturally. Such a pretty girl as that generally thinks she does enough when she looks her prettiest."

"She's a pretty girl," said Corey, non-committally. "But I suppose a great many pretty girls have to earn their living."

"Don't any of 'em like to do it," returned the book-keeper. "They think it's a hardship, and I don't blame 'em. They have got a right to get married, and they ought to have the chance. And Miss Dewey's smart, too. She's as bright as a biscuit. I guess she's had trouble. I shouldn't be much more than half surprised if Miss Dewey wasn't Miss Dewey, or hadn't always been. Yes, sir," continued the book-keeper, who prolonged the talk as they walked back to Lapham's warehouse together, "I don't know exactly what it is,—it isn't any one thing in particular,—but I should say that girl had been married. I wouldn't speak so freely to any of the rest, Mr. Corey,—I want you to understand that,—and it isn't any of my business, anyway; but that's my opinion."

Corey made no reply, as he walked beside the book-keeper, who continued:

"It's curious what a difference marriage makes in people. Now, I know that I don't look any more like a bachelor of my age than I do like the man in the moon, and yet I couldn't say where the difference came in, to save me. And it's just so with a woman. The minute you catch sight of her face, there's something in it that tells you whether she's married or not. What do you suppose it is?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Corey, willing to laugh away the topic. "And from what I read occasionally of some people who go about repeating their happiness, I shouldn't say that the intangible evidences were always unmistakable."

"Oh, of course," admitted Walker, easily surrendering his position. "All signs fail in dry weather. Hello! What's that?" He caught Corey by the arm, and they both stopped.

At a corner, half a block ahead of them, the summer noon solitude of the place was broken by a bit of drama. A man and woman issued from the intersecting street, and at the moment of coming into sight the man, who looked like a sailor, caught the woman by the

arm, as if to detain her. A brief struggle ensued, the woman trying to free herself, and the man half coaxing, half scolding. The spectators could now see that he was drunk; but before they could decide whether it was a case for their interference or not, the woman suddenly set both hands against the man's breast and gave him a quick push. He lost his footing and tumbled into a heap in the gutter. The woman faltered an instant, as if to see whether he was seriously hurt, and then turned and ran.

When Corey and the book-keeper reëntered the office, Miss Dewey had finished her lunch, and was putting a sheet of paper into her type-writer. She looked up at them with her eyes of turquoise blue, under her low white forehead, with the hair neatly rippled over it, and then began to beat the keys of her machine.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANITY AND POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE historical relation of Christianity to popular amusements is one of antagonism. The philosophy of the church respecting the whole subject may be summed up in the cynical counsel of Douglas Jerrold to persons about to marry, "Don't!" There have been contrary voices, and not a little practical dissent has found expression; but the tenor of the ecclesiastical utterances respecting amusements has been prohibitory, not to say objurgatory. In some of the sects a less stringent doctrine has been taught; but it is not very long since the average Protestant church-member took no diversion without some compunctions or questionings of conscience. John Bunyan's experience was by no means exceptional; and the keen remorse which he experienced at the time of his conversion for the awful wickedness of his youth — which awful wickedness consisted in ringing the bells in the church-tower, in dancing with the girls on the village green, and in playing the nefarious game of tip-cat — shows in what light all worldly amusements have been held by great numbers of Christians in the reformed churches. "In the middle of a game of tip-cat," says Macaulay, "he paused and stood staring wildly upward, with his stick in his hand. He had heard a voice asking him whether he would leave his sins and go to heaven, or keep his sins and go to hell; and he had seen an awful countenance frowning on him from the sky." When we reflect that this game of tip-cat was regarded by Bunyan as one of his darling sins, continuance in which would land him in perdition, and remember that it is none other than that innocuous diversion still played by small boys in the streets of our cities under the various titles of "cat" or "kitty" or "shinny," we discover how conventional the treatment of this subject has been, and what grievous burdens of ascetic self-denial have been bound upon men's consciences.

Doubtless this inveterate hostility to amusements of all sorts is partly traditional, a survival of that wholesome horror and righteous enmity with which the first Christians resisted the amusements in vogue throughout the Roman Empire. The frightful debaucheries and cruelties which constituted the sports of the Romans merited the holy indignation with which the disciples of the early days denounced them. The conflict of Christianity with heathenism began in this very arena. One of the broad lines of distinction which the Christians drew between themselves and their pagan neighbors was their refusal to attend the Roman games. When we know that the best actor was the one who could behave the most obscenely; that the chariot races at the circus, where there were seats for three hundred and eighty-five thousand spectators, were deemed most successful when horses and men were killed in the contest; that the spectacles at the amphitheater derived all their relish from the butchery of gladiators by scores and hundreds in their battles with wild beasts and with one another; that the public executions also offered a delectable entertainment for the populace, the condemned sometimes appearing "in garments interwoven with threads of gold, and with crowns on their heads, when suddenly flames burst from their clothing and consumed them," all for the amusement of the people,—we are not disposed to find fault with the protest of the early Christians against the popular diversions. "Bread and games!" was the cry of the Roman populace. "Work and prayer!" was the watch-word of the Christians. Against the indolence and savage frivolity of the people about them, they lifted up their standard of industry and soberness. It was a great conflict on which they thus entered; and there was small opportunity for compromise or discrimination. The sentiments and maxims which had their origin in this early warfare have been perpetuated in

the Church, and the judgments of the early Christians upon popular amusements have been repeated in modern times against sports altogether different from those of Rome in the first century.

At the time of the Reformation in England, the hostility of the Puritans to popular amusements was even more bitter than that of the early Christians to the Roman games, though the reasons for this hostility were much less cogent. Doubtless there was good cause to protest against the roystering sports of that period. The desecration of the Lord's Day by noisy and wanton pastimes was common everywhere, and this called forth their loudest protest. But when they entered upon their crusade against the diversions of the people, they became so extravagant in their judgments, including in their denunciations so many harmless things and failing so utterly to preserve any moral perspective in their teachings, that they never could have carried with them the consciences of intelligent persons. Those who were trained in their own households and who were subjected to the strenuous pressure of their public opinion could be brought to adopt their theories. By an educational process as careful and insistent as that, for example, to which John Stuart Mill was subjected, a child can be made to believe or to disbelieve almost anything. Bunyan was not a fool, yet he honestly thought that he was in danger of being sent to hell for playing tip-cat. By such rigid training the Puritans did create in the minds that were brought under their influence the strong belief that every species of amusement was sinful; and this theory they enforced with all the fervor of religious enthusiasm, and, when they were able, by all the power of the State. But it was only from those who had been subjected from childhood to the pressure of this intense philosophy that any steady conformity to its rules could be expected. Nature and reason were against it. The utter disproportion of its judgments must soon become evident. The moralist to whom the dancing of the boys and girls around the May-pole on the village green is a "horrible vice"; who cries out, with old Stubbes, "Give over your occupations, you pipers, you fiddlers, you musicians, you tabretters, and you fluters, and all other of that wicked brood," holding that "sweet music at the first delighteth the ears, but afterward corrupteth and depraveth the mind"; who damns the simplest and most wholesome sports quite as roundly as the worst debaucheries, — will soon find himself speaking to a limited audience. If it be true, as Knight tells us, that "drinking, dicing, bear-baiting, cock-fighting — the coarsest temptations to profligacy — were not such abominations in the eyes of the Puritans as "stage plays, interludes, and comedies," then the Puritans ought to have lost their influence with the English people.

Macaulay's remark that the Puritans opposed bear-baiting less because it gave pain to the bear than because it gave pleasure to the spectators, has often been quoted as an example of his vicious fondness for antithesis; but it is by no means clear that the cynicism lacks justice. Many a Puritan did think merriment a worse sin than cruelty to animals. The story of the Highlander who reported that he saw, on the Sabbath, men and women walking along the streets of Edinburgh, and "smiling as if they were perfectly happy," adding, "It was an awfu' sight!" illustrates the view of life which was taken by the more strenuous Puritans. Knight says that the Judicious Hooker's statement about the Anabaptists was indirectly pointed at them: "Every word otherwise than severely and sadly uttered seemed to pierce like a sword through them. If any man were pleasant, their manner was fervently with sighs to repeat those words of our Saviour Christ, 'Woe be to you which now laugh, for ye shall lament.'"

That this overstrained asceticism of the Puritans was excusable, in view of the excesses against which they testified, may be freely admitted; albeit the reveling Cavaliers might doubtless claim some similar mitigation of their condemnation, in view of the rigors of the Roundheads. Each party was driven into worse extremes by the extravagances of the other. The philosophy of life which underlay the Puritan regimen has given way slowly. Down to the present generation it has been the received doctrine in most of the reformed churches, that all "worldly pleasures" ought to be eschewed. If personal testimony may be offered, the writer remembers very well that, when a boy of twelve, he mentally debated the question of conversion, under the impression that the change involved the sacrifice of base-ball, and base-ball was then an innocent game. This impression was gained in the religious services upon which he was a constant attendant. It is true that at that time, and long before, members of churches did engage to some extent in sport and merriment, but generally under some protest of conscience, and with the feeling that the indulgence was a charge against their piety. The ideal Christian of the reformed churches was a man who had no use for any kind of diversion, and whose neighbors would have been shocked if they had seen him unbending in a merry game. The only enjoyment deemed strictly legitimate for the eminent saint was re-

ligious rapture — the "awful mirth" described by Dr. Watts in his psalms. It was the implicit, if not the avowed, doctrine of the Church, that all kinds of diversions were substitutes for this holy ecstasy, and as such sinful. It was said, indeed, in sermons and in songs, that

> "Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less";

but by this was meant that the pleasure to be found in prayer and meditation, and in the anticipation of heaven, was superior to the "worldly" pleasures abandoned; not that the common diversions of life could themselves be continued and sanctified. The time is within the memory of many of those who will read this essay, when ministers first began to say frequently and freely that a long face and an ascetic habit were not signs of saintliness. Those who were so bold as to make these assertions in the pulpit were regarded at first as somewhat erratic; it was not easy for the average Christian to comprehend that a genuine piety could consist with cheery manners and a hearty joy in the good things of this life.

Out of this traditional estimate of the nature of religion, and its relation to what is known as the secular life, came the maxims which the Church for many years applied to amusement. It is needless to say that these maxims are obsolete. In this case, at any rate, prohibition has not prohibited. The parson, with the pitchfork of excommunication, has not prevailed over nature. The rigorous rule of the Puritan, long enforced by the most tremendous motives, is utterly broken, and will not in our day be restored.

Failing to prohibit, the Church has now for some time undertaken to regulate amusements by drawing the line between the clean and the unclean. Certain diversions have been allowed, and certain others forbidden. Much casuistry of a dubious sort has been expended on this discussion; the questions whether dancing is sinful, and whether billiards are worse than croquet, and whether cards are always an abomination, and whether church-members ought to be disciplined for attending the theater or the opera, have been widely and hotly debated; most of us have had a hand in the threshing of this chaff. Whether these controversies have aided greatly in the formation of a sound public opinion on this subject may well be doubted; the grounds on which the permission of some amusements and the prohibition of others have been rested are often inconsistent and irrational; and the Church would be far wiser to give over these questions of casuistry, and insist upon a few general principles, such as these:

1. Amusement is not an end, but a means — a means of refreshing the mind and replenishing the strength of the body; when it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when, in pursuing it, the mental powers are enfeebled and the bodily health impaired, it falls under just condemnation.

2. Amusements that consume the hours which ought to be sacred to sleep are, therefore, censurable.

3. Amusements that call us away from work which we are bound to do are pernicious, just to the extent to which they cause us to be neglectful or unfaithful.

4. Amusements that rouse or stimulate morbid appetites or unlawful passions, or that cause us to be restless or discontented, are always to be avoided.

5 Any indulgence in amusement which has a tendency to weaken our respect for the great interests of character, or to loosen our hold on the eternal verities of the spiritual realm, is, so far forth, a damage to us.

These principles will apply to all kinds of amusements, but the application must be made by individuals. Parents must reduce these principles to rules for the guidance of their children, for the power to comprehend and use principles is only gradually gained; children do not always possess it; authority rather than reason must often be their guide. But the Church must use reason rather than authority; and the pulpit can do no better than faithfully to enforce some such general maxims as I have suggested. Whatever the Church can do in the regulation of amusements, can best be done by this method.

But is this all that the Church has to do with the amusements of the people? Is its function fulfilled, in this important realm of human conduct, by repressing or regulating the diversions of the people,— by preventing excess and abuse? Has the Church no positive duties to perform in providing popular amusement?

Let me say at the outset that the churches are doing already all that they ought to do in the way of furnishing amusements of various kinds in connection with their own organizations and in their own houses of worship. The church sociable has become a recognized institution; and, in spite of certain scandalous reports, its influence, on the whole, has been salutary. It is certain, however, that the churches have gone fully as far in this direction as it is safe for them to go. It is not the business of the Church to organize dramatic troupes or minstrel companies for the amusement of the people in its own edifice. The proper function of the Church is that of teaching and moral influence; and when it goes extensively into the show business, it is apt to lose its

hold upon the more serious interests with which it is charged. The duty of the Church, with respect to the provision and direction of popular amusements, will be discharged, if at all, as its duty to the unfortunates of the community is discharged,—by inspiring and forming outside agencies to do this very thing. The hospitals and the asylums are the work of the Church; it is neither economical nor desirable that each church should undertake to provide in connection with its own edifice, and under the care of its own officers, a hospital, an asylum for the insane, and a home for the friendless. When it is said that the Church ought to provide wholesome diversions for the people, it is meant, therefore, that the Church ought to stir up the intelligent and benevolent men and women under its influence to attend to this matter, and ought to make them feel that this is one of the duties resting on them as Christians. And the question now before us is whether any such obligation as this is now resting on the Church; whether this is a field which Christian philanthropy can and should enter and cultivate. In answering this question several considerations must be borne in mind.

1. Popular amusement is a great fact. A large share of the people are seeking amusement of one sort or another continually. In every city or considerable town the opera-houses, the concert-halls, the rinks, the museums, the beer-gardens, as well as many lower and less reputable places of diversion, are always open and generally well patronized. It is probable that more persons attend places of amusement than attend church; or, rather, that there is a larger number of persons in almost any large town or city who seldom or never attend any place of worship, than of those who seldom or never visit any place of amusement. The places of amusement are generally open six or seven days in the week, while most churches are open only two or three days. Even the poorest people, those who obtain but a meager subsistence by their labor, and who often appeal to their neighbors for charity, spend a good part of their scanty earnings for amusements. A family, known to the writer, that sold the last feather pillows in the house for money to go to the circus, is a type of a large class. Church-going is a luxury too expensive for multitudes who spend three times as much as a seat in church would cost on the theater and the variety show.

2. The business of amusement constitutes a great financial interest. An army of men and women get their living by providing diversion for the people. Millions of dollars are invested in buildings, furniture, instruments, equipage, scenery, animals, vehicles, and appliances of all sorts, devoted to this purpose. Busy brains are all the while contriving new forms of diversion that shall prove attractive to the people and remunerative to their projectors. Large fortunes are made by successful managers; indeed, the capital of a millionaire is required for the handling of some of our great popular amusements. This liberal outlay and this enterprising provision involve a general and large expenditure of money on the part of the people. In one inland city of sixty thousand inhabitants there are two opera-houses. In each of these there is an average of five performances a week during the season, which lasts about forty weeks. Four hundred performances a year, with average receipts of two hundred and fifty dollars, give us one hundred thousand dollars expended for amusements every year in these two houses — more than is paid for the support of all the Protestant churches in the city. A base-ball club in the same city received during the last season, for gate money, about twenty thousand dollars. Add all the money that was paid for diversions of various sorts at the other halls, and the rinks, and the public gardens of the city; all that was taken by several circuses and other outdoor shows; all that was devoted to billiards, and to dances, and to horse-races, and to a multitude of other amusements, more or less refined,—and it can be easily seen that the amusement bill of a city of this size must reach a formidable figure. Not counting the cost of drink or debauchery, which is not properly reckoned against amusements,—counting only the expense of what may be fairly classed among the diversions of the people,—we see that a large share of their earnings is devoted to this purpose. Complaint is sometimes made of the cost of education and of religious privileges; but it is safe to say that the people of this country spend every year for amusements more than they pay for their schools, and three times as much as they pay for their churches.

3. Amusement is not only a great fact and a great business interest, it is also a great factor in the development of the national character. If a wise philanthropist could choose between making the laws of any people and furnishing their amusements, it would not take him long to decide. The robust virtues are nurtured under the discipline of work; if the diversions can be kept healthful, a sound national life will be developed. The ideals of the people are shaped, and their sentiments formed, to a large extent, by popular amusements. It is claimed that the drama renders important service to public morality in this direction; but the claim can hardly be allowed. A careful collection and analysis,

by a well-known clergyman, of the plays produced at the leading theaters of Chicago during a given period, clearly indicated that the actual drama is far from being a great teacher of morality. Doubtless many plays are produced whose moral lesson is helpful and stimulating; but it cannot be claimed that the preponderance of the influence of the drama is on the side of virtue. It is conceivable that the drama might be a great friend of morality; it is possible that it will be one day; it is undeniable that there are a few noble men and women now upon the stage who are doing what they can to lift up its standards; it is not necessary to indulge in any sweeping censures when we speak of it; but it is quite clear that this form of popular amusement, as at present administered, tends to the degradation rather than the elevation of the people. It is not only nor chiefly by the questionable morality of many of the plays that this injury is done; it is by their flippancy, their silliness, their sensationalism, their unreality. Their effect upon the intellect is like that produced by the reading of the most trashy novels, only more debilitating. So far as the drama is concerned, therefore, I fear that it must be said that the net result of its influence upon the national character is injurious rather than beneficial. And the same thing must be said of popular amusements in general, as at present organized and conducted. Although the people receive much wholesome refreshment and innocent pleasure from the diversions now provided for them, yet the effect of these amusements, as a whole, upon their minds and their morals and their physical health, is not salutary. I am not inclined to pessimism on this or any other subject, and I am able to look without horror on many diversions commonly regarded as wholly pernicious: yet careful observation of the effect of the popular amusements upon the people at large leads me to believe that the balance of their influence is on the side of injury. They are a great factor in the life of the people, but their product, on the whole, is evil; they do much good, but more harm.

4. Seeing that amusement is so large an element in the life of the people, seeing that it lays so heavy a tax on their resources and affects their character so powerfully, the questions naturally arise: How is it managed? By whom is it furnished? How much of intelligence and of philanthropic purpose enters into the plans of those who provide the amusements of the people?

Concerning the class of persons who devote their lives to the business of amusing the people, it is not best to make any unqualified statements. Among them are many who are exemplary in their conduct, and who would never engage in any enterprise the tendency of which would be immoral or degrading. But if what has been said is true, that the preponderance of the influence of the popular amusements is on the side of evil, then it is reasonable to conclude that the majority of those who furnish them are not persons of exalted character. As a matter of fact, the business of diverting the people is largely in the hands of men and women whose moral standards are low, whose habits are vicious, and whose influence upon those with whom they come in contact must be evil. It is to people chiefly of this class that this most important interest of life is intrusted.

When we ask on what basis the business of amusement is conducted, the answer is that it rests almost wholly on a pecuniary basis. The main interest of those who furnish it is a pecuniary interest. The principle that regulates it is the principle of supply and demand; and this principle is interpreted, as we have seen, by persons who would not be likely to discover a demand for diversions of an elevating nature, if there were such a demand.

The question now arises whether this great interest of human life ought to be left to settle itself in this manner, by the law of supply and demand. It may be wise to allow the material interests of men to adjust themselves according to this law. But amusement is not one of the material interests of men. Man's need of amusement is one of the needs of his higher nature—his spirit, as well as of his body; his use of amusement affects his mind and his character directly and powerfully. And whatever may be said about the introduction of the principle of good-will into the business of producing and distributing commodities, there can be no question, when you enter the realm where those forces are at work by which character is produced, that the principle of good-will must come in, and must be allowed to rule. If this is true, the business of providing amusement for the people ought not to be merely or mainly a mercenary business; the intelligence, the conscience, and the benevolence of the community ought to recognize this realm of amusement as belonging to them, and ought to enter in and take possession.

Does the Church leave the religious wants of the community to be provided for under the law of supply and demand? Is it supposed that this matter will properly regulate itself; that the people will call for what they need and get it; that no care is so be exercised and no effort made to provide wise and safe religious teaching for them? By no means. It is assumed to be the function of the Church to provide Christian institutions and Christian

instruction for the people; to spread the gospel feast before them and send forth the invitations to them; not to wait and see what they would like, and give them what they may ask for; not to leave this matter to be attended to by those who seek to make gain of godliness.

How is it with the intellectual wants of the community? Does the State leave these to be supplied under the economical law? Is it imagined that the people will get all the education that they need if they are left to provide it for themselves, irregularly and spasmodically, according to their own notions of what they want? Not at all. The intelligence and philanthropy of the best citizens, expressing themselves in the laws of the state, provide education for the people, build school-houses, organize systems of education, employ teachers, offering thus to the public a large and wise and constant supply of one of their deepest needs. It may be said that the provision is only a response to the popular demand, but this is not true. The great motive power of education is not the cry of ignorance; it is the offer of intelligence. How is it in our homes? Is the education of our children the result of their call for learning, or of our constant and insistent proffer of learning to them? Here and there is a child that hungers for useful knowledge; but the great majority need to have this hunger created in them, and need to have it stimulated continually by a wise and patient presentation to them of the knowledge which we wish them to acquire. Thus all popular education proceeds, and has always proceeded, from an altruistic motive. The demand has been created by furnishing the supply; it is the intelligence, the conscience, the patriotism, the philanthropy of the best citizens — not always of the richest citizens — that have taken this business of education in hand and managed it for the benefit of the whole people. A large part of the work of education — the work of school-boards, and trustees, and visitors — is done gratuitously. Philanthropy is not the sole motive in the work of education; the self-regarding motives have large scope among teachers as well as pupils; but the philanthropic element is an integral element in all our best educational work. Benevolence is one of the forces that keep the machinery in motion. Education deserves always to rank as one of the great missionary enterprises. The best reward of the faithful teacher is not his salary, but the consciousness that he is rendering a valuable service to those whom he instructs and to the state. When a prominent educator announced, not long ago, his purpose of abandoning his profession that he might devote himself to the getting of money, a murmur of indignant comment was heard from the noble fraternity of teachers. Among them are thousands who fully appreciate and adopt the saying of Professor Agassiz, that he had no time for money-making. If there are millions in the land to whom such a statement is incredible, and the man who makes it a hypocrite, this only indicates how deeply we have sunk into that abyss of mercantilism, wherein, as true prophets are warning us, the best elements of our national life are fast disappearing. A sorry day it will be for this land when the work of education is wholly or mainly done for mercenary reasons.

Now, amusement, like education and religion, is a real need of human beings — not so deep or vital a need as education or religion, but a real and constant need, and a need of the higher nature as well as of the lower; an interest that closely concerns their characters; and it is almost as great a mistake to leave it to take care of itself, and to be furnished mainly by those who wish to make money out of it, and who have no higher motive, as it would be to leave education or religion to be cared for in that way.

It is time that we begin to comprehend the idea that this is one of the great interests of human life which Christianity must claim and control — one of the kingdoms of the world which, according to the prophecy, are to "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." When these words are quoted, the thoughts of disciples are apt to fly off to Burmah and Siam and Timbuctoo; these are the kingdoms of this world that are to be Christianized. Doubtless they are; but the text ought to mean more than this. It should signify that all the wide realms of human thought and action are to be brought under the sway of the King of righteousness; that the kingdom of industry, and the kingdom of traffic, and the kingdom of politics, and the kingdom of amusement are all to be made subject to his law; that all these great interests of men are to be brought under the empire of Christian ideas and Christian forces; that instead of standing aloof from them and reproving and upbraiding them, Christianity is to enter into them and pervade them and transform them by its own vital energy. The duty of the Church with respect to popular amusements is not done when it has lifted up its warning against the abuses that grow out of them, and laid down its laws of temperance and moderation in their use. It has a positive function to fulfill in furnishing diversions that shall be attractive, and, at the same time, pure and wholesome. This cannot be done, as we have seen, by the churches as churches, but it can be done by men and women into

whom they breathe their spirit, and whom they fill with their intelligence and good-will.

When I say that it can be done, I speak of what I know and testify of what I have seen. The most remarkable success in the way of popular entertainment that I have ever witnessed has been achieved along the line which I have just been pointing out. And inasmuch as an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory, I can do no better than to tell the story of one successful experiment in this field.

The Cleveland Educational Bureau has closed its third season and issued its annual report. This enterprise owes its existence and its success to many men and women of good-will, who have heartily coöperated in sustaining it, but chiefly to the ingenuity and enthusiasm of Mr. Charles E. Bolton, its secretary and manager, to the literary skill and facility of Mrs. Bolton, and to the liberality of Mr. W. H. Doan, the treasurer, who owns and rents to the Bureau for a nominal price the People's Tabernacle, in which its work is done. The plan of operations is varied slightly from year to year, but the general design can be clearly indicated.

The "People's Tabernacle" is a plain but capacious assembly-room, built on leased land, and devoted to educational and religious purposes; it boasts few decorations, and not much upholstery; but it is clean, and well ventilated, and brilliantly lighted by electricity. A gallery runs around the hall, and the platform is pushed forward so near the center that the audience of four thousand or forty-five hundred hears a distinct speaker without difficulty. The platform is usually covered with a profusion of potted plants; and handsome bouquets of cut flowers in baskets and vases wait to be bestowed upon the performers at the end of the entertainment.

The manager describes his evening's programme as furnishing a "fourfold intellectual treat." Very little is said about diversion in connection with this enterprise; it is not called a bureau of amusement; it is an *educational* bureau. The appeal is wisely addressed to a higher principle than the mere craving for diversion; and the recreation is incidental and secondary, as it ought always to be. If the Bureau announced itself as a purveyor of amusement, it would not amuse the people half so successfully as it does. The play has a better relish when it is brought in as the sauce of a more solid intellectual repast. It is a high compliment to the working people of Cleveland that is paid by the managers in the invitation to devote ten of their Saturday evenings, every winter, to the exercises of an Educational Bureau. The magnificent success of the entertainment shows how well the compliment is deserved.

The "fourfold intellectual treat" begins usually at a quarter before seven, with an excellent orchestral concert. During this time the audience is assembling, and by seven o'clock the building is packed to the walls. No reserved seats are sold: the motto is, "first come, first served." Early comers are not even allowed to reserve seats for their friends. A large force of neatly dressed ushers assists in seating the audience. No single tickets are sold before a quarter past seven; season-ticket holders have the exclusive right to the house up to that time.

The orchestral concert ends with a grand chorus by the entire audience, which rises and joins, under the lead of a precentor, with the orchestra, the organ, and a trained choir, in singing one of the national hymns.

Following this, at precisely a quarter past seven, is the "lecture-prelude," which is generally an off-hand address of half an hour on some scientific or practical subject. Among the topics treated in these lecture-preludes, I find these: "The Pyramids," "Architecture Illustrated," "Wonders of the House we Live In," "Microscopic Objects Magnified," "The Terminal Glacier — Illustrated," "Wrongs of Workingmen and How to Right Them." Next is a "singing-school," in which a vigorous precentor, aided by the orchestra and the choir, leads the great congregation for ten or fifteen minutes in singing national hymns. The precentor drills them finely, singing-master-fashion; he tells them how he wants the piece sung, and gets them to sing it as he wishes; he divides them into choirs, and makes them sing antiphonally; they have the words and music in their hands, and are able to join, as most of them do, heartily in the great chorus.

After this comes the principal attraction of the evening, in the shape of popular lecture, dramatic reading, debate, or concert, which begins at eight o'clock precisely, and always closes promptly at half-past nine. Mr. Bolton himself has contributed several lectures of travel, finely illustrated with the stereopticon. A debate on Protection *vs.* Free Trade, between Professor W. G. Sumner and Professor Van Buren Denslow, filled one evening last winter, and aroused the deepest interest. Another debate, between Mrs. Livermore and Professor Denslow, on the question whether women ought to vote, closed the recent course with great éclat. It is safe for the manager to promise any speaker who has something worth saying a cordial and appreciative hearing.

During the last season, five illustrated lectures on the art of cooking were delivered by Miss Juliet Corson to an average audience of three thousand women. These lectures were free to the holders of season tickets; the ad-

mission fee to those not members of the Bureau was fifteen cents, or fifty cents for the course. It is difficult to understand how Miss Corson could make herself intelligible to so large an audience, but we learn that her lectures were very successful, and that they were received with great enthusiasm. "Whole carcasses of animals," says the report, "were cut into suitable pieces on the platform, and all kinds of plain cooking were done."

The Bureau also furnished during the summer ten open-air evening concerts on the public square, which were enjoyed by many thousands of people.

Another important feature of the work is the circulation of useful literature. Each person who attends the winter's entertainments receives on every evening a little book in paper covers, printed by the Bureau for its members. Four thousand of these little books — a whole wagon-load — are distributed every evening. They are continuously paged, and the advertisements upon the fly-leaves can be removed for binding. At the close of the course a Cleveland binder puts the series of ten pamphlets into neat red muslin covers for thirty-five cents. Each pamphlet contains about forty pages, and is devoted to the popularization of science, or to some sort of useful information. The series for 1882–3 includes a "Short History of Modern France"; a "Brief History of Science"; a "Sketch of the History of the United States"; "The Story of the Steam Engine"; an excellent little archæological essay on "Early Man," well illustrated; a series of brief biographies of "Great Artists"; a crisp and sensible essay on "Secrets of Success" (of which twenty-five thousand extra copies were distributed), and other similar matter. Each pamphlet contains also the national hymns sung by the great chorus on the evening of its distribution, and the programme for the evening.

For all this, how much are the patrons of the Bureau required to pay? The season ticket, which admits to the ten "fourfold entertainments" on successive Saturday evenings, comprising the ten orchestral concerts, the ten "singing-schools," the ten books, and the ten "special attractions" (popular lecture, elocutionary readings, debate, or grand concert), costs for this year one dollar and a quarter, or twelve and a half cents for each evening. These tickets also admit to the course of lectures by Miss Corson, and from the proceeds of their sale the summer evening concerts are provided.

In only one sense is the Bureau a gratuity. A great amount of unrewarded labor is performed in its behalf by the ladies and gentlemen who are directly interested in its management; and many of those who take part in its entertainments volunteer their services. The "lecture-preludes" are generally given by gentlemen of the city or the vicinity, who are glad to serve the Bureau, and whose carefully prepared addresses have been highly appreciated by the audience. Most of the "special attractions," however, come from a distance and cost money. But the sale of more than four thousand season tickets pays the expenses of the Bureau, and leaves a balance in the treasury at the close of every season. The people get a great deal for their money, but they have the satisfaction of knowing that they pay for what they get — all but the good-will and kindly effort on their behalf put forth by their employers and their neighbors, which money will not buy.

I have spoken of the audience as composed mainly of workingmen and their families. Last year three thousand two hundred season tickets were sold in the shops of Cleveland. When the work was begun, Mr. Bolton visited all the great manufacturing establishments, obtained permission from the managers to have the men collected ten minutes before the stroke of twelve, and then, in a brief speech, explained to them his plan. Tickets were placed on sale in the offices connected with the shops, the employers heartily coöperating. The interest of the mechanics was thus enlisted in the beginning, and although about four hundred schoolteachers and a sprinkling of the dwellers on "Algonquin Avenue" may be counted in the evening audiences, they still consist, for the most part, of working people and their families. Mr. Bolton says that many of the mechanics carry their suppers to their shops on Saturdays, that they may be early at the Tabernacle in the evening. Few signs of this are visible from the platform, however; the audience seems to be clad in its Sunday clothes. It would be hard to find anywhere a company whose attire was neater, whose faces were brighter, whose behavior was more decorous, or whose appreciation of wit or eloquence was keener. It was my pleasure to look into the faces of these people for an hour and a half while two accomplished lady readers were entertaining them, and a more responsive audience I have rarely seen. It was an exquisite pleasure to sit and watch their movements, to note the eagerness with which they hung upon the lips of these gifted women, and the relish with which they listened to the interpretation of the masterpieces of English poetry and humor recited to them, and to feel the surges of pure and strong emotion that swept over the throng and broke continually at my feet in a sympathetic sigh, or in happy and wholesome

laughter. That it is an extremely well-behaved audience will be understood when I say that it has abolished encores and the pandemoniac practice of stamping the feet, and — *ecce signum!* — that it keeps its seat respectfully until the performance is concluded.

It was impossible not to reflect that a large share of these thousands would, if it were not for this Bureau, be spending their Saturday evenings in such places of amusement as might be open to them, admission to which would cost them three or four times as much as they pay at the Tabernacle; that the great majority of these would be places where their minds would be debauched and their morals damaged; where they would find a temporary excitement, to be followed by disgust and ennui; where they would receive no wholesome impulses and gain no new thoughts; and where they would often have their prejudices roused and their hearts inflamed against their more prosperous neighbors; for the cheap theater is one of the mouth-pieces of the communist and the pétroleuse. Now they are brought together in this great assembly, that is itself an inspiration, and, in its decorum, its self-restraint, and its good-nature, an incarnate Gospel; good music charms their ears; a profusion of flowers on the platform delights their eyes; they join in the national songs, and their best emotions are aroused; they listen to the kindling words of poet or orator or teacher, and are instructed and quickened; they rejoice in this ample and admirable supply of one of their deepest wants, and recognize the benevolence that has devised it, and their hearts are filled with a kindlier feeling toward all their fellow-men. They go home sober, with all their week's earnings in their pockets, and a little book to read in which they will find something to divert and enlighten them; and they are much more likely to be found in church the next day than if they had spent the Saturday night in the beer-garden or at the variety show. A free gospel service is held in the Tabernacle every Sunday afternoon, and the attendance upon this service has greatly increased since the Educational Bureau was organized.

I have thus endeavored to set down a plain account of what seems to me a most wise and noble Christian enterprise. A charity it is not, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, and it is all the more charitable because it is not a charity, and because it pays its own expenses; but it is one of those effective applications of Christianity to the social needs of men that we may expect to see becoming more and more common in the future. It is doubtful whether any revival services held in Cleveland during the winter help so efficiently in the Christianization of the people as do the entertainments given at the Tabernacle. Applied Christianity is what the world wants, and this is Christianity applied to one of the great interests of human life.

Whether Mr. Bolton's enterprise is indebted to any hint from Dr. Holland, I have not heard him say; but readers of this magazine have not forgotten the story of "Nicholas Minturn," nor the experiments of the hero in entertaining the people of the "Beggars' Paradise," in the "Athenæum." The fiction with which the name of Nicholas is connected is far less remarkable than the facts which I have just recited; the enterprise of the novel was undertaken in behalf of a more degraded class of persons; but the ideal of the story and the achievement of the Bureau are identical; both show us Christianity at work in the same field, turning the love of diversion into a pure channel and making it aid in the enlightenment and elevation of the people.

The fiction was plausible enough, but the accomplished fact admits of no gainsaying. What has been done in Cleveland can be done in every city and large town in this country. The scheme may well be varied; the application of the principle calls for ingenuity and practical sense; methods that are successful in one city would need modification to fit them to the conditions of another; but the purpose is easily understood, and the main idea can be realized, with the expenditure of very little money, wherever there are men of good-will who will give to the enterprise the necessary thought and care. It cannot be done without work; nothing important is accomplished without large expenditure of time and effort; but it is work that brings in a large return.

Some of the conditions of success in such an enterprise may be readily named:

1. A large and cheerful hall. That the prices may be low, the audience must be large.

2. A capable manager. Enthusiasm, good temper, fertility of resource, and sympathy with the people are among his qualifications.

3. Variety in the entertainment, with no hitches or wearying pauses between the parts. The movement must be swift and sure.

4. Punctuality and business-like thoroughness in the management. Begin and end on the minute. Give exactly what you promise, or, if that be impossible, what will be recognized as a full equivalent.

An institution of this nature, wisely managed, would quickly prove itself to be a seminary of sacred and benign influences, and an agency more potent than many laws in the preservation of peace and the reformation of the public morals.

Washington Gladden.

HOW SQUIRE COYOTE BROUGHT FIRE TO THE CAHROCS.



"HOUSED IT SAFE WITH TWO BELDAMS DIRE."

In the beginning Chareya made fire
(That is, the Cahrocs say so),
Housed it safe with two beldams dire,
And meant to have it stay so.
But the Cahrocs declared that fire should be free,
Not jealously kept under lock and key.
Crafty Squire Coyote,
— Counselor of note, he,—
Just such a case he was meant for:
Forthwith his honor was sent for.

Squire Coyote came. On hearing the case,
The cunningest smile passed over his face;
Then, slyly winking,
In the midst of his thinking
He stopt, stopt short.
An emphatic snort,
And said he: "Tight spot,
'Twere vain to conceal it:
Very sorry you're in it.
But, though tight as a Gordian knot,
What are you 'bout
That you don't get out?
It's only the work of a minute:
The way to get fire is to — *steal* it."
Squire Coyote was right — every Cahroc knew it,
But (bless them!) how were they going to do it?
"Ah!" said Coyote,
Stroking his goatee



"AWAY HE FLEW."

And taking his hat,
"Let me 'tend to that."
Then, airily bowing to left and right,
He scampered away, and was out of sight.

Fire for the Cahroc nation!
Coyote made preparation.
From the land of the Cahrocs afar to the East
—The rogue, he knew every inch of the road—
Was stationed, now here, now there, a beast,
All the way to the hut where the hags abode.
The weaklings farthest off he put,
The strong ones nearest the witches' hut;
And lastly, hard by the guarded den,
Placed one of the sinewy Cahroc men.

This done, up he trotted, and tapped,
The gentlest possible, rapped
At the old crones' smoky door.
"Beg pardon for being so bold;
Fact is, I am numb with cold:
Pray give me a bed on your floor."
The trick succeeded; they let him in,
And, snug at the feet of the beldams dire,
He stretched his length to the open fire.

Not long he lay, when, oh, the din,
The drubbing sudden heard outside!
Such a bumping and banging,
Such a whacking and whanging!
"Itch to your skins!" the witches cried,
And rushed from the hut to see
What the horrible noise could be.

Now, it was only the Cahroc man
Playing his part of Coyote's plan;
But the simple old crones, you can well understand,

Didn't see through it,
And, before they knew it,
Coyote was off with a half-burnt brand.
Twitching and whisking it,
Switching and frisking it,
The best he knew,
Away he flew,
The Cahrocs' laughter
And the crones close after.

And the race must soon be over.
Race over? See there — who's that?
Zounds! What a monstrous cat!
It's the cougar sprung from his cover.
Ha, ha! All but from the head crone's hand
His jaws have rescued the precious brand,
And he's off like shot!
"On time to a dot,"



"HIS JAWS HAVE RESCUED THE PRECIOUS BRAND."

Over hill and dale,
Like a comet's tail,
Sweeps the borrowed brand
Toward Cahroc-land.
But the crones are fleet and strong,
And it can't be long
Before Coyote is made to feel
How wicked a thing it is to steal.
His spindling pegs
—Mere spider legs —
Nature never designed 'em
To match the big shanks behind 'em.

He runs as never wolf ran;
Every muscle and nerve,
All his wild-wood verve,
Is put to the strain;
But, scratch it the fastest he can,
The gray hags gain,

Coughs Coyote, clearing the soot
From his throat and the specks from his eyes;
"Bravo, my gallant brute! —
And still the good fire flies!"

Fly it had to. You wouldn't believe old bones
Could scuttle as now did the legs of the crones.
The witches were marvelous fleet and strong,
But, you see, the line of the beasts was too long:
From the cougar the brand was passed to the bear,
And so on down to the fox, to the hare,
Thence on and on, till, flat in their tracks,
The crones collapsed like empty sacks.

Thus the brand was brought from the beldams' den
Safe to the homes of the Cahroc men.

And only two mishaps
'Mongst all the scampering chaps
That, each from the proper place,
Took his turn in the fire-brand chase.
The squirrel, as sudden he whirled,
Turning a corner of stumps and bowlders,
Burned his beautiful tail, so it curled
Clean over his back,
And scorched a brown track,
Still seen (tail also) over his shoulders.

The frog, poor thing!
His was a harder fate.
Small as smallest coal in the grate
Was the brand when he got it.
Jump and spring
He did, till he thought it
Was safe; when, pounce, like a stone,
Fell the claws of the foremost crone.
At last
He was fast;
No sort of use
To try to get loose.
His eyeballs bulged, his little heart thumped—
'Most broke his ribs, so hard it bumped.
So frightened he was, that, down to this day,
He looks very much in the same scared way.

The frog was caught,
Was squeezed
Till he wheezed;
But not too tight
For just a mite
Of ranine thought:

"Co-roak, chug, choke,
Granny Hag, good joke.
Well you've followed it;
So move up your hand
And take your old brand"—
Then he swallowed it!
And before the crone could wholly recover
From the sight of such a wonder,
Slipping her fingers from under,
He plunged into a pool all over.
He had saved the brand,
But the witch's hand
Still clutched his special pride and care—
His tail, piteously wriggling there.
Henceforth—he must grin and bear it—
The tadpole alone was to wear it.

At length, when the crones had gone,
He sought an old log, and got on:
"Rather short of beauty,
But I did my duty;
That's enough for a frog."
Then he spat on the log,
Spat the swallowed spark
Well into its bark.

Fire, fire to your heart's desire;
Fire, fire for the world entire:
It's free as air to everybody,
White man or Cahroc, wise man or noddy.

From the beldams' den,
A gift to all men,
Coyote brought it.
In the wettest weather
Rub two sticks together,
Presto — you've got it!

John Vance Cheney.

TO A FACE AT A CONCERT.

When the low music makes a dusk of sound
About us, and the viol or far-off horn
Swells out above it like a wind forlorn,
That wanders seeking something never found,
What phantom in your brain, on what dim ground,
Traces its shadowy lines? What vision, born
Of unfulfillment, fades in mere self-scorn,
Or grows, from that still twilight stealing round?
When the lids droop and the hands lie unstrung,
Dare one divine your dream, while the chords weave
Their cloudy woof from key to key, and die,—
Is it one fate that, since the world was young,
Has followed man, and makes him half believe
The voice of instruments a human cry?

E. R. Sill.

THE firm was in leather, down in "the Swamp," and Mr. Orpiment used to ride down-town every morning from his house in Bank street, regular as the almanac, in a Bleecker street car. His house was one of those eminently respectable, high-stooped dwellings, between Fourth street and the old Greenwich road — quite the court end of what used to be Greenwich village three score years or so ago, and about as pleasant an abiding-place as you will find to-day in all the city of New York. This house was unnecessarily large for Mr. Orpiment's family — for the whole of his family was himself; but as he seemed to be entirely satisfied with it, no one ventured to suggest to him that he had better move. Indeed, there were few people in the world who, knowing Mr. Orpiment, would have willingly ventured to suggest to him anything whatever, for he was not a person who took suggestions kindly. In point of fact, he usually took them with a snap.

When young Orpiment, in a suggestive sort of way, observed modestly from under his blonde mustache that his uncle would be doing a good thing if he would rescind the edict under which he, young Orpiment, was going through the form of learning the leather business, and would permit him to betake himself to the study of Art,—when young Orpiment made this suggestion, I say, Mr. Orpiment fell into such a rage that his counting-house — large though it was and small though he was — would not hold him; in his wrath he strode out into his warehouse, among the kips and hides, and used language in their presence strong enough to tan them. The upshot of the matter was that young Orpiment was given twenty-four hours in which to make up his mind whether he would stick to leather and his bread and butter, or be an infernal idiot (such was Mr. Orpiment's unparliamentary language) and starve among his paint-pots. And young Orpiment, his crisp blonde hair fairly bristling with determination, every muscle in his large, well-built body tense with energy, in something less than twenty-four seconds elected for starvation and the pots of paint.

But for all his high temper and defiant way of dealing with things, there was one thing that Mr. Orpiment could not deal with defiantly. One morning — only a few weeks after this battle royal of the paint-pots had been fought — to the astonishment of all the people in Bank street, his front door did not open at precisely twenty-seven minutes after eight o'clock; and the conductor of the Bleecker street car concluded that in some mysterious way he must have got ahead of his schedule, because at 8.30 Mr. Orpiment was not standing, like a block-signal, with his neatly-folded umbrella thrust out straight before him, at the Bank street crossing; and Mr. Gamboge got into a nervous fluster, and said that he knew that something must be wrong, when the counting-house clock struck nine and Mr. Orpiment did not make his appearance, as was his invariable custom, between the sixth stroke and the seventh. And something *was* wrong: Mr. Orpiment was dead.

As through all his life Mr. Orpiment had been setting himself to go off, like an alarm clock, at definitely determined points in the future, so did he carry this habit into the testamentary disposition of his estate. His will, so to speak, was double-barreled. The first barrel went off immediately upon his decease, and, as it were, set the alarm. After devising certain small legacies to a few friends and dependants, to be paid out of accruing income, and a round ten thousand dollars in Government bonds to the Protestant Home for Half-Orphans,—an institution in which, for many years, Mr. Orpiment had taken the liveliest interest, probably because in his early life he had been a half-orphan himself, and knew how very disagreeable it was,—after these rational and commendable bequests, the will took a new departure, and the rest of it was as eccentric and as arbitrary as even Mr. Orpiment himself had been; and that is saying a good deal.

It declared that all the rest, residue, and remainder of Mr. Orpiment's estate, real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever, was given, devised, and bequeathed unto his executors,— Mr. Gamboge and Mr. Mangan Brown were the executors,— in trust, to collect and receive the income thereof, and to pay thereout all necessary charges and expenses, and to invest the surplus income each year, and to add the same to the principal of Mr. Orpiment's estate, and thus to reinvest and accumulate for the period of five years after Mr. Orpiment's decease; and at the expiration of the said period, to hold the said principal, with its additions and accumulations, upon the further trusts set out in a codicil

to this Mr. Orpiment's will, which codicil would be found in the top drawer of the small fire-proof safe in Mr. Orpiment's library; and (here was the queerest part of all) that until the expiration of the said five years this codicil was not to be opened under any circumstances whatsoever. The will further provided that until the five years should be ended Mr. Gamboge should carry on the business of the firm under the firm name; and, in an extremely peremptory clause, he was forbidden to give employment, in any shape or way, to young Orpiment. The leather business and the art business, the will stated dryly, were inharmonious; and inasmuch as young Orpiment had chosen the latter, the testator wished to leave him entirely free to carry it on undisturbed by the claims of the former upon his thought and time.

With this parting shot the will ended, as a sailor would say, short — without giving, save as such was to be found in the tidy legacy to the Protestant half-orphans, the least hint or suggestion as to what was to become of Mr. Orpiment's fortune at the end of the five years; without throwing the faintest ray of light upon the mystery that all this waiting and trust-creating involved. It was as queer a will as ever went to probate; indeed, had there been anybody besides young Orpiment to contest it, the probabilities are that it would not have been admitted to probate at all. But young Orpiment was Mr. Orpiment's sole kinsman; and, as matters stood just then, his pride was so thoroughly up that had he been called upon to choose between breaking the will and breaking his own neck, he would have chosen the latter alternative with all possible celerity.

And so, although he was dead and buried, Mr. Orpiment had arranged matters in such a fashion that for these five years at least it by no means could be said with any sort of truthfulness that he had perished from off the earth.

About this time there was not a happier family in all Greenwich, nor anywhere else, for that matter, than the Browns. Mr. Mangan Brown, in the large-hearted way that became his big body and big voice, and acting, of course, with the warm approval of Miss Caledonia, had urged Vandyke and Rose so heartily to bring the baby and come and live with them, that a refusal really was quite out of the question. So it came to pass that Mr. Mangan Brown, without the perceptible quiver of so much as an eyelash, signed a check big enough to pay for one of those delightful houses, with gardens in front of them, and broad verandas all the way up to their third stories, in West Eleventh street — which also is a part of Greenwich village, as may be mentioned for the information of the mass of New Yorkers who know nothing of New York.

And in this pretty home, one bright May day, when the trees and gardens were glad in their fresh loveliness of delicious green, they all harmoniously took up their abode. Mr. Mangan Brown had the second-story front, and Miss Caledonia and Verona had the two second-story backs, and the third floor was given over to the baby and Vandyke and Rose. If anything could make brighter the bright spring-time, it was the sight of Rose and the baby on the veranda in the early morning sunlight — Rose, prettier than ever, laughing delightedly at the baby's earnest efforts to reach out over the row of flower-pots, and clutch the swaying branches of the trees. Before going to his big studio on Fourteenth street, to begin the work of the day, Van liked to smoke his after-breakfast pipe on the veranda and contemplate this pretty picture.

In the two years which had slipped away since his marriage a good deal more than he ever had dared even to hope for had come to pass. Thanks to his own pluck and hard work, which had won for him Uncle Mangan's substantial backing, he now was as successful an artist as there was to be found in all New York. At times, in contemplation of his good fortune, he was rather more than half inclined to think that he must be somebody else; an excess of mysticism that Rose resolutely refused to countenance — for in such a case who was she married to? she pertinently asked. As to Mr. Mangan Brown, from being rather a grumpy sort of an old fellow, he had come to be positively beaming — a sort of overgrown fairy godfather, as it were, to the whole household. Not even the most remote allusion did he now make to the commercial rather than natural genesis of Miss Caledonia's back hair; and by this sign Miss Caledonia knew that he had experienced a change of heart. Moreover, he was instant in good works to each of the several members of the family; indeed, the extraordinary gifts which he constantly brought home to little Madder (named for his grandfather, of course) kept Rose constantly in a condition between laughter and tears.

"What can Madder possibly do with a grindstone, Uncle Mangan?"

"Possibly nothing at present, my dear. But I remember when I was a boy and lived in the country, I wanted a grindstone more than anything else in the world — especially after David Heaton, the wheelwright, you know, said that I couldn't use his; and I am

sure that Madder will be glad enough, when he is a little older, to have one of his own. It can go in the cellar until he wants it, and in the mean time it will be useful to sharpen the carving knife."

Rose shuddered as her imagination conjured up a ghastly picture of Madder more or less cut to pieces with the knives which the grindstone had made cruelly sharp; and she registered a mental vow that only over her dead body should her offspring ever come into possession of this shocking gift.

Now two of the most constant of the rather numerous visitors to this exceptionally happy household were young Orpiment and Mr. Gamboge. All the way along for the past twenty years or so, Mr. Gamboge had been in the habit of spending one or two evenings in each and every week in company with Mr. Mangan Brown — his friend and also his associate in trade. Mr. Gamboge and Mr. Mangan Brown had known each other ever since they were boys; and M. Brown & Co. and Orpiment & Gamboge owned in partnership a tannery in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, and in various other directions the interests of the two firms were identical. Ostensibly, the visits of Mr. Gamboge were for the purpose of quietly and comfortably talking over the affairs of the tannery; but it was an open secret — in part revealed by the exceptionally careful brushing bestowed upon his fuzzy, close-cropped, grayish hair, by the exceeding smoothness of his smooth-shaven, fresh-colored face, by the admirable precision of the cut and fit of his neat black clothes — that their real object was Miss Caledonia. And there was a pleasant twinkle in his kindly gray eyes when they happened to meet — as they very often did — Miss Caledonia's kindly brown ones, that made this open secret more open still.

In point of fact, for nearly the full term of the twenty years during which Mr. Gamboge had been making his weekly visits, he had held toward Miss Caledonia the somewhat trying position of an earnest but undeclared lover. His earnestness could not for a moment be doubted; but although Miss Caledonia — in a strictly proper and maidenly manner, be it understood — had contrived that he should have at least one opportunity in each week during the past twenty years for making to her a formal tender of the heart that she well knew without such tender was hers, it was a melancholy fact that each of these ten hundred and forty opportunities successively had been wasted.

"Did he say anything to-night, Caledonia?"

"No, brother, not to-night. I think — I think that next week ——"

"Um. Possibly. Good-night, Caledonia."

"Good-night, brother."

This conversation between Mr. Mangan Brown and Miss Caledonia had come to be stereotyped. Before Mr. Mangan experienced his change of heart this was the occasion that he usually took for referring to the commercial characteristics of her back hair in terms as pointed as they were unkind. And not seldom would he go even further, and advise that Miss Caledonia should investigate into the requirements precedent to admission into Saint Luke's Home for Aged Couples, on Hudson street — assuring her that if ever she and Mr. Gamboge got so far along as to want a home for couples of any sort, this certainly would be the only home at all suited to their needs. Many and many a night, her night-cap being drawn well down over the thinly-thatched region that was covered luxuriantly by the hair of commerce by day, did Miss Caledonia fall asleep with tears in her gentle brown eyes and heaviness in her heart. But, being a round little woman of sanguine temperament, she managed on the whole to keep up her courage pretty well. Each week, when Mr. Gamboge meaningly pressed her plump little hand as he bade her good-night, yet left still unsaid what he had come expressly to say, she believed that the next week would see his moral strength established firmly at last; that then the words would be spoken which he so earnestly longed to utter, and which she so earnestly longed to hear. And so believing, Miss Caledonia lived on always in hope.

Now the trouble with Mr. Gamboge that made him keep silence in this provoking fashion was a constitutional indecision that he could in nowise overcome. Never did there live a man with less of positiveness in his nature than Mr. Gamboge had in his. This was the reason why he and Mr. Orpiment always had got along so well together. Mr. Orpiment, on the shortest notice, could be positive enough about anything for six ordinary people, and upon this superabundance of resolution Mr. Gamboge was accustomed to draw in order to make good his own lack. Indeed, he could not have adopted any other line of conduct without getting into difficulties, for Mr. Orpiment, as is the way with positive people the world over, could not tolerate even the most remote approach to positiveness on the part of anybody else. He might admit, perhaps, though certainly disdainfully, that in the abstract two or more opinions might be entertained upon a given subject; but the moment that the matter became concrete, his view narrowed into the unalterable conviction that there was just one single tenable opinion concerning it — and that was his. And, if

peace was to be preserved, that opinion had to be adopted in a hurry. Mr. Gamboge, whose love of peace was so great that it was the only thing in the world that he would have fought for, always adopted his partner's opinions with a becoming alacrity. Nor did he, while Mr. Orpiment's convictions were in course of formation, venture to have any of his own. If appealed to under such conditions, his answer invariably was: "I am waiting to confer with Mr. Orpiment." And upon the rare occasions when, in some matter foreign to the affairs of the firm, he ventured so far as to express views distinctively his own, it had come to be his habit to preface his remarks with some such phrase as "Under these conditions, I think that Mr. Orpiment would say," or "In a case of this sort, I think that Mr. Orpiment would do." The fact was observed, however, by people who knew both the members of the firm well, that what Mr. Gamboge thus said or did under the supposititious shelter of Mr. Orpiment's mantle, usually had a deal more of quiet good sense about it than probably would have been manifested had the matter really been settled by Mr. Orpiment himself.

For some time after that morning when Mr. Orpiment staid at home and died in his bed instead of coming down-town in the Bleecker street car, the habit of referring to his late partner's opinions increased upon Mr. Gamboge greatly. Not a hide, not even a kip, did he buy or sell without having something to say to the seller or buyer as to what Mr. Orpiment would have thought about the terms upon which the transaction was concluded. But again it was observed by certain long-headed leather-men down in the Swamp, that since the decease of the senior partner the firm of Orpiment & Gamboge was doing a much larger and also a much safer business than ever it had done while the very positive Mr. Orpiment was alive.

However, the habit of a life-time cannot be given over in a day. It is true that Mr. Gamboge, now that Mr. Orpiment was buried and done for, was beginning gradually to have a few opinions and a trifling amount of positiveness of his own; but as yet it was all too soon to expect him to possess, still less to act upon, a positive opinion touching this momentous matter of his own heart and Miss Caledonia's hand.

As to the other visitor at the Brown's, young Orpiment, matters were entirely different. With an energetic promptness that was strictly in keeping with the traditions of his family, he had declared his love for Verona under the most unfavorable circumstances and in the most unmistakable terms. With a disregard of prudence and reason that was positively heroic, he had made this avowal on the very day that his uncle had bidden him begone to his paint-pots and starve. Whether he thought that love, being had in sufficient quantities, would make starvation impossible, or that if he must starve it would be pleasanter to do it in loving company, I am not prepared to say; but it is a fact that in less than three hours after he had, as he put it, disinherited his uncle, he had asked Verona Brown to marry him — and Verona Brown, collapsing from the pinnacle of dignity upon which usually she was exalted, suffered her beautiful dark hair to be shockingly tumbled upon young Orpiment's shoulder, and, with infinite tenderness and infinite love in her sweet, low voice, told him very frankly that she would!

There was a suggestion, at least, of poetic justice in this reckless entanglement of Verona's affections by young Orpiment; for it was Vandyke Brown who had been very largely the cause of the entanglement of young Orpiment's affections by the goddess Art, to the utter ruin of his exceptionally brilliant prospects in the leather business. Young Orpiment had artistic talent, possibly artistic genius, and Brown had the wit to perceive it. Without thinking of the harm that he might be doing, he urged young Orpiment to abandon the leather that he hated and to give himself to the art that he loved; and it was not until his advice was taken, and he was called upon to behold the pretty kettle of fish that had come of it, that he perceived what a serious responsibility the giving of advice involves. With his own dreary experience still fresh in mind, he realized far more clearly than young Orpiment did, or could, how nearly hopeless is the struggle for artistic success when the artist has to earn his daily bread as he goes along. But he kept these cheerful reflections to himself — that is to say, to himself and Rose. They were quite agreed that young Orpiment and Verona had a sufficiency of troubles in hand without being called upon to take any upon interest.

To be sure, there was a ray of hope for a moment when Mr. Orpiment died, for young Orpiment was his legal and only heir. But this hope was promptly extinguished, or pretty nearly so, by Mr. Orpiment's extraordinary double-barreled will — with that ominous legacy in the first barrel to the Protestant half-orphans.

"It will be just like the old wretch to have left those miserable half-orphans every cent of his money, Van," said Rose with energetic determination. "And a nice thing that will be, to be sure; turning all their heads by making so many millionaires of them!"

"The 'ome 'alf-orphan," observed Jaune d'Antimoine, who happened to be present when Rose thus freed her mind. "Ah, 'e is the estabelisment most curious in Tens street. I 'ave much vondered at 'im. Tell me, my Van, what is this 'ome 'alf-orphan?"

"It's a place where they take care of children born with only one leg and one arm. Of course, children like that have to be taken care of by somebody. It's a capital charity. We'll go down there some day and see 'em. They're a jolly queer lot; all go about hopping, you know."

"Nonsense, Van. Don't believe him, M. d'Antimoine. They are called half-orphans because they have only one father or one mother. I'm a half-orphan myself."

"Eh? But, truly, Madame Brown, it is not most common for the child to 'ave more than one father or one mother — not, that is, is it thought well that 'e should 'ave more. Ah, pardon! I forget that Madame says that she is 'erself 'alf-orphan. No doubt to be so is most well in this country. In America is not as in France."

M. d'Antimoine no more comprehended why Brown went off into such fits of laughter, nor why Rose blushed a little and laughed too, than he did the laborious explanation of the constituent elements of a half-orphan that Brown, under the circumstances, felt called upon to make to him.

But whether Mr. Orpiment's money was or was not destined for the use of this excellent charity, there was no ground for hoping that any part of it was destined for his nephew; the spiteful clause in the will forbidding Mr. Gamboge to give employment to young Orpiment cut hope in this direction short off. Obviously, this clause was put in to serve as a check upon any indiscretion that Mr. Gamboge might be led into by what Mr. Orpiment always had styled his absurdly soft heart; and it was a patent declaration of a tolerably positive sort that young Orpiment was disinherited. His sole fortune, under these circumstances, was a little property that had come down to him from his father, and that yielded him the magnificent income of four hundred and seventy-one dollars a year. However, this was enough to keep a roof over his head, and to feed him and to give him at very long intervals something in the way of new clothes. Mr. Gamboge, by artfully representing the solitariness of his own home, did his best to make young Orpiment come and share it with him; but his uncommonly tall stories about his melancholy loneliness — stories, let us hope, which were promptly blotted out in the celestial account against him by the friendly tears of the recording angel — did not deceive his auditor. Gratefully, but decidedly, the tender thus made of exceedingly comfortable free quarters was declined. But the invitations to dinner that Mr. Gamboge and the Browns showered upon him could not be refused — at least not without giving pain; and so, while his raiment was anything but purple and fine linen, young Orpiment at least fared sumptuously pretty nearly every day. And he was cheered and comforted, as only the love of a good woman can cheer and comfort a man, by the love of Verona Brown.

Verona certainly manifested a most conspicuous lack of worldly wisdom in thus lavishing her affections upon a man whose fortunes were so near to being desperate. But then — excepting in the case of Mr. Mangan — worldly wisdom was not a prominent characteristic of the Brown family; and even Mr. Mangan had less of it now than he had before he experienced his change of heart. Only a couple of years earlier in his life, acting in the capacity of Verona's guardian, he would have shown young Orpiment to the door with amazing promptitude and energy, had he ventured to present himself, under such circumstances as at present existed, in the guise of Verona's suitor. And, in truth, he had no great liking for what was going on now; but now, at least, he took a larger, a more liberal view of life than had been his habit in the past,— for the lesson that he had learned from his relations with Van had made him more tolerant. Therefore it was that, instead of heaping maledictions upon young Orpiment's head, he ordered a landscape from him. In due time this order was filled, and the picture was sent home. There was ever so much of it, and its light and shade were ever so queer, and there was something dreadfully wrong in its perspective; but, for all its eccentricities, there were in it hints of genuine good quality. It was a harrowing thing to look at, of course; but its badness was the badness of a crudity in which there was hope.

So they had young Orpiment to dinner, and after dinner the picture was hung solemnly over the mantel-piece in the front parlor. This was an honorable position for it to occupy, and it was a position that possessed certain practical advantages; for when the gas was lighted, unless you climbed over one of the diagonally placed sofas and got quite into one of the corners of the room, the picture had such a glitter upon it that it simply was invisible. Old Madder, who also was dining with them that night, began to comment upon this fact — and only made matters worse by asking Rose, in an aggrieved tone, what he was saying that he shouldn't say to make her pinch him so.

Of course this was not a genuine sale, looking at the matter from an artist's standpoint; and certain other sales — to Mr. Gamboge and to some of the friends of these two purchasers — were not genuine either; but they served their well-meant purpose of keeping the fire going under the pot that young Orpiment so gallantly was striving to make boil.

Old Madder, by the way, much enjoyed dining with the young people, and they and Mr. Mangan and Miss Caledonia made him very welcome. At these dinners he conducted himself upon the lines of a serious dignity, and seriously talked art to Mr. Mangan, whose knowledge of art was limited to a commercial appreciation of the value of gilt decorations on red leather boot-tops designed for the Western trade; or, when he happened to be in a cantankerous mood, made vicious thrusts at Van and the young geniuses generally, under the guise of lamentations over the degeneracy of modern painters. His own work, of course, continued to be as exasperating as ever. He nearly drove Van wild by insisting upon painting a portrait of little Madder, that was hung on the line at the Academy, and that was described in the catalogue as "Grandfather's Darling." From the degenerate modern painters with whom he associated Van did not hear the last of that horrible caricature of his first-born for years. Among the League men the picture was styled "The Slaughter of the Innocent"— which naturally enough led somebody to speak of the artist as Herod, and so won for old Madder the nickname of Herod Madder that he bore, without knowing it, to the end of his days. After this bitter experience, when old Madder wanted to paint Rose and the new baby, little Caledonia (to all intents and purposes his "Soldier's Widow and Orphaned Child" over again), and call it "The Young Mother's First Love," Brown put his foot down firmly and said that it should not be done. And not until several months had passed — in the course of which old Madder gradually had convinced himself that Brown was jealous of his superior work, and that, under these circumstances, he could afford to be magnanimous — did old Madder and Brown get along well together again.

By the time that this second baby was born Brown had conquered so firm a standing-place and was so crowded with work that his acceptance of an order had come to be considered something of a favor. Young Orpiment, being present one day when an order actually was rejected, and knowing that Brown had fought and won just such a battle as he was fighting, felt himself stirred with hope.

And, in truth, as the season of his apprenticeship wore away, there came to be a good deal for young Orpiment to feel hopeful about. Working steadily and earnestly, the weeks and the months slipped by until he found behind him, since the day when he forswore Leather as a master and took for his mistress Art, three whole years; and three years of honest hard work, if a man has got anything in him to begin with, is bound to tell. His little pictures — after those first orders he had the sense not to paint big ones — had a fair sale now on their merits. They did not sell for much, it is true, and they still were a long way off from being really good work; but at least the good quality that was in them no longer was obscured by bad perspective and by doubtful light and shade. They had a clear, fresh tone, moreover, that was distinctively their own. Being sent to the exhibitions, they no longer were rejected; and some of the more recent ones had taken a most encouraging step downward from the sky toward the line. The newspapers began to mention his work respectfully, and "The Skeptic," with an amiable exercise of its powers of prophecy based upon its faculty for recognizing genius in embryo, even went so far as to say that in him another landscape-painter had been born.

All this was tremendously encouraging, of course, and young Orpiment was heartened and comforted by it greatly; but even with such good fortune attending him, he could not but find weariness in his long time of waiting for an income from his work that would enable him to make Verona his wife. Both Mr. Mangan Brown and Mr. Gamboge had offered repeatedly to discount for him the future that now pretty certainly was his; but this good offer, with Verona's entire approval, he decidedly refused. If Verona would wait for him while he worked, he said,— and the light of a strong resolution shone in his blue eyes,— he would work on until his success was won. And Verona, with the gentle dignity that was natural to her, drew up her tall, graceful figure to its full height, and answered simply that she would wait — would wait, she said, and with out the least intention of irony, for forty years.

For these expectant lovers, the example set them by Miss Caledonia and Mr. Gamboge was most encouraging. What was their three years of probation in comparison with the three-and-twenty years of probation that their elders had endured? And the encouragement thus given was all the greater because, as time went on, the matrimonial prospects of Mr. Gamboge and Miss Caledonia apparently stood still. In the past three years Miss Caledonia had contrived near eight-score fresh

opportunities for the long-delayed proposal; and on each of these several occasions Mr. Gamboge had hesitated until his opportunity was lost. On the whole, however, Miss Caledonia's sanguine nature found cause for encouragement in the perceptible change that had come over Mr. Gamboge as these three years sped by. No less than twice, to her certain knowledge, had he expressed positively a positive opinion of his own. On a memorable Saturday he had said, in a firm voice, before the whole family assembled at the dinner-table, that rare roast beef was much improved by horse-radish. On a memorable Thursday evening he had said, addressing Mr. Mangan Brown, and in a tone of bold effrontery that thrilled her soul with joy, that "this idiotic tinkering at the tariff on foreign leather was simply unpardonable." On neither of these occasions did Mr. Gamboge refer even remotely to Mr. Orpiment: not a word about Mr. Orpiment's preferences in the matter of applying horse-radish to roast beef; not a word about Mr. Orpiment's opinions in regard to the customs duties on foreign hides. Here was living proof that Mr. Gamboge was getting to have a mind of his own; and here, consequently, was substantial ground upon which Miss Caledonia could found her conviction that a happy ending to her long courting was near at hand.

Nor was this all. To the best of Miss Caledonia's belief, Mr. Gamboge actually once had got so far as to make a real start toward speaking the momentous words which would resolve into a glad certainty their three-and-twenty years of doubt. It was upon a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the late spring-time that Mr. Gamboge got started,—in the mellow weather when the buds of May were bursting into the blossoms of June, and all nature was glad with the bright promise of the coming summer's generous life. They two were seated alone upon the veranda, screened from the too-curious gaze of passers-by by festoons of the climbing plants which had shot up blithely since the warm days began; and Mr. Gamboge, in a state of post-prandial contentment, was smoking an especially satisfactory cigar. After the fashion of a dove-like serpent, Miss Caledonia by degrees had shifted the ground of their talk until it had come to be of the dreary life that Mr. Gamboge was leading in his great house wherein he dwelt alone. There was a tender solicitude in Miss Caledonia's tone that sunk deep into the heart of Mr. Gamboge and wrought great havoc there. Her low, gentle voice sounded sweetly in his ears; her suggestions for his comfort were practical without being revolutionary; he felt—but more keenly than ever before in all the twenty-three years—that in Miss Caledonia he would find a helpmate indeed. His excellent dinner,—prepared, as he well knew, under Miss Caledonia's supervision,—his excellent cigar, the soft spring weather, Miss Caledonia's pleasingly plump person and sympathetic words: all these agreeable forces, acting upon his newly acquired disposition to have a mind of his own and speak it, conspired to make him utter the decisive words. A nervous thrill went over him, and he straightened himself in his chair. Miss Caledonia saw what was coming, and was struck with awe. She ceased speaking; her hands fluttered with her handkerchief; there was a trembling of her lips.

"In regard to our personal relations, Miss Caledonia, I am sure that Mr. Orpiment would have said—that is, I know that under these conditions Mr. Orpiment would have done—in fact, I am confident that Mr. Orpiment would have approved—"

"Oh, confound old Orpiment," said that wretched Vandyke Brown, stepping out upon the veranda through the open window in time to hear this last mention of Mr. Orpiment's name. "Of course you know, Mr. Gamboge," he went on, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, or anything,"—for he saw that Mr. Gamboge was very much upset,—"but when I think what a lot of good that old screw might have done by leaving his money to his nephew, and so giving him a fair start in the world, I really can't help hating the very sound of his name.

"Aunt Caledonia, Rose wants to know if you can tell what on earth has gone with Madder's light cloak. You had him out yesterday, you know, and Rose can't find it anywhere."

"You will find it where it belongs," answered Miss Caledonia frigidly, "on the third shelf of the closet in the back room."

And so good fortune had come sailing down over the sea of hope to Miss Caledonia,—even had stopped to signal her,—and then had sailed away! After that rude interruption the perturbed spirit of Mr. Gamboge—although Miss Caledonia did her best to bring it—could not be brought back to the tender mood that so fairly had promised a fair solution of the long-vexed problem of their lives. Still, having come thus close to happiness, Miss Caledonia felt more than ever certain that happiness yet would be hers.

So THE months went rolling on and on, and the time drew near when Mr. Orpiment's five years' lease upon posterity would end. Under the judicious management of Mr. Gamboge, his late partner's estate had increased prodi-

giously, and the prospects of the Protestant half-orphans were amazingly fine.

"I don't doubt that the miserable little creatures will get fifty thousand dollars apiece—and I hope that it will choke them!" said Rose in a fine burst of indignation and in a fine mixture of metaphors. Nothing that Van could say could convince Rose that Mr. Orpiment's property would not be divided up among the individual half-orphans in the asylum at the time when the bequest became operative.

As to young Orpiment, he really did not care very much now whether the half-orphans got his uncle's money or not. He was fairly on his legs by this time, with a steady income of two thousand dollars or so a year, and he and Verona were to be married very soon. Of course, they would have to live in a very quiet way, and some of the things which they most wanted to do — the trip to the glorious mountain region of northern New Mexico, for instance — would have to wait awhile. But the great point was that at last he was earning enough by his own work to permit him, without utterly defying Mr. Mangan Brown and worldly wisdom, to make Verona his wife.

For young Orpiment had fought bravely and had won gallantly his battle for the standard of Art. And wasn't Verona proud of him, though! For Verona knew that his fight for success as an artist was only the visible form of his fight for success as a lover; and all the wealth of her strong love, all her honoring esteem, went out to this her hero, who, for her love's sake, had conquered the world!

With the solemnity befitting so decisive an occasion, Mr. Gamboge wrote a formal invitation to young Orpiment to be present, on the fifth anniversary of the day after the day of Mr. Orpiment's death, at the going off of the second barrel of Mr. Orpiment's will. But in order to mitigate the formality a little, and to make somewhat less solemn the solemnity, Mr. Gamboge himself handed the written invitation to young Orpiment, and added to it a verbal invitation to come and dine with him as a preliminary to the reading. Under the circumstances, the fact was obvious that Verona had a constructive right to be present when the will was read; and as Verona could not with propriety be present alone, the necessity presented itself of asking Miss Caledonia to come with her. Naturally, this suggested the advisability of asking Mr. Mangan Brown too. And having got this far, Mr. Gamboge concluded that he might just as well go a little farther and ask Van and Rose and old Madder; and so he did.

It was only a lucky accident, however, that saved the party from being entirely broken up by a rash act of little Caledonia. Van wanted Rose's hands for something that he was painting, and she had gone up to the studio the day before the will dinner-party—as she styled the feast that Mr. Gamboge was to give—taking the baby along with her. There was not much of this baby, and she was not quite two years old, but she had a faculty for getting into pickles far beyond her size and years. However, there did not seem to be much chance for her to get into trouble on the studio floor.

The fact must be confessed that, although they had been married for five years, Rose and Van had a shocking habit of philandering; and so it fell out, when he had put in her hands to his satisfaction, that he had laid down his palette and brushes on the foot of his easel, and somehow they had drifted into the big chair, and had got to talking about that autumn morning when "Lydia Darragh" perished, and the great happiness of their lives began.

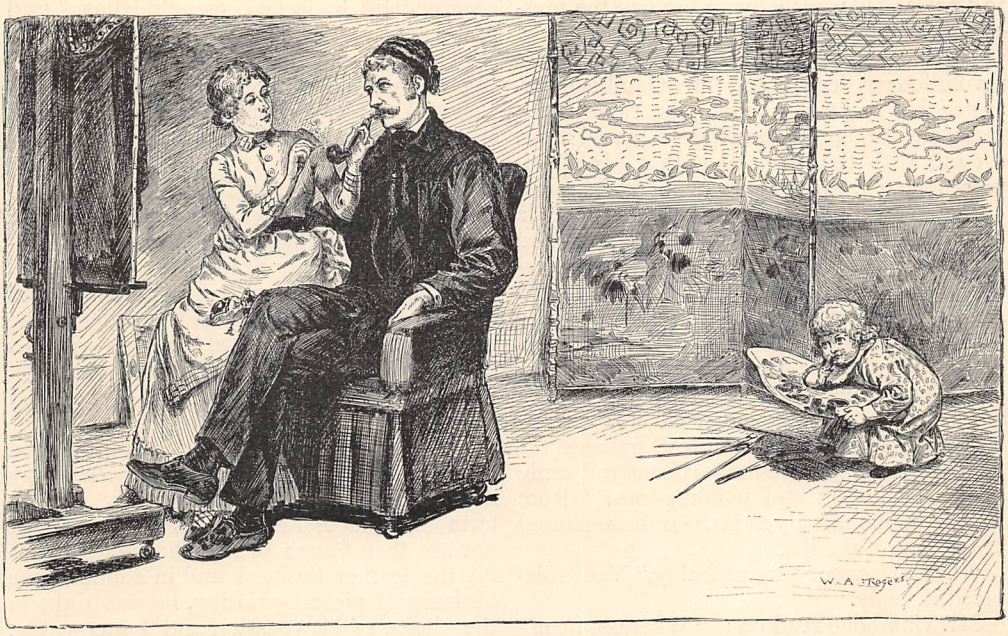
"It was dreadful, Van, the way that I told you, right out before all those men, that I loved you! I never can think of it without blushing." (Rose was blushing most charmingly, and that was a fact.) "But I really never thought of them at all, and that's the solemn truth. All that I thought of was your ruined work, and of what you were working for—it was me that you were working for, you know, and I knew all about it!—and of trying to comfort you. *Did* it comfort you, dear? Are you *sure*, Van, that you are glad that you married? Have I *really* made you happy? You are so good to me ——

"Caledonia! *Caledonia!* STOP! Merciful heaven, Van, she's got your palette and is eating the paints! Our child is poisoned! She will die!" And Rose shot up, much as she would have done had Van been a catapult and suddenly gone off, and caught the chromnivorous infant in her arms.

Van was pretty badly scared too, but he had his wits about him, and looked at the palette before giving his assent to Rose's alarmed proposition that death by poison must be the inevitable result of Caledonia's unnatural repast.

"Steady, Rose. I guess it's all right. She's begun at the black end of the palette, luckily, and she's eaten only as far as asphaltum. No doubt she'll have a lively time in her little inside, but she hasn't had a scrap of the light colors, and there's nothing in the dark ones to damage her much. But we'd better rush her off to the doctor, all the same."

And Van was right. Caledonia did not perish, but she had a tremendously large



"PHILANDERING."

stomach-ache for so small a stomach, and she kept her bed for the remainder of the day. Mr. Mangan Brown, in a well-meant endeavor to mitigate the severity of her sufferings, the very next morning bought her a concertina, and a pair of skates, and a richly illustrated octavo Life of Washington. That these appropriate gifts inured to her betterment is problematical, but she certainly was so completely recovered by the ensuing evening that her illness was no barrier to the success of the will dinner-party given by Mr. Gamboge.

The dinner in every way was excellent — although Miss Caledonia secretly noticed certain shortcomings in the service, which she promptly resolved should be corrected when she was called upon to take command. But for all the excellence of the dinner, the assembled company was disposed to slight it — to hurry through with it in order to get at the reading of the will. Even the fact that young Orpiment on that very day had sold his big picture, "Spring on the Hudson Highlands," for $450, — the highest price that anything of his so far had brought, — scarcely made a ripple upon the strong stream of curiosity that was sweeping forward toward the moment when positive knowledge would determine what part the Protestant half-orphans were to play in the final disposition of Mr. Orpiment's estate.

"If it wasn't for Verona, he might pick out the nicest looking of the girl half-orphans for a wife, and get part of it back that way," said Rose under her breath to Van, as they passed from the dining-room to the library, where Mr. Gamboge was to read the will. "But as things are, though," she added with a touch of melancholy in her tone, "that is quite out of the question."

"Yes," said Van, "it is. And you are a goose." And he stopped her in the shadow to leeward of the eight-day clock and kissed her.

"Of course you all know," said Mr. Gamboge in a slightly oratorical tone, holding the sealed will in his hand, "that I have no knowledge whatever of the contents of this document. Should its contents be what I fear they are, you all know that I shall feel, as you all will feel, that a great injustice has been done to our young and gifted friend; to our friend, who by his noble force of character, not less than by his great genius —"

"Don't," said young Orpiment, appealingly.

"Well, I wont," said Mr. Gamboge, dropping suddenly from his oratorical heights. "But I will say this: if the estate don't come to you, my dear boy, I shall think less of Mr. Orpiment's judgment than I ever did — and I never did think much of it, anyway."

At these spirited words Miss Caledonia's heart gave a bound — for she perceived that now, beyond a doubt or a peradventure, Mr. Gamboge had come into the kingdom of his personal independence at last; and she was his waiting queen! As for Mr. Mangan Brown, his lower jaw dropped as though the muscles had parted; and Van gave utterance

to a prolonged whistle that Rose had the presence of mind to conceal by coughing violently.

Oblivious to the sensation caused by his revolutionary declaration, Mr. Gamboge adjusted his spectacles, broke the three black seals, and began the reading of the will. It set out with the affirmation that Mr. Orpiment feared God and was in his right mind, — statements which caused Miss Caledonia to click her heels together doubtingly,— and went on with a list of the testator's possessions: the house in which he had lived, and some other houses; his share in the tannery in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania; some warehouses down-town; some building-lots on Seventy-ninth street; various stocks and bonds; and his interest in the leather business carried on by the firm of Orpiment & Gamboge.

"I wonder how the half-orphans will settle about the houses and building-lots?" Rose whispered inquiringly as Mr. Gamboge paused at the end of the list.

"Draw lots for 'em, probably," Van whispered in reply.

Mr. Gamboge read on: "Whereas, by my will to which this codicil is supplement, I gave all my residuary estate to my executors upon certain trusts, now I appoint the further trusts referred to in said will as contained in this codicil."

At last Mr. Orpiment's intentions were to be made plain. Everybody bent forward, listening eagerly, and Mr. Gamboge could not keep his voice from trembling: "At the end of the said period of five years from the time of my decease I direct my executors to assign, convey, and pay over the whole of my residuary estate with its increase and accumulations to the person who, when the same is payable, shall act as treasurer to the Society for the Relief of Half-Orphan and Destitute Children in the city of New York, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said society under its direction." Mr. Gamboge gave an audible groan, laid the will down on his knee, took off his spectacles, which suddenly had grown misty, and with his silk handkerchief wiped them dry.

"The unfeeling, unnatural, heartless old wretch!" cried Rose.

"Never mind, dear; you have conquered fortune for yourself, and I love you a thousand times more for it," said Verona in a low voice, as she took young Orpiment's hand in both of hers.

"It is shameful!" said Miss Caledonia.

"It is just what I expected," said Mr. Mangan Brown; "but I'm uncommonly sorry for you, all the same, Orpiment."

"It's all my fault, for leading you off into painting; I hope devoutly that you may live long enough to forgive me, old fellow," said Van ruefully.

"Nonsense, Van. You've been the making of me, and I never can be sufficiently thankful to you," young Orpiment answered in a cheery tone that had a thoroughly genuine ring to it.

"Art alone is worth living for, Mr. Orpiment," said old Madder. "Because you have escaped the thralldom of riches, I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"There's another page of the thing," said Mr. Gamboge dismally, and making as he spoke a suspicious dab at his eyes with his big handkerchief. "We may as well get done with it," and he turned the page and read on:

"*Provided*, that at the end of said period of five years from the time of my decease my nephew shall not have proved, by earning from the sale of his pictures an income of not less than $2000 yearly, that in abandoning the leather business and in adopting the business of picture-painting, he was right in the choice of his vocation and I was wrong. Should this very improbable contingency arise, then at the time aforesaid I direct my executors to assign, convey, and pay over to him, my said nephew, the whole of my residuary estate with its increase and accumulations, to him, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns forever."

"God bless you, my dear boy!" fairly shouted Mr. Gamboge, dashing down the will and his spectacles and his handkerchief upon the floor, and rushing over to young Orpiment and hugging him. "God bless you, my dear boy, the estate really is yours after all!"

And everybody — everybody, that is, but Verona and old Madder — in the delight and excitement of the moment, followed Mr. Gamboge's exhilarating example. Even the staid Mr. Mangan Brown, even the decorous Miss Caledonia, hugged young Orpiment as hard as ever they knew how. Verona just sat still and looked at him, and through the tears in her lovely brown eyes there shone the light of a great joy and the tenderness of a greater love. The thought that she also was a gainer by this revolution in young Orpiment's fortunes never once crossed her mind; all that she thought of was that his life of toil and struggle now was at an end; that for her hard-working hero the chance to do good work restfully had come at last.

(It was not until an hour or so later, when they were walking home together, that another phase of the matter presented itself to Rose — she was a great hand for seeing things in original lights. "Do you know, Van," she said in a

very melancholy voice, "I can't help feeling dreadfully sorry for those poor little Protestant half-orphans? To think of their coming so near to being heirs and heiresses, and then not getting a single bit of their fortunes after all!")

Old Madder, waiting till the storm had subsided a little, and standing, as it were, afar off, did what he could to throw a wet blanket over the general joy by saying mournfully:

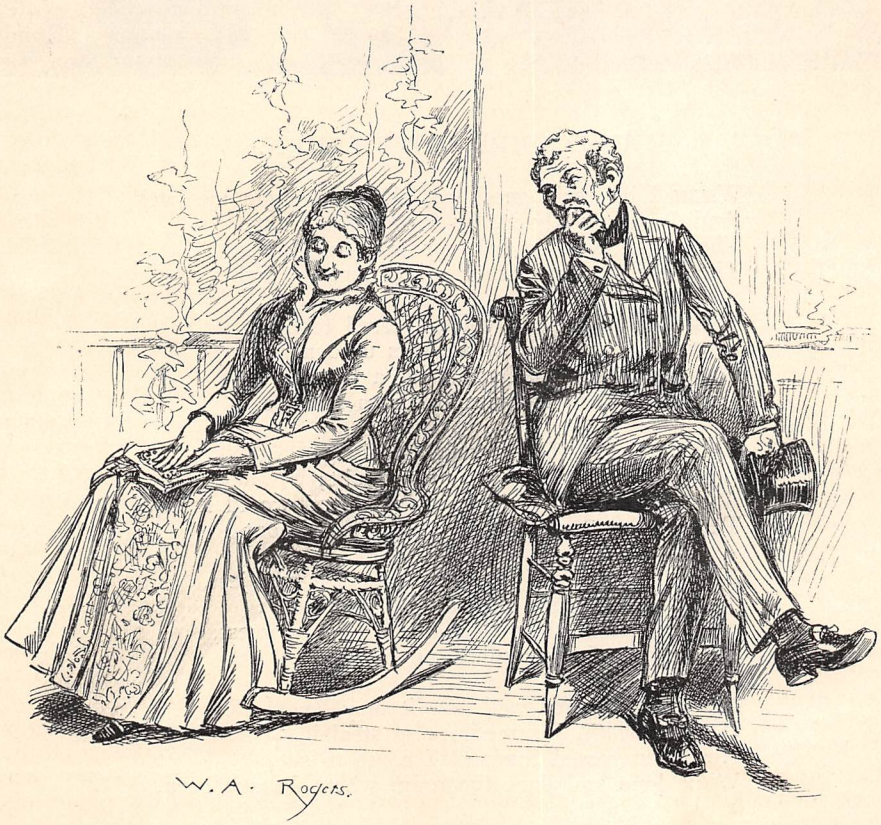
"I hope that this is for the best, Mr. Orpiment; but I fear that it is for the worst. Art is a jealous mistress, and Wealth is her sworn foe. You have my sincere pity, sir; for I sincerely believe that you are a ruined man!"

However, old Madder's wet blanket was not a success, for his genial gloom no more could stay the eruption of happiness that had begun than a real wet blanket could stay an eruption of Vesuvius. Indeed, nobody paid the least attention to what he was saying, for just as he began his cheerful remarks Mr. Gamboge, looking rather nervous, but also looking very much resolved, rose to his feet with the air of a man who is about to make a speech. Somehow there was that in his manner that made all the blood in Miss Caledonia's body rush tumultuously to her heart. Her prophetic soul told her that it was coming now in very truth!

"My dear Brown," said Mr. Gamboge, addressing Mr. Mangan, "there is a matter very near to my heart, concerning which I long have desired to speak with you. Possibly you may have noticed that my attentions to your sister, Miss Caledonia, for some time past have been rather marked?"

"I have observed the phenomenon to which you refer," answered Mr. Mangan, for Mr. Gamboge had spoken interrogatively, and had paused for a reply—"I have observed the phenomenon to which you refer, my dear Gamboge, pretty constantly for the past twenty-five years."

"Precisely," said Mr. Gamboge, in a tone indicating that he felt encouraged. "You are right, my dear Brown, as you always are. My reckoning of the number of years during which my attentions to Miss Caledonia have been, as I say, rather marked corresponds with yours exactly. And it seems to me, my dear Brown, that this period has been of a sufficient extent to enable us—that is, to enable Miss



MISS CALEDONIA AND MR. GAMBOGE.

Caledonia and me—to acquire such ample knowledge of each other's tastes, habits, and moral characteristics as will justify us in deciding now whether or not we prudently may advance to a yet closer relationship."

"Looking at the matter dispassionately, my dear Gamboge, I should say that it had."

"My own sentiments, my dear Brown, I may say, are, and for some years past have been, unalterably established. I revere your sister, Miss Caledonia, as the best and wisest of women. Under the existing circumstances, Mrs. Brown and Miss Verona will pardon, I am sure, this expression of what, under any other circumstances, might be considered, if not a too exalted, at least a too exclusive, estimate of her virtues."

"Certainly," said Rose.

"Of course," said Verona.

"Entertaining these unalterable sentiments, therefore, my dear Brown, the strongest, the holiest wish of my life is to make her my wife. To you, as her natural protector, to her, as the arbiter of her own destiny, I now appeal—on this auspicious occasion when my young friend Orpiment wears proudly in our presence his tripartite crown of riches, genius, and requited love. My dear Brown, may I have her? Miss Caledonia, will you be mine?"

"May he have you, Caledonia?"

"Oh, brother! how can you ask? It—it shall—be just as you say."

"Then I say, and I say it heartily, my dear Gamboge, take her—and God bless you both!" and Mr. Mangan Brown led the blushing Miss Caledonia to Mr. Gamboge and placed her hand in his.

And so, young Orpiment having come into his fortune, and Mr. Gamboge having come into his kingdom, Mr. Orpiment's lease upon posterity was canceled, and he really was dead at last.

Ivory Black.



UNLOOKED-FOR RETURN.

WHEN I had said good-bye, chance brought me back,
And I went softly in, by friendship's right;
The room so lately left was lone and black,
The next, all gay with laughter and the light.

I listened. Just one voice I cared to hear,
That lately gave sweet answers unto mine;
But when it reached me, with a tone as dear,
It proffered others graceful things in wine.

Bitter at heart, I yet could hardly go
Without a reassurance for my doubt;
And gave a sign, it seemed my friend would know,
That, for a moment, she might slip without.

Nay! far too loud for that, the mirth and jest,
So I withdrew, my presence all unknown;
Naught left to show that I had been a guest,
The secret of my coming, mine alone.

Now, can I fancy well how it may be
If, after death, I sometimes so steal in,—
Newly engrossed the soul I come to see,
While lone and dark the room where I have been.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE FREEDMAN'S CASE IN EQUITY.

THE greatest social problem before the American people to-day is, as it has been for a hundred years, the presence among us of the negro.

No comparable entanglement was ever drawn round itself by any other modern nation with so serene a disregard of its ultimate issue, or with a more distinct national responsibility. The African slave was brought here by cruel force, and with everybody's consent except his own. Everywhere the practice was favored as a measure of common aggrandizement. When a few men and women protested, they were mobbed in the public interest, with the public consent. There rests, therefore, a moral responsibility on the whole nation never to lose sight of the results of African-American slavery until they cease to work mischief and injustice.

It is true these responsibilities may not fall everywhere with the same weight; but they are nowhere entirely removed. The original seed of trouble was sown with the full knowledge and consent of the nation. The nation was to blame; and so long as evils spring from it, their correction must be the nation's duty.

The late Southern slave has within two decades risen from slavery to freedom, from freedom to citizenship, passed on into political ascendency, and fallen again from that eminence. The amended Constitution holds him up in his new political rights as well as a mere constitution can. On the other hand, certain enactments of Congress, trying to reach further, have lately been made void by the highest court of the nation. And another thing has happened. The popular mind in the old free States, weary of strife at arm's length, bewildered by its complications, vexed by many a blunder, eager to turn to the cure of other evils, and even tinctured by that race feeling whose grosser excesses it would so gladly see suppressed, has retreated from its uncomfortable dictational attitude and thrown the whole matter over to the States of the South. Here it rests, no longer a main party issue, but a group of questions which are to be settled by each of these States separately in the light of simple equity and morals, and which the genius of American government does not admit of being forced upon them from beyond their borders. Thus the whole question, become secondary in party contest, has yet reached a period of supreme importance.

Before slavery ever became a grave question in the nation's politics,—when it seemed each State's private affair, developing unmolested,—it had two different fates in two different parts of the country. In one, treated as a question of public equity, it withered away. In the other, overlooked in that aspect, it petrified and became the corner-stone of the whole social structure; and when men sought its overthrow as a national evil, it first brought war upon the land, and then grafted into the citizenship of one of the most intelligent nations in the world six millions of people from one of the most debased races on the globe.

And now this painful and wearisome question, sown in the African slave-trade, reaped in our civil war, and garnered in the national adoption of millions of an inferior race, is drawing near a second seed-time. For this is what the impatient proposal to make it a dead and buried issue really means. It means to recommit it to the silence and concealment of the covered furrow. Beyond that incubative retirement no suppressed moral question can be pushed; but all such questions, ignored in the domain of private morals, spring up and expand once more into questions of public equity; neglected as matters of public equity, they blossom into questions of national interest; and, despised in that guise, presently yield the red fruits of revolution.

This question must never again bear that fruit. There must arise, nay, there has arisen, in the South itself, a desire to see established the equities of the issue; to make it no longer a question of endurance between one group of States and another, but between the moral débris of an exploded evil and the duty, necessity, and value of planting society firmly upon universal justice and equity. This, and this only, can give the matter final burial. True, it is still a question between States; but only secondarily, as something formerly participated in, or as it concerns every householder to know that what is being built against his house is built by level and plummet. It is the interest of the Southern States first, and *consequently* of the whole land, to discover clearly these equities and the errors that are being committed against them.

If we take up this task, the difficulties of the situation are plain. We have, first, a revision of Southern State laws which has forced into

them the recognition of certain human rights discordant with the sentiments of those who have always called themselves the community; second, the removal of the entire political machinery by which this forcing process was effected; and, third, these revisions left to be interpreted and applied under the domination of these antagonistic sentiments. These being the three terms of the problem, one of three things must result. There will arise a system of vicious evasions eventually ruinous to public and private morals and liberty, or there will be a candid reconsideration of the sentiments hostile to these enactments, or else there will be a division, some taking one course and some the other.

This is what we should look for from our knowledge of men and history; and this is what we find. The revised laws, only where they could not be evaded, have met that reluctant or simulated acceptance of their narrowest letter which might have been expected — a virtual suffocation of those principles of human equity which the unwelcome decrees do little more than shadow forth. But in different regions this attitude has been made in very different degrees of emphasis. In some the new principles have grown, or are growing, into the popular conviction, and the opposing sentiments are correspondingly dying out. There are even some limited districts where they have received much practical acceptance. While, again, other sections lean almost wholly toward the old sentiments; an easy choice, since it is the conservative, the unyielding attitude, whose strength is in the absence of intellectual and moral debate.

Now, what are the gains, what the losses of these diverse attitudes? Surely these are urgent questions to any one in our country who believes it is always a losing business to be in the wrong. Particularly in the South, where each step in this affair is an unprecedented experience, it will be folly if each region, small or large, does not study the experiences of all the rest. And yet this, alone, would be superficial; we would still need to do more. We need to go back to the roots of things and study closely, analytically, the origin, the present foundation, the rationality, the rightness, of those sentiments surviving in us which prompt an attitude qualifying in any way peculiarly the black man's liberty among us. Such a treatment will be less abundant in incident, less picturesque; but it will be more thorough.

First, then, what are these sentiments? Foremost among them stands the idea that he is of necessity an alien. He was brought to our shores a naked, brutish, unclean, captive, pagan savage, to be and remain a kind of connecting link between man and the beasts of burden. The great changes to result from his contact with a superb race of masters were not taken into account. As a social factor he was intended to be as purely zero as the brute at the other end of his plow-line. The occasional mingling of his blood with that of the white man worked no change in the sentiment; one, two, four, eight, multiplied upon or divided into zero, still gave zero for the result. Generations of American nativity made no difference; his children and children's children were born in sight of our door, yet the old notion held fast. He increased to vast numbers, but it never wavered. He accepted our dress, language, religion, all the fundamentals of our civilization, and became forever expatriated from his own land; still he remained, to us, an alien. Our sentiment went blind. It did not see that gradually, here by force and there by choice, he was fulfilling a host of conditions that earned at least a solemn moral right to that naturalization which no one at first had dreamed of giving him. Frequently he even bought back the freedom of which he had been robbed, became a tax-payer, and at times an educator of his children at his own expense; but the old idea of alienism passed laws to banish him, his wife, and children by thousands from the state, and threw him into loathsome jails as a common felon for returning to his native land.

It will be wise to remember that these were the acts of an enlightened, God-fearing people, the great mass of whom have passed beyond all earthly accountability. They were our fathers. I am the son and grandson of slave-holders. These were their faults; posterity will discover ours; but these things must be frankly, fearlessly taken into account if we are ever to understand the true interests of our peculiar state of society.

Why, then, did this notion that the man of color must always remain an alien stand so unshaken? We may readily recall how, under ancient systems, he rose not only to high privileges, but often to public station and power. Singularly, with us the trouble lay in a modern principle of liberty. The whole idea of American government rested on all men's equal, inalienable right to secure their life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness by governments founded in their own consent. Hence, our Southern forefathers, shedding their blood, or ready to shed it, for this principle, yet proposing in equal good conscience to continue holding the American black man and mulatto and quadroon in slavery, had to anchor that conscience, their conduct, and their laws in the conviction that the man of African tinc-

ture was, not by his master's arbitrary assertion merely, but by nature and unalterably, an alien. If that hold should break, one single wave of irresistible inference would lift our whole Southern social fabric and dash it upon the rocks of negro emancipation and enfranchisement. How was it made secure? Not by books, though they were written among us from every possible point of view, but, with the mass of our slave-owners, by the calm hypothesis of a positive, intuitive knowledge. To them the statement was an axiom. They abandoned the methods of moral and intellectual reasoning, and fell back upon this assumption of a God-given instinct, nobler than reason, and which it was an insult to a freeman to ask him to prove on logical grounds.

Yet it was found not enough. The slave multiplied. Slavery was a dangerous institution. Few in the South to-day have any just idea how often the slave plotted for his freedom. Our Southern ancestors were a noble, manly people, springing from some of the most highly intelligent, aspiring, upright, and refined nations of the modern world; from the Huguenot, the French Chevalier, the Old Englander, the New Englander. Their acts were not always right; whose are? But for their peace of mind they had to believe them so. They therefore spoke much of the negro's contentment with that servile condition for which nature had designed him. Yet there was no escaping the knowledge that we dared not trust the slave caste with any power that could be withheld from them. So the perpetual alien was made also a perpetual menial, and the belief became fixed that this, too, was nature's decree, not ours.

Thus we stood at the close of the civil war. There were always a few Southerners who did not justify slavery, and many who cared nothing whether it was just or not. But what we have described was the general sentiment of good Southern people. There was one modifying sentiment. It related to the slave's spiritual interests. Thousands of pious masters and mistresses flatly broke the shameful laws that stood between their slaves and the Bible. Slavery was right; but religion, they held, was for the alien and menial as well as for the citizen and master. They could be alien and citizen, menial and master, in church as well as out; and they were.

Yet over against this lay another root of to-day's difficulties. This perpetuation of the alien, menial relation tended to perpetuate the vices that naturally cling to servility, dense ignorance and a hopeless separation from true liberty; and as we could not find it in our minds to blame slavery with this perpetuation, we could only assume as a further axiom that there was, by nature, a disqualifying moral taint in every drop of negro blood. The testimony of an Irish, German, Italian, French, or Spanish beggar in a court of justice was taken on its merits; but the colored man's was excluded by law wherever it weighed against a white man. The colored man was a prejudged culprit. The discipline of the plantation required that the difference between master and slave be never lost sight of by either. It made our master caste a solid mass, and fixed a common masterhood and subserviency between the ruling and the serving race.* Every one of us grew up in the idea that he had, by birth and race, certain broad powers of police over any and every person of color.

All at once the tempest of war snapped off at the ground every one of these arbitrary relations, without removing a single one of the sentiments in which they stood rooted. Then, to fortify the freedman in the tenure of his new rights, he was given the ballot. Before this grim fact the notion of alienism, had it been standing alone, might have given way. The idea that slavery was right did begin to crumble almost at once. "As for slavery," said an old Creole sugar-planter and former slave-owner to me, "it was damnable." The revelation came like a sudden burst of light. It is one of the South's noblest poets who has but just said:

"I am a Southerner;
I love the South; I dared for her
To fight from Lookout to the sea,
With her proud banner over me:
But from my lips thanksgiving broke,
As God in battle-thunder spoke,
And that Black Idol, breeding drouth
And dearth of human sympathy
Throughout the sweet and sensuous South,
Was, with its chains and human yoke,
Blown hellward from the cannon's mouth,
While Freedom cheered behind the smoke!" †

With like readiness might the old alien relation have given way if we could only, while letting that pass, have held fast by the other old ideas. But they were all bound together. See our embarrassment. For more than a hundred years we had made these sentiments the absolute essentials to our self-respect. And yet if we clung to them, how could we

* The old Louisiana Black Code says, "That free people of color ought never to . . . presume to conceive themselves equal to the white; but, on the contrary, that they ought to yield to them in every occasion, and never speak or answer to them but with respect, under the penalty of imprisonment according to the nature of the offense." (Section 21, p. 164.)

† Maurice Thompson, in the "Independent."

meet the freedman on equal terms in the political field? Even to lead would not compensate us; for the fundamental profession of American politics is that the leader is servant to his followers. It was too much. The ex-master and ex-slave — the quarter-deck and the forecastle, as it were — could not come together. But neither could the American mind tolerate a continuance of martial law. The agonies of reconstruction followed.

The vote, after all, was a secondary point, and the robbery and bribery on one side, and whipping and killing on the other, were but huge accidents of the situation. The two main questions were really these: on the freedman's side, how to establish republican State government under the same recognition of his rights that the rest of Christendom accorded him; and on the former master's side, how to get back to the old semblance of republican State government, and — allowing that the freedman was *de facto* a voter — still to maintain a purely arbitrary superiority of all whites over all blacks, and a purely arbitrary equality of all blacks among themselves as an alien, menial, and dangerous class.

Exceptionally here and there some one in the master caste did throw off the old and accept the new ideas, and, if he would allow it, was instantly claimed as a leader by the newly liberated thousands around him. But just as promptly the old master race branded him also an alien reprobate, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if he had not already done so, he soon began to confirm by his actions the brand on his cheek. However, we need give no history here of the dreadful episode of reconstruction. Under an experimentative truce its issues rest to-day upon the pledge of the wiser leaders of the master class: Let us but remove the hireling demagogue, and we will see to it that the freedman is accorded a practical, complete, and cordial recognition of his equality with the white man before the law. As far as there has been any understanding at all, it is not that the originally desired ends of reconstruction have been abandoned, but that the men of North and South have agreed upon a new, gentle, and peaceable method for reaching them; that, without change as to the ends in view, compulsory reconstruction has been set aside and a voluntary reconstruction is on trial.

It is the fashion to say we paused to let the "feelings engendered by the war" pass away, and that they are passing. But let not these truths lead us into error. The sentiments we have been analyzing, and upon which we saw the old compulsory reconstruction go hard aground — these are not the "feelings engendered by the war." We must disentangle them from the "feelings engendered by the war," and by reconstruction. They are older than either. But for them slavery would have perished of itself, and emancipation and reconstruction been peaceful revolutions.

Indeed, as between master and slave, the "feelings engendered by the war" are too trivial, or at least were too short-lived, to demand our present notice. One relation and feeling the war destroyed: the patriarchal tie and its often really tender and benevolent sentiment of dependence and protection. When the slave became a freedman the sentiment of alienism became for the first time complete. The abandonment of this relation was not one-sided; the slave, even before the master, renounced it. Countless times, since reconstruction began, the master has tried, in what he believed to be everybody's interest, to play on that old sentiment. But he found it a harp without strings. The freedman could not formulate, but he could see, all our old ideas of autocracy and subserviency, of master and menial, of an arbitrarily fixed class to guide and rule, and another to be guided and ruled. He rejected the overture. The old master, his well-meant condescensions slighted, turned away estranged, and justified himself in passively withholding that simpler protection without patronage which any one American citizen, however exalted, owes to any other, however humble. Could the freedman in the bitterest of those days have consented to throw himself upon just that one old relation, he could have found a physical security for himself and his house such as could not, after years of effort, be given him by constitutional amendments, Congress, United States marshals, regiments of regulars, and ships of war. But he could not; the very nobility of the civilization that had held him in slavery had made him too much a man to go back to that shelter; and by his manly neglect to do so he has proved to us who once ruled over him that, be his relative standing among the races of men what it may, he is worthy to be free.

To be a free man is his still distant goal. Twice he has been a freedman. In the days of compulsory reconstruction he was freed in the presence of his master by that master's victorious foe. In these days of voluntary reconstruction he is virtually freed by the consent of his master, but the master retaining the exclusive right to define the bounds of his freedom. Many everywhere have taken up the idea that this state of affairs is the end to be desired and the end actually sought in reconstruction as handed over to the States. I do not charge such folly to the best intelligence of any American community; but I

cannot ignore my own knowledge that the average thought of some regions rises to no better idea of the issue. The belief is all too common that the nation, having aimed at a wrong result and missed, has left us of the Southern States to get now such other result as we think best. I say this belief is not universal. There are those among us who see that America has no room for a state of society which makes its lower classes harmless by abridging their liberties, or, as one of the favored class lately said to me, has "got 'em so they don't give no trouble." There is a growing number who see that the one thing we cannot afford to tolerate at large is a class of people less than citizens; and that every interest in the land demands that the freedman be free to become in all things, as far as his own personal gifts will lift and sustain him, the same sort of American citizen he would be if, with the same intellectual and moral caliber, he were white.

Thus we reach the ultimate question of fact. Are the freedman's liberties suffering any real abridgment? The answer is easy. The letter of the laws, with but few exceptions, recognizes him as entitled to every right of an American citizen; and to some it may seem unimportant that there is scarcely one public relation of life in the South where he is not arbitrarily and unlawfully compelled to hold toward the white man the attitude of an alien, a menial, and a probable reprobate, by reason of his race and color. One of the marvels of future history will be that it was counted a small matter, by a majority of our nation, for six millions of people within it, made by its own decree a component part of it, to be subjected to a system of oppression so rank that nothing could make it seem small except the fact that they had already been ground under it for a century and a half.

Examine it. It proffers to the freedman a certain security of life and property, and then holds the respect of the community, that dearest of earthly boons, beyond his attainment. It gives him certain guarantees against thieves and robbers, and then holds him under the unearned contumely of the mass of good men and women. It acknowledges in constitutions and statutes his title to an American's freedom and aspirations, and then in daily practice heaps upon him in every public place the most odious distinctions, without giving ear to the humblest plea concerning mental or moral character. It spurns his ambition, tramples upon his languishing self-respect, and indignantly refuses to let him either buy with money, or earn by any excellence of inner life or outward behavior, the most momentary immunity from these public indignities even for his wife and daughters. Need we cram these pages with facts in evidence, as if these were charges denied and requiring to be proven? They are simply the present avowed and defended state of affairs peeled of its exteriors.

Nothing but the habit, generations old, of enduring it could make it endurable by men not in actual slavery. Were we whites of the South to remain every way as we are, and our six million blacks to give place to any sort of whites exactly their equals, man for man, in mind, morals, and wealth, provided only that they had tasted two years of American freedom, and were this same system of tyrannies attempted upon them, there would be as bloody an uprising as this continent has ever seen. We can say this quietly. There is not a scruple's weight of present danger. These six million freedmen are dominated by nine million whites immeasurably stronger than they, backed by the virtual consent of thirty-odd millions more. Indeed, nothing but the habit of oppression could make such oppression possible to a people of the intelligence and virtue of our Southern whites, and the invitation to practice it on millions of any other than the children of their former slaves would be spurned with a noble indignation.

Suppose, for a moment, the tables turned. Suppose the courts of our Southern States, while changing no laws requiring the impaneling of jurymen without distinction as to race, etc., should suddenly begin to draw their thousands of jurymen all black, and well-nigh every one of them counting not only himself, but all his race, better than any white man. Assuming that their average of intelligence and morals should be not below that of jurymen as now drawn, would a white man, for all that, choose to be tried in one of those courts? Would he suspect nothing? Could one persuade him that his chances of even justice were all they should be, or all they would be were the court not evading the law in order to sustain an outrageous distinction against him because of the accidents of his birth? Yet only read white man for black man, and black man for white man, and that—I speak as an eye-witness—has been the practice for years, and is still so to-day; an actual emasculation, in the case of six million people both as plaintiff and defendant, of the right of trial by jury.

In this and other practices the outrage falls upon the freedman. Does it stop there? Far from it. It is the first premise of American principles that whatever elevates the lower stratum of the people lifts all the rest, and

whatever holds it down holds all down. For twenty years, therefore, the nation has been working to elevate the freedman. It counts this one of the great necessities of the hour. It has poured out its wealth publicly and privately for this purpose. It is confidently expected that it will soon bestow a royal gift of millions for the reduction of the illiteracy so largely shared by the blacks. Our Southern States are, and for twenty years have been, taxing themselves for the same end. The private charities alone of the other States have given twenty millions in the same good cause. Their colored seminaries, colleges, and normal schools dot our whole Southern country, and furnish our public colored schools with a large part of their teachers. All this and much more has been or is being done in order that, for the good of himself and everybody else in the land, the colored man may be elevated as quickly as possible from all the debasements of slavery and semi-slavery to the full stature and integrity of citizenship. And it is in the face of all this that the adherent of the old régime stands in the way to every public privilege and place — steamer landing, railway platform, theater, concert-hall, art display, public library, public school, court-house, church, everything — flourishing the hot branding-iron of ignominious distinctions. He forbids the freedman to go into the water until *he* is satisfied that he knows how to swim, and for fear he should learn hangs mill-stones about his neck. This is what we are told is a small matter that will settle itself. Yes, like a roosting curse, until the outraged intelligence of the South lifts its indignant protest against this stupid firing into our own ranks.

I say the outraged intelligence of the South; for there are thousands of Southern-born white men and women in the minority in all these places — in churches, courts, schools, libraries, theaters, concert-halls, and on steamers and railway carriages — who see the wrong and folly of these things, silently blush for them, and withhold their open protests only because their belief is unfortunately stronger in the futility of their counsel than in the power of a just cause. I do not justify their silence; but I affirm their sincerity and their goodly numbers. Of late years, when condemning these evils from the platform in Southern towns, I have repeatedly found that those who I had earlier been told were the men and women in whom the community placed most confidence and pride — they were the ones who, when I had spoken, came forward with warmest hand-grasps and expressions of thanks, and pointedly and cordially justified my every utterance. And were they the young South? Not by half! The gray-beards of the old times have always been among them, saying in effect, not by any means as converts, but as fellow-discoverers, "Whereas we were blind, now we see."

Another sort among our good Southern people make a similar but feebler admission, but with the time-worn proviso that expediency makes a more imperative demand than law, justice, or logic, and demands the preservation of the old order. Somebody must be outraged, it seems; and if not the freedman, then it must be a highly refined and enlightened race of people constantly offended and grossly discommoded, if not imposed upon, by a horde of tatterdemalions, male and female, crowding into a participation in their reserved privileges. Now, look at this plea. It is simply saying in another way that though the Southern whites far outnumber the blacks, and though we hold every element of power in greater degree than the blacks, and though the larger part of us claim to be sealed by nature as an exclusive upper class, and though we have the courts completely in our own hands, with the police on our right and the prisons on our left, and though we justly claim to be an intrepid people, and though we have a superb military experience, with ninety-nine hundredths of all the military equipment and no scarcity of all the accessories, yet with all the facts behind us we cannot make and enforce that intelligent and approximately just assortment of persons in public places and conveyances on the merits of exterior decency that is made in all other enlightened lands. On such a plea are made a distinction and separation that not only are crude, invidious, humiliating, and tyrannous, but which do not reach their ostensible end or come near it; and all that saves such a plea from being a confession of driveling imbecility is its utter speciousness. It is advanced sincerely; and yet nothing is easier to show than that these distinctions on the line of color are really made not from any necessity, but simply for their own sake — to preserve the old arbitrary supremacy of the master class over the menial without regard to the decency or indecency of appearance or manners in either the white individual or the colored.

See its every-day working. Any colored man gains unquestioned admission into innumerable places the moment he appears as the menial attendant of some white person, where he could not cross the threshold in his own right as a well-dressed and well-behaved master of himself. The contrast is even greater in the case of colored women. There could not be a system which when put into practice would more offensively condemn itself. It does

more: it actually creates the confusion it pretends to prevent. It blunts the sensibilities of the ruling class themselves. It waives all strict demand for painstaking in either manners or dress of either master or menial, and, for one result, makes the average Southern railway coach more uncomfortable than the average of railway coaches elsewhere. It prompts the average Southern white passenger to find less offense in the presence of a profane, boisterous, or unclean white person than in that of a quiet, well-behaved colored man or woman attempting to travel on an equal footing with him without a white master or mistress. The holders of the old sentiments hold the opposite choice in scorn. It is only when we go on to say that there are regions where the riotous expulsion of a decent and peaceable colored person is preferred to his inoffensive company, that it may seem necessary to bring in evidence. And yet here again it is *primâ facie* evidence; for the following extract was printed in the Selma (Alabama) "Times" not six months ago, and not as a complaint, but as a boast:

"A few days since, a negro minister, of this city, boarded the east-bound passenger train on the E. T., V. & G. Railway and took a seat in the coach occupied by white passengers. Some of the passengers complained to the conductor and brakemen, and expressed considerable dissatisfaction that they were forced to ride alongside of a negro. The railroad officials informed the complainants that they were not authorized to force the colored passenger into the coach set apart for the negroes, and they would lay themselves liable should they do so. The white passengers then took the matter in their own hands and ordered the ebony-hued minister to take a seat in the next coach. He positively refused to obey orders, whereupon the white men gave him a sound flogging and forced him to a seat among his own color and equals. We learned yesterday that the vanquished preacher was unable to fill his pulpit on account of the severe chastisement inflicted upon him. Now [says the delighted editor] the query that puzzles is, 'Who did the flogging?'"

And as good an answer as we can give is that likely enough they were some of the men for whom the whole South has come to a halt to let them get over the "feelings engendered by the war." Must such men, such acts, such sentiments, stand alone to represent us of the South before an enlightened world? No. I say, as a citizen of an extreme Southern State, a native of Louisiana, an ex-Confederate soldier, and a lover of my home, my city, and my State, as well as of my country, that this is not the best sentiment in the South, nor the sentiment of her best intelligence; and that it would not ride up and down that beautiful land dominating and domineering were it not for its tremendous power as the *traditional* sentiment of a conservative people. But is not silent endurance criminal? I cannot but repeat my own words, spoken near the scene and about the time of this event. Speech may be silvern and silence golden; but if a lump of gold is only big enough, it can drag us to the bottom of the sea and hold us there while all the world sails over us.

The laws passed in the days of compulsory reconstruction requiring "equal accommodations," etc., for colored and white persons were freedmen's follies. On their face they defeated their ends; for even in theory they at once reduced to half all opportunity for those more reasonable and mutually agreeable self-assortments which public assemblages and groups of passengers find it best to make in all other enlightened countries, making them on the score of conduct, dress, and price. They also led the whites to overlook what they would have seen instantly had these invidious distinctions been made against themselves: that their offense does not vanish at the guarantee against the loss of physical comforts. But we made, and are still making, a mistake beyond even this. For years many of us have carelessly taken for granted that these laws were being carried out in some shape that removed all just ground of complaint. It is common to say, "We allow the man of color to go and come at will, only let him sit apart in a place marked off for him." But marked off how? So as to mark him instantly as a menial. Not by railings and partitions merely, which, raised against any other class in the United States with the same invidious intent, would be kicked down as fast as put up, but by giving him besides, in every instance and without recourse, the most uncomfortable, uncleanest, and unsafest place; and the unsafety, uncleanness, and discomfort of most of these places are a shame to any community pretending to practice public justice. If any one can think the freedman does not feel the indignities thus heaped upon him, let him take up any paper printed for colored men's patronage, or ask any colored man of known courageous utterance. Hear them:

"We ask not Congress, nor the Legislature, nor any other power, to remedy these evils, but we ask the people among whom we live. Those who *can* remedy them if they *will*. Those who have a high sense of honor and a deep moral feeling. Those who have one vestige of human sympathy left. . . . Those are the ones we ask to protect us in our weakness and ill-treatments. . . . As soon as the colored man is treated by the white man as a *man*, that harmony and pleasant feeling which should characterize all races which dwell together, shall be the bond of peace between them."

Surely their evidence is good enough to prove their own feelings. We need not lean upon it here for anything else. I shall not bring

forward a single statement of fact from them or any of their white friends who, as teachers and missionaries, share many of their humiliations, though my desk is covered with them. But I beg to make the same citation from my own experience that I made last June in the far South. It was this: One hot night in September of last year I was traveling by rail in the State of Alabama. At rather late bed-time there came aboard the train a young mother and her little daughter of three or four years. They were neatly and tastefully dressed in cool, fresh muslins, and as the train went on its way they sat together very still and quiet. At the next station there came aboard a most melancholy and revolting company. In filthy rags, with vile odors and the clanking of shackles and chains, nine penitentiary convicts chained to one chain, and ten more chained to another, dragged laboriously into the compartment of the car where in one corner sat this mother and child, and packed it full, and the train moved on. The keeper of the convicts told me he should take them in that car two hundred miles that night. They were going to the mines. My seat was not in that car, and I staid in it but a moment. It stank insufferably. I returned to my own place in the coach behind, where there was, and had all the time been, plenty of room. But the mother and child sat on in silence in that foul hole, the conductor having distinctly refused them admission elsewhere because they were of African blood, and not because the mother was, but because she was *not*, engaged at the moment in menial service. Had the child been white, and the mother not its natural but its hired guardian, she could have sat anywhere in the train, and no one would have ventured to object, even had she been as black as the mouth of the coal-pit to which her loathsome fellow-passengers were being carried in chains.

Such is the incident as I saw it. But the illustration would be incomplete here were I not allowed to add the comments I made upon it when in June last I recounted it, and to state the two opposite tempers in which my words were received. I said: "These are the facts. And yet you know and I know we belong to communities that, after years of hoping for, are at last taking comfort in the assurance of the nation's highest courts that no law can reach and stop this shameful foul play until we choose to enact a law to that end ourselves. And now the east and north and west of our great and prosperous and happy country, and the rest of the civilized world, as far as it knows our case, are standing and waiting to see what we will write upon the white page of to-day's and to-morrow's history, now that we are simply on our honor and on the mettle of our far and peculiarly famed Southern instinct. How long, then, shall we stand off from such ringing moral questions as these on the flimsy plea that they have a political value, and, scrutinizing the Constitution, keep saying, 'Is it so nominated in the bond? I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.'"

With the temper that promptly resented these words through many newspapers of the neighboring regions there can be no propriety in wrangling. When regions so estranged from the world's thought carry their resentment no further than a little harmless invective, it is but fair to welcome it as a sign of progress. If communities nearer the great centers of thought grow impatient with them, how shall we resent the impatience of these remoter ones when their oldest traditions are, as it seems to them, ruthlessly assailed? There is but one right thing to do: it is to pour in upon them our reiterations of the truth without malice and without stint.

But I have a much better word to say. It is for those who, not voiced by the newspapers around them, showed, both then and constantly afterward in public and private during my two days' subsequent travel and sojourn in the region, by their cordial, frequent, specific approval of my words, that a better intelligence is longing to see the evils of the old régime supplanted by a wiser and more humane public sentiment and practice. And I must repeat my conviction that if the unconscious habit of oppression were not already there, a scheme so gross, irrational, unjust, and inefficient as our present caste distinctions could not find place among a people so generally intelligent and high-minded. I ask attention to their bad influence in a direction not often noticed.

In studying, about a year ago, the practice of letting out public convicts to private lessees to serve out their sentences under private management, I found that it does not belong to all our once slave States nor to all our once seceded States.* Only it is no longer in practice outside of them. Under our present condition in the South, it is beyond possibility that the individual black should behave mischievously without offensively rearousing the old sentiments of the still dominant white man. As we have seen, too, the white man virtually monopolizes the jury-box. Add another fact: the Southern States have entered upon a new era of material development. Now, if with these conditions in force the public mind has been captivated by glowing pictures of the remunerative economy of

* See "The Convict Lease System in the Southern States," in THE CENTURY for February, 1884.—ED.

the convict-lease system, and by the seductive spectacle of mines and railways, turnpikes and levees, that everybody wants and nobody wants to pay for, growing apace by convict labor that seems to cost nothing, we may almost assert beforehand that the popular mind will — not so maliciously as unreflectingly — yield to the tremendous temptation to hustle the misbehaving black man into the State prison under extravagant sentence, and sell his labor to the highest bidder who will use him in the construction of public works. For ignorance of the awful condition of these penitentiaries is extreme and general, and the hasty, half-conscious assumption naturally is, that the culprit will survive this term of sentence, and its fierce discipline "teach him to behave himself."

But we need not argue from cause to effect only. Nor need I repeat one of the many painful rumors that poured in upon me the moment I began to investigate this point. The official testimony of the prisons themselves is before the world to establish the conjectures that spring from our reasoning. After the erroneous takings of the census of 1880 in South Carolina had been corrected, the population was shown to consist of about twenty blacks to every thirteen whites. One would therefore look for a preponderance of blacks on the prison lists; and inasmuch as they are a people only twenty years ago released from servile captivity, one would not be surprised to see that preponderance large. Yet, when the actual numbers confront us, our speculations are stopped with a rude shock; for what is to account for the fact that in 1881 there were committed to the State prison at Columbia, South Carolina, 406 colored persons and but 25 whites? The proportion of blacks sentenced to the whole black population was one to every 1488; that of the whites to the white population was but one to every 15,644. In Georgia the white inhabitants decidedly outnumber the blacks; yet in the State penitentiary, October 20, 1880, there were 115 whites and 1071 colored; or if we reject the summary of its tables and refer to the tables themselves (for the one does not agree with the other), there were but 102 whites and 1083 colored. Yet of 52 pardons granted in the two years then closing, 22 were to whites and only 30 to blacks. If this be a dark record, what shall we say of the records of lynch law? But for them there is not room here.

A far pleasanter aspect of our subject shows itself when we turn from courts and prisons to the school-house. And the explanation is simple. Were our educational affairs in the hands of that not high average of the community commonly seen in jury-boxes, with their transient sense of accountability and their crude notions of public interests, there would most likely be no such pleasant contrast. But with us of the South, as elsewhere, there is a fairly honest effort to keep the public-school interests in the hands of the State's most highly trained intelligence. Hence our public educational work is a compromise between the unprogressive prejudices of the general mass of the whites and the progressive intelligence of their best minds. Practically, through the great majority of our higher educational officers, we are fairly converted to the imperative necessity of elevating the colored man intellectually, and are beginning to see very plainly that the whole community is sinned against in every act or attitude of oppression, however gross or however refined.

Yet one thing must be said. I believe it is wise that all have agreed not to handicap education with the race question, but to make a complete surrender of that issue, and let it find adjustment elsewhere first and in the schools last. And yet, in simple truth and justice and in the kindest spirit, we ought to file one exception for that inevitable hour when the whole question must be met. There can be no more real justice in pursuing the freedman's children with humiliating arbitrary distinctions and separations in the school-houses than in putting them upon him in other places. If, growing out of their peculiar mental structure, there are good and just reasons for their isolation, by all means let them be proved and known; but it is simply tyrannous to assume them without proof. I know that just here looms up the huge bugbear of Social Equality. Our eyes are filled with absurd visions of all Shantytown pouring its hordes of unwashed imps into the company and companionship of our own sunny-headed darlings. What utter nonsense! As if our public schools had no gauge of cleanliness, decorum, or moral character! Social Equality? What a godsend it would be if the advocates of the old Southern régime could only see that the color line points straight in the direction of social equality by tending toward the equalization of all whites on one side of the line and of all blacks on the other. We may reach the moon some day, not social equality; but the only class that really effects anything toward it are the makers and holders of arbitrary and artificial social distinctions interfering with society's natural self-distribution. Even the little children everywhere are taught, and begin to learn almost with their A B C, that they will find, and must be guided by, the same variations of the social scale in the public school as out of

it; and it is no small mistake to put them or their parents off their guard by this cheap separation on the line of color.

But some will say this is not a purely artificial distinction. We hear much about race instinct. The most of it, I fear, is pure twaddle. It may be there is such a thing. We do not know. It is not proved. And even if it were established, it would not necessarily be a proper moral guide. We subordinate instinct to society's best interests as apprehended in the light of reason. If there is such a thing, it behaves with strange malignity toward the remnants of African blood in individuals principally of our own race, and with singular indulgence to the descendants of — for example — Pocahontas. Of mere race *feeling* we all know there is no scarcity. Who is stranger to it? And as another man's motive of private preference no one has a right to forbid it or require it. But as to its being an instinct, one thing is plain: if there is such an instinct, so far from excusing the malignant indignities practiced in its name, it furnishes their final condemnation; for it stands to reason that just in degree as it is a real thing it will take care of itself.

It has often been seen to do so, whether it is real or imaginary. I have seen in New Orleans a Sunday-school of white children every Sunday afternoon take possession of its two rooms immediately upon their being vacated by a black school of equal or somewhat larger numbers. The teachers of the colored school are both white and black, and among the white teachers are young ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing. The pupils of the two schools are alike neatly attired, orderly, and in every respect inoffensive to each other. I have seen the two races sitting in the same public high-school and grammar-school rooms, reciting in the same classes and taking recess on the same ground at the same time, without one particle of detriment that any one ever pretended to discover, although the fiercest enemies of the system swarmed about it on every side. And when in the light of these observations I reflect upon the enormous educational task our Southern States have before them, the inadequacy of their own means for performing it, the hoped-for beneficence of the general Government, the sparseness with which so much of our Southern population is distributed over the land, the thousands of school districts where, consequently, the multiplication of schools must involve both increase of expense and reduction of efficiency, I must enter some demurrer to the enforcement of the tyrannous sentiments of the old régime until wise experiments have established better reasons than I have yet heard given.

What need to say more? The question is answered. Is the freedman a free man? No. We have considered his position in a land whence nothing can, and no man has a shadow of right to, drive him, and where he is multiplying as only oppression can multiply a people. We have carefully analyzed his relations to the finer and prouder race, with which he shares the ownership and citizenship of a region large enough for ten times the number of both. Without accepting one word of his testimony, we have shown that the laws made for his protection against the habits of suspicion and oppression in his late master are being constantly set aside, not for their defects, but for such merit as they possess. We have shown that the very natural source of these oppressions is the surviving sentiments of an extinct and now universally execrated institution; sentiments which no intelligent or moral people should harbor a moment after the admission that slavery was a moral mistake. We have shown the outrageousness of these tyrannies in some of their workings, and how distinctly they antagonize every State and national interest involved in the elevation of the colored race. Is it not well to have done so? For, I say again, the question has reached a moment of special importance. The South stands on her honor before the clean equities of the issue. It is no longer whether constitutional amendments, but whether the eternal principles of justice, are violated. And the answer must — it shall — come from the South. And it shall be practical. It will not cost much. We have had a strange experience: the withholding of simple rights has cost us much blood; such concessions of them as we have made have never yet cost a drop. The answer is coming. Is politics in the way? Then let it clear the track or get run over, just as it prefers. But, as I have said over and over to my brethren in the South, I take upon me to say again here, that there is a moral and intellectual intelligence there which is not going to be much longer beguiled out of its moral right of way by questions of political punctilio, but will seek that plane of universal justice and equity which it is every people's duty before God to seek, not along the line of politics, — God forbid! — but across it and across it and across it as many times as it may lie across the path, until the whole people of every once slave-holding State can stand up as one man, saying, "Is the freedman a free man?" and the whole world shall answer, "Yes."

George W. Cable.

LONGING.

When I am gone —
Say! will the glad wind wander, wander on;
Stooping with tenderest touches, yet
With frolic care beset,
Lifting the long gray rushes, where the Stream
And I so idly dream?

I feel its soft caress;
The toying of its wild-wood tenderness
On brow and lip and eyes and hair,
As if through love aware
That days must come when no fond wind shall creep
Down where my heart's asleep!

Hast thou a sympathy,
A soul, O wandering Wind, that thou dost sigh?
Or is't the heart within us still
That aches for good or ill,
And deems that Nature whispers, when alone
Our inner Self makes moan?

William M. Briggs.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FOOTE AND THE GUN-BOATS.

Soon after the surrender of Fort Sumter, while in St. Louis I received a letter from Attorney-General Bates, dated Washington, April 17th, in which he said: "Be not surprised if you are called here suddenly by telegram. If called, come instantly. In a certain contingency it will be necessary to have the aid of the most thorough knowledge of our Western rivers and the use of steam on them, and in that event I have advised that you should be consulted." The call by telegraph followed close upon the letter. I hurried to Washington, where I was introduced to the Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Gideon Welles, and to the Assistant Secretary, Captain Fox. In the August following I was to construct seven gun-boats, which, according to contract, were to draw six feet of water, carry thirteen heavy guns each, be plated with two-and-a-half-inch iron, and have a speed of nine miles an hour. The *De Kalb* (at first called the *St. Louis*) was the type of the other six, named the *Carondelet*, *Cincinnati*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburgh*. They were 175 feet long, 51½ feet beam; the flat sides sloped at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and the front and rear casemates corresponded with the sides, the stern-wheel being entirely covered by the rear casemate. Each gun-boat was pierced for three bow guns, eight broadside guns (four on a side), and two stern guns. Before these seven gun-boats were completed, I engaged to convert the snag-boat *Benton* into an armored vessel of still larger dimensions. *

After completing the seven and dispatch-

* Of the services of Captain Eads to the Western flotilla, Mr. Boynton says, in the "History of the Navy": "During the month of July, 1861, the Quartermaster-General advertised for proposals to construct a number of iron-clad gun-boats for service on the Mississippi River. The bids were opened on the 5th of August, and Mr. Eads was found to be the best bidder for the whole number, both in regard to the time of completion and price. . . . . On the 7th of August, 1861, Mr. Eads signed a contract with Quartermaster-General Meigs to construct these seven vessels ready for their crews and armaments in sixty-five days. At this early period the people in the border States, especially in the slave States, had not yet learned to accommodate themselves to a state of war. The pursuits of peace were interrupted; but the energy and enterprise which were to provide the vast material required for an energetic prosecution of the war had not then been aroused. None could foresee the result, and a spirit of doubt and distrust pervaded financial and commercial circles. It was at this time that the contractor returned to St. Louis with an obligation to perform what, under ordinary circumstances, would have been deemed by most men an impossibility. Rolling-mills, machine-shops, foundries, forges, and saw-mills were all idle. The demands of peace had ceased for months before, and the working-men were enlisting, or seeking in States more quiet their accustomed employment. The engines that were to drive this our first iron-clad fleet were yet to be built. The timber to form their hulls was uncut in the forests, and the huge rollers and machinery that were to form their iron armor were not yet constructed. The rapidity with which all these various parts were to be supplied forbade depending alone on any two or three establishments in the country, no matter how great were their resources. The signatures were scarcely dry on this important contract before persons in different parts of the country were employed upon the work through telegraphic orders issued from Washington. Special agents were dispatched in every direction, and saw-mills were simultaneously occupied in cutting

ing them down the Mississippi to Cairo, I was requested by Admiral Foote (who then went by the title of "flag-officer," the title of admiral not being recognized at that time in our navy), as a special favor to him, to accompany the *Benton*, the eighth one of the fleet, in her passage down to Cairo. It was in December, and the water was falling rapidly.

The *Benton* had been converted from the U. S. snag-boat *Benton* into the most powerful iron-clad of the fleet. She was built with two hulls about twenty feet apart, very strongly braced together. She had been purchased by General Fremont while he was commandant of the Department of the Missouri, and had been sent to my ship-yard for alteration into a gun-boat. I had the space between the two hulls planked, so that a continuous bottom extended from the outer side of one hull to the outer side of the other. The upper side was decked over in the same manner; and by extending the outer sides of the two hulls forward until they joined each other at a new stem, which received them, the twin boats became one wide, strong, and substantial hull. The new bottom did not extend to the stern of the hull, but was brought up to the deck fifty feet forward of the stern, so as to leave a space for a central wheel, with which the boat was to be propelled. This wheel was turned by the original engines of the snag-boat, each of the engines having formerly turned an independent wheel on the outside of the twin boat. In this manner the *Benton* became a war vessel of about seventy-five feet beam, a greater breadth, perhaps, than that of any war vessel then afloat. She was about two hundred feet long. A slanting casemate, covered with iron plates, was placed on her sides and across her bow and stern; and the wheel was protected in a similar manner. The casemate on the sides and bow was covered with iron three and a half inches thick; the wheel-house and stern with lighter plates, like the first seven boats built by me. She carried thirteen guns,—three in the bow casemate, four on each side, and two astern.

The wish of Admiral Foote to have me see this boat safely to Cairo was prompted by his knowledge that I had had experience in the management of steam-boats upon the river, and his fear that she would be detained by grounding. Ice had just begun to float in the Mississippi when the *Benton* put out from my ship-yard at Carondelet for the south. Some thirty or forty miles below St. Louis she grounded. Under the direction of Captain Winslow, who commanded the vessel, Lieutenant Bishop, executive officer of the ship, an intelligent and energetic young man, set the crew at work. An anchor was put out for the purpose of hauling her off. My advice was not asked with reference to this first proceeding, and although I had been requested by Admiral Foote to accompany the vessel, he had not instructed the captain, so far as I knew, to be guided by my advice in case of difficulty. After they had been working all night to get the boat afloat, she was harder on than ever; moreover, the water had fallen about six inches. I then volunteered the opinion to Captain Winslow that if he would run hawsers ashore in a certain direction, directly opposite to that in which he had been trying to move the boat, she could be got off. He replied, very promptly, "Mr. Eads, if you will undertake to get her off, I shall be very willing to place the entire crew under your direction." I at once accepted the offer; and Lieutenant Bishop was called up and instructed to obey my directions. Several very large hawsers had been put on board of the boat for the fleet at Cairo. One of the largest was got out and secured to a large tree on the shore, and

the timber required in the construction of the vessels, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, and Missouri; and railroads, steam-boats, and barges were engaged for its immediate transportation. Nearly all of the largest machine-shops and foundries in St. Louis, and many small ones, were at once set at work day and night, and the telegraph lines between St. Louis and Pittsburgh and Cincinnati were occupied frequently for hours in transmitting instructions to similar establishments in those cities for the construction of the twenty-one steam-engines and the five-and-thirty steam-boilers that were to propel the fleet. . . . . Within two weeks not less than four thousand men were engaged in the various details of its construction. Neither the sanctity of the Sabbath nor the darkness of night was permitted to interrupt it. The workmen on the hulls were promised a handsome bonus in money for each one who stood steadfastly at the work until it was completed, and many thousands of dollars were thus gratuitously paid by Mr. Eads when it was finished. On the 12th of October, 1861, the first United States iron-clad, with her boilers and engines on board, was launched in Carondelet, Missouri, in forty-five days from the laying of her keel. She was named the *St. Louis*, by Rear-Admiral Foote, in honor of the city. When the fleet was transferred from the War Department to the Navy, this name was changed to *Baron de Kalb*, there being at that time a vessel commissioned in the navy called the *St. Louis*. In ten days after the *De Kalb* the *Carondelet* was launched, and the *Cincinnati*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburgh* followed in rapid succession. An eighth vessel (the *Benton*), larger, more powerful, and superior in every respect, was also undertaken before the hulls of the first seven had fairly assumed shape. . . . Thus just one individual put in construction and pushed to completion within one hundred days a powerful squadron of eight steamers, aggregating five thousand tons, capable of steaming at nine knots per hour, each heavily armored, fully equipped, and all ready for their armament of one hundred and seven large guns. The fact that such a work was done is nobler praise than any that can be bestowed by words. It is to be regretted, however, that the promptness and energy of the man who thus created an iron-clad navy on the Mississippi were not met on the part of the Government with an equal degree of faithfulness in performing its part of the contract. On one pretext or another, the stipulated payments for the work were delayed by the War Department until the default assumed such magnitude that nothing but the assistance rendered by patriotic and confiding friends enabled the contractor, after exhausting his own ample means, to complete the fleet. Besides the honorable reputation which flows from success in such a work, he has the satisfaction of reflecting that it was with vessels at the time his own property that the brilliant capture of Fort Henry was accomplished, and the conquest of Donelson and Island Number Ten achieved. The ever-memorable midnight passage of Island Number Ten by the *Pittsburgh* and *Carondelet*, which compelled the surrender of that powerful stronghold, was performed by vessels furnished four or five months previous by the same contractor, and at the time unpaid for."—ED.

as heavy a strain was put upon it as the cable would be likely to bear. As the water was still falling, I ordered out a second one, and a third, and a fourth, until five or six eleven-inch hawsers were heavily strained in the effort to drag the broad-bottomed vessel off the bar. There were three steam capstans on the bow of the vessel, and these were used in tightening the strain by luffs upon the hawsers. One of the hawsers was led through a snatch-block fastened by a large chain to a ring-bolt in the side of the vessel. I was on the upper deck of the vessel near Captain Winslow when the chain which held this block broke. It was made of iron one and one-eighth inches in diameter, and the link separated into three pieces. The largest, being one-half of the link, was found on the shore at a distance of at least five hundred feet. Half of the remainder struck the iron plating on the bow of the boat, making an indentation half the thickness of one's finger in depth. The third piece struck Captain Winslow on the fleshy part of the arm, cutting through his coat and the muscles of his arm. The wound was a very painful one, but he bore it as might be expected. The iron had probably cut an inch and a half into the arm between the shoulder and the elbow. In the course of the day the *Benton* was floated, and proceeded on her voyage down the river without further delay. Captain Winslow soon after departed for his home on leave of absence. On his recovery he was placed in command of the *Kearsarge*, and to that accident he owed, perhaps, the fame of being the captor of the *Alabama*.

When the *Benton* arrived at Cairo she was visited by all the officers of the army and navy stationed there, and was taken, on that or the following day, on a trial trip a few miles down the river. The *Essex*, in command of Captain William Porter, was lying four or five miles below the mouth of the Ohio on the Kentucky shore. As the *Benton* passed along up, on her return from this little expedition, Captain Porter offered his congratulations to Foote on the apparent excellence of the boat.

"Yes," replied Foote, "but she is almost too slow."

"Plenty fast enough to fight with," was Porter's rejoinder.

Very soon after this (early in the spring of 1862) I was called to Washington, with the request to prepare plans for still lighter iron-clad vessels, the draught of those which I had then completed being only about six feet. The later plans were for vessels that should be capable of going up the Tennessee and the Cumberland. As rapidly as possible I prepared and presented for the inspection of Secretary Welles and his able assistant, Captain Fox, plans of vessels drawing five feet. They were not acceptable to Captain Fox, who said:

"We want vessels much lighter than that."

"But you want them to carry a certain thickness of iron?" I replied.

"Yes, we want them to be proof against heavy cannon-shot—plated and heavily plated, but they must be of much lighter draught."

After the interview I returned with the plans to my hotel, and commenced a revision of them; and in the course of a few days I presented the plans for the *Osage* and the *Neosho*. These vessels, according to my recollection, were about forty-five feet beam on deck, their sides slanting outward, and the tops of the gunwales rising only about six inches above the surface of the water, so as to leave very little space to be covered with the plating, which extended two and a half feet down under water on these slanting sides. The deck of the vessel, rising from six inches above water, curved upward about four feet higher at center; and this was covered all over with iron an inch thick. The plating on the sides was two and a half inches thick. Each vessel had a rotating turret, carrying two eleven-inch guns, the turret being either six or eight inches thick (I forget which), but extending only a few feet above the deck of the vessel. I was very anxious to construct these turrets after a plan which I had devised, quite different from the Ericsson or Coles systems, and in which the guns should be operated by steam. But, within a month after the engagement at Fort Donelson, the memorable contest between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* occurred, whereupon the Navy Department insisted on Ericsson turrets being placed upon these two vessels.

At the same time the department was anxious to have four larger vessels for operations on the lower Mississippi River, which should have two turrets each, and it consented that I should place one of my turrets on each of two of these vessels (the *Chickasaw* and the *Milwaukee)* at my own risk, to be replaced with Ericsson's in case of failure. These were the first turrets in which the guns were manipulated by steam, and they were fired every forty-five seconds. The *Osage* and *Neosho*, with their armaments, stores, and everything on board, drew only three and a half feet of water, and steamed about nine miles an hour. While perfecting those plans, I prepared the designs for the larger vessels (the *Chickasaw*, *Milwaukee*, *Winnebago*, and *Kickapoo)*, and when these were approved by Captain Fox and the officers of the navy

to whom they were submitted at Washington, Mr. Welles expressed the wish that I should confer with Admiral Foote about them before proceeding to build them, inasmuch as the experience which he had had at Forts Henry and Donelson and elsewhere would be of great value, and might enable him to suggest improvements in them. I therefore hastened from Washington to Island Number Ten, a hundred miles below Cairo, on the Mississippi River, where Foote's flotilla was then engaged.

In the railway train a gentleman who sat in front of me, learning that I had constructed Foote's vessels, introduced himself as Judge Foote, of Cleveland, a brother of the Admiral. Among other interesting matters, he related an anecdote of one of his little daughters who was just learning to read. After the capture of Fort Henry the squadron was brought back to Cairo for repairs, and, on the Sunday following, the crews, with their gallant flag-officer, attended one of the churches in Cairo. Admiral Foote was a thorough Christian gentleman and excellent impromptu speaker. Upon this occasion, after the congregation had assembled, some one whispered to him that the minister was ill and would be unable to officiate; whereupon the Admiral went up into the pulpit himself, and after the usual prayer and hymn, he selected as the text John xiv. 1, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." Upon this text he delivered what was declared to be an excellent sermon, or exhortation, after which he dismissed the congregation. An account of the sermon was widely published in the papers at the time, and came into the hands of the little niece just referred to. After she had read it, she exclaimed to her father:

"Uncle Foote did not say that right."

"Say what right?" asked the father.

"Why, when he preached."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in *me*.'"

"Well, what should he have said?" inquired the father.

"Why, he ought to have said, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in *the gun-boats*.'"

On arriving at Cairo, I found Representative Elihu B. Washburne, afterward our minister to France, waiting for an opportunity to visit the army, then in Missouri, in the neighborhood of Island Number Ten, coöperating with Admiral Foote in the reduction of that stronghold. We embarked together on a small tug-boat, which carried the mail down to the fleet. We arrived and landed alongside the flag-ship *Benton*, and were cordially greeted by Admiral Foote. I presented a letter which I had brought from the Secretary of the Navy. We withdrew to his cabin to consider the plans of the four new gun-boats. Mr. Washburne was sent to the Missouri shore. After discussing the plans of the new boats for fifteen or twenty minutes, we returned to the deck.

At the time we landed, the *Benton* and the other boats of the fleet were anchored between two and three miles above the Confederate forts, and were then throwing their shells into the enemy's works. When we boarded the *Benton* Admiral Foote had his lorgnette in his hand, and through it was watching the flight of each shell discharged from the guns of his ship. He resumed this occupation when we came up on deck, until, after a shot or two had been fired, one of his officers approached and handed him a dozen or more letters which had been brought down in the mail. While still conversing with me, his eye glanced over them as he held them in his hand, and he selected one which he proceeded to open. Before reading probably four lines, he turned to me with great calmness and composure, and said, "Mr. Eads, I must ask you to excuse me for a few minutes while I go down to my cabin. This letter brings me the news of the death of my son, about thirteen years old, who I had hoped would live to be the stay and support of his mother."

Without further remark, and without giving the slightest evidence of his feelings to any one, he left me and went to his cabin. I was, of course, deeply grieved; and when he returned, after an absence of not more than fifteen minutes, still perfectly composed, I endeavored to divert his mind from his affliction by referring to the plans and to my interview with his brother. I told him also the anecdote of his little niece which his brother had related, and this served to clothe his face with a temporary smile. I then asked him if he would be kind enough to assign me some place where I could sleep on the *Benton* that night. It was then probably three o'clock in the day. He replied that I must not stay on board. I said that I had come down for that very purpose, since I wanted to see how the *Benton* and the other boats worked under fire. I was not particular where I slept; any place would do for me; I did not want to turn any of the officers out of their rooms.

With a look of great gravity and decision, he replied:

"Mr. Eads, I cannot permit you to stay

here a moment after the tug is ready to return. There is no money in the world which would justify me in risking my life here; and you have no duty here to perform, as I have, which requires you to risk yours. You *must not* stay," emphasizing the words very distinctly! "You must return, both you and Mr. Washburne, as soon as the tug is ready to go."

I felt somewhat disappointed at this, for I had fully expected to spend a day at least on board the *Benton*, and to visit the other vessels of the fleet, with many of the officers of which I was well acquainted. I did not believe there was much danger in remaining, for the shells of the enemy seemed to fall short; but within fifteen minutes after this, one of these interesting missiles struck the water fifty or a hundred feet from the side of the *Benton*. This satisfied me that Foote was right, and I did not insist on staying.

The Admiral was a great sufferer from sick headache. I remember visiting him in his room at the Planters' House in St. Louis, a day or two after the battle of Belmont, when he was suffering very severely from one of these attacks, which lasted two days. He was one of the most fascinating men in company that I ever have met, being full of anecdote, and having a graceful, easy flow of language. He was likewise, ordinarily, one of the most amiable-looking of men; but when angered, as I once saw him, his face impressed me as being most savage and demoniacal, and I can imagine that at the head of a column or in an attack he would have been invincible. Some idea of the moral influence that he possessed over men may be gained from the fact that, long before the war, when commanding the United States fleet of three vessels in Chinese waters, he converted every officer and man in the fleet to the principles of temperance, and had every one of them sign the pledge. I believe that this was the beginning of the reform movement in the navy which led to the disuse of the rations of grog which used to be served to the sailors on shipboard at stated hours every day.

From my knowledge of Foote, I think that there is no doubt that if his health had not given way so early in the war, he would have gained laurels like those so gallantly won by Farragut. And, aside from his martial character, no officer ever surpassed him in those evidences of genuine refinement and delicacy which mark the true gentleman.

James B. Eads.

OPERATIONS OF THE WESTERN FLOTILLA.

INCLUDING ENGAGEMENTS AT BELMONT, FORT HENRY, FORT DONELSON, ISLAND NO. 10, FORT PILLOW, AND MEMPHIS.



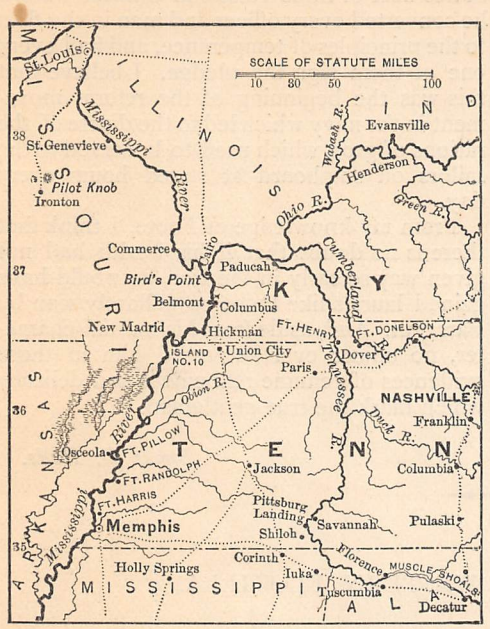
FOOTE IN THE WHEEL-HOUSE.

AT the beginning of the War, the army and navy were mostly employed in protecting the loyal people who resided on the borders of the disaffected States, and in reconciling those whose sympathies were opposed. But the defeat at Manassas and other reverses convinced the Government of the serious character of the contest, and of the necessity of more vigorous and extensive preparations for war. Our navy yards were soon filled with workmen; recruiting stations for unemployed seamen were established, and we soon had more sailors than were required for the ships that could be fitted for service. Artillerymen for the defenses of Washington being scarce, five hundred of these sailors, with a battalion of marines (for guard duty), were sent to occupy the forts on Shuter's Hill, near Alexandria. The *Pensacola* and the Potomac flotilla and the seaboard navy yards required nearly all of the remaining unemployed seamen.

While Foote was improvising a flotilla for the Western rivers he was making urgent appeals to the Government for seamen. Finally some one at the Navy Department thought of the five hundred tars stranded on Shuter's Hill, and obtained an order for their transfer to Cairo, where they were placed on the receiving ship *Maria Denning*. There they met fresh-water sailors from our great lakes, and steam-boat hands from the Western rivers. Of the seamen from the East, there were Maine lumbermen, New Bedford whalers, New York liners, and Philadelphia sea-lawyers. The foreigners enlisted were mostly Irish, with a few English and Scotch, French,

Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes. The Northmen, considered the hardiest race in the world, melted away in the Southern sun with surprising rapidity.

On the gun-boat *Carondelet* were more young men perhaps than on any other vessel in the fleet. Philadelphians were in the majority; Bostonians came next, with a sprinkling from other cities, and just enough men-o'-war's men to leaven the lump with naval discipline. The *St. Louis* had more than its



REGION OF FOOTE'S OPERATIONS.

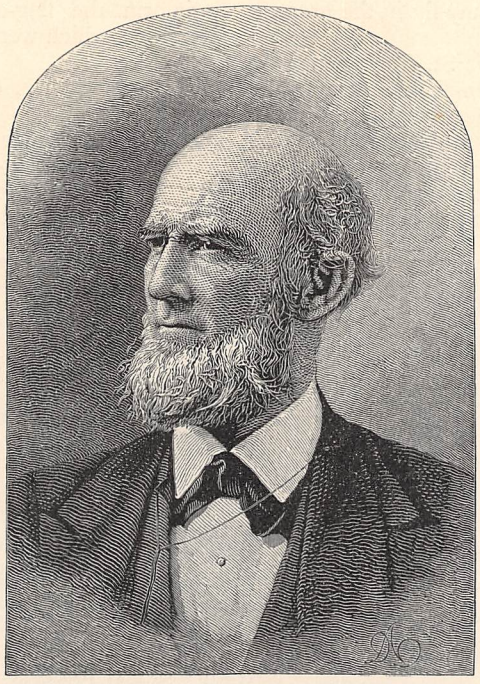
share of men-o'-war's men, Lieutenant-Commander Paulding having had the first choice of a full crew, and having secured all the frigate *Sabine's* reënlisted men who had been sent West.

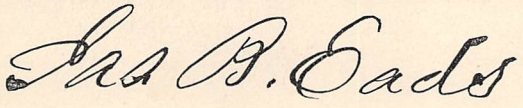
During the spring and summer of 1861, Commanders Rodgers, Stemble, Phelps, and Mr. James B. Eads had purchased, equipped, and manned, for immediate service on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, three wooden gun-boats—the *Taylor*, of six eight-inch shell-guns and one thirty-two pounder; the *Lexington*, of four eight-inch shell-guns and one thirty-two pounder, and the *Conestoga*, of three thirty-two pounder guns. This nucleus of the Mississippi flotilla (like the fleets of Perry, Macdonough, and Chauncey in the war of 1812) was completed with great skill and dispatch; they soon had full possession of the Western rivers above Columbus, Kentucky, and rendered more important service than as many regiments could have done. On October 12, 1861, the first of the seven iron-clad gun-boats ordered of Mr. Eads by the Government was launched at Carondelet, near St. Louis. She was named the *St. Louis* by Admiral Foote; but there being another vessel of that name in the navy, she was afterward called the *De Kalb*. The other iron-clads, the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburgh*, were launched soon after the *St. Louis*, Mr. Eads having pushed forward the work with most commendable zeal and energy. Two of these were built at Mound City, Ill. To the fleet of iron-clads above named were added the *Benton* (the largest and best vessel of the Western flotilla), the *Essex*, and a few smaller and partly armored gun-boats.

Flag-Officer Foote arrived at St. Louis on September 6th, and assumed command of the Western flotilla. He had been my fellow-midshipman in 1827, on board the United States ship *Natchez*, of the West India squadron, and was then a promising young officer. At Pensacola, in the fall of 1828, the ship was visited with yellow fever; and we had to go ashore and encamp on Santa Rosa Island, clean out and disinfect the ship, and sail to New York to escape the pestilence. From the *Natchez* Foote was transferred to the *Hornet*, of the same squadron, and was appointed her sailing-master. After he left the *Natchez*, we never met again until February, 1861, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he was the executive officer. Foote, Schenck, and myself were then the only survivors of the midshipmen of the *Natchez*, in her cruise of 1827, and now I am the only officer left.

During the cruise of 1827, while pacing the deck at night, on the lonely seas, and talking with a pious shipmate, Foote became convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, of which he was an earnest professor to the last. He rendered important service while in command of the brig *Perry*, on the coast of Africa, in 1849, in suppressing the slave-trade, and he greatly distinguished himself by his skill and gallantry in the attack upon the Barrier Forts, near Canton (1856), which he breached and carried by assault, leading the assailing column in person. He was slow and cautious in arriving at conclusions, but firm and tenacious of purpose. He has been called "the Stonewall Jackson of the Navy." He often preached to his crew on Sundays, and was always desirous of doing good. He was not a man of striking personal appearance, but there was a sailor-like heartiness and frankness about him that made his company very desirable.

Flag-Officer Foote arrived at Cairo September 12th, and relieved Commander John Rodgers of the command of the station. The first operations of the Western flotilla con-





sisted chiefly of reconnaissances on the Mississippi, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers. At this time it was under the control of the War Department, and acting in coöperation with the army under General Grant, whose headquarters were at Cairo.

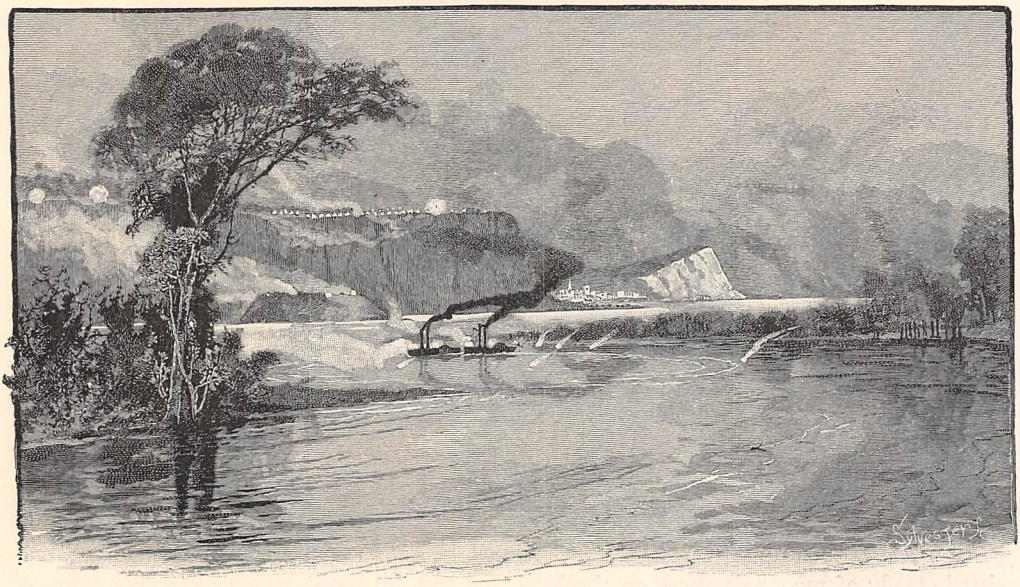
THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

On the evening of the 6th of November, 1861, I received instructions from General Grant to proceed down the Mississippi with the wooden gun-boats *Taylor* and *Lexington* on a reconnaissance, and as convoy to some half-dozen transport steamers; but I did not know the character of the service expected of me until I anchored for the night, seven or eight miles below Cairo. Early the next morning, while the troops were being landed near Belmont, Missouri, opposite Columbus, Kentucky, I attacked the Confederate batteries, at the request of General Grant, as a diversion, which was done with some effect. But the superiority of the enemy's batteries on the bluffs at Columbus, both in the number and the quality of his guns, was so great that it would have been too hazardous to have remained long under his fire with such frail vessels as the *Taylor* and *Lexington*, which were only expected to protect the land forces in case of a repulse. Having accomplished the object of the attack, the gun-boats withdrew, but returned twice during the day and renewed the contest. During the last of these engagements a cannon-ball passed obliquely through the side, deck, and scantling of the *Taylor*, killing one man and wounding others. This convinced me of the necessity of withdrawing my vessels, which had been moving in a circle to confuse the enemy's gunners. We fired a few more broadsides, therefore, and, perceiving that the firing had ceased at Belmont, an ominous circumstance, I returned to the landing, to protect the army and transports. In fact, the destruction of the gun-boats would have involved the loss of our army and our depot at Cairo, the most important one in the West.

Soon after we returned to the landing-place our troops began to appear, and the officers of the gun-boats were warned by General McClernand of the approach of the enemy. The Confederates came *en masse* through a corn-field, and opened with musketry and light artillery upon the transports, which were filled or being filled with our retreating soldiers. A well-directed fire from the

gun-boats made the enemy fly in the greatest confusion.*

Admiral Foote was at St. Louis when the battle of Belmont was fought, and, it appears, made no report to the Secretary of the Navy of the part which the gun-boats took in the action. Neither did he send my official report to the Navy Department. The officers of the vessels were highly complimented by



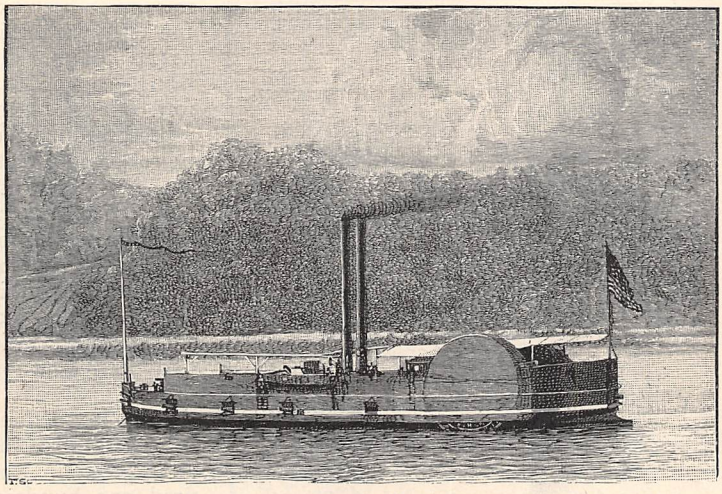
GUN-BOATS "TAYLOR" AND "LEXINGTON" ENGAGING THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES OF COLUMBUS, KY., DURING THE BATTLE OF BELMONT. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

General Grant for the important aid they rendered in this battle; and in his second official report of the action he made references to my report. It was impossible for me to inform the flag-officer of the General's intentions, which were kept perfectly secret.

THE BATTLE OF FORT HENRY.

DURING the winter of 1861–2 an expedition was planned by Flag-Officer Foote and Generals Grant and McClernand against Fort Henry, situated on the eastern bank of the Tennessee River, a short distance south of the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. In January the iron-clads were brought down to Cairo, and great efforts were made to prepare

* The Federal forces at Belmont numbered between 3500 and 4000. During the first half of the battle the Confederate force was probably less. General Polk in his report says that after the Confederate camp had been captured he sent over from Columbus six regiments under Pillow and Cheatham, which were directly engaged in recovering the lost ground, and two regiments, which, under his own direction, supported the flank movement. The loss on each side in killed, wounded, and missing was between 500 and 600. General Grant directed the movements on the field, and both he and his chief lieutenant, General McClernand, had horses shot under them. The following is part of a private letter from General Grant to his father, written on the night of the 8th: ". . . When all ready, we proceeded about one mile toward Belmont, opposite Columbus, when I formed the troops into line, and ordered two companies from each regiment to deploy as skirmishers and push on through the woods and discover the position of the enemy. They had gone but a little way when they were fired upon, and the ball may be said to have fairly opened. The whole command, with the exception of a small reserve, was then deployed in like manner and ordered forward. The order was obeyed with great alacrity, the men all showing great courage. . . . From here we fought our way from tree to tree through the woods to Belmont, about two and a half miles, the enemy contesting every foot of ground. Here the enemy had strengthened their position by felling the trees for two or three hundred yards, and sharpening their limbs, making a sort of abatis. Our men charged through, making the victory complete, giving us possession of their camp and garrison equipage, artillery, and everything else. We got a great many prisoners. The majority, however, succeeded in getting aboard their steamers and pushing across the river. We burned everything possible and started back, having accomplished all that we went for and even more. Belmont is entirely covered by the batteries from Columbus, and is worth nothing as a military position — cannot be held without Columbus. The object of the expedition was to prevent the enemy from sending a force into Missouri to cut off troops I had sent there for a special purpose, and to prevent reënforcing Price. Besides being well fortified at Columbus, their number far exceeded ours, and it would have been folly to have attacked them. We found the Confederates well armed and brave. On our return, stragglers that had been left in our rear (now front) fired into us, and more recrossed the river, and gave us battle for a full mile, and afterward at the boats when we were embarking. There was no hasty retreating or running away. Taking into account the object of the expedition, the victory was complete."— ED.



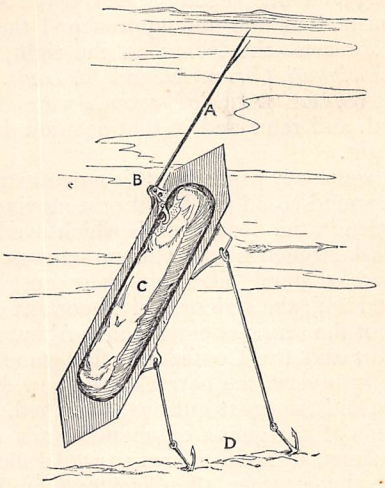
UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "TAYLOR." (DRAWN BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

them for immediate service, but only four of the iron-clads could be made ready as soon as required. They were the *Essex*, Captain Wm. D. Porter, mounting four nine-inch guns; the *Cincinnati*, flag-steamer, Commander Stemble; the *Carondelet*, Commander Walke; and the *St. Louis*, Lieutenant-Commander Paulding. Each of the last three carried four seven-inch rifled, three eight-inch shell, and six thirty-two-pound guns.

On the morning of the 2d of February the flag-officer left Cairo with the four armored vessels above named, and the wooden gun-boats *Taylor*, *Lexington*, and *Conestoga*, and in the evening reached the Tennessee River. On the 4th the fleet anchored six miles below Fort Henry. The next day, while reconnoitering, the *Essex* received a shot which passed through the pantry and the officers' quarters and visited the steerage. On the 5th the flag-officer inspected the officers and crew at quarters, addressed them, and offered a prayer.

Heavy rains had been falling, and the river had risen rapidly to an unusual height; the swift current brought down an immense quantity of heavy drift-wood, lumber, fences, and large trees, and it required all the steam-power of the *Carondelet*, with both anchors down, and the most strenuous exertions of the officers and crew, working day and night, to prevent the boat from being dragged down-stream. This adversity appeared to dampen the ardor of our crew, but when the next morning they saw a large number of white objects, which through the fog looked like polar bears, coming down the stream, and ascertained that they were the enemy's torpedoes forced from their moorings by the powerful current, they took heart, regarding the freshet as providential and as a presage of victory. The overflowing river, which opposed our progress, swept away in broad daylight this hidden peril; for if the torpedoes had not been disturbed, or had broken loose at night while we were shoving the drift-wood from our bows, some of them would surely have exploded near or under our vessels.

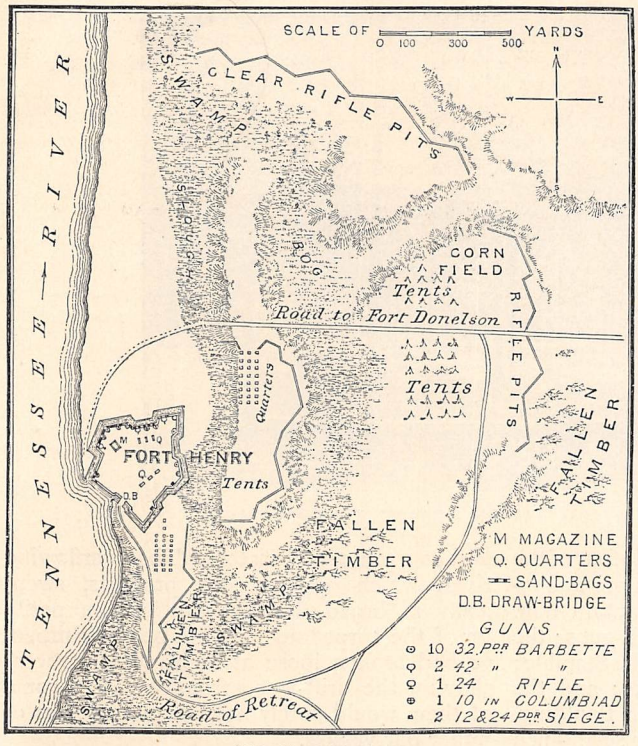
The 6th dawned mild and cheering, with a light breeze, sufficient to clear away the smoke. At 10:20 the flag-officer made the signal to



CROSS-SECTION OF A CONFEDERATE TORPEDO FOUND IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

A, iron rod armed with prongs to fasten upon the bottom of boats going up-stream and act upon B, a lever connecting with trigger to explode a cap and ignite the powder. C, canvas bag containing 70 lbs. powder. D, anchors to hold torpedo in place.

This torpedo consisted of a stout sheet-iron cylinder, pointed at both ends, about 5½ feet long and 1 foot in diameter. The iron lever was 3½ feet long, and armed with prongs to catch in the bottom of a boat. This lever was constructed to move the iron rod on inside of cylinder, thus acting upon the trigger of the lock to explode the cap and fire the powder. The machine was anchored, presenting the prongs in such a way that boats going down-stream should slide over them, but those coming up should catch.



MAP OF FORT HENRY.

prepare for battle, and at 10:50 came the order to get under way and steam up to Panther Island, about two miles below Fort Henry. At 11:35, having passed the foot of the island, we formed in line and approached the fort four abreast,—the *Essex* on the right, then the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, and *St. Louis*. The last two, for want of room, were interlocked, and remained in that position during the fight.

As we slowly passed up this narrow stream, not a sound could be heard or a moving object seen in the dense woods which overhung the dark swollen river. The gun-crews of the *Carondelet* stood silent at their posts, impressed with the serious and important character of the service before them. About noon the fort and the Confederate flag came suddenly into view, the barracks, the new earthworks, and the great guns well manned. The captains of our guns were men-of-war's men, good shots, and had their men well drilled.

The flag-steamer, the *Cincinnati*, fired the first shot as the signal for the others to begin. At once the fort responded from her eleven heavy guns, and was ablaze with the flame of cannon. The wild whistle of their rifle-shells was heard on every side of us. On the *Carondelet* not a word was spoken more than at ordinary drill, except when Matthew Arthur, captain of the starboard bow-gun, asked permission to fire at one or two of the enemy's retreating vessels, as he could not at that time bring his gun to bear on the fort. He fired one shot, which passed through the upper cabin of a hospital-boat, whose flag was not seen, but injured no one. The *Carondelet* was struck in about thirty places by the enemy's heavy shot and shell. Eight struck within two feet of the bow-ports, leading to the boilers, around which barricades had been built—a precaution which I always took before going into action, and which on several occasions prevented an explosion. The *Carondelet* fired one hundred and seven shell and solid shot; none of her officers or crew was killed or wounded.

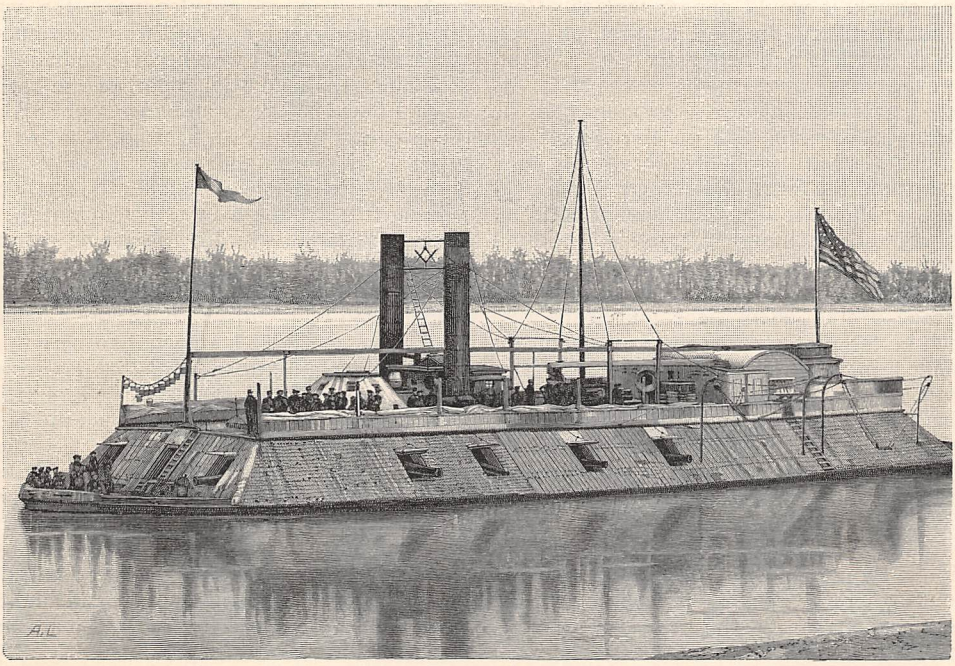
The firing from the armored vessels was rapid and well sustained from the beginning of the attack, and seemingly accurate, as we could occasionally see the earth thrown in great heaps over the enemy's guns. Nor was the fire of the Confederates to be despised; their heavy shot broke and scattered our iron-plating as if it had been putty, and often passed completely through the casemates. But our old men-of-war's men, captains of the guns, proud to show their worth in battle, infused life and courage into their young comrades. And when these experienced gunners saw a shot coming toward a port, they had the coolness and discretion to order their men to bow down, to save their heads.

After nearly an hour's hard fighting, the captain of the *Essex*, going below, addressed the officers and crew, complimented the first division for their splendid execution, and asked them if they did not want to rest and give three cheers, which were given with a will. But the feelings of joy and the bright anticipations of victory on board the *Essex* were suddenly changed by a terrible calamity, which I cannot better describe than by quoting from a letter to me from James Laning, second master of the *Essex*. He says:

"A shot from the enemy pierced the casemate just above the port-hole on the port side, then through the middle boiler, killing in its flight Acting Master's Mate S. B. Brittan, Jr., and opening a chasm for the escape of the scalding steam and water. The scene which followed was almost indescribable. The writer, who had gone aft in obedience to orders only a few moments before (and was thus providentially saved), was met by Fourth Master Walker, followed by a crowd

of men rushing aft. Walker called to me to go back; that a shot from the enemy had carried away the steam-pipe. I at once ran to the stern of the vessel, and looking out of the stern-port, saw a number of our brave fellows struggling in the water. The steam and hot water in the forward gun-deck had driven all who were able to get out of the ports overboard, except a few who were fortunate enough to cling to the casemate outside. When the explosion took place Captain Porter was standing directly in front of the boilers, with his aide, Mr. Brittan, at his side. He at

seaman named James Coffey, who was shot-man to the No. 2 gun, was on his knees, in the act of taking a shell from the box to be passed to the loader. The escaping steam and hot water had struck him square in the face, and he met death in that position. When I told Captain Porter that we were victorious, he immediately rallied, and, raising himself on his elbow, called for three cheers, and gave two himself, falling exhausted on the mattress in his effort to give the third. A seaman named Jasper P. Breas, who was badly scalded, sprang to his feet, exclaiming: 'Sur-



UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "ST. LOUIS." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

once rushed for the port-hole on the starboard side, and threw himself out, expecting to go into the river. A seaman, John Walker, seeing his danger, caught him around the waist, and supporting him with one hand, clung to the vessel with the other, until, with the assistance of another seaman, who came to the rescue, they succeeded in getting the captain upon a narrow guard or projection, which ran around the vessel, and thus enabled him to make his way outside to the after-port, where I met him. Upon speaking to him, he told me he was badly hurt, and that I must hunt for Mr. Riley, the First Master, and if he was disabled I must take command of the vessel, and man the battery again. Mr. Riley was unharmed, and already in the discharge of his duties as Captain Porter's successor. In a very few minutes after the explosion our gallant ship (which, in the language of Flag-Officer Foote, had fought most effectually through two-thirds of the engagement) was drifting slowly away from the scene of action; her commander badly wounded, a number of her officers and crew dead at their post, while many others were writhing in their last agony. As soon as the scalding steam would admit, the forward gun-deck was explored. The pilots, who were both in the pilot-house, were scalded to death. Marshall Ford, who was steering when the explosion took place, was found at his post at the wheel, standing erect, his left hand holding the spoke and his right hand grasping the signal-bell rope. A

rendered! I must see that with my own eyes before I die.' Before any one could interfere, he clambered up two short flights of stairs to the spar-deck. He shouted 'Glory to God!' and sank exhausted on the deck. Poor Jasper died that night."

The *Essex* before the accident had fired seventy shots from her two nine-inch guns. A powder boy, Job Phillips, fourteen years of age, coolly marked down upon the casemate every shot his gun had fired, and his account was confirmed by the gunner in the magazine. Her loss in killed, wounded, and missing was thirty-two.

The *St. Louis* was struck seven times. She fired one hundred and seven shots during the action. No one on board the vessel was killed or wounded.

Flag-Officer Foote during the action was in the pilot-house of the *Cincinnati*, which received thirty-two shots. Her chimneys, after-cabin, and boats were completely riddled. Two of her guns were disabled. The only fatal shot she received passed through the

larboard front, killing one man and wounding several others. I happened to be looking at the flag-steamer when one of the enemy's heavy shot struck her. It had the effect, apparently, of a thunder-bolt, ripping her side-timbers and scattering the splinters over the vessel. She did not slacken her speed, but moved on as though nothing unexpected had happened.

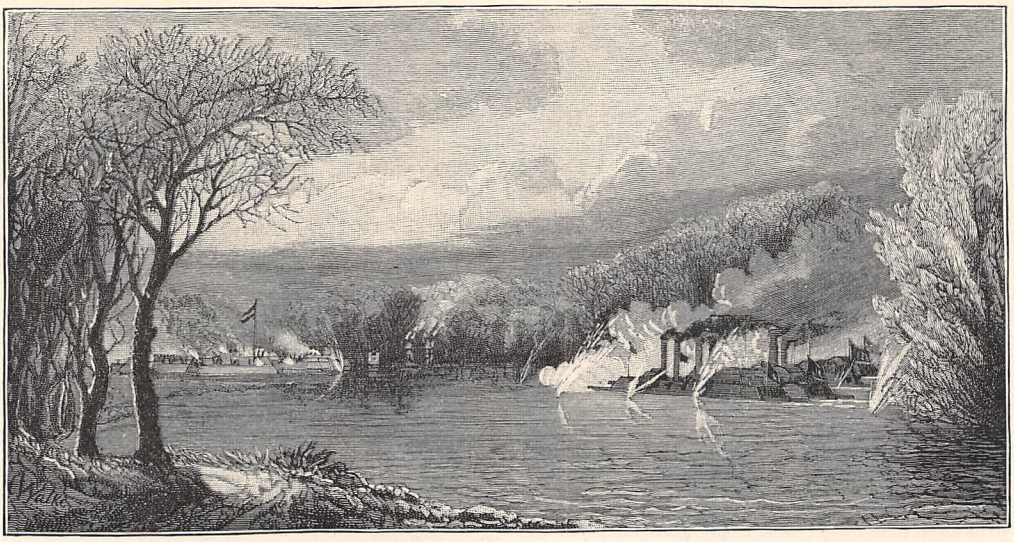
From the number of times the gun-boats were struck, it would appear that the Confederate artillery practice, at first, at least, was as good, if not better, than ours. This, however, was what might have been expected, as the Confederate gunners had the advantage of practicing on the ranges the gun-boats would probably occupy as they approached the fort. The officers of the gun-boats, on the contrary, with guns of different caliber and unknown range, and without practice, could not point their guns with as much accuracy. To counterbalance this advantage of the enemy, the gun-boats were much better protected by their casemates for distant firing than the fort by its fresh earth-works. The Confederate soldiers fought as valiantly and as skillfully as the Union sailors. Only after a most determined resistance, and after all his heavy guns had been silenced, did General Tilghman lower his flag. The Confederate loss, as reported, was six killed and nine or ten wounded. The prisoners, including the general and his staff, numbered about eighty, the remainder of the garrison, about 3100 men, having escaped to Fort Donelson.

Our gun-boats continued to approach the fort until General Tilghman, with two or three of his staff, came off in a small boat to the *Cincinnati* and surrendered the fort to Flag-Officer Foote, who sent for me, introduced me to General Tilghman, and gave me orders to take command of the fort and hold it until the arrival of General Grant.

General Tilghman was a soldierly-looking man, a little above medium height, with piercing black eyes and a resolute, intelligent expression of countenance. He was dignified and courteous, and won the respect and sympathy of all who became acquainted with him. In his official report of the battle he said that his officers and men fought with the greatest bravery until 1:50 P. M., when seven of his eleven guns were disabled; and, finding it impossible to defend the fort, and wishing to spare the lives of his gallant men, after consultation with his officers he surrendered the fort.

It was reported at the time that, in surrendering to Flag-Officer Foote, the Confederate general said, "I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer," and that Foote replied, "You do perfectly right, sir, in surrendering, but you should have blown my boat out of the water before I would have surrendered to you." I was with Foote soon after the surrender, and I cannot believe that such a reply was made by him. He was too much of a gentleman to say anything calculated to wound the feelings of an officer who had defended his post with signal courage and fidelity, and whose spirits were clouded by the adverse fortunes of war.

When I took possession of the fort the



BATTLE OF FORT HENRY. GUN-BOATS "ST. LOUIS," "CARONDELET," "ESSEX," AND "CINCINNATI."
(DRAWN BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

Confederate surgeon was laboring with his coat off to relieve and save the wounded; and although the officers and crews of the gun-boats gave three hearty cheers when the Confederate flag was hauled down, the first inside view of the fort sufficed to suppress every feeling of exultation and to excite our deepest pity. On every side the blood of the dead and wounded was intermingled with the earth and their implements of war. Their largest gun, a 128-pounder, was dismounted and filled with earth by the bursting of one of our shells near its muzzle; the carriage of another was broken to pieces, and two dead men lay near it, almost covered with heaps of earth; a rifled gun had burst, throwing its mangled gunners into the water. But few of the garrison escaped unhurt.

General Grant, with his staff, rode into the fort about three o'clock on the same day, and relieved me of the command. The general and staff then accompanied me on board the *Carondelet* (anchored near the fort), where he complimented the officers of the flotilla in the highest terms for the gallant manner in which they had captured Fort Henry. He had expected his troops to take part in a land attack, but the heavy rains had made the direct roads to the fort almost impassable.



GENERAL LLOYD TILGHMAN, CONFEDERATE COMMANDER AT FORT HENRY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The wooden gun-boats *Conestoga*, Commander S. L. Phelps, *Taylor*, Lieutenant-Commander William Gwin, and *Lexington*, Lieutenant J. W. Shirk, engaged the enemy at long range in the rear of the iron-clads. After the battle they pursued the enemy's transports up the river, and the *Conestoga* captured the steamer *Eastport*. The news of the capture of Fort Henry was received with great rejoicing all over the North.

On the 7th I received on board the *Carondelet* Colonels Webster, Rawlins, and McPherson, with a company of troops, and under instructions from General Grant proceeded up the Tennessee River, and completed the destruction of the bridge of the Memphis and Bowling Green Railroad.

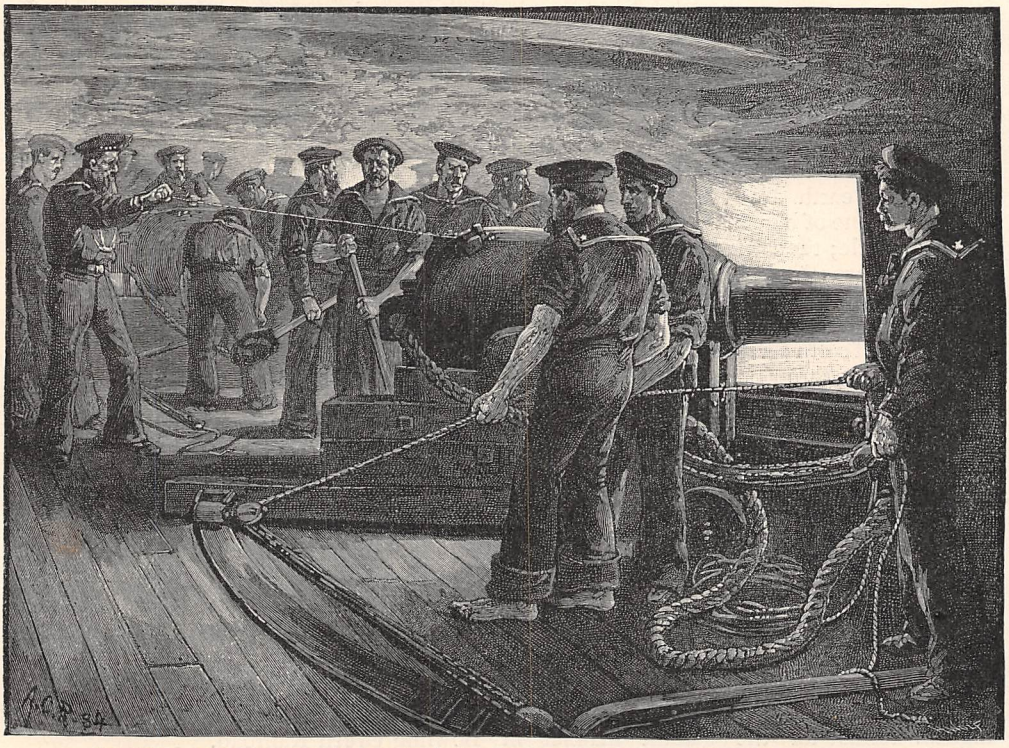
THE GUN-BOATS AT FORT DONELSON.

On returning from my expedition up the Tennessee River, General Grant requested me to hasten to Fort Donelson with the *Carondelet*, *Taylor*, and *Lexington*, and announce my arrival by firing signal guns. The object of this movement was to take possession of the river as soon as possible, and to engage the enemy's attention by making formidable demonstrations before the fort, and prevent it from being reënforced. On February 10th the *Carondelet* alone (towed by the transport *Alps*) proceeded up the Cumberland River, and on the 12th arrived a few miles below the fort.

Fort Donelson occupied one of the best defensive positions on the river. It was built on a bold bluff about one hundred and twenty feet in height, on the west side of the river, where it

makes a slight bend to the eastward. It had three batteries, mounting in all sixteen guns; the lower battery, about twenty feet above the water, had eight 32-pounders, and one 128-pounder; the second, about fifty feet above the water, was of about equal strength; the third, on the summit, had three or four heavy field-guns, or siege-guns, as they appeared to us from a distance.

When the *Carondelet*, her tow being cast off, came in sight of the fort and proceeded about three miles and anchored. But the sound of her guns aroused our soldiers on the southern side of the fort into action; one report says that when they heard the guns of the *avant courier* of the fleet, they gave cheer upon cheer, and rather than permit the sailors to get ahead of them again, they engaged in skirmishes with the enemy, and began the terrible battle of the three days following.* On the *Carondelet* we were isolated and beset with dangers from the enemy's lurking sharp-shooters.



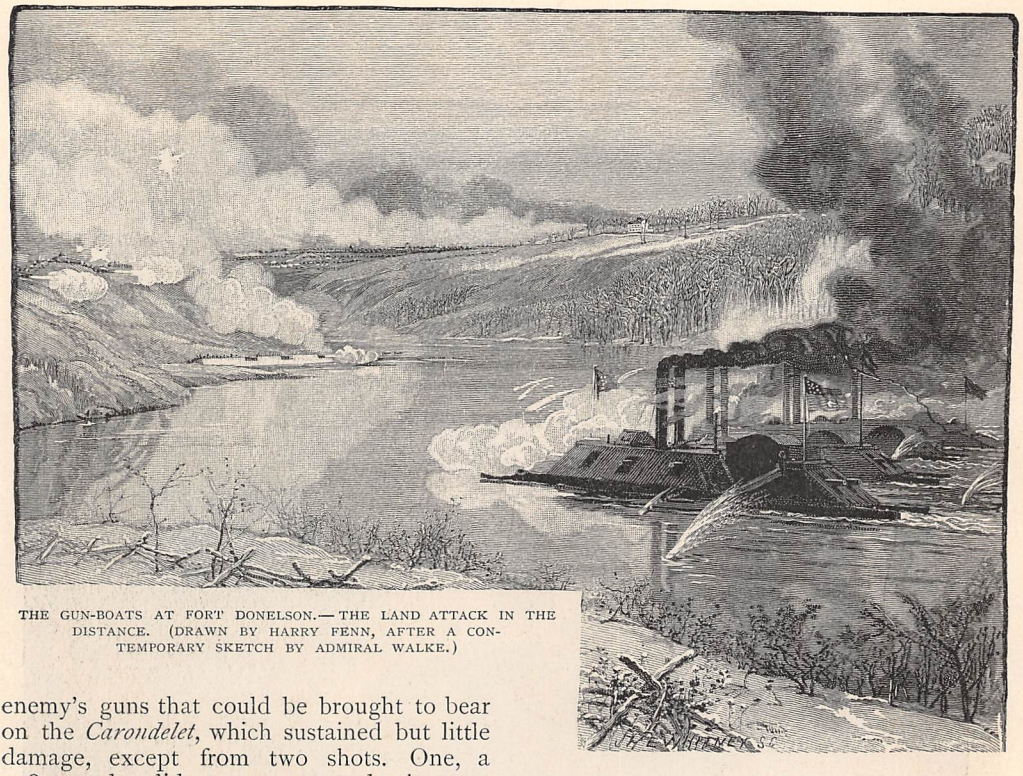
BETWEEN DECKS — SERVING THE GUNS. (DRAWN BY ALLEN C. REDWOOD, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

up to within long range of the batteries, not a living creature could be seen. The hills and woods on the west side of the river hid part of the enemy's formidable defenses, which were lightly covered with snow; but the black rows of heavy guns, pointing down on us, reminded me of the dismal-looking sepulchers cut in the rocky cliffs near Jerusalem, but far more repulsive. At 12:50 P. M., to unmask the silent enemy, and to announce my arrival to General Grant, I ordered the bow-guns to be fired at the fort. Only one shell fell short. There was no response except the echo from the hills. The fort appeared to have been evacuated. After firing ten shells into it the *Carondelet* dropped down the river

On the 13th a dispatch was received from General Grant, informing me that he had arrived the day before, and had succeeded in getting his army in position, almost entirely investing the enemy's works. "Most of our batteries," he said, "are established, and the remainder soon will be. If you will advance with your gun-boat at ten o'clock in the morning, we will be ready to take advantage of any diversion in our favor."

I immediately complied with these instructions, and at 9:05, with the *Carondelet* alone and under cover of a heavily wooded point, fired one hundred and thirty-nine seventy-pound and sixty-four-pound shells at the fort. We received in return the fire of all the

* For a description of the capture of Fort Donelson by the army under General Grant, see the paper by General Lew Wallace in THE CENTURY for December, 1884.

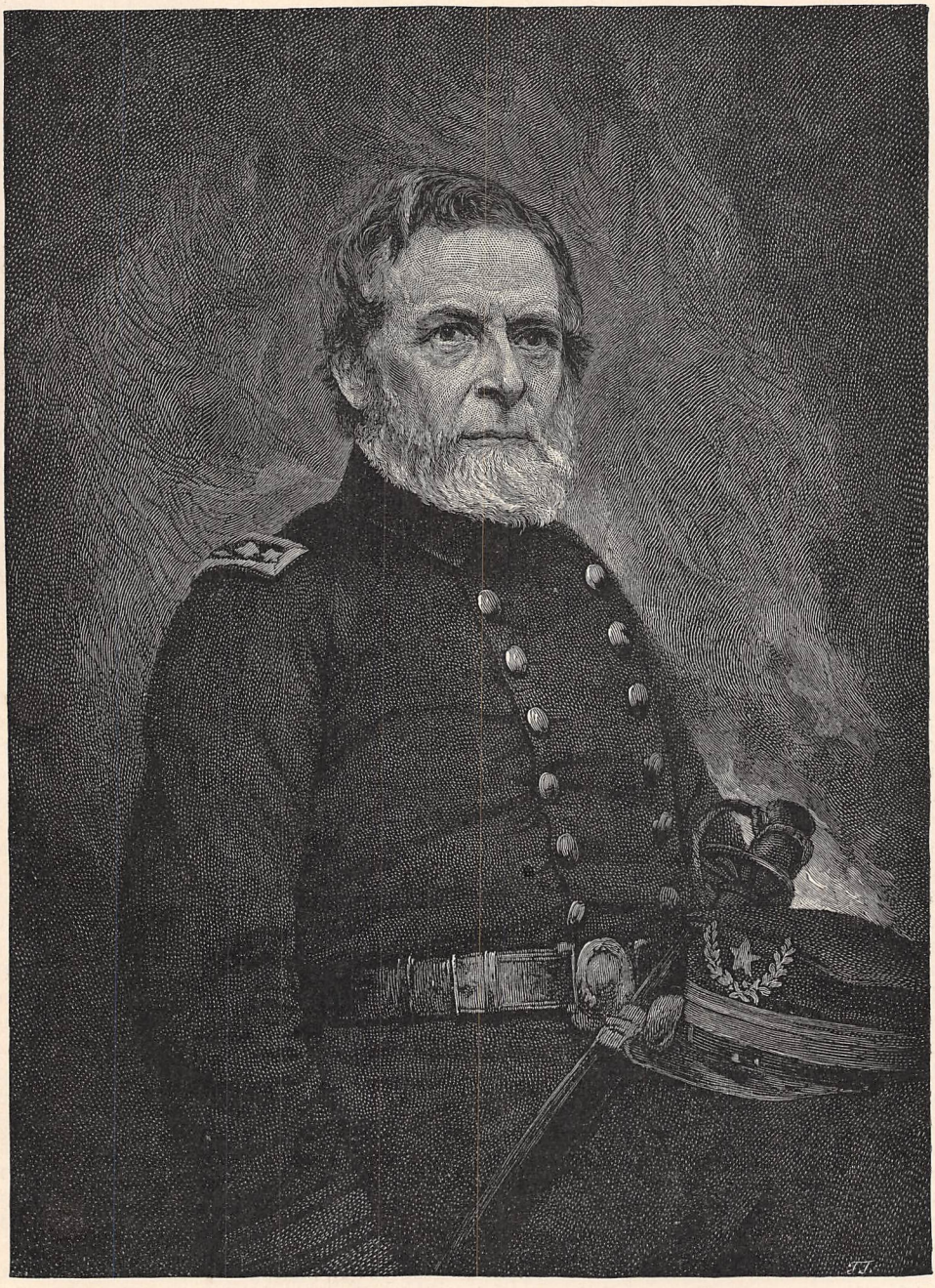


THE GUN-BOATS AT FORT DONELSON.— THE LAND ATTACK IN THE DISTANCE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

enemy's guns that could be brought to bear on the *Carondelet*, which sustained but little damage, except from two shots. One, a 128-pound solid, at 11:30 struck the corner of our port broadside casemate, passed through it, and in its progress toward the center of our boilers glanced over the temporary barricade in front of the boilers. It then passed over the steam-drum, struck the beams of the upper deck, carried away the railing around the engine-room and burst the steam-heater, and, glancing back into the engine-room, "seemed to bound after the men," as one of the engineers said, "like a wild beast pursuing its prey." I have preserved this ball as a souvenir of the fight at Fort Donelson. When it burst through the side of the *Carondelet*, it knocked down and wounded a dozen men, seven of them severely. An immense quantity of splinters was blown through the vessel. Some of them, as fine as needles, shot through the clothes of the men like arrows. Several of the wounded were so much excited by the suddenness of the event and the sufferings of their comrades that they were not aware that they themselves had been struck until they felt the blood running into their shoes. Upon receiving this shot we ceased firing for a while.

After dinner we sent the wounded on board the *Alps*, repaired damages, and, not expecting any assistance, at 12:15 we resumed, in accordance with General Grant's request, and bombarded the fort until dusk, when nearly all our ten-inch and fifteen-inch shells were expended. The firing from the shore having ceased, we retired. We could not ascertain the amount of damage inflicted on the fort, but were told by its officers, and by correspondents who visited it after the capture, that we disabled three guns and killed an engineer. The whole number of the killed and wounded could not be ascertained. The commander of the Confederate batteries acknowledged that the casualties were greater and the damage to the guns more serious on the day of the *Carondelet's* attack than on the following day, when the whole fleet was engaged. The practice of the gunners of the *Carondelet*, being much more deliberate on the first day of the battle (owing to ample time and a partly sheltered position), must have been far superior to the practice of the gunners of the fleet on the second day, under the excitement and hurry of an attack at close quarters, with the enemy's heavy shot constantly striking and crashing through the sides of their vessels.

At 11:30 on the night of the 13th Flag-Officer Foote arrived below Fort Donelson with the iron-clads *St. Louis*, *Louisville*, and *Pittsburgh*, and the wooden gun-boats *Taylor* and *Conestoga*. On the 14th all the hard materials in the vessels, such as chains, lum-



ANDREW HULL FOOTE, REAR-ADMIRAL U. S. N. (DIED JUNE 26, 1863.)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY.)

ber, and bags of coal, were laid on the upper decks to protect them from the plunging shots of the enemy. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon our fleet advanced to attack the fort, the *Louisville* being on the west side of the river, the *St. Louis* (flag-steamer) next, then the *Pittsburgh* and *Carondelet* on the east side of the river. The wooden gun-boats were about a thousand yards in the rear. When we started in line abreast, at a moderate speed, the *Louisville* and *Pittsburgh*, not keeping up to their positions, were hailed from the flag-steamer to "steam up." At 3:30, when about a mile and a half from the fort, two shots were fired at us, both falling short. When within a mile of the fort the *St. Louis* opened fire, and the other iron-clads followed, slowly and deliberately at first, but more rapidly as the fleet advanced. The flag-officer hailed the *Carondelet*, and ordered us not to fire so fast. Some of our shells went over the fort, and almost into our camp beyond. As we drew nearer, the enemy's fire greatly increased in force and effect. But, the officers and crew of the *Carondelet* having recently been long under fire, and having become practiced in fighting, her gunners were as cool and composed as old veterans. We heard the deafening crack of the bursting shells, the crash of the solid shot, and the whizzing of fragments of shell and wood as they sped through the vessel. Soon a 128-pounder struck our anchor, smashed it into flying bolts, and bounded over the vessel, taking away a part of our smoke-stack; then another cut away the iron boat-davits as if they were pipe-stems, whereupon the boat dropped into the water. Another ripped up the iron plating and glanced over; another went through the plating and lodged in the heavy casemate; another struck the pilot-house, knocked the plating to pieces, and sent fragments of iron and splinters into the pilots, one of whom fell mortally wounded, and was taken below; another shot took away the remaining boat-davits and the boat with them; and still they came, harder and faster, taking flag-staffs and smoke-stacks, and tearing off the side armor as lightning tears the bark from a tree. Our men fought desperately, but, under the excitement of the occasion, loaded too hastily, and the port rifled gun exploded. One of the crew, in his account of the explosion soon after it occurred, said: "I was serving the gun with shell. When it exploded it knocked us all down, killing none, but wounding over a dozen men, and spreading dismay and confusion among us. For about two minutes I was stunned, and at least five minutes elapsed before I could tell what was the matter. When I found out that I was more scared than hurt, although suffering from the gunpowder which I had inhaled, I looked forward and saw our gun lying on the deck, split in three pieces. Then the cry ran through the boat that we were on fire, and my duty as pump-man called me to the pumps. While I was there, two shots entered our bow-ports and killed four men and wounded several others. They were borne past me, three with their heads off. The sight almost sickened me, and I turned my head away. Our master's mate came soon after and ordered us to our quarters at the gun. I told him the gun had burst, and that we had caught fire on the upper deck from the enemy's shell. He then said: 'Never mind the fire; go to your quarters.' Then I took a station at the starboard tackle of another rifled bow-gun and remained there until the close of the fight." The carpenter and his men extinguished the flames.

When within four hundred yards of the fort, and while the Confederates were running from their lower battery, our pilot-house was struck again and another pilot wounded, our wheel was broken, and shells from the rear boats were bursting over us. All four of our boats were shot away and dragging in the water. On looking out to bring our broadside guns to bear, we saw that the other gun-boats were rapidly falling back out of line. The *Pittsburgh* in her haste to turn struck the stern of the *Carondelet*, and broke our starboard rudder, so that we were obliged to go ahead to clear the *Pittsburgh* and the point of rocks below. The pilot of the *St. Louis* was killed and the pilot of the *Louisville* was wounded. Both vessels had their wheel-ropes shot away, and the men were prevented from steering the *Louisville* with the tiller-ropes at the stern by the shells from the rear boats bursting over them. The *St. Louis* and *Louisville*, becoming unmanageable, were compelled to drop out of battle, and the *Pittsburgh* followed; all had suffered severely from the enemy's fire. Flag-Officer Foote was wounded while standing by the pilot of the *St. Louis* when he was killed. We were then about 350 yards from the fort.

There was no alternative for the *Carondelet* in that narrow stream but to keep her head to the enemy and fire into the fort with her two bow-guns, to prevent it, if possible, from returning her fire effectively. The enemy saw that she was in a manner left to his mercy, and concentrated the fire of all his batteries upon her. In return, the *Carondelet's* guns were well served to the last shot. Our new acting gunner, John Hall, was just the man for the occasion. He came forward, offered his



EXPLOSION OF A GUN ON BOARD THE "CARONDELET" DURING THE ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.

(DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

services, and with my sanction took charge of the starboard-bow rifled gun. He instructed the men to obey his warnings and follow his motions, and he told them that when he saw a shot coming he would call out "Down" and stoop behind the breech of the gun as he did so; at the same instant the men were to stand away from the bow-ports. Nearly every shot from the fort struck the bows of the *Carondelet*. Most of them were fired on the ricochet level, and could be plainly seen skipping on the water before they struck. The enemy's object was to sink the gun-boat by striking her just below the water-line. They soon succeeded in planting two thirty-two-pound shots in her bow, between wind and water, which made her leak badly, but her compartments kept her from sinking until we could plug up the shot-holes. Three shots struck the starboard casemating; four struck the port casemating forward of the rifle-gun; one struck on the starboard side, between the water-line and plank-sheer, cutting through the planking; six shots struck the pilot-house, shattering one section into pieces and cutting through the iron casing. The smoke-stacks were riddled.

Our gunners kept up a constant firing while we were falling back; and the warning words, "Look out!" "Down!" were often heard, and heeded by nearly all the gun-crews. On one occasion, while the men were at the muzzle of the middle bow-gun, loading it, the warning came just in time for them to jump inside as a thirty-two-pounder struck the lower sill, and glancing up struck the upper sill, then, falling on the inner edge of the lower sill, bounded on deck and spun around like a top, but hurt no one. It was very evident that if the men who were loading had not obeyed the order to drop, several of them would have been killed. So I repeated the instructions and warned the men at the guns and the crew generally to bow or stand off from the ports when a shot was seen coming. But some of the young men, from a spirit of bravado or from a belief in the doctrine of fatalism, disregarded the instructions, saying it was useless to attempt to dodge a cannon-ball, and they would trust to luck. The warning words, "Look out!" "Down!" were again soon heard; down went the gunner and his men, as the whizzing shot glanced on the gun, taking off the gunner's cap and the heads of two of the young men who trusted to luck, and in defiance of the order were standing up or passing behind him. This shot killed another man also, who was at the last gun of the starboard side, and disabled the gun. It came in with a hissing sound; three sharp spats and a heavy bang told the sad fate of three brave comrades. Before the decks were well sanded, there was so much blood on them that our men could not work the guns without slipping.

We kept firing at the enemy so long as he was within range, to prevent him, if possible, from seeing us through the smoke. The *Carondelet* was the first in and the last out of the fight at Fort Donelson, and was more damaged than any of the other gun-boats, as the boat-carpenters who repaired them subsequently informed me. She was much longer under fire than any other vessel of the flotilla; and, according to the report of the Secretary of the Navy, her loss in killed and wounded was twice as great as that of all the other gun-boats together. She fired more shot and shell into Fort Donelson than any other gun-boat, and was struck fifty-four times. These particulars are given because a disposition was shown by correspondents and naval historians to ignore the services of the *Carondelet* on this and other occasions.

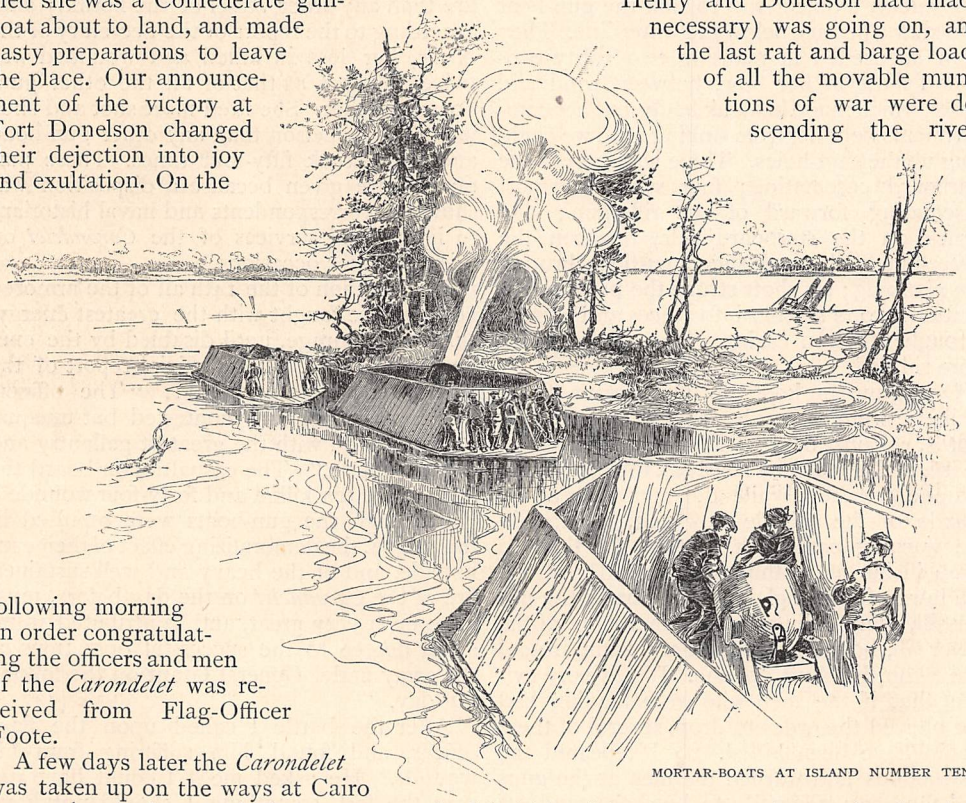
In the action of the 14th all of the armored vessels were fought with the greatest energy, skill, and courage, until disabled by the enemy's heavy shot. In his official report of the battle the flag-officer said: "The officers and men in this hotly contested but unequal fight behaved with the greatest gallantry and determination." The casualties on board the boats were ten killed and forty-four wounded.

Although the gun-boats were repulsed in this action, the demoralizing effect of their cannonade, and of the heavy and well-sustained fire of the *Carondelet* on the day before, must have been very great, and contributed in no small degree to the successful operations of the army under General Grant on the following day.

After the battle I called upon the flag-officer, and found him suffering from his wounds. He asked me if I could have run past the fort, something I should not have ventured upon without permission.

The 15th was employed in the burial of our slain comrades. I read the Episcopal service on board the *Carondelet*, under our flag at half-mast; and the sailors bore their late companions to a lonely field within the shadows of the hills. When they were about to lower the first coffin, a Roman Catholic priest appeared, and his services being accepted, he read the prayers for the dead, and in the course of his remarks said: "Although the deceased did not die like Christians, they died like heroes, in defense of their country and flag." As the last service was ended, the sound of the battle being waged by General Grant, like the rumbling of distant thunder, was the only requiem for our departed shipmates.

On Sunday, the 16th, at dawn, Fort Donelson surrendered and the gun-boats steamed up to Dover. After religious services, the *Carondelet* proceeded to Cairo, and arrived there on the morning of the 17th, in such a dense fog that she passed below the town unnoticed, and had great difficulty in finding the landing. There had been a report that the enemy was coming from Columbus to attack Cairo during the absence of its defenders; and while the *Carondelet* was cautiously feeling her way back and blowing her whistle, some people imagined she was a Confederate gun-boat about to land, and made hasty preparations to leave the place. Our announcement of the victory at Fort Donelson changed their dejection into joy and exultation. On the following morning an order congratulating the officers and men of the *Carondelet* was received from Flag-Officer Foote.



MORTAR-BOATS AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

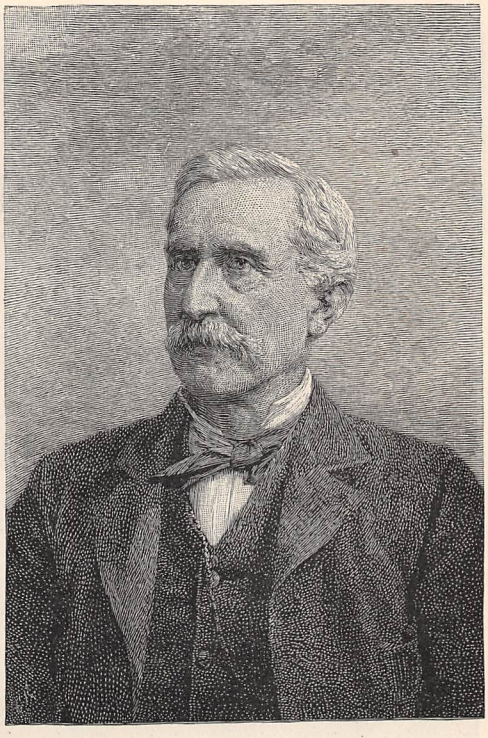
A few days later the *Carondelet* was taken up on the ways at Cairo for repairs; and a crowd of carpenters worked on her night and day. After the repairs were completed, she was ordered to make the experiment of backing up stream, which proved a laughable failure. She would sheer from one side of the river to the other, and with two anchors astern she could not be held steady enough to fight her bow-guns down stream. She dragged both anchors alternately, until they came together, and the experiment failed completely.

On the morning of the 23d the flag-officer made a reconnaissance to Columbus, Kentucky, with four gun-boats and two mortar-boats, accompanied by the wooden gun-boat *Conestoga*, convoying five transports. The fortifications looked more formidable than ever. The enemy fired two guns, and sent up a transport with the pretext, it was said, of effecting an exchange of prisoners. But at that time, as we learned afterward from a credible source, the evacuation of the fort (which General Grant's successes at Forts Henry and Donelson had made necessary) was going on, and the last raft and barge loads of all the movable munitions of war were descending the river, which, with a large quantity previously taken away, could and would have been captured by our fleet if we had received this information in time. On the 4th of March another reconnaissance in force was made with all the gun-boats and eight mortar-boats, and the fortress had still a formidable, life-like appearance, caused by Quaker guns, however, as it had been evacuated two days before.*

On the 5th of March, while we were descending the Mississippi in a dense fog, the

* An incident illustrative of the character of Foote occurred on that day at Columbus on the deck of the flag-steamer, after a consultation which he held with his commanding officers. As well as I can remember, Foote said: "Gentlemen, I expect you to support me, as Aaron and Hur stayed the hands of Moses until the victory was won over Amalek." Turning to me with a look of inquiry, for confirmation, as it were, of the correctness of his scriptural reference, I, concurring, said that, according to my recollection, Aaron and another friend did hold up the hands of Moses during some great battle until the going down of the sun, and until the victory was won. (Exodus xvii. 11, 12, 13.)—H. W.

flag-steamer leading, the Confederate gun-boat *Grampus*, or *Dare-devil Jack*, the sauciest little vessel on the river, suddenly appeared across our track and "close aboard." She stopped her engines and struck her colors, and we all thought she was ours at last. But when the captain of the *Grampus* saw how slowly we moved, and as no gun was fired to bring him to, he started off with astonishing speed and was out of danger before the flag-steamer could fire a gun. She ran before us yawing and flirting about, and blowing her alarm-whistle so as to announce our approach to the enemy who had now retired to Island Number Ten, a strong position sixty miles below Columbus (and of the latitude of Forts Henry and Donelson), where General Beauregard, who was now in general command of our opponents, had determined to contest the possession of the river.



GENERAL W. W. MACKALL, CONFEDERATE COMMANDER AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. DAVIS.)

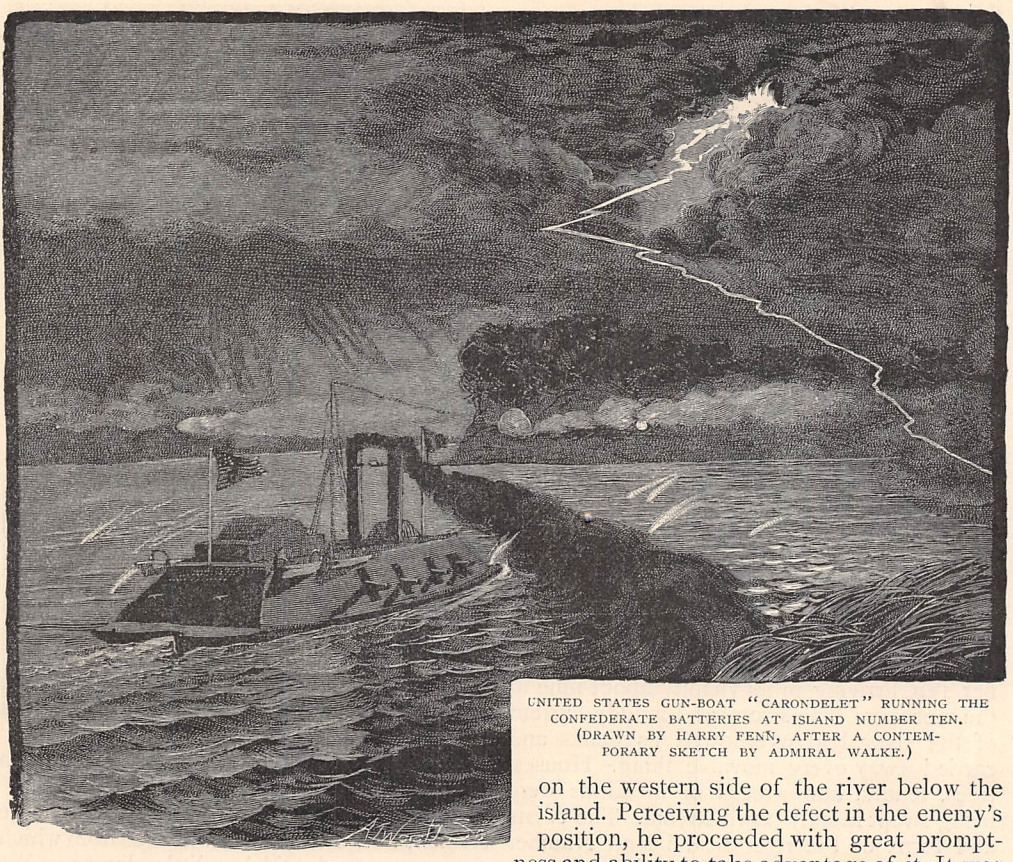
EXPLOITS AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

On March 15th the flotilla and transports continued on their way to Island Number Ten, arriving in its vicinity about nine in the morning. The strong and muddy current of the river had overflowed its banks and carried away every movable thing. Houses, trees, fences, and wrecks of all kinds were being swept rapidly down-stream. The twists and turns of the river near Island Number Ten are certainly remarkable. Within a radius of eight miles from the island it crosses the boundary line of Kentucky and Tennessee three times, running on almost every point of the compass. We were greatly surprised when we arrived above Island Number Ten and saw on the bluffs a chain of forts extending for four miles along the crescent-formed shore, with the white tents of the enemy in the rear. And there lay the island in the lower corner of the crescent, with the side fronting the Missouri shore lined with heavy ordnance, so trained that with the artillery on the opposite shore almost every point on the river between the island and the Missouri bank could be reached at once by all the enemy's batteries.

On the 17th an attack was made on the upper battery by all the iron-clads and mortar-boats. The *Benton* (flag-steamer), lashed between the *Cincinnati* and *St. Louis*, was on the east side of the river; the *Mound City*, *Carondelet*, and *Pittsburgh* were on the west side; the last, however, changed her position to the east side of the river before the firing began. We opened fire on the upper fort at 1:20, and by order of the flag-officer fired one gun a minute. The enemy replied promptly, and some of his shot struck the *Benton*, but, owing to the distance from which they were fired, did but little damage. We silenced all the guns in the upper fort except one. During the action one of the rifled guns of the *St. Louis* exploded, killing and wounding several of the gunners; another proof of the truth of the saying that the guns furnished the Western flotilla were less destructive to the enemy than to ourselves.

From March 17th to April 4th but little progress was made in the reduction of the Confederate works—the gun-boats firing a few shot now and then at long range, but doing little damage. The mortar-boats, however, were daily throwing thirteen-inch bombs, and so effectively at times that the Confederates were driven from their batteries and compelled to seek refuge in caves and other places of safety. But it was very evident that the great object of the expedition—the reduction of the works and the capture of the Confederate forces—could not be effected by the gun-boats alone, owing to their mode of structure and to the disadvantage under which they were fought in the strong and rapid current of the Mississippi. This was the opinion not only of naval officers, but also of General Pope and other army officers.

On the 23d of March the monotony of the

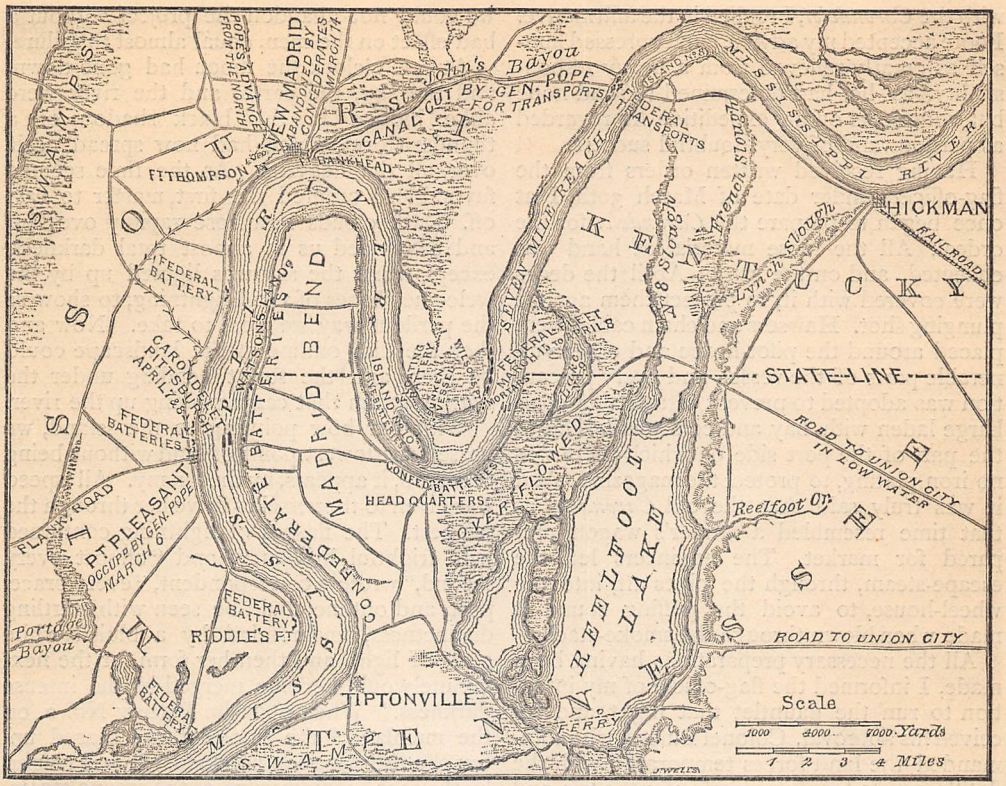


UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "CARONDELET" RUNNING THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

long and tedious investment was unfortunately varied in a very singular manner. The *Carondelet* being moored nearest the enemy's upper fort, under several large cottonwood trees, in order to protect the mortar-boats, suddenly, and without warning, two of the largest of the trees fell across her deck, mortally wounding one of the crew and severely wounding another, and doing great damage to the vessel. This was twelve days before I ran the gauntlet at Island Number Ten with the *Carondelet*.

To understand fully the importance of that adventure, some explanation of the military situation at and below Island Number Ten seems necessary. After the evacuation of New Madrid, which General Pope had forced by blockading the river twelve miles below, at Point Pleasant, the Confederate forces occupied their fortified positions on Island Number Ten and the eastern shore of the Mississippi, where they were cut off by impassable swamps on the land side. They were in a *cul-de-sac*, and the only way open for them to obtain supplies or to effect a retreat was by the river south of Island Number Ten. General Pope, with an army of twenty thousand men, was on the western side of the river below the island. Perceiving the defect in the enemy's position, he proceeded with great promptness and ability to take advantage of it. It was his intention to cross the river and attack the enemy from below, but he could not do this without the aid of a gun-boat to silence the enemy's batteries opposite Point Pleasant and protect his army in crossing. He wrote repeatedly to Flag-Officer Foote, urging him to send down a gun-boat past the enemy's batteries on Island Number Ten, and in one of his letters expressed the belief that a boat could pass down at night under cover of the darkness. But the flag-officer invariably declined, saying in one of his letters to General Pope that the attempt "would result in the sacrifice of the boat, her officers and men, which sacrifice I would not be justified in making."

During this correspondence the bombardment still went on, but was attended with such poor results that it became a subject of ridicule among the officers of Pope's army, one of whom (Colonel Gilmore, of Chillicothe, Ohio) is reported to have said that often when they met, and inquiry was made respecting the operations of the flotilla, the answer would generally be: "Oh! it is still bombarding the State of Tennessee at long range." And a Confederate officer said that no casualties resulted and no damage was



MAP OF MILITARY AND NAVAL OPERATIONS ABOUT ISLAND NO. TEN. (BASED ON THE TWO MAPS BY CAPTAIN A. B. GRAY, C. S. A., MADE IN MARCH, 1862, AND ON OFFICIAL REPORTS.)

sustained at Island Number Ten from the fire of the gun-boats.

On March 20th Flag-Officer Foote consulted his commanding officers, through Commander Stemble, as to the practicability of taking a gun-boat past the enemy's forts to New Madrid, and all except myself were opposed to the enterprise, believing with Foote that the attempt to pass the batteries would result in the almost certain destruction of the boat. I did not think so, but believed with General Pope that, under the cover of darkness and other favorable circumstances, a gun-boat might be run past the enemy's batteries, formidable as they were with nearly fifty guns. And although fully aware of the hazardous nature of the enterprise, I knew that the aid of a gun-boat was absolutely necessary to enable General Pope to succeed in his operations against the enemy, and thought the importance of this success justified the risk of running the gauntlet of the batteries on Island Number Ten and the adjacent shores. The army officers were becoming impatient, and it was well known that the Confederates had a number of small gun-boats below, and were engaged in building several large and powerful vessels, of which the renowned *Arkansas* was one. And there was good reason to apprehend that these gun-boats would ascend the river and pass or silence Pope's batteries, and relieve the Confederate forces on Island Number Ten and the eastern shore of the Mississippi. That Pope and Foote apprehended this, appears clearly from the correspondence between them.*

The flag-officer now called a formal council of war of all his commanding officers. It was held on board the flag-steamer, on the 28th or 29th of March, and all except myself concurred in the opinion formerly expressed that the attempt to pass the batteries was too hazardous and ought not to be made. When I was asked to give my views, I favored the undertaking, and advised compliance with the requests of General Pope. When asked if I was willing to make the attempt

* An interesting and important enterprise in this campaign was the construction under great difficulties of a canal, twelve miles in length, from the Mississippi to New Madrid, as shown in the map. The progress of General Pope's campaign having been retarded by the want of vessels to take the army over the river, it was decided to make a water-way across country, whereby the transports might elude the Confederate batteries. The execution of the work was superintended by Colonel J. W. Bissell, of the U. S. Engineers.— ED.

with the *Carondelet*, I replied in the affirmative. Foote accepted my advice, and expressed himself as greatly relieved from a heavy responsibility, as he had determined to send none but volunteers on an expedition he regarded as perilous and of very doubtful success.

Having received written orders from the flag-officer, under date of March 30th, I at once began to prepare the *Carondelet* for the ordeal. All the loose material at hand was collected, and on the 4th of April the decks were covered with it, to protect them against plunging shot. Hawsers and chain cables were placed around the pilot-house and other vulnerable parts of the vessel, and every precaution was adopted to prevent disaster. A coal-barge laden with hay and coal was lashed to the part of the port side on which there was no iron plating, to protect the magazine. And it was truly said that the old *Carondelet* at that time resembled a farmer's wagon prepared for market. The engineers led the escape-steam, through the pipes aft, into the wheel-house, to avoid the puffing sound it made when blown through the smoke-stacks.

All the necessary preparations having been made, I informed the flag-officer of my intention to run the gauntlet that night, and received his approval. Colonel Buford, who commanded the land forces temporarily with the flotilla, assisted me in preparing for the trip, and on the night of the 4th brought on board Captain Hollenstein, of the Forty-second Illinois, and twenty-three sharp-shooters of his command, who volunteered their services, which were gratefully accepted. Colonel Buford remained on board until the last moment to encourage us. I informed the officers and crew of the character of the undertaking, and all expressed a readiness to make the venture. In order to resist boarding parties in case we should be disabled, the sailors were well armed, and pistols, cutlasses, muskets, boarding-pikes, and hand-grenades were within reach. Hose was attached to the boilers for throwing scalding water over any who might attempt to board. If it should be found impossible to save the vessel, it was designed to sink rather than burn her, as the loss of life would probably be greater in the latter case by the explosion of her magazine. During the afternoon there was promise of a clear, moonlight night, and it was determined to wait until the moon was down, and then to make the attempt, whatever the chances. Having gone so far, we could not abandon the project without a bad effect on the men, equal almost to failure.

At ten o'clock the moon had gone down, and the sky, the earth, and the river were alike hidden in the black shadow of a thunder-storm, which had now spread itself over all the heavens. As the time seemed favorable, I ordered the first master to cast off. Dark clouds now rose rapidly over us, and enveloped us in almost total darkness, except when the sky was lighted up by the welcome flashes of vivid lightning, to show us the perilous way we were to take. Now and then the dim outline of the landscape could be seen, and the forest bending under the roaring storm that came rushing up the river.

With our bow pointing to the island, we passed the lowest point of land without being observed, it appears, by the enemy. All speed was given to the vessel to drive her through the tempest. The flashes of lightning continued with frightful brilliancy, and "almost every second," wrote a correspondent, "every brace, post, and outline could be seen with startling distinctness, enshrouded by a bluish white glare of light, and then her form for the next minute would become merged in the intense darkness." When opposite Battery No. 2, on the mainland,* the smoke-stacks blazed up, but the fire was soon subdued. It was caused by the soot becoming dry, as the escape-steam, which usually kept the stacks wet, had been sent into the wheel-house, as already mentioned, to prevent noise. With such vivid lightning as prevailed during the whole passage, there was no prospect of escaping the vigilance of the enemy, but there was good reason to hope that he would be unable to point his guns accurately. Again the smoke-stacks took fire, and were soon put out; and then the roar of the enemy's guns began, and from Batteries Nos. 2, 3, and 4 came almost incessantly the sharp crack and screaming sound of their rifle-shells, which seemed to unite with the electric batteries of the clouds to annihilate us.

While nearing the island or some shoal point, during a few minutes of total darkness, we were startled by the loud, sharp order, "Hard a-port!" from our brave and skillful pilot, First Master Hoel. We almost grazed the island, and it appears were not observed through the storm until we were close in, and the enemy, having no time to point his guns, fired at random. In fact, we ran so near that the enemy did not, probably could not,

* During the dark and stormy night of April 1st Colonel George W. Roberts, of the 42d Illinois Regiment, executed a brilliant exploit. Forty picked men, in five barges, with muffled oars, left for Battery No. 1 (two miles above Island Number Ten). They proceeded in silence, and were unobserved until within a few rods of the fort, when a vivid flash of lightning discovered them to the sentries. They fired, but our men did not reply, and in an instant they were climbing up the slippery bank, and in three minutes more the six guns were spiked, Colonel Roberts himself spiking a huge eighty-pound pivot-gun. Some of these guns had been previously dismounted by our fleet, and were now rendered doubly useless.—H. W.

depress his guns sufficiently. While close under the lee of the island and during a lull in the storm and in the firing, one of our pilots heard a Confederate officer shout, "Elevate your guns!" "Yes, confound you," said the pilot, in a much lower key, "elevate." It is probable that the muzzles of those guns had been depressed to keep the rain out of them, and the officers, not expecting another night attack in such a storm, and arriving late, ordered the guns elevated just in time to save us from the direct fire of the enemy's heaviest fort; and this, no doubt, was the cause of our remarkable escape. Nearly all the enemy's shot went over us.

Having passed the principal batteries, we were greatly relieved from suspense, patiently endured, however, by the officers and crew. But there was another formidable obstacle in the way—a floating battery, which was the great "war elephant" of the Confederates, built to blockade the Mississippi permanently. As we passed her she fired six or eight shots at us, but without effect. One ball struck the coal-barge and one was found in a bale of hay; we found also one or two musket-bullets. We arrived at New Madrid about midnight with no one hurt, and were most joyfully received by our army. At the suggestion of Paymaster Nixon, all hands "spliced the main brace."

On Sunday, the 6th, after prayers and thanksgiving, the *Carondelet*, with General Granger, Colonel Smith of the Forty-third Ohio, and Captain Marshall, of General Pope's staff on board, made a reconnaissance twenty miles down the Mississippi, nearly to Tiptonville, the enemy's forts firing on her all the way down. We returned their fire, and dropped a few shells into their camps beyond. On the way back, we captured and spiked the guns of a battery of one thirty-two-pounder and one twenty-four-pounder, in about twenty-five minutes, opposite Point Pleasant. Before we landed to spike the guns, a tall Confederate soldier, with cool and deliberate courage, posted himself behind a large cottonwood-tree, and repeatedly fired upon us, until our Illinois sharp-shooters got to work on him from behind the hammock nettings. He had two rifles, which he soon dropped, fleeing into the woods with his head down. We were glad he escaped, and were disposed to give him three cheers for his gallantry. The next day he was captured and brought into camp at Tiptonville, with the tip of his nose shot off. He said it was "diamond cut diamond" between the Illinois men and himself, but that they were sharper shooters than he expected to meet with on a gun-boat. After the capture of this battery, the enemy prepared to evacuate his positions on Island Number Ten and the adjacent shores, and thus, as one of the historians of the civil war says, the *Carondelet* struck the blow that secured the victory at Island Number Ten.

Returning to New Madrid, we were instructed by General Pope to attack the enemy's batteries of six sixty-four-pounders which protected his rear; and besides, another gun-boat was expected. The *Pittsburgh* (Lieutenant-Commander Thompson) ran the gauntlet without injury, during a thunder-storm, at two in the morning of April 7th, and arrived at five o'clock; but she was not ready for service, and the *Carondelet* attacked the principal batteries at Watson's Landing alone and had nearly silenced them when the *Pittsburgh* came up astern and fired nearly over the *Carondelet's* upper deck, after she and the Confederates had ceased firing. I reported to General Pope that we had cleared the opposite shores of the enemy, and were ready to cover the crossing of the river and the landing of the army. Seeing themselves cut off, the garrison at Island Number Ten surrendered to Foote. The other Confederates retreating before Pope's advance, were overtaken and captured at four o'clock on the morning of the 8th; and about the same time, the cavalry under Colonel W. L. Elliott took possession of the enemy's deserted works on the Tennessee shore.

The result of General Pope's operations in connection with the services of the *Carondelet* below Island Number Ten was the capture of three generals (including General W. W. Mackall who, ten days before the surrender, had succeeded General John P. McCown in the immediate command at Madrid Bend), over five thousand men, twenty pieces of heavy artillery, seven thousand stand of arms, and a large quantity of ammunition and provisions, without the loss of a man on our side.

On the 12th the *Benton* (flag-steamer), with the *Cincinnati*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *St. Louis*, passed Tiptonville and signaled the *Carondelet* and *Pittsburgh* to follow. Five Confederate gun-boats came up the next day and offered battle; but after the exchange of a few shots at long range they retired down the river. We followed them all the way to Craighead Point, where they were under cover of their fortifications at Fort Pillow. I was not aware at the time that we were chasing the squadron of my esteemed shipmate of the U. S. Frigates *Cumberland* and *Merrimack*, Colonel John W. Dunnington, who afterward fought so bravely at Arkansas Post.

On the 14th General Pope's army landed about six miles above Craighead Point, near Osceola, under the protection of the gun-

boats. While he was preparing to attack Fort Pillow, Foote sent his executive officer twice to me on the *Carondelet* to inquire whether I would undertake, with my vessel and two or three other gun-boats, to pass below the fort to coöperate with General Pope, to which inquiries I replied that I was ready at any time to make the attempt. But Pope and his army (with the exception of fifteen hundred men) were ordered away, and the expedition against Fort Pillow was abandoned. Between the 14th of April and the 10th of May two or three of the mortar-boats were towed down the river and moored near Craighead Point, with a gun-boat to protect them. They were employed in throwing thirteen-inch bombs across the point into Fort Pillow, two miles distant. The enemy returned our bombardment with vigor, but not with much accuracy or effect. Several of their bombs fell close alongside the *Carondelet* and other gun-boats, when we were three miles from the fort.

The Confederate fleet called the "River Defense" having been reënforced, they determined upon capturing the mortar-boats or giving us battle. On the 8th three of their vessels came to the point from which the mortar-boats had thrown their bombs, but, finding none, returned. Foote had given special orders to keep up steam and be ready for battle any moment, day or night. There was so much illness at that time in the flotilla that about a third of the officers and men were under medical treatment, and a great many were unfit for duty. On the 9th of May, at his own request, our distinguished commander-in-chief, Foote, was relieved from his arduous duties. He had become very much enfeebled from the wounds received at Fort Donelson and from illness. He carried with him the heart-felt sympathy and regrets of all his command. He was succeeded by Flag-Officer Davis, a most excellent officer.

FIGHTING THE CONFEDERATE FLEET.

THIS paper would not be complete without some account of the naval battles fought by the flotilla immediately after the retirement of Flag-Officer Foote, under whose supervision and amid the greatest embarrassments it had been built, organized, and equipped. On the morning of the 10th of May a mortar-boat was towed down the river, as usual, at 5 A. M., to bombard Fort Pillow. The *Cincinnati* soon followed to protect her. At 6:35 eight Confederate "rams" came up the river at full speed. The *Carondelet* at once prepared for action, and slipped her hawser to the "bare end," ready for orders to "go ahead." No officer was on the deck of the *Benton* (flag-steamer) except the pilot, Mr. Birch, who informed the flag-officer of the situation, and passed the order to the *Carondelet* and *Pittsburgh* to proceed without waiting for the flag-steamer. General signal was also made to the fleet to get under way, but it was not visible on account of the light fog.

The *Carondelet* started immediately after the first verbal order; the others, for want of steam or some other cause, were not ready, except the *Mound City*, which put off soon after we were fairly on our way to the rescue of the *Cincinnati*. We had proceeded about a mile before our other gun-boats left their moorings. The rams were advancing rapidly, and we steered for the leading vessel, *General Bragg*, a brig-rigged, side-wheeled steam ram, far in advance of the others, and apparently intent on striking the *Cincinnati*. When about three-quarters of a mile from the *General Bragg*, the *Carondelet* and *Mound City* fired on her with their bow-guns, until she struck the *Cincinnati* on the starboard quarter, making a great hole in the shell-room, through which the water poured with resistless force. The *Cincinnati* then retreated up the river and the *General Bragg* drifted down, evidently disabled. The *General Price*, following the example of her consort, also rammed the *Cincinnati*. We fired our bow-guns into the *General Price*, and she backed off, disabled also. The *Cincinnati* was again struck by one of the enemy's rams, the *General Sumter*. Having pushed on with all speed to the rescue of the *Cincinnati*, the *Carondelet* passed her in a sinking condition, and, rounding to, we fired our bow and starboard broadside guns into the retreating *General Bragg* and the advancing rams, *General Jeff Thompson*, *General Beauregard*, and *Lovell*. Heading up-stream, close to a shoal, the *Carondelet* brought her port broadside guns to bear on the *Sumter* and *Price*, which were dropping down-stream. At this crisis the *Van Dorn* and *Little Rebel* had run above the *Carondelet*; the *General Bragg*, *Jeff Thompson*, *Beauregard*, and *Lovell* were below her. The last three, coming up, fired into the *Carondelet*; she returned their fire with her stern-guns; and, while in this position, I ordered the port rifled fifty-pound Dahlgren gun to be leveled and fired at the center of the *Sumter*. The shot struck the vessel just forward of her wheel-house, and the steam instantly poured out from her ports and all parts of her casemates, and we saw her men running out of them and falling or lying down on her deck. None of our gun-boats had yet come to the assistance of the *Carondelet*.

The *Benton* and *Pittsburgh* had probably gone to aid the *Cincinnati*, and the *St. Louis* to relieve the *Mound City*, which had been badly rammed by the *Van Dorn*. The smoke at this time was so dense that we could hardly distinguish the gun-boats above us. The upper deck of the *Carondelet* was swept with grape-shot and fragments of broken shell; some of the latter were picked up by one of the sharp-shooters, who told me they were obliged to lie down under shelter to save themselves from the grape and other shot of the *Pittsburgh* above us, and from the shot and broken shell of the enemy below us. Why some of our gun-boats did not fire into the *Van Dorn* and *Little Rebel* while they were above the *Carondelet*, and prevent their escape, if possible, I never could make out.

As the smoke rose we saw that the enemy was retreating rapidly and in great confusion. The *Carondelet* dropped down to within half a mile above Craighead Point, and kept up a continual fire upon their vessels, which were very much huddled together. When they were nearly, if not quite, beyond gunshot, the *Benton*, having raised sufficient steam, came down and passed the *Carondelet;* but the Confederates were under the protection of Fort Pillow before the *Benton* could reach them. Our fleet returned to Plum Point, except the *Carondelet*, which dropped her anchor on the battle-field, two miles or more below the point, and remained there two days on voluntary guard duty.

This engagement was sharp, but not decisive. From the first to the last shot fired by the *Carondelet*, one hour and ten minutes elapsed. After the battle, long-range firing was kept up until the evacuation of Fort Pillow.

On the 25th Colonel Ellet's seven rams arrived,— a useful acquisition to our fleet. During the afternoon of June 4th heavy clouds of smoke were observed rising from Fort Pillow, followed by explosions, which continued through the night; the last of which, much greater than the others, lit up the heavens and the Chickasaw bluffs with a brilliant light, and convinced us that this was the parting salute of the Confederates before leaving for the lower Mississippi. At dawn next morning the fleet was all astir to take possession of Fort Pillow, the flag-steamer leading We found the casemates, magazines, and breastworks blown to atoms.

On our way to Memphis the enemy's steamer *Sovereign* was intercepted by one of our tugs. She was run ashore by her crew, who attempted to blow her up, but were foiled in their purpose by a boy of sixteen whom the enemy had pressed into service, who, after the abandonment of the vessel, took the extra weights from the safety-valves, opened the fire-doors and flue-caps, and put water on the fires; and having procured a sheet, he signaled the tug, which came up and took possession. It may be proper to say that on our way down the river we respected private property, and did not assail or molest any except those who were in arms against us.

The morning of the 6th of June we fought the battle of Memphis, which lasted one hour and ten minutes. It was begun by the enemy (whose vessels were in double line of battle opposite the city) firing upon our fleet, then at a distance of a mile and a half or two miles above the city. Their fire continued for a quarter of an hour, when the attack was promptly met by two of our ram squadron, the *Queen of the West* (Colonel Charles Ellet) leading, and the *Monarch* (Lieutenant-Colonel Ellet, younger brother of the leader). These vessels fearlessly dashed ahead of our gun-boats, ran for the enemy's fleet, and at the first plunge succeeded in sinking one and disabling another. The astonished Confederates received them gallantly and effectively. The *Queen of the West* and *Monarch* were followed in line of battle by the gun-boats, under the lead of Flag-Officer Davis, and all of them opened fire, which was continued from the time we got within good range until the end of the battle — two or three tugs keeping all the while a safe distance astern. The *Queen of the West* was a quarter of a mile in advance of the *Monarch*, and after having rammed one of the enemy's fleet, she was badly rammed by the *Beauregard*, which then, in company with the *General Price*, made a dash at the *Monarch* as she approached them. The *Beauregard*, however, missed the *Monarch* and struck the *General Price* instead in her port side, cutting her down to the water-line, tearing off her wheel instantly, and placing her *hors de combat*. The *Monarch* then rammed the *Beauregard*, which had been several times raked fore and aft by the shot and shell of our iron-clads, and she quickly sank in the river opposite Memphis. The *General Lovell*, after having been badly rammed by the *Queen of the West* (or the *Monarch*, as it is claimed), was struck by our shot and shell, and, at about the same time and place as the *Beauregard*, sank to the bottom so suddenly as to take a considerable number of her officers and crew down with her, the remainder being saved by small boats and our tugs. The *General Price*, *Little Rebel* (with a shot-hole through her steam-chest), and our *Queen of the West*, all disabled, were run on the Arkansas shore opposite Memphis; and the *Monarch* afterward ran into the *Little Rebel* just as our fleet were passing her in pursuit of the remainder of the enemy's fleet, then retreating rapidly down the

river. The *Jeff Thompson*, below the point and opposite President's Island, was the next boat disabled by our shot. She was run ashore, burned, and blown up. The Confederate ram *Sumter* was also disabled by our shell and captured. The *Bragg* soon after shared the same fate, and was run ashore, where her officers abandoned her, and disappeared in the forests of Arkansas. All the Confederate rams which had been run on the Arkansas shore were captured. The *Van Dorn*, having a start, alone escaped down the river. The *Monarch* and *Switzerland* were dispatched in pursuit of her and a few transports, but returned without overtaking them, although they captured another steamer.

The scene at this battle was rendered most sublime by the desperate nature of the engagement and the momentous consequences that followed very speedily after the first attack. Thousands of people crowded the high bluffs overlooking the river. The roar of the cannon and shell shook the houses on shore on either side for many miles. First wild yells, shrieks, and clamors, then loud, despairing murmurs, filled the affrighted city. The screaming, plunging shell crashed into the boats, blowing some of them and their crews into fragments, and the rams rushed upon each other like wild beasts in deadly conflict. Blinding smoke hovered about the scene of all this confusion and horror; and, as the battle progressed and the Confederate fleet was destroyed, all the cheering voices on shore were silenced. With each disaster a sympathizing wail went up from the multitude. When the last hope of the Confederates gave way, the lamentations which went up from the spectators were like cries of anguish.

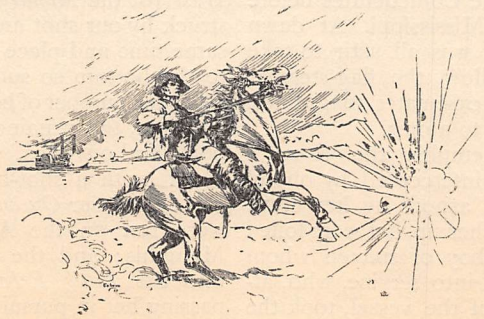
Boats were put off from our vessels to save as many lives as possible. No serious injury was received by any one on board the United States fleet. Colonel Ellet received a pistol-shot in the leg; a shot struck the *Carondelet* in the bow, broke up her anchor and anchor-stock, and fragments were scattered over her deck among her officers and crew, wounding slightly Acting-Master Gibson and two or three others who were standing at the time on the forward deck with me. The heavy timber which was suspended on the sides of our gun-boats, at the water-line, to protect them from being sunk by the Confederate rams, greatly impeded our progress in battle, and it was therefore cut adrift from the *Carondelet* when that vessel was in chase of the *Bragg* and *Sumter*. The latter had just landed a number of her officers and crew, some of whom were emerging from the bushes along the bank of the river, unaware of the *Carondelet's* proximity, when I hailed them through a trumpet, and ordered them to stop or be shot. They obeyed immediately, and by my orders were taken on board a tug and delivered on the *Benton*.

General Jeff Thompson, notable in partisan or border warfare, having signally failed with those rams at Fort Pillow, now resigned them to their fate. It was said that he stood by his horse watching the effect of this desperate struggle, and seeing at last his rams all gone, captured, sunk, or burned, he exclaimed, philosophically, "They are gone, and I am going," mounted his horse, and disappeared.

An enormous amount of property was captured by our squadron; and in addition to the Confederate fleet, we captured at Memphis six large Mississippi steamers, each marked "C. S. A." We also seized a large quantity of cotton in steamers and on shore, and the property at the Confederate navy-yard, and caused the destruction of a large steam ram on the stocks, which was to have been a sister ship to the renowned *Arkansas*. About one hundred Confederates were killed and wounded and one hundred and fifty captured. Chief of all results of the work of the flotilla was the opening of the Mississippi River once for all from Cairo to Memphis.*

Henry Walke.

* The opening of the lower part of the Mississippi by the fleet under Admiral Farragut will be described in an early number of THE CENTURY, by Admiral Porter.



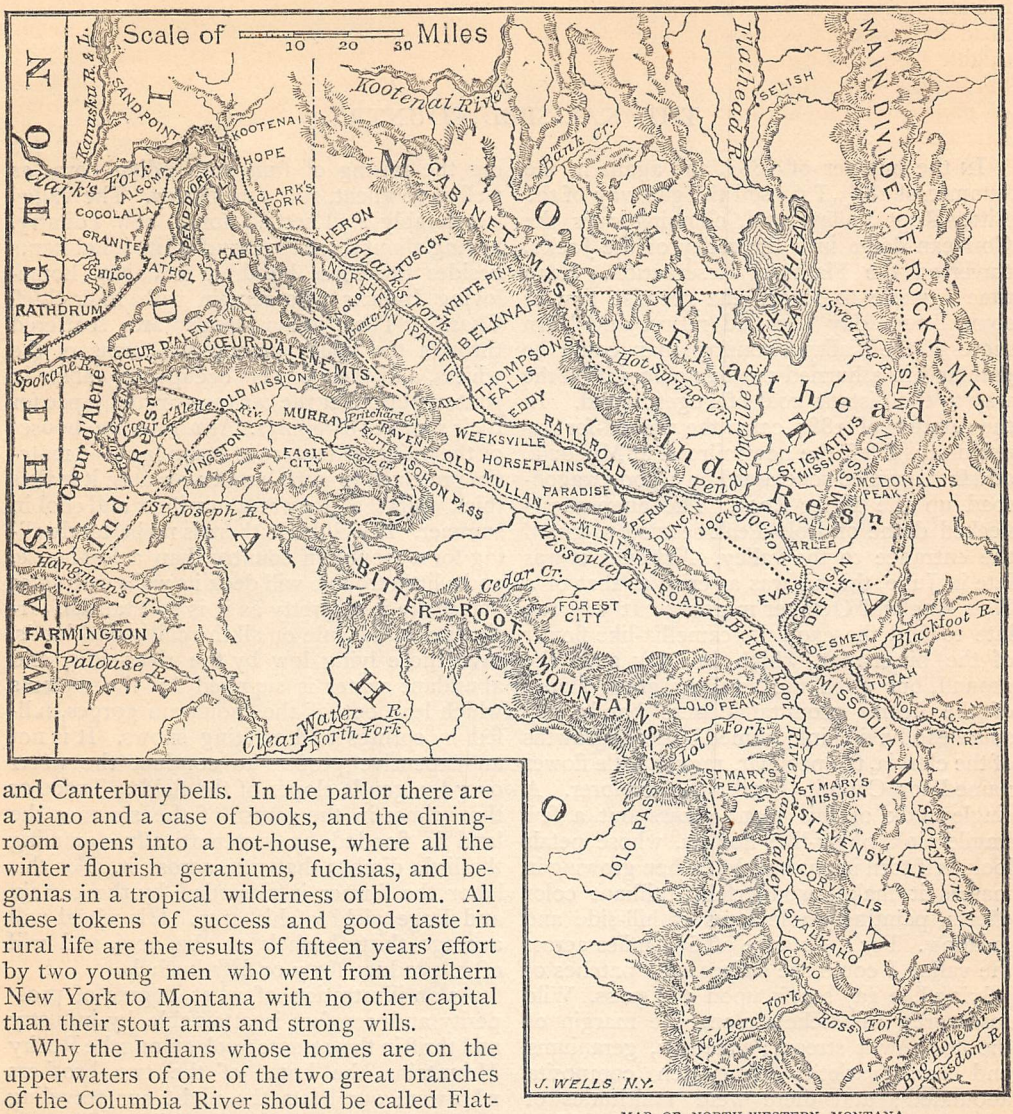
PRACTICING ON A RIVER PICKET.

THE KALISPEL COUNTRY.

In the summer of 1882, and again in the summer of 1883, I passed the gateway of the Bitter-Root Valley, and, climbing over the Coriacan defile into the valley of the Jocko, traversed the Flathead Reservation. Each time I made to myself the promise that at some future day I would return and learn more of the Kalispel country than could be gathered in a hurried passage across it on the way to the distant goal of Puget Sound. In the summer of 1884 came the wished-for opportunity. I left the new railroad at Missoula, and first traveled southward on a good wagon-road up the Bitter-Root. The huge snow-flecked dome of Lolo Peak seemed to guard the entrance to the valley. Although it was late in June, the air was as crisp as that of a New England October morning. It was too late to find the exquisite camellia-like flower of the bitter-root, which in May stars the ground, but upon the swelling green slopes of the nearer mountains were bands and splashes of vivid pink, formed by dense growths of the clarkia, the peculiar, ragged little flower named for Captain Clark, the explorer. A single stalk of this plant shows but a few fragile pink, phlox-like flowers, whose petals look as if torn in shreds; but when growing in masses it makes wonderfully brilliant color effects, painting whole acres of hill-side and meadow. For a distance of five miles across the valley I could see stripes and patches of it lying like gay scarfs upon the grass. Wild roses grew in thickets along the margin of the cool, swift stream; bluebells, geraniums, and many varieties of golden compositæ abounded; and there were multitudes of strange, nameless flowers peculiar to Montana. The notes of the robin and the meadow-lark filled the air with familiar melody; but with the magpie, with his long tail, his black and white coat, and his impudent chatter, I could claim acquaintance only through former journeys in this region.

The Bitter-Root Valley is about ninety miles long, and its greatest width is perhaps seven miles. The Bitter-Root chain of mountains bounds it on the west; on the east it is walled in by a nameless ridge; its southern limit is marked by a cross-range of snowy peaks; while on the north it debouches through a narrow pass into the valley of the Missoula. It has the reputation of being the best agricultural valley of Montana, its comparatively low altitude (four thousand feet) favoring the raising of fruit and Indian corn, as well as of wheat, oats, and barley. The valley is tolerably well settled for a new country, having about three thousand white inhabitants besides the three hundred stubborn, home-loving Indians who remain with their chief, Charlo. The Indian lands are scattered through the valley among the farms of the whites, and their owners occupy log-cabins in winter, but prefer the canvas-covered tepee for their summer dwellings. As a rule, the houses of the white settlers are of hewn logs—a material preferred to sawn lumber because it makes thick walls that are warm in winter and cool in summer. If well built, there is no better dwelling for a mountain country than a log-house, and a little trouble will deck its walls with vines and make it as pretty as it is substantial. Irrigation is the rule on all the cultivated lands, save those lying low by the river-side; and abundant water is supplied by the streams which leap out of the mountain gorges, full-fed by springs and melting snows. It is not an expensive process to conduct the water over the gentle slopes of the fields. Twice or three times in the course of the summer the land is flooded by systematically damming the little ditches that run across it. For this labor the farmer is rewarded by the certain and large yield of his crop. His wheat will average thirty bushels to the acre, and will often produce forty or fifty bushels.

As an illustration of what degree of prosperity and comfort is attainable by industry and thrift in this remote nook among the Rocky Mountains, the home of the two brothers who were our hosts the night our traveling party of three spent in the valley will serve. They live near the foot of St. Mary's Peak, the loftiest of the Bitter-Root chain. When they settled there, they were two hundred and forty miles from a post-office, and sixteen hundred miles from a railroad. Now they have a square mile of land in grain and meadow, a fine orchard of apple, plum, and cherry trees, a dairy through which flows a brook as cold as the snow-bank that is its source, herds of fat cattle, numerous barns and other farm buildings, a pretty white house shaded by cottonwoods and pines, and a flower garden where, under the care of the two sisters who are the mistresses of the domain, grow all the dear old blossoms of our childhood—pinks and peonies, larkspur and columbine, pansies and petunias, roses, sweet-williams,



MAP OF NORTH-WESTERN MONTANA.

and Canterbury bells. In the parlor there are a piano and a case of books, and the dining-room opens into a hot-house, where all the winter flourish geraniums, fuchsias, and begonias in a tropical wilderness of bloom. All these tokens of success and good taste in rural life are the results of fifteen years' effort by two young men who went from northern New York to Montana with no other capital than their stout arms and strong wills.

Why the Indians whose homes are on the upper waters of one of the two great branches of the Columbia River should be called Flatheads is a question to which I have found no satisfactory answer, either from themselves or the Jesuit fathers who are their teachers, or from their neighbors, the white settlers. In their own language their name is Kalispel. "And what does Kalispel mean?" I asked of an intelligent Indian who could speak English remarkably well. He thought it was an abbreviation of Kalispelum, and that Spelum meant a prairie, and Kalis was a corruption of camas, the name of the root which all the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains prepare by drying for an article of food. There are many camas prairies in Montana and Idaho, but the largest is in the Flathead nation. The tradition of the tribe, according to my informant, is that they came from a land far to the north, and wandered southward in search of a good country until they found this prairie, which pleased them so well that there, and on the shores of the great lake near by, and of the river which drains it, they made their homes. If we accept this interpretation of their name, they are the people of the Camas Prairie. They indignantly deny that they or their ancestors ever flattened the heads of their babies, as some of the degraded fish-eating tribes of the Pacific coast, of whom they have heard. Yet Flatheads they are called, and have been called, ever since Lewis and Clark visited their country. Flathead is the name of the lake in the northern part of their possessions, and it is the Flathead River which feeds the lake. The map-makers used to call all the northern

branch of the Columbia Clark's Fork or Flathead River, giving to the southern branch the double name of Lewis Fork or Snake River; but in later times there has been a separation of names on the northern branch. In the newer geographies the name Columbia is given to the stream that rises far north in the British territory, and receives the Clark's Fork before crossing the American line. On some maps the outlet as well as the inlet of Flathead Lake is called Flathead River, but the people of the region all call the outlet the Pend d'Oreille.

The Kalispel country of to-day is a wedge-shaped area in north-western Montana, bounded on the east by the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, traversed by the Mission Mountains, one of the loftiest and most rugged spurs of the Rockies, and drained by the Flathead and Pend d'Oreille rivers and their tributaries. It is not quite as large as the State of Connecticut, and its Indian occupants number about 1700. The Flatheads proper, or Selish Indians, as they call themselves, are a branch of the Kalispel family, and are not as numerous as their cousins, the Pend d'Oreilles, who share with them and with a third tribe, the Kootenais, with whom neither acknowledges relationship, the Flathead Reservation. The language of the Selish differs from that of the Pend d'Oreilles no more than does the German of Bavaria from the German of Hanover; but the Kootenai is a tongue by itself, and those who speak it are looked upon by their neighbors of the other two tribes as an inferior sort of people. The original home of the Selish Indians was the beautiful valley of the Bitter-Root, which begins at Missoula, about twenty miles south of the reservation; and there some three hundred of them remain, in spite of the efforts of the Government to persuade them to remove. Under the advice of the hereditary chief of the tribe, Charlo, they have persistently refused for fourteen years to join their kindred on the reservation. Offers of lands and money, of cattle and wagons and farm implements, have no effect on Charlo. He says he will live and die in the home of his fathers. He went to Washington last winter with the agent for the Flatheads, Major Ronan, to talk the matter over, but returned as stubborn as ever in his determination to remain in his native valley. The Indians who stay with Charlo on the Bitter-Root lose all the advantages of the agency system—the care of the sick and destitute, the education of the children, the distribution of wagons and implements, and the free use of saw and grist mills; but they preserve their freedom, and their eyes behold their lovely green valley with its gigantic mountain walls and its blue river running through thickets of roses. The Government has given to each family title to one hundred and sixty acres of good land, but most of them are continually on the verge of starvation, for the game is gone and they will not work. A few till the soil, keep herds of cattle and horses, and are prosperous when their substance is not devoured by their lazy relatives; but by far the greater number roam about the mountains for roots and berries, and the chance of finding a deer or a big-horn, enjoying a picnic all summer and begging food from the white settlers in winter.

A chief object of my visit to the valley was to see the venerable Jesuit missionary, Father Ravalli, who has labored among the Flatheads for forty years as priest and physician, and who is beloved throughout western Montana. A narrative of his life would be a history of the civilization of the Kalispel tribes; for not only have the Jesuit fathers Christianized the Indians, but they have taught them agriculture and the rearing of stock. The religious part of their work was much less difficult than the practical part of teaching habits of industry. In the latter they have as yet been only partly successful, as is shown by the number of Flatheads one meets roaming about the valley in savage toggery, with their dogs, ponies, and lodge-poles, and by the two tepees pitched almost under the eaves of the mission church of St. Mary's, which has been the center of Father Ravalli's labors. The dramatic and pictorial worship of the Catholic Church appeals at once to the imagination of the Indian, and the helpful, kindly ways of its priests win their confidence; but to tame the ancient savagery in their blood is a much slower matter. Civilization cannot be put on like a suit of clothes. We are all in too much of a hurry about making a white man out of the Indian, forgetting that it took centuries for our own ancestors to outgrow the wild life of woods and caves, and settle down to tillage and the care of herds and flocks.

The little mission church of St. Mary's, with its attached group of log buildings, stands close by the village of Stevensville, and is overshadowed by the lofty peaks of the Bitter-Root range. At the door of Father Ravalli's house I found a melancholy Indian sitting patiently on the threshold. He pulled his scarlet blanket apart, and pointing to his bare, bronzed breast, said, "Sick." Perhaps he hoped for some healing influence to come from the presence of the good priest within, and so lingered at the door. The priest himself needed help more than the Indian, and was, alas, beyond the reach of all human skill.*

* Father Ravalli died a few weeks after Mr. Smalley's visit, which was in August last.—ED.

For four years he had been confined to his bed by paralysis of the lower limbs. It was a quaint and impressive figure that greeted me from a narrow couch in the little room into which an Italian lay brother ushered me. Father Ravalli has a face of great power and individuality. His benignant blue eyes and broad, reflective brow seemed to contradict the expression of the long, sharp, aggressive nose. The upper part of his face bespoke the philosopher, poet, and good physician; the lower seemed to belong to a military commander. A book-case on the wall within reach from the bed held works of devotion mingled with cyclopedias, and a table close at hand was covered with phials. Larger book-cases in the room contained several hundreds of volumes of works on religion, agriculture, and medicine in Italian, English, and French. These cases alternated along the walls with shelves filled with jars and bottles; the bed-chamber of the sick priest being both library and dispensary.

Father Ravalli told very simply and briefly the story of the establishment of missions in the Kalispel country. Some Catholic Iroquois gave the Flatheads a knowledge of Christianity and induced them to send to the Bishop of St. Louis for missionaries. Father de Smet first came among them, and established in 1841 the Mission of St. Mary's. He returned to St. Louis, leaving Father Mengarini behind, and his report to Rome led the Society of Jesus to send out a party of priests to remain in the country. Ravalli was the chief of this party, and with him came Father Vera Cruz, a Belgian, and Fathers Acolti and Nobili, Italians, and several lay brethren of the order. Mengarini, who is living in San Francisco, and Ravalli are the only survivors of these two first bands of missionaries. The Indians, Father Ravalli says, were well disposed from the first; and in a few years all the tribes of the Kalispel family, as well as the Kootenais and Nez Percés, were converted. Other missions were established, and the work of the Jesuits was extended northward into the British possessions, and westward to the Columbia River. They brought with them the plow as well as the cross, and taught their converts to sow and reap, to build log-houses, to fence fields, and to care for cattle. In 1846 two small mill-stones were transported on horses from Fort Benton, below the falls of the Missouri, to the Bitter-Root Valley, and the first mill in what is now Montana was erected. These stones are still preserved at the St. Mary's Mission, and are shown to visitors with some pride by the lay brother who attends Father Ravalli. A well-stocked apothecary shop is one of the adjuncts of the mission, and the good father is a skillful physician.

He said that the Indians in the Bitter-Root Valley are often in a starving condition, and that their blood has become so impoverished by lack of nourishing food that scrofula is almost universal among them. Still they refuse to go to the reservation, where they could get plenty of food. Their liberty and their old home in the valley are so dear to them that they will not leave. They have good lands, and might make themselves comfortable; but the trouble is, as the Father expressed it in a single sentence in his quaint language, "They not like to work." They want to have all the privileges of both white men and Indians — to hold lands, but to do no work and pay no taxes.

In the fall of 1883 the Indians of the valley were visited by Senator Vest, of Missouri, and Delegate Maginnis, of Montana, who came as commissioners on behalf of the Government to persuade them to go to the reservation. A long conference was held, but Charlo, the chief, was immovable. "We do not wish to leave these lands," he said. "You place your foot upon our necks and press our faces into the dust. But I will never go to the reservation. I will go to the plains."

"Joseph, the Nez Percé chief, attempted to go to the plains," replied Senator Vest. "Look where he is now! There are no more plains. The white men are thick as leaves from ocean to ocean. Either get a patent to your lands here, or go upon the reservation, where you can raise plenty to eat."

Charlo took off his hat and threw it upon the floor, and, gazing steadily at the Senator, shouted:

"You may take Charlo to the reservation, but there will be no breath in his nostrils. Charlo will be dead! He will never go there alive!"

It was these Indians of the Bitter-Root that General Garfield visited in 1872. He made a treaty with them for their removal to the reservation on the Jocko. Charlo says he did not sign it, and that somebody signed his mark for him. He refused to be bound by it, and less than a third of the tribe migrated under its provisions. The others have been treated very considerately by the Government. A patent for one hundred and sixty acres of land has been made out for each family. They occupy the land, but refuse to take the patents in order to avoid paying taxes. An effort is now being made to induce them to sell these lands and use the money to open new farms on the reservation, and to build houses and buy stock and implements.

In talking with Father Ravalli about his life and work among the Flatheads, something was said about a resemblance between the wooded foot-hills east of the valley and the

Apennines. A look of homesickness came into his eyes as he exclaimed, "Ah! *bella Italia!*" It was easy to see that his heart had been in Italy all the forty years of his life in the wilderness. His thoughts went back to Ferrara, where he was born, and he quoted with much feeling a stanza from the poet Monti:

"Bella Italia, amate sponde,
Pur ritorno a rivider.
Trema in petto, e si confonde
L'alma oppressa dal piacer."

To a suggestion at leave-taking that he should be carried down the valley to Missoula to see the new railroad, Father Ravalli said: "I care little for earthly things now; soon I shall travel among the stars!"

In the Bitter-Root Valley one is on historic ground. It was traversed by the expedition of Lewis and Clark, who entered it from the south over the divide from the stream they named Wisdom River, but which is now called the Big Hole. The Burnt Fork near St. Mary's Mission they called Scattering Creek, and the Lolo Fork is their Traveler's Rest Creek. At the head of this latter stream, after beating in vain for many days against the enormous wall of the Bitter-Root Mountains, they succeeded in finding a passage across to the waters flowing to the Pacific. Their greatest hardships were experienced in getting through the Bitter-Root chain. Through the Lolo Pass came Chief Joseph in 1876, with his Nez Percés, at the outset of his heroic and skillful retreat. He did not molest the settlers in the valley. The friendly Flatheads met the Nez Percés when they came down the Lolo, and told them that if the whites were harmed they would take up arms in their behalf. Chief Joseph replied that he had no quarrel with the settlers in the Bitter-Root country, and did not propose to do them any injury. His people harmed no one and committed no depredations during his flight through the valley. When news came of the approach of the hostile band, the settlers hastily fled with their families to a stockade in Stevensville, leaving their homes and stock unprotected; but nothing was molested. They were blamed afterward for not attempting to bar the passage of the valley, but they acted wisely in consulting the safety of their families and their property, and leaving the task of capturing Joseph and his little army to the regular troops.

The Bitter-Root Valley probably affords a better field for agricultural settlement than any other portion of Montana. Most of the land near the river, which can easily be irrigated from the small tributary streams, is occupied; but there is plenty of good level land untaken upon which water can be brought at small expense. The climate resembles that of Vermont, but with less snow and more frequent thaws in winter and with cooler nights in summer. The scenery can be compared to nothing in our Eastern States; the grandeur of the mountains, with their crags and domes of rock and snow, being indescribable in words that will convey a correct impression to readers who have seen only the low, wooded summits of the Alleghanies and the Adirondacks. One would have to seek a just standard for comparison in the high Alps. Only the Lolo Peak and St. Mary's Peak, of the many magnificent summits in the Bitter-Root chain, have names. The others await a christening at the hands of the tourists who will in a few years penetrate to these fresh fields of travel. One of the highest mountains, having a crest singularly broken, might well be named Mount Garfield, in memory of the visit of General Garfield to the valley. Its summit seems fitly to typify the rude and cruel shattering of his life when it had reached the highest pinnacle of success and fame.

The Flathead Reservation was established, by a treaty made with the Indians by Governor Isaac I. Stevens, of Washington Territory, in 1853, for the home of the Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kootenais. Most of its surface is covered by lofty and rugged mountain ranges, but it contains a number of beautiful valleys which make admirable stock-ranges, and afford considerable agricultural land skirting the streams. The Northern Pacific Railroad runs through the western part of the reservation, down the valleys of the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille rivers; but the tourist sees little of Indian life from the windows of the cars, save a few log-houses, inhabited for the most part by half-breeds. The agency is in the Jocko Valley, and so is the home of the Flathead chief, Arlee, appointed by General Garfield to take the place of the intractable Charlo; but the life of the reservation centers at the Jesuit mission, in Mission Valley. Here are the schools for boys and girls, carried on by the zealous fathers and by the Sisters of Charity, and here is the mission church with its sweet bells waking the echoes in the gloomy mountain gorges, and calling the blanketed savages from huts and wigwams to witness the impressive ceremonies of the Catholic faith.

In all my experience of Rocky Mountain travel I can recall no more pleasing scene than the view of the Mission Valley which suddenly bursts upon the sight as one approaches the mission from the Jocko. In front tower the crags and precipices of a mountain range of exceptional height and grandeur. The black band around the base of this range is formed by forests of gigantic

pines. The ruddy cliffs at their summits are enormous perpendicular walls of rock. The white flecks on the steep declivities below are great snow-fields, and the shining silver threads are cascades that leap down from dizzy heights a sheer thousand feet into dark cañons. At the feet of these glorious mountains stretches out for forty miles a valley of about seven miles in width, of a brilliant green color, flecked with pink patches of the clarkia flower, and dotted with numerous little ponds. The streams that flow from the melting snows in the mountain gorges make bands of dark green with their wooded banks as they cross the valley on their way to the Pend d'Oreille River. Numerous herds of cattle and horses can be seen. Right in the foreground of the picture is the group of buildings which form the mission, looking not unlike a Swiss village.

This Mission of St. Ignatius was established in 1853. Its home authority is in Turin, Italy; that is to say, it is a branch of the missionary work carried on by the Jesuit Order in the province of Turin. For thirty years the good fathers have labored in this valley. They found the Indians entirely wild, not even understanding the first rudiments of agriculture. In the course of a generation they have civilized them so far as to induce them to live in log-houses a part of the year, to raise wheat, oats, and potatoes in little well-fenced fields, and to keep cattle and horses. A few wear civilized dress, but most of the men stick to leggins and blankets. The women wear calico gowns, because they are the cheapest garb to be had. All profess the Catholic faith, and attend mass when not out hunting or roaming over the country; and they are sure to rally in force at the mission on St. Ignatius's day, Christmas, and other holidays. Of the Flatheads there are only 125 on the reservation according to the last report, but of the Pend d'Oreilles there are 965, and of the Kootenais 600, so that the entire population amounts to nearly 1700 souls, including the half-breeds, who count as Indians in a legal sense. Besides the agency people and those attached to the mission, there are no whites residing on the reservation save one man — old Angus McDonald, a veteran of the Hudson's Bay Company's service, who came to the valley in 1839, and established a fort in 1847 where his house now stands. He was afterward intrusted with the business of closing up all the affairs of the Company in the territory of the United States, and having married a Nez Percé woman, he remained in the valley. The Indians recognized his rights as older than their own, and so he still lives among them in a primitive fashion, the owner of more horses and cattle than he cares to count, and the father of a race of stalwart sons. This sturdy, intelligent Scotchman is an interesting relic of a type that is fast passing away in the North-west.

The Jesuit fathers at the mission entertained my companion and myself with a hospitality that displayed the politeness of European society as well as the heartiness of the West. They anticipated every wish, and were always doing some little act of personal kindness that was unexpected. Two of them are Italians, Fathers Palladini (the superior) and Bandini; one is a Belgian, Father Van Gorp; and one a Frenchman of noble family, Father de Rougé. Two have grown old in missionary work among the Indians; the others are young men newly led to the wilderness by religious zeal. The interesting thing about their work to one not of their faith is, not their success in bringing whole tribes to accept baptism and the sacrament, for that sort of success has been achieved from time to time for two centuries among the Indians of Canada and the North-west, but rather the practical results they can show in the way of making their wards self-sustaining farmers and herdsmen. They hold very moderate views on the subject of educating and civilizing the Indian, not imagining that he can be turned into a white man in all save his skin by a few years of effort. They know how strong is the savagery in his nature, and are well content if they can get him to work enough to provide food for his family, and can persuade him to be tolerably decent and honest. They show him how to build a log-house and fence a field, but do not ask him to give up his tepee or to cease entirely from roaming over the country. After the crops are put in the ground in the spring, most of the houses are deserted for several weeks. The people go on long excursions among the mountains or to the lake, to dig camas, fish, run horses, and in general have a jolly good time in their own wild fashion. The women go along, and the children too, of whom there are many, and the dogs, which are still more numerous. After the crop is gathered there is another time of roaming, and in winter still a third, when the game is hunted. The fathers encourage this Ishmaelitish life, having found by experience that the Indians take to gambling and drunkenness if confined to their little farms. Their wild nature must have vent in adventure and movement, or they grow sickly as well as fall into vicious habits. In traveling about the reservation I constantly met parties migrating to the river-side, or the lake, or the big camas prairie, as bent on enjoyment

in their own way as are civilized people who make summer visits to watering-place resorts. The drollest thing is to see one of these pleasure parties traveling in a wagon. The incongruity of a sober farm-wagon, made in Jackson, Michigan, drawn by a pair of Cayuse ponies and filled with a motley company of barbarians, the men in red or green blankets, and with feathers stuck in their long hair, and the women in a medley of savage and civilized attire, with babies tied on their backs, is irresistibly funny. The grave and stolid decorum of the Indians' faces rather adds to the effect. For the "hest-kowkow," or good-day in Kalispel, with which you salute these excursionists, you get at the most a grave nod and a repetition of the same phrase. Only the young fellows who tear along on horseback show the least approach to good humor.

The opinion of the missionaries is against attempting too much in the way of educating the Indians. They would have them learn to read and write a little, but this they do not hold to be as important as a little knowledge of arithmetic, to enable them to avoid being cheated in their buying and selling. Most of all, they seek to teach them that it is honorable and profitable for them to work and be independent. In the girls' school, where there are sixty pupils, sewing, mending, cooking, and washing are taught, as well as ordinary elementary school studies. The pupils also tend a garden, mend shoes, milk the cows, and have painted the inside of their new building. They learn to write neatly, being apt at imitating from copy-books, are skillful in making garments, and furnish from among their number the choir for the church. Both girls and boys are very tractable. Father Bandini, fresh from Italy, and pining for music, has organized a band of boys which is beginning to be proficient in easy airs. To see these little fellows blowing brass instruments, and keeping time with their moccasined feet, is a curious spectacle. The children, as a rule, are not strong, and many die young of quick consumption. They inherit feeble constitutions from parents who are themselves healthy and long-lived, a result, no doubt, of change from savage to semi-civilized modes of life, or, if one wishes to find another reason, of the process by which a useless race fades away under the influence of some natural law or providential purpose when brought in contact with a higher type of humanity.

There is a mistaken notion among philanthropic people in the East that the Indian is a much abused person, who is entitled to the lively sympathy of mankind. Unquestionably there have been plenty of instances of broken treaties and individual and tribal wrongs; but, looking at the matter, not from the historical but from the actual point of view, it must be admitted that the aborigine on a reservation has more rights and privileges than a white man enjoys. "If I could have the privileges on this reservation which the Indian has," said Major Ronan, the Indian agent, as we were driving through the lovely Mission Valley, "I would resign my office at once, settle down on one of these streams, build a house, fence in all the land I wanted, and get me a big herd of cattle." The Indian or the half-breed, explained the agent, can inclose as much land as he pleases, and use as much more as he wants for a stock-range. He pays no taxes, and rides free on the railroad. If his tools get out of repair, or his horses need shoeing, the Government employs a blacksmith to work for him. He takes his wheat to the agency flour-mill, where it is ground by the Government, and his logs to the agency saw-mill, to be made into lumber of the dimensions he wishes. If he is sick, the Government supplies him with medicines and a doctor. The missionaries educate his children in a boarding-school, and furnish him with the comforts of religion without charge. If too idle to work, he knows that the Government will in no event let him starve. If he tries, he can become a rich man by the mere increase of his cattle and horses. Now, how does it stand with the white citizen? Instead of thousands of acres, he can get from the Government only one hundred and sixty, and on them he must pay taxes and "rustle for a living," as the Western phrase goes. The Indian is our American aristocrat. He owns the whole landscape; he toils not, save in a fitful way as it suits his pleasure, and he spends his time in hunting, fishing, horse-racing, gambling, and loafing. It will be argued, I know, that the Indians once owned the whole country, and that their reservations and the privileges they have upon them are after all but a small compensation for what they have lost. This, again, is a mistake. No people own a country because they roam over it before others come to share its occupancy. If a few hundred white men should chance to be the first inhabitants of a territory large enough for a great State, who would say that they owned all the land by reason of that circumstance?

We set out one day in June to climb McDonald's Peak, one of the most conspicuous of the jagged summits of the Mission chain. Professor Raphael Pumpelly made the ascent last year with a party of explorers belonging to the Northern Transcontinental Survey; and on his report of the wonderful views of water-falls, lakes, and snow-fields to be seen, Henry Villard, then President of the

Northern Pacific Railroad Company, had a trail made up to a sharp ridge just at the foot of the pyramidal apex of the peak. Up this trail Mr. Villard escorted in September of last year such of his foreign guests as were adventurous enough to undertake the ascent. No one had since been over the trail until my party traversed it. There is no trouble about getting up to the ridge or comb on a stout horse, the time required from the foot of the mountain being about two hours; but to scramble up the precipitous peak, which rises about two thousand feet above the timber-line, is a feat which might appall even skillful Alpine climbers. Professor Pumpelly and his half-breed guide, Duncan McDonald, certainly deserve credit for their achievement; and as the peak already bears the name of Duncan's father, it would be only fair to give that of the professor to the tremendous cañon that lies at its base and the beautiful waterfalls which leap into the gorge. The cañon and falls, and two round dark-blue lakes lying one about a hundred feet above the other, burst into view as we came out of the forest upon a shelf of rock about two-thirds of the way up the trail. It would be hard to find either in the Alps, or the Sierras, or the Rockies, a more striking scene. Seven gigantic bare peaks hem in the cañon and hold in their embrace the snow-field which feeds the stream that comes rushing down to divide just above a precipice a thousand feet high, and form a double, V-shaped fall, which leaps into the upper lake. Another fall connects the upper with the lower lake. Its height is the same as that of the loftiest pines that stand around the rocky rim of the second lake, the tops of the trees just reaching the level of the upper basin. Below the lakes is a dismal gorge, precipitous but heavily timbered, which is said to be a favorite resort for grizzly bears. From the summit of the trail we looked down into another deep cañon filled with a snow-field that from its position, its steep descent, and the masses of ice visible on its surface, has the appearance of being a true glacier. Looking down this cañon, the eye ranges over the green valley, sweeps along at least a hundred miles of the Bitter-Root chain, including the distant peaks of Lolo and St. Mary's, and looking northward takes in the blue waters of Flathead Lake and their mountain-rimmed shores. A marvelous prospect indeed! Some day, when these remote regions shall be better known, processions of tourists will, no doubt, go up Mr. Villard's trail with alpenstocks and lunch-baskets. At present the bears are the only travelers upon it.

When we had gotten down to the foot of the mountain, the horses, which had appeared to be thoroughly exhausted, pricked up their ears and gave us a wild five-mile gallop across the great natural flower-garden of the valley, where golden, blue, white, and purple blossoms almost concealed the grass. So we came rushing up to the mission in gallant style at sunset, to be met with welcoming exclamations from the black-gowned fathers, and to find a substantial supper smoking on the table of the refectory.

Next day a journey to Flathead Lake, thirty-five miles distant, was undertaken, the road leading through the valley all the way. About once in three miles the log-house and field of an Indian farmer are seen. All the rest of the fertile valley is untenanted save by a few herds of cattle and horses. At the foot of the lake a white family have a store, and an old Iroquois Indian named Baptiste Ignace, who drifted up into these northern regions from St. Louis when a boy, keeps a ferry and charges two dollars for putting a team and wagon across. The old fellow is making a fortune since settlers began to go into the country at the head of the lake, which is outside the reservation, and is only accessible by the way of Baptiste's flat-boat ferry. Already there are about sixty families in the valley above the lake. A little schooner carries supplies up to them, and before this article is in print a steam-launch will be running on the lake. Two townships in this Ultima Thule of Montana settlement have been surveyed, and there is good country enough for four or five more. If any reader wants to migrate to a remote region where he will be separated from the rest of mankind by a hundred miles' stretch of Indian reservation, I would commend to him the Flathead Lake country. The lake is some thirty miles long by ten wide. Its waters are dotted with islands and its shore-lines broken by bold promontories. High mountains hem it in on the east and west; on the southern side stretches out the Mission Valley; and on the north the narrower valley of the Flathead River is bounded somewhere near the British line by a cross-range of still higher peaks that carry snow all summer. The scenery of the lake is more beautiful than that of Lake George, and less beautiful than that of Lake Lucerne.

The Kalispel language is the classical tongue of the Indians of the reservation. The Pend d'Oreilles and Flatheads speak it, and the Kootenais make shift to understand it a little. It has been reduced to printed forms by the Jesuit fathers. A dictionary of Kalispel-English and English-Kalispel has been printed at the mission, and is a remarkable monument of patient labor. Father Mengarini began it and Father Giorda completed

it. It is related of Father Giorda that he was one day listening to a group of Indian boys amusing themselves with an echo in the mountains. One of the boys made an exclamation, whereupon the priest ran joyfully back to the mission, crying: "This is one of the happiest days of my life. For eleven years I have vainly sought the right word in Kalispel for echo, and now I have it!" The language looks uncouth on the printed page, because of the multitude of consonants in proportion to the vowels. Such words are common as *lplpgomin* (a nail), *lsususten* (a cup), and *chslziltgn*. Half-distinct vowel sounds like a short *u* are put in between the consonants. There is no *r*, *b*, *d*, *m*, *f*, or *v* in the language. When spoken it is rather sonorous; at least it seemed so from the lips of Father Van Gorp, whom I heard preach in the mission church to a picturesque congregation of Indians. To him I am indebted for this version of the Lord's Prayer in Kalispel:

Kae-leéu, Îu l-schichemáskat u ku-elzìi, a-skuest ku-ksgaménchel tem, ku-kÎ-chéltich's t'esiá spuùs; a-szntèls ks-kólili iè 'l-stóligu, ezagèil lu 'l-s'chichemáskat. Kae-guízeÎilt ietelgoà lu kaes-iapezínem; kael-kolgoèlÎilt lu kae-guilguìlt, ezagèil lu tkaempilè kaes-kolgoèÎltem Îu epl guilguìlt 'l'kaempilè; kaes-olkshiÎilt ta kakaeskuèstem lu téie, kael-guilguiÎilt lu tel teie. Komi ezageil.

Our Father, who in Heaven who dwellest, thy name be it loved to thee; be thou the Lord of all hearts; thy will let it be done here upon the earth, the same as in Heaven. To us give to-day what we need; forgive us our debts, in the same way as we forgive those who have debts with us; help us not to take (to be guilty of) sin, cause us to be freed from sin. May it be thus.

On the whole, the Kalispel tribes afford as good an example of progress toward civilization as can be found in the far West among Indians recently brought in contact with the whites. They are lazy and dirty as a rule, and much given to gambling and to drinking whisky smuggled in by the half-breeds, but they are getting on. Some already possess considerable property in the form of cattle and horses. Many others are industrious, but their accumulations are devoured by their poor relations, who bring their lodges, families, and dogs, and camp about the house of a prosperous kinsman until his supplies are gone or he violates the rules of hospitality by driving them away. Theft is rare, monogamy is universal, and crimes against the person seldom occur except as the result of too much drink. Murder is not punished by death. The murderer compromises with the relatives of his victim by a blood-atonement in the form of a present of horses, and is allowed to take himself off to some other tribe. The pure-blooded Indians give less trouble than the half-breeds, who are accused of having the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. This is an unjust generalization, however, for there are numbers of sober, honest people of mixed blood in the Kalispel country. Probably it is not the amalgamation of races that produces a bad result so much as the vicious tendencies and purposes which often lead to these unions. From the number of light-colored faces and heads of brown hair one sees among both adults and children, the admixture of white blood seems surprisingly large in view of the remoteness of these tribes from civilized communities; but it must be borne in mind that Hudson's Bay traders and French Canadian voyageurs have intermarried with the North-western Indians for nearly a century.

Eugene V. Smalley.

RETROSPECT.

A DUSKY lichen, clinging to the knees
Of a great mountain, dark with ragged fern,
The school-house hides, and thither from the leas
And country by-ways, many foot-paths turn.

No busy town, like a gigantic bee,
Fretted the rural silence, green and warm;
From the low door the droning school could see
Their certain heritage of wood and farm.

One simple church spire cheered with acted prayer
Its small brown helper on the neighboring hill;
And, crouched beneath it, lay the grave-yard, where
The slim brook wandered to the murmuring mill.

Just down the slope a slender aspen stood,
And, in its leafy hammocks, noon by noon,
We watched the clover crimson to the wood,
And sweet glade-roses blush to welcome June.

Beside the door-stone, in those days of old,
Great mountain lilies grew, and I have read
Upon their scrolls of onyx, sprayed with gold,
The records of the words our Saviour said.

We were God's small interpreters; we knew
What the tall corn leaves talked of in their sleep;
We caught the secrets of the rain and dew,
And love them now for what we know they keep.

Ah, well! I sought the school-house yesterday,
And found amid the ferny wilderness,
A pile of fallen timbers, warped and gray,
A heap of chimney bricks in mossy dress.

We children have grown old; we hear the rush
Of a new generation close behind,
Yon clustering yew-trees hide the sunset's flush;
Our locks are toying with the evening wind.

Within my soul, where, many years, have met
Pride and self-love, to-day this past of mine—
A tearful Mary—brings a sweet regret
Folded in perfume to the Saviour's shrine.

Mary A. Leonard.

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JIM'S INVESTMENTS, AND KING SOLLERMUN.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

JIM knowed all kinds of signs. He said he knowed 'most everything. I said it looked to me like all the signs was about bad luck, and so I asked him if there warn't any good-luck signs. He says:

"Mighty few — an' *dey* ain' no use to a body. What you want to know when good luck's a-comin' for? want to keep it off?" And he said: "Ef you's got hairy arms en a hairy breas', it's a sign dat you's agwyne to be rich. Well, dey's some use in a sign like dat, 'kase it's so fur ahead. You see, may be you's got to be po' a long time fust, en so you might git discourage' en kill yo'sef 'f you didn' know by de sign dat you gwyne to be rich bymeby."

"Have you got hairy arms and a hairy breast, Jim?"

"What's de use to ax dat question? don' you see I has?"

"Well, are you rich?"

"No; but I ben rich wunst, and gwyne to be rich agin. Wunst I had fo'teen dollars, but I tuck to speculat'n', en got busted out."

"What did you speculate in, Jim?"

"Well, fust I tackled stock."

"What kind of stock?"

"Why, live stock. Cattle, you know. I put ten dollars in a cow. But I ain' gwyne to resk no mo' money in stock. De cow up 'n died on my han's."

"So you lost the ten dollars."

"No; I didn' lose it all. I on'y los' 'bout nine of it. I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."

"You had five dollars and ten cents left. Did you speculate any more?"

"Yes. You know dat one-laigged nigger dat b'longs to ole Misto Bradish? Well, he sot up a bank, en say anybody dat put in a dollar would git fo' dollars mo' at de en' er de year. Well, all de niggers went in, but dey didn' have much. I wuz de on'y one dat had much. So I stuck out for mo' dan fo' dollars, en I said 'f I didn' git it I'd start a bank mysef. Well, o' course dat nigger want' to keep me out er de business, bekase he say dey warn't business 'nough for two banks, so he say I could put in my five dollars en he pay me thirty-five at de en' er de year.

"So I done it. Den I reck'n'd I'd inves' de thirty-five dollars right off en keep things

* See "An Adventure of Huckleberry Finn: with an Account of the Famous Grangerford-Shepherdson Feud," by Mark Twain, in THE CENTURY for December.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK.

a-movin'. Dey wuz a nigger name' Bob, dat had ketched a wood-flat, en his marster didn' know it; en I bought it off'n him, en told him to take de thirty-five dollars when de en' er de year come; but somebody stole de wood-flat dat night, en nex' day de one-laigged nigger say de bank's busted. So dey didn' none uv us git no money."

"What did you do with the ten cents, Jim?"

"Well, I 'uz gwyne to spen' it, but I had a dream, en de dream tole me to give it to a nigger name' Balum — Balum's Ass dey call him, for short; he's one er dem chuckle-heads, you know. But he's lucky, dey say, en I see I warn't lucky. De dream say let Balum inves' de ten cents en he'd make a raise for me. Well, Balum he tuck de money, en when he wuz in church he hear de preacher say dat whoever give to de po' len' to de Lord, en boun' to git his money back a hund'd times. So Balum he tuck en give de ten cents to the po', en laid low to see what wuz gwyne to come of it."

"Well, what did come of it, Jim?"

"Nuffn' never come of it. I couldn' manage to k'leck dat money no way; en Balum he couldn'. I ain' gwyne to len' no mo' money 'dout I see de security. Boun' to git yo' money back a hund'd times, de preacher says! Ef I could git de ten *cents* back, I'd call it squah, en be glad er de chanst."

"Well, it's all right, anyway, Jim, long as you're going to be rich again some time or other."

"Yes — en I's rich now, come to look at it. I owns myse'f, en I's wuth eight hund'd dollars. But live stock's too resky, Huck; — I wisht I had de eight hund'd dollars en somebody else had de nigger."

. . . . . .

I read considerable to Jim about kings, and dukes, and earls, and such, and how gaudy they dressed, and how much style they put on, and called each other your majesty, and your grace, and your lordship, and so on, 'stead of mister; and Jim's eyes bugged out, and he was interested. He says:

"I didn't know dey was so many un um. I haint hearn 'bout none un um, skasely, but ole King Sollermun, onless you counts dem kings dat's in a pack er k'yards. How much do a king git?"

"Get?" I says; "why, they get a thousand dollars a month, if they want it; they can have just as much as they want; everything belongs to them."

"*Ain'* dat gay? En what dey got to do, Huck?"



SOLLERMUN AND HIS WIVES.



THE STORY OF SOLLERMUN.

"*They* don't do nothing! Why, how you talk! They just set around."

"No — is dat so?"

"Of course it is. They just set around, except maybe when there's a war; then they go to the war. But other times they just lazy around; or go hawking — just hawking and sp — Sh! — d' you hear a noise?"

We skipped out and looked; but it warn't nothing but the flutter of a steam-boat's wheel, away down coming around the point; so we come back.

"Yes," says I, "and other times, when things is dull, they fuss with the parlyment; and if everybody don't go just so, he whacks their heads off. But mostly they hang round the harem."

"Roun' de which?"

"Harem."

"What's de harem?"

"The place where he keep his wives. Don't you know about the harem? Solomon had one; he had about a million wives."

"Why, yes, dat's so; I — I'd done forgot it. A harem's a bo'd'n-house, I reck'n. Mos' likely dey has rackety times in de nussery. En I reck'n de wives quarrels considable; en dat 'crease de racket. Yit dey say Sollermun de wises' man dat ever live'. I doan' take no stock in dat. Becase why? Would a wise man want to live in de mids' er such a blimblammin' all de time? No — 'deed he wouldn't. A wise man 'ud take en buil' a biler-factry; en den he could shet *down* de biler-factry when he want to res'."

"Well, but he *was* the wisest man, anyway; because the widow she told me so, her own self."

"I doan k'yer what de widder say, he *warn't* no wise man, nuther. He had some er de dad-fetchedes' ways I ever see. Does you know 'bout dat chile dat he 'uz gwine to chop in two?"

"Yes, the widow told me all about it."

"*Well*, den! Warn' dat de beatenes' notion in de worl'? You jes' take en look at it a minute. Dah's de stump, dah — dat's one er de women; heah's you — dat's de yuther one; I's Sollermun; en dish-yer dollar bill's de chile. Bofe un you claims it. What does I do? Does I shin aroun' 'mongs' de neighbors en fine out which un you de bill *do* b'long to, en han' it over to de right one, all safe en soun', de way dat anybody dat had any gumption would? No — I take en whack de bill in *two*, en give haf un it to you, en de yuther half to de yuther woman. Dat's de way Sollermun was gwine to do wid de chile. Now, I want to ast you: what's de use er dat half a bill? — can't buy nuth'n wid it. En what use is a half a chile? I wouldn't give a dern for a million un um."

"But hang it, Jim, you've clean missed the point — blame it, you've missed it a thousand mile."

"Who? Me? Go 'long. Doan' talk to *me* 'bout yo' pints. I reck'n I knows sense when I sees it; en dey ain' no sense in sich doin's as dat. De 'spute warn't 'bout half a chile; de 'spute was 'bout a whole chile; en de man dat think he kin settle a 'spute 'bout a whole chile wid a half a chile, doan' know enough to come in out'n de rain. Doan' talk to me 'bout Sollermun, Huck, I knows him by de back."

"But I tell you, you don't get the point."

"Blame de pint! I reck'n I knows what I knows. En mine you, de *real* pint is down furder — it's down deeper. It lays in de way Sollermun was raised. You take a man dat's got on'y one er two chillen; is dat man gwyne to be waseful o' chillen? No, he aint; he can't 'ford it. *He* knows how to value 'em. But you take a man dat's got 'bout five million chillen runnin' roun' de house, en it's diffunt. *He* as soon chop a chile in two as a cat. Dey's plenty mo'. A chile er two, mo' er less, warn't no consekens to Sollermun, dad fetch him!"

AN AUTUMN MEDITATION.

As THE long day of cloud, and storm, and sun
Declines into the dark and silent night,
So passed the old man's life from human gaze;
But not till sunset, full of lovely light
And color, that the day might not reveal,
Bathed in soft gloom the landscape. Thus, kind Heaven!
Let me, too, die when Autumn holds the year,—
Serene, with tender hues and bracing airs,—
And near me those I love; with no black thoughts
Nor dread of what may come. Yea, when I die,
Let me not miss from nature the cool rush
Of northern winds; let Autumn sunset skies
Be golden; let the cold, clear blue of night
Whiten with stars as now. Then shall I fade
From life to life; pass, on the year's full tide,
Into the swell and vast of life's great sea
Beyond this narrow world. For Autumn days
To me not melancholy are, but full
Of joy, and hope mysterious and high,
And with strange promise rife. Thus, it meseems,
Not failing is the year, but gathering fire,
Even as the cold increases.

Grows a weed
More richly here beside our mellow seas
That is the autumn's harbinger and pride.
When fades the cardinal-flower, whose heart-red bloom
Glows like a living coal upon the green
Of the midsummer meadows,— then how bright,
How deepening bright, like mounting flame, doth burn
The golden-rod upon a thousand hills!
This is the Autumn's flower, and to my soul
A token fresh of beauty and of life
And life's supreme delight.

When I am gone
Something of me I would might subtly pass
Into these flowers twain of all the year:
So might my spirit send a sudden stir
Into the hearts of those who love these hills,
These woods, these waves, and meadows by the sea.

R. W. Gilder.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Degradation of Politics.

THE campaign which has recently closed has been exceptional in many ways — chiefly because of the damage which it has wrought upon public morals. The nation cannot for so many months resolve itself into a continental school for scandal without suffering untold injuries, and generations will pass before the harvests will all be gathered from the seeds of corruption sown in this campaign.

Not only have innocent minds been polluted by the vile stories kept in circulation, and honest consciences perverted by the specious reasonings about the laws of honor and honesty, the amount of trickery and falsehood employed in the conduct of this canvass by newspapers and public speakers seems to us altogether unprecedented. The memory that recalls with vividness nine or ten presidential elections will not report any such wide-spread deceit and duplicity as that which has overspread the nation during the last few months. Truth is not, indeed, the main quest of the average political campaigner. To him politics is war, and victory is the chief end. He will tell any truth that will injure his antagonists or favor his own cause; he will conceal any truth that helps his foes or hurts his allies. But this species of political warfare has this year been worse than usual.

The campaign has been notable not only for its perversion of the truth, but for its comparative disuse of sober and earnest discussion. The chief dependence has not been upon argument, but upon parades and what are called "demonstrations." It is true that processions and spectacular devices have long been resorted to in this country; in the great campaigns of 1840 and 1844 they were employed to a considerable extent, but they were not the main reliance. The parade took place in the early part of the day, and in the afternoon and evening the multitudes gathered to listen to great speeches, to hear careful and masterly discussions of the leading questions of state. There was misrepresentation and abuse then — no lack of it; but there was, at any rate, an apparent recognition of the fact that the voters were intelligent beings, and an evident assumption that it was more important to convince their minds than to stun their ears or dazzle their eyes. So it was in war time, and in the days just before the war: the appeal to the intelligence of voters was far more emphatic than it is to-day.

The great political meetings this year have been mainly matters of torches and bands and banners, and red light and Roman candles; the discussion has been pushed off toward the midnight hours, when everybody was tired out, and nearly everybody had gone to bed; and the daily papers, faithfully reporting the monster assemblages, have given us three columns describing the sights that were to be seen, when they have given us one column telling us of the things that were said. It is to this that campaigning in these latter days has degenerated, and the sign is not good. Such a method is essentially boyish, if not barbaric. It expresses an estimate of the popular intelligence which is not, let us hope, a just estimate. The forces on which the parties seem chiefly to depend are physical forces; noise, parade, spectacles, "demonstrations," strike the physical senses, and do not appeal to the reason. Doubtless there are reasoning beings in these caparisoned companies; but one would say beforehand that the man who consents to bedeck himself with tinsel and trumpery, and goes marching night after night to show his cheap regalia, is not likely to be a very profound student of political questions. If the time which has been spent during the last three months in devising gaudy uniforms, and beating drums, and carrying kerosene torches, had been partly devoted to some serious inquiry into the questions at issue between the two parties,— or perhaps to the preliminary inquiry whether there are any questions at issue between the two parties,— the country would have been in far better condition to-day.

To know that elections are carried chiefly by such methods is humiliating to every man who takes the trouble to think about the welfare of the Republic. It is a sign of that "era of small parties" of which De Tocqueville so wisely speaks, when the greater issues of wise and righteous administration are lost sight of in the scramble for place and power. The government of this country is a great trust; it can be administered only by serious and intelligent men — by men who have had a different kind of training from that which is gained in firing sky-rockets and leading torch-light processions.

We do not wish to be understood as condemning all parades alike. There were genuine and, we believe, sincere and useful "demonstrations" of this kind during the past campaign; but these were not the processions gotten up by the ordinary political managers, but the spontaneous expression of deep and strong conviction by business men and other citizens who rarely take part in such affairs, and who did not think it necessary to deck themselves for the occasion in unusual and ridiculous attire.

Evidences are not wanting of a revolt in the minds of the sober people against the mendacity and the buffoonery of current politics. Many are saying that it is time to put aside the arts of the assassin and the pettifogger and the mountebank, and to make appeal to the intelligence and judgment of the people. The presidential campaign, as at present organized and conducted, inflicts upon the material interests of the nation no small damage, and upon its morals an injury from which it does not recover in four years. It is an urgent question whether it is possible to rescue our presidential politics from brutal and sensational practices, and make the quadrennial contest — if it must come so often — an occasion of thorough and earnest discussion of political principles; a time when the whole people shall receive, in candid and

fair debate, some sound political education; a spectacle in which the reason and conscience of the people shall be as evidently exalted and honored as they now are thrust down and contemned. It is gratifying to note that a reaction has taken place, even among political managers, against the spectacular character of the late canvass, and that they are beginning to appreciate the value of solid argument and sensible discussion.

The Newspaper and the Organ.

THE recent quadrennial political upheaval must have suggested to many close observers that, in the near future, the newspaper, which has grown to be a daily necessity to half the American people, must be divorced from the low work of partisan politics. The confusion of the duties of the partisan organ with those of the newspaper is a survival, not of the fittest, but of the least fit. An organ cannot consistently with its duties as an organ be at the same time a reliable newspaper, such as men want who wish to keep abreast of the times and informed on current events. There are extremely few prominent newspapers in this country which, during the recent campaign, published the political news fairly. In nearly every newspaper office — whether orders to that effect were given or the matter rested upon a mere tacit understanding does not matter — news unfavorable to the candidate espoused by the paper was either delayed, or suppressed altogether when it could safely be done, or "doctored" when its suppression was deemed inexpedient. This is not mere idle assertion. It is a fact to which any honest newspaper worker must reluctantly bear witness, and of which the observation of any intelligent and unbiased man, though unfamiliar with journalistic usages and traditions, must satisfy him. Skillful correspondents were sent out by the "great dailies" to write up the preliminary struggles in "the October States," and to "ascertain the drift of public sentiment" in certain localities. The mission, as a rule, was a farce. The men were not sent to represent facts as they found them, but to select, if not to manufacture, facts; in other words, to conceal and deceive "for the good of the cause." And while, with the innocent, the efforts of one set of falsifiers counterbalanced those of the other set, with wise men very little effect was produced either way.

The task of supporting a party right or wrong, blind to its mistakes, lenient to its faults, oblivious of its abuse of power, or its dishonest and disingenuous efforts to obtain power, is the congenial work of the organ; but it is beneath the dignity of the newspaper. It is the office of the newspaper primarily to collect and publish the news, including, of course, political news, with reasonable accuracy and perfect fairness. To this may be added the editorial, critical, and literary contributions which form such valuable and interesting features of the best modern newspapers. But the value of a journal built upon this model is almost entirely destroyed when, in addition to its legitimate work, it undertakes that of the organ. The more of an organ it becomes,—the more complete the satisfaction it gives to the politicians who rely upon it for support,— the more unstable, unreliable, and distasteful does it become to fair-minded and discriminating readers. As matters go, the best a man desirous of reasonably accurate information on political matters can do is to select two newspapers of opposite political predilections and about an equal degree of subserviency to partisan exigencies, read both, and judge for himself. This course is necessary not only in matters of opinion, but in matters of fact, where there should be no room for misrepresentation. The method is a clumsy one, and requires more time than the average citizen cares to devote to political reading.

If, besides the newspapers, there must be partisan organs, these ought to be distinct and separate in their field of operations — as distinct as the newspaper and the monthly magazine now are. Absolute independence of partisan trammels in its news pages, whatever may be the bias of its editorial columns, should be the rule of every newspaper worthy of the name. The organ need not be more untruthful than the partisan newspapers are now. It is to be hoped that it would not. But at least the onerous task of lying, misrepresenting and traducing characters and motives could be put upon the politicians who manage the other departments of political work not dissimilar to this. The frequent appearance during heated contests of ephemeral campaign dailies, run directly by the campaign committees, shows that the politicians will be ready to take up this work as soon as the newspapers will be ready to lay it down. The division of labor here pleaded for would render it no longer necessary for great journals, when the quadrennial madness is upon them, to publish barefaced falsehoods in their news pages, and to permit a distinct lowering of the tone of their editorial views for partisan ends. There is much in the history and present attitude of both of the leading political parties which honest adherents cannot justify, and they will not always submit to seeing newspapers, so called, complacently praising good and bad alike.

The work of the organs and the newspapers thus separated, the former would naturally be published at Washington, Albany, Harrisburg, Trenton, and other centers of political interest, while the newspapers would remain in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the other great centers of population. The intelligent reader and voter might like both an organ and a newspaper to consult, just as he might at table like both soup and fish; but as he does not want his soup and fish in the same dish, he will prefer his organ and his newspaper to be entirely distinct and different enterprises. Each is well enough in its way, but their ways are not the same, and cannot be made so.

There is another view of the subject leading to the same conclusion. A newspaper which pretends to be a true newspaper is morally bound to give the news; and failing to give the news, by the withholding or the falsification of known facts, it is in the position of a grocer who puts sand in his sugar and thereby cheats and injures his customers. There is no reason why all newspapers should not do as did one, at least, which happened to come under our observation during the last campaign. Its editorial comments were vigorous and decided. There was no doubt among its readers as to the position of its editors on every subject under discussion. But the news columns, so far as we could tell, omitted no current information whatever— no matter what effect the publication of the news

might be supposed to have one way or the other. The meetings of each and every party and political group were reported, apparently, with equal fullness and fairness. We do not mean to say that this newspaper was conducted on the ideal plan, or that it was the only one that tried to act fairly by its readers during the campaign; but its conduct suggests what might be done in this direction, and what we believe will one day be done by every "daily" which calls itself a newspaper and not a mere organ.

A Grave Responsibility.

MULTITUDES of good men deplore the result of the recent general election, but those who approve take somewhat the same view of the situation as was here expressed, in January, 1883, with regard to the State elections of the previous autumn. "That the great political reaction of 1882 had no mere partisan significance," we then said, "no one has been more quick to see than the gentleman who has been elected to the Governorship of New York by a vote unprecedented, we believe, in American politics. On the very night of the election, Mr. Cleveland is reported to have said that the revolution meant not so much the turning of public sentiment to the Democratic party as it did dissatisfaction with the Republican party. 'The change,' he added, 'means reform and good government.'"

We went on to say that "if Mr. Cleveland and his party throughout the country live up to this programme of 'reform and good government,' they will have a long hold of power; for the revolution just accomplished . . . had this programme for its main object. . . . The people demand 'reform and good government,' and if they cannot get these from one side, they will get them from another; *and if they cannot get them from either of the two great parties which now divide the suffrages of the nation, they will dismiss them both without remorse, as in past epochs, and will create another party to do the work.* But whether or no we have a new party, now is the time for new men. Power will not be willingly left in the hands of thrifty renegades to the cause of 'reform and good government.' In other words, the acceptable leaders of the next ten years will not be men whose conversion to 'civil-service reform' has been by earthquake."

The fact that the "Democratic victory" of 1884 was not *merely* a Democratic victory is too well understood to require discussion here. What happened in the election was exactly what politicians should have known was likely to happen, and what many outside of politics believed would happen. This belief was here definitely expressed as follows in March, 1884, long before either party had nominated a candidate: "We venture, thus early, two predictions: one is, that the independent voter will be found on the side of the candidate whose past life gives the best guarantee that he is in sympathy with the convictions and aims of the independent voter; and the other is, that the candidate supported by the independent voter will be the next President of the United States."

Now the "independent voter," in supporting, whether wisely or unwisely, the candidate of his choice, has contributed to the placing of the executive power in the hands of a party which has hitherto been regarded by Republicans as unlikely to do its duty by the negro. If the responsibility of the "independent voter" is great, how much greater that of the party which directly assumes the reins of government! Will or will not the better and safer counsels of that party prevail in matters of finance, and in all those questions of reform on which good citizens of every political complexion are heartily united? Above all, what will be the attitude of the Democrats of the South with regard to the political rights of the freedmen? But responsibility means also opportunity, and every well-wisher of his country will sincerely hope that not only the new Administration, but its allies of the South, will realize the greatness of the opportunity now offered to them. There are, indeed, many indications that this opportunity will not be neglected, and that the old lines of color, and of geography also, are soon (though none too soon) to fade from sight in American politics.

The paper by Mr. Cable in the present number of THE CENTURY comes with peculiar timeliness at this moment; and Mr. Cable has an especial right to be heard by Southern men in regard to the freedmen, for he is not only a Southerner by birth, but one who took part against the North in the great conflict of arms.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Trouble with the Stage.

CRITICS have been bewailing the degradation of the stage for many a long year, and have exhibited great ingenuity in attempting to find a satisfactory explanation of it. Most of them, however, have contrived to overlook the prime source of the evils of which they complain, probably because they have generally dealt with the question as if some complicated social problem were involved, instead of applying to it the principles of common sense and the lessons taught by every-day experience. Theatrical art, like every other art, business, or profession, is exposed, of course, to many diverse influences, and has its periods of improvement and deterioration, which are not often difficult of explanation, and have been discussed from time immemorial with great frequency, some erudition, and much superfluous rhetoric. All these varying and temporary conditions are entirely outside the modest limits of the present article, which only proposes to deal with the present in a strictly practical way, by pointing out the legitimate deduction from certain notorious facts.

This deduction is simply that the chief cause of the miserable humiliation of the contemporaneous stage must be sought in the ridiculous incompetency of the

vast majority of the men who control the theaters — the managerial autocrats who select plays and companies, and whose wills are omnipotent to decide the casting of a tragedy or the pay of a scrub-woman. In every other walk of life — in theory at least — men cannot dodge their own responsibilities. Is the merchant who cheats his patrons absolved because there are fools enough to make swindling profitable? Do the critics spare the dauber because his smudges find purchasers? Is the author who prostitutes his art to vile and vulgar uses for the sake of gain admitted to the temple of Fame on the score of his pecuniary success? What is the general estimate of the bellowing pulpit charlatan who trades on public ignorance to win notoriety and a fat purse; of legislators who abuse their powers; of editors who betray their trusts? Is there any art, profession, or business in which public credulity, ignorance, or folly is accepted as a valid excuse for non-performance of duty? Why, then, in the name of ordinary intelligence, should an exception be made in favor of the men whose opportunities for good or evil are so vast, whose legal restrictions are so few, and whose prizes are so rich?

Let a man of inquiring mind broach this topic in a conclave of managers, and he will be stunned as by a chorus of parrots. We responsible! We accountable for the depravity of public taste! Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! What new and monstrous form of imbecility is this? Do you not know that we must conduct our theaters, as a tradesman conducts his shop, on plain business principles; that we must furnish the wares which people will pay for or go into bankruptcy? Has it not been proved over and over again that Shakspere spells ruin, and that all legitimate drama, whether tragedy or comedy, empties theaters and treasuries more surely than the plague? What power have we to compel the populace to forswear theatrical sack and sugar, and seek more wholesome diet? If they demand blood and thunder, we get out our red paint and sheet-iron, and hire a chemist to furnish us with real lightning; if melodrama is the favorite dissipation, we give them all the horrors, mechanical and moral, which can be compressed into five acts; and if comedy is the rage, we can do no less than furnish it, even if we have to reënforce our "artists" with dogs and babies.

On this subject the dullest man of a dull class will wax eloquent, urging the old and stupid plea with so candid an air that it is impossible to doubt his absolute belief in it. And yet no more false or vicious theory was ever advanced. As a matter of fact, the public, primarily, is as little able to prescribe the policy of the stage as it is to ordain what medicines it shall swallow, what customs it will adopt, or what bonnets it will wear. In none of these cases does it exercise forethought or authority. Undoubtedly it has the capacity of choice between the different articles submitted to its consideration, but the quality of the articles themselves depends upon the fertility of the original inventors. The angler who is most cunning in his selection of flies catches the most fish — that is all. This is an axiom which will scarcely be disputed, and to it may be added another, that, as a general rule, persons who have money to spend will go where they can get the best bargains.

Although amid the vast amount of theatrical production during the last decade the mass of rubbish and corruption is overwhelmingly in excess of the material to which any kind of literary or dramatic value can be ascribed, there exists sufficient ground for the assertion that a good play well acted is certain of liberal support. If space permitted, it would be easy enough to specify a dozen plays by way of example; but it is needless to make a catalogue, as the rarity of even tolerable plays keeps their memory green in the minds of all true lovers of the theater. The term "good plays" is not intended to be unreasonably exclusive, but is meant to include all pieces which have a valid excuse for their presentation, such as honesty of purpose, the illustration of some particular phase of social life, artistic construction, analysis of character, or originality of invention, to say nothing of the loftier literary or dramatic qualities which can be exacted only from genius itself, the rarest of human gifts. The classification, unfortunately, may be made broad and liberal without incurring any danger of bewilderment on account of the multitude of precious works to be enumerated. For the present argument the financial success of half a dozen meritorious theatrical representations is all that is necessary, and the most confirmed pessimist will admit readily that this condition has been fulfilled. The objection that good plays have failed occasionally, or even frequently, is nothing to the point unless it can be shown that they were properly performed. The vile treatment of the noblest masterpieces by the modern manager is too notorious to be worthy of an instant's discussion. Ah, ha! cries the manager, with fine scorn, how about the success of the pieces which you, in your infinite wisdom, call "rubbish and corruption"? Why does your innocent public, which has no vote in the board of theatrical trustees, and is obliged to be content with what the arbiters of theatrical fashion prescribe for it — why does it turn its back on intelligent effort, and make my fortune and the speculator's when I treat it to babies and dogs? Do I supply better actors for my puppy drama than I do for my tragedy? Do I expend more money for scenery or show better taste in it? Are the supernumeraries more intelligent? Is the language more decent? Is the moral more valuable, or is there any moral or lesson or information in it whatever?

No. A thousand times no. But herein lies the whole gist of the matter. The puppy-dog drama is cheap and mean and ignorant. The whole scope of it lies well within the limits of the ordinary managerial and histrionic understanding. It calls for no artistic quality of the higher sort. The qualifications for it are a little personal eccentricity, a certain degree of mechanical proficiency, a good deal of bustle, a large share of impudence, and a strong spice of vulgarity. These characteristics are as common as dirt, and the possessors of them are as plentiful as sand upon the sea-shore. Thus it comes to pass that worthless plays — the word must be employed for lack of another — are given more satisfactorily than plays which demand a higher form of executive ability, and the public gives them the preference because it would rather laugh unrestrainedly at natural idiocy than undergo the boredom of a dull travesty of serious emotions. In other words, when it goes to see what is commonly called

a farcical comedy, it has a definite idea of the nature of the entertainment to be provided. If it cannot laugh with the players, it can at least laugh at them, and laughter, on any provocation, is preferable to the torture of seeing a score of incapables struggling with a task immeasurably beyond their reach.

It would be the height of unreason to expect managers to implant new tastes and instincts in mankind, but they can assuredly modify, foster, or improve those which already exist, and are under a moral obligation to labor to this end. If they deny their power or responsibility in this direction, they necessarily abandon the solitary plea which distinguishes them from a circus man or an alderman. If the stage is incapable of exercising any salutary influence as an educator; if it cannot contribute to the cultivation of the literary sense, or the admiration of what is noble or pure; if it cannot quicken imagination, give fire to ambition, or heighten appreciation of what is beautiful in form or color; if it has no historical, moral, or intellectual value, let it be thrust ignominiously out of all companionship with the arts, and branded as a worthless and pernicious impostor. But the evil lies not in the institution, but in the men who degrade it. The true sphere of the stage is indicated by the genius of the men who have written for it and about it, of the men who have acted upon it, and the men who have patronized it. Its capacity for good is undeveloped, because the men who control it, and most of the players who live by it, are equally unable to comprehend or supply the requirements demanded by the art which they profess. In literature, sculpture, painting, the pulpit, or the law, special training, special qualifications, are thought to be necessary to success. How is it with the ordinary manager or actor of the present day? Let us think for a moment what the equipment of a good actor, that is to say, a man fit for a responsible position in a good stock company, ought to be. To play in comedy, he ought to know how to comport himself like a member of civilized society; his enunciation and pronunciation of his mother tongue ought to be refined and correct; he ought to know how to walk, how to bow, how to enter a room and leave it, how to be polite without servility or affectation, how to convey an impression of ease without swagger or self-assertion. These things are elemental, the very A B C of the society primer, and yet how few of our young "comedians," as they are called, evince the slightest acquaintance with them. How many of them are able to stand even the simple test of a dress-coat? When a severer draft is made upon their accomplishments, when, for instance, they are asked to utter a word or two of French or any other foreign language, or to mention some name famous in ancient or mediæval history, the result demonstrates only too plainly the narrow limits of their learning. What chance is there for an art whose illustration is intrusted to dolts such as these?

Or, suppose that our actor has to bear his part in a tragedy. Is it hypercritical to wish that he should have some slight acquaintance with the laws of meter and rhythm in the delivery of blank verse, or exhibit occasionally some perception of the significance of gesture? Would it not be well if the impersonators of noble Greeks and Romans knew something about the garb and manners of those ancient races; if they could, for instance, avoid the embarrassment entailed by a search for the trousers pockets which do not exist, and many other similar blunders arising from total and helpless ignorance? But, says the reader, these are the baldest and stalest platitudes! Possibly they are. But whose fault is that? The facts are notorious and cannot be ignored. Exaggeration in dealing with this subject is almost impossible. The actors of to-day, as a class, are ridiculously unfit for the positions which they occupy. A lawyer who knows nothing of law, an artist whose mind is a blank with regard to color or perspective, a clergyman who has read no theology, or a compositor who has never handled type, is an inconceivable anomaly; and yet actors, who in their ideal perfection are required to portray the manners, emotions, and physical and mental peculiarities of men and women of all climes and customs and ages, are, for the most part, persons without any special natural qualification for their calling, without learning, without studiousness, and without taste.

There are, of course, honorable exceptions, or the stage, as a regular institution, would have vanished long ago. There are men and women who dignify the profession by their scholarly acquirements and spotless personal character. Some of the older players — not always those whose names are printed in the largest letters — are profoundly versed not only in theatrical knowledge, but in literature and art generally. There are younger actors, too, of natural ability and refinement, who have adopted the stage, not because it offers the possibility of a livelihood to drones and profligates to whom all other kinds of employment are refused, but for the sake of the art itself, and with the honorable determination to win fame by patient and persevering merit. These are the men who will in the future labor for the regeneration of the stage, and who now prevent it from sinking into a deeper slough of degradation and disrepute; but they are as yet an insignificant minority. If any one wishes to convince himself of the intellectual rank of the bulk of the body of actors,— ninety per cent.,— let him visit the places where they congregate, listen to their conversation, and observe their manners, and he will no longer wonder why dramatic art languishes. In a company constructed of material such as this, a man endowed with the ordinary amount of culture and intelligence which would enable him to occupy a respectable position in one of the learned professions — and not much is wanted for that — shines with astonishing brilliancy in contrast with the surrounding dullness. So soon as he meets with a character which happens to agree with his own personal peculiarities, and which he can therefore play satisfactorily without acting at all, his goal is attained. From that moment he becomes a star of greater or less magnitude, and, having surrounded himself with actors of incredible badness as an effective background for his own two-penny talent, he thenceforward revolves around a fixed orbit, year after year, endlessly repeating the one wretched performance, changing the name now and then to beguile the innocent. Even with stars of the first class the case is not much different. Some of them, indeed, present masterpieces — but in what a fashion! It is customary to compare these luminaries of the stage to whales among minnows. Sharks would be a more striking and apter simile. Their voracity is

one of the greatest barriers to the progress of the stage. They loudly lament the decay of the legitimate drama, the while they are doing their best to burke it. They demand for their services sums so exorbitant that the manager can only make a profit by reducing all other expenses almost to the point of zero. He has no money for competent actors, or decent scenery, or anything else. The star has taken it all to console himself for the depravity of the public taste which rejects a monologue when it wants a play. Other stars, whose love for art is more practical, provide themselves with a competent company and adequate scenery, rightly arguing that, even if their immediate profits are smaller, their repute with the public will stand higher and their fame be more lasting. Diamonds, be they ever so bright, are never dimmed by proper setting.

The ills wrought by the star and combination system are too evident to need discussion or enumeration. The responsibility for them rests mainly upon the managers, who, with their wonted obtuseness and lack of sagacity, have combined almost unanimously to support a policy which will surely work their own discomfiture. They have sown the wind, and some of them are beginning to feel the approach of the whirlwind already. Without their coöperation, the star system, which threatens to abolish the manager altogether, could never have been organized, for the wandering stars would not have had any theaters to play in. It is perhaps not too much to say that the managers are practically responsible for the existence of the stars themselves, for nothing but incapable management could enable a few men of third- or fourth-rate capacity to swell and fatten at the expense of the rest of the profession. Of all the men and women whose names head the list of traveling theatrical organizations today, there are not twelve, perhaps not more than six, whose ability is in the slightest degree remarkable, or whose removal would be of any consequence. Why does the public support them? Because it can get nothing better, and must have relaxation. How did incompetent actors advance to the dignities and profits of stardom? Through mean, ignorant, and spiritless management, which permitted the rank and file of the profession to sink to its present debased level.

There have been great managers in the past — Charles Kean, Macready, Phelps, and many others less familiar; and there are some able managers in this country, but only two or three of them are in actual service. Most of them have been forced into retirement by the folly of their associates, or have quietly stepped aside, content to wait for the time when the present rotten system will collapse and legitimate methods come again into vogue. It will not be long before some of the hot-headed youngsters who are now rushing to the front find the end of their tether. They are no more entitled to the name of manager than the men whom they manœuvre to that of actor. What would any one imagine to be the necessary attributes of the ideal manager? He ought certainly to be a man of brains and good taste; he ought to know something of the history of the stage from its inception; he ought to be well read in dramatic literature, ancient and modern; he ought, at least, to know where to look for authorities on questions of architecture, decoration, or costume; his literary sense ought to be cultivated sufficiently to enable him to discern the true quality of the dialogue in plays submitted to him; while his judgment ought to be almost infallible in distinguishing between what is actually dramatic and what is only imitation. He ought to be, moreover, a man of good address, with a character strong enough to insure him the respect of his company and subordinates, and with sufficient executive ability to keep the general direction of everything in his own hands without assuming the overwhelming burden of minor detail. How many of our present theatrical managers fulfill all or any of these conditions? How many of them would be welcome in a drawing-room? How many of them can boast of any cultivation in any direction whatever? It would be easy enough to specify managers whose names are synonyms for brutal ignorance, coarseness, and immorality, but nothing is to be gained by it, as the names are well known, especially to "the profession which they adorn." As for the men who make dates and lay out routes, contracting to deliver a certain company at a particular spot on a certain day which is decided months beforehand, they are not managers at all, but parasites, of whom, perhaps, we may some day be joyfully ridden. They contribute, as parasites always do, to the general decay of the object preyed upon, but are altogether too insignificant for present consideration. Some of them venture to hire companies of their own now and then, in which case they become speculators — a name which in itself suggests a theatrical pest. The really capable managers can be counted on the fingers, and, being in so small a minority, have no power to effect reformation; and so the theater and all its interests are temporarily at the mercy of men perfectly incapable of any real sympathy with it.

It seems, then, clear enough that the only way to reform the stage is to reform the managers, and the only question is how to do it. There are indications that the solution of the problem has already been begun. The appearance of Mr. Irving in this country is likely to prove of incalculable benefit. He has exploded for all time the nonsensical notion that the public cannot appreciate the best work. His company, for all-round excellence and versatility, is probably the best ever seen here, and its existence demonstrates beyond cavil the possibility of keeping a good company together and making money at the same time. What Mr. Irving has done, American managers can do — not the pert and empty agents of to-day, of course, but their successors. And, what is more, the public, having learned what good acting and good management are, will be content with nothing less, and will soon be taking the question of stage reform into its own hands. To meet the higher standard of taste established by Mr. Irving and managers of his stamp, it will be necessary to form stock companies as of old, and many of the stars of to-day will return to their proper places. As soon as good stock companies are established at the principal theaters, the occupation of the wandering star is gone. He will make much less money, doubtless, but he will be paid quite as much as he deserves; and men of far greater capacity, but less favored by fortune hitherto, will be paid according to their deserts. As for the good plays which are in so much request, they will make their appearance when there is a demand for them. The only thing to do with a good

play nowadays is to lock it up. The impending reformation will not be wrought in a day, nor a year, but there is no lack of signs of a coming change for the better. The managers who read them aright will reap great advantage; the managers who neglect them will admit, when the day of grace is past, that public taste can be improved a great deal more quickly than they believed to be possible.

J. Ranken Towse.

Natural Gas Wells.

NATURAL gas wells have been common in the oil country for years. Their use and value have not been understood by the public until within a short time past. The people are now surprised to learn what a valuable fuel they have so long neglected, and with that reckless energy characteristic of the country are sinking wells in every direction. The district of natural gas covers a much greater area than that of oil. In general, it may be said to include a section of country extending from western New York, through Pennsylvania into West Virginia and Ohio and lying nearly parallel to the Alleghany mountains. The width of this section varies considerably. The boundary lines are very irregular, and are being rapidly extended by the finding of new wells. While the outlines inclose a large territory, gas is found in only a small portion of it, and then in spots and narrow belts or lines. When a company concludes to drill for gas, the first and most important thing is locating the well. As was the case with oil, there are a number of theories concerning the formation of natural gas, and the deposit of the sand-rock in which it is obtained. In this the "practical man," having more faith in luck than science, does not agree with the geologist. The only satisfactory explanation of the formation of the gas is that it is produced by the decomposition of vegetable matter deposited in the carboniferous age. Geologists say the gas district seems to be a vast caldron filled with deeply buried carbonaceous matter, subjected to great heat, and therefore constantly generating gas, which has been condensing for ages in the strata where it is found. They believe the strata to be general formations in this section, and doubt whether a well was ever put down without finding some gas, or at least where it might not have been found had the well been drilled to a proper depth. The experience of the "practical man" strengthens his belief in the belt theory. The degree of uncertainty accompanying its development has a strong fascination to his venturesome spirit; and the term "gas line" has now all the attractions of the "oil belt" of former days.

The general course of the oil districts is north-east, on what is known as the forty-fifth degree line. Profiting by this knowledge, the gas prospector ran lines from old "wild-cat" wells, where gas had been found, out of the oil country, and discovered that they marked the same general direction.

In locating a well, a survey is usually made, and the well is placed as near to the line as possible. Two such lines nearly parallel, running from Washington county, Pa., through the city of Pittsburgh, up the Alleghany valley, on either side as far as Kittanning, and on to the upper oil regions, are tolerably well defined. At several points a number of good wells are found upon them, and a larger number of dry holes upon either side and between them. The drill has demonstrated the fact that the oil- and gas-bearing rock is deposited at intervals only, even on well-defined belts. The same is true of these lines, as good wells and dry holes are found upon them within a short distance of each other. So that locating a gas well is still very much a matter of chance.

The process and tools used in drilling for gas are the same as used in boring for oil. The gas-bearing strata are soft, pebbly sandstones, which dip toward the south. At Kittanning the wells are eight hundred feet deep; at Pittsburgh, forty-four miles south, they are sixteen hundred feet deep. In good territory, when the rock is perforated, the gas rushes out with great force. Instances are reported where this force was sufficient to throw the drilling tools out of the well. The latest case of the kind was the Westinghouse well, at the East End, Pittsburgh. This well was plugged for three days, shortly after gas was struck. When the plug was drilled out, the tremendous force of the gas threw the ponderous tools, weighing over three thousand pounds, out of the hole and fully three hundred feet into the air. This pressure varies. With the well shut off, it has been known to reach four hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. The quality of the gas is not the same in the different wells. In some it is light and dry, in others it is wet and heavy. Most wells throw out a quantity of salt water, which contains a heavy precipitate that sometimes clogs the hole. To prevent this, the wells are entirely closed a few minutes each day, until a strong pressure is procured, when it is suddenly opened. The rush of the liberated gas through a short escape-pipe carries the precipitated matter with it, and the wells by this means are kept open. Near to the well the gas goes through a strong iron tank. The object of this is to catch the water-drip from the well, and prevent its passing into the distributing pipes, where it would freeze in the winter time. The objections to the use of natural gas in dwellings are the high pressure on the pipes, and consequent danger of leaks and explosions, and the fluctuations of the pressure. (It is well established that the pressure in the well is weaker in the morning and stronger in the afternoon. A general fluctuation is also noticed, simultaneous with the changes of the moon.) These objections are overcome by the use of automatic valves, which reduce the pressure and regulate the flow of gas. From these valves the gas is distributed through the town in the same manner as the illuminating gas, excepting that a high-pressure line is run to mills and factories. The pressure for dwellings is about one pound, for boilers and furnaces from thirty to forty pounds.

At Kittanning, Pa., natural gas is used almost exclusively for heating purposes—in stoves, heaters, open grates, under steam-boilers, in the foundries, and in the puddling furnaces at the iron works. It is also used for lighting the streets. The method giving the best results consumes about twelve parts of air to one of gas. This is done by means of an air-globe placed at the end of the burner, which is usually a piece of iron pipe, closed at the further end and perforated with rows of small holes. The globe has inlets for the air, and by the action of the gas through it the air is drawn into the burner and mixes with the gas

at the point of ignition. If the air is not used, the flame makes a great deal of smoke and soot. By consuming the air, perfect combustion is obtained, and a clean fire of intense heat is the result. In the private house it is the ideal fuel. Nothing could be so convenient: fires always ready; the turn of a stop-cock, the stroke of a match, and a fire is lighted; no coal to carry; no ashes; no shivering over a cold stove on a frosty morning. What a haven of rest and peace for the lazy husband! Housewives say their daily labors are reduced fully one-third by the use of natural gas. It makes a splendid fire for roasting and baking, and is equal to the good hickory coals for broiling meats. In open grates there is a variety of burners used, to suit the fancy of the owner. Some have the andirons and clay gas logs, in imitation of a wood fire; others fill the grate with broken sandstone, which is best for holding the heat. A beautiful fire is made by covering a number of the perforated pipes with a layer of asbestos. When the fire is lighted, the asbestos, becoming heated, glows and sparkles, and the room is filled with a cheerful mellow light. Under steam-boilers the natural gas is used in a number of ways. Some have the air-globes and long perforated pipes; others heat the gas before it reaches the fire by passing it through pipes in the boiler-flues. Ordinarily no change in the construction of the furnace is required, excepting to close it and shut off the draught. As a light, the natural gas does not equal that made from coal. The flame is not so bright and clear and is constantly flickering. In small rooms it is used in the common Argand burner with fair success. In large halls and factories, where a strong light is required, the Siemens incandescent gas-lamp has proved very satisfactory.

The greatest value of natural gas is for manufacturing purposes. In burning bricks and lime, or in melting glass, iron, and steel, it has no equal. Its freedom from smoke, sulphur, and other impurities makes it a perfect fuel. Most of the iron works in the city of Pittsburgh are using it, and are able to make a cleaner and better grade of iron than they could with coal. The steel works introduce it directly into the Siemens open-hearth furnace, and produce a superior quality of high carbon steel. Iron ore has been melted with it. It is believed by many that iron and possibly steel can be made from the raw material by the use of it. For making glass, in the words of a prominent manufacturer, "it is just the thing." At the Pittsburgh plate-glass works, it has proved especially valuable for tempering the large plates. By the use of gas this company saves one thousand dollars a day, and can make plate-glass superior to that of Europe. Since the striking of large wells near Pittsburgh, manufacturers have introduced it into their works as fast as it could be conveyed to the city. Considering its abundance, convenience, and economy, it will certainly revolutionize the manufacturing interests of this section, and possibly of the country.

That the reader may have an idea of how important a factor natural gas may be in the industries of the future, the following statement is given, based upon the information of gentlemen familiar with the facts. The heating capacity of natural gas is variously estimated at from 250 to 400 cubic feet to a bushel of coal. Assuming that three hundred feet, burned with the air and in a confined furnace, is the average, we may approximate its value. Within a radius of twenty miles, with Pittsburgh as a center, there are twenty-five wells, with an average output of 3,000,000 cubic feet each per day; 75,000,000 in all, or 22,500,000,000 per year. This would equal 250,000 bushels, or 9260 tons, of coal per day, or 2,778,000 per year. The cost of drilling a gas well is $3000, or $75,000 for the twenty-five. To convey this gas to the city, allowing a six-inch pipe to every two wells, and placing the mean distance traveled at fifteen miles, would cost $917,000. The average cost of coal per ton, delivered at the fires, is two dollars. The 9260 tons of coal, the equivalent of this amount of gas per day, would cost $18,520, or $5,556,000 per year. Deducting the cost of the gas, we have a saving in gas over coal of $4,557,240 for the first year. The life of gas wells is said to be eleven years. If this supply of gas could be maintained by the addition of new wells for ten years, which is not improbable, it would give a saving of over $50,000,000 — figures which are not more surprising to the reader than they are attractive to the Pittsburgh manufacturer. This is not all. It is estimated that there are 500 gas wells in the oil country and vicinity, which produce at least 200,000 cubic feet each per day, or 100,000,000 in all. This gas could be transported to one of the large cities in pipe lines, as petroleum is at present. It could easily be collected from the wells, and forced through the main pipes at a high pressure by using air-compressors stationed along the line. The idea is practical, the investment inviting, and the matter is receiving the attention of capitalists.

The products of natural gas are numerous. The most important thus far are lamp or carbon black and carbon points for the electric light. There are ten carbon-black works in operation, making 3000 pounds of black per day. At a remote point, in Armstrong county, Pa., a Boston firm has large works, locally known as "the mystery," on account of the secrecy with which it is conducted. Here they make the black, and it is supposed coloring material also, from the gas. At Stuartson furnace, in the same county, is another "works" where the carbon points are made. Both these works are guarded, and a stranger is not permitted to be about them. A number of persons are experimenting with the gas, with as many different objects in view. It is impossible to learn what has been accomplished, as they are quick to see the advantage of keeping secret any discovery they may have made.

What the future of this wonderful fuel is would be difficult to foretell. Natural gas springs are known to exist in many parts of the United States. This would seem to indicate a wide distribution of it. In August last a large well was struck at Crestline, Ohio, which may open a vast territory. Where gas may or may not be found can only be determined by the drill. How far it may influence the manufacturing interests of the years to come depends upon its supply. The success which is attending the use of it in this section has attracted the attention of manufacturers in others. Wells will be put down in all parts of the country. Upon their success or failure depends whether or not natural gas shall be the fuel of the future.

J. D. Daugherty.

Political Work for Young Men.

"A POLITICIAN," says Burke, "is a philosopher in action." The best politician is the most practical idealist. When we remember that a large part — perhaps the greatest part — of the idealism of a country resides in its young men, we understand why at the present time our young men are looked to more and more as a regenerating force in politics. What a stupendous and far-reaching power would come into existence were the political idealism of the nation to be concentrated and converted into effective political exertion! The energy of this kind that lies latent for want of an outlet, or wastes itself ineffectually in mistaken channels, far outweighs the slender amount that has its perfect working as a practical force. From our experience can we not point out some correct course of political activity by which this mass of power may be energized? There is seen everywhere an involuntary reaching out for some such guidance, together with an overestimation of the real value of this unenergized power, and an evident misconception of the methods by which it is to make itself felt. Says an earnest writer, for instance, in one of THE CENTURY'S "Open Letters" for August:

"When the political machine shall be turned from its present uses and abuses into a power for the extermination of serious evils, ... our 'critical indifference' will give place to a whole-hearted enthusiasm." "If they will give us a party which is based upon principles, we who hold the principles will work for it enthusiastically."

These expressions, with others, lead one to wonder whether zeal is not prematurely mistaken for its effects, and to ask of the writer — and in general of the earnest young men of the country who are daily declaring their high political principles — what is, in their opinion, the nature and mode of expression of this quality of political enthusiasm. What is their conception of this "work," so freely offered and promised as valuable support to the party managers? What *is* political work?

The expression of a mere sentiment of reform and honesty, without well-directed practical effort, constitutes no power in politics, and calls for no recognition on the part of political managers. There is a gap of considerable width between a laudable interest in political affairs and the accomplishment of a definite result in practical politics. Political power lies distinctly beyond political zeal — further than many young men imagine. How, then, shall they transmute zeal into work and power?

As affording some clue to those who are endeavoring to come to a practical solution of this question for themselves, let the writer offer a few humble suggestions from the experience of one of that class — young men — most nearly concerned in this matter. Amid present political conditions, the recognition of some such principles as the following is, the writer is persuaded, inevitable, if earnest young men would see their enthusiasm directed into effective work, and their work crowned by power and success.

(1) First, then, let the young men recognize and accept the positive distinction between actual political work and a merely thoughtful interest in national issues and general political reforms. Remember Aristotle's supremely practical distinction between ἕξις and ἐνέργεια, between a capability and an activity, a yearning and a fulfilling. National politics form an unpractical field for the exercise of a young man's energies. No young man of moderate capacity can expect to assume any important part in the discussion and dissemination of their far-reaching principles, or to undertake any valuable or even promising work in behalf of them, strong and eager as may be his political feelings. National campaigns and large political controversies are conducted through the newspapers and on the stump. The writers and the orators are the effective workers. It is a broad and general work, comprehensive in its spirit and in its results; and men of experience and popularity are those on whom it falls. When we turn to the sphere of local politics, there appears a marked difference. The genius of municipal politics is the genius of the ward-club. Here it is that genuine political work is seen — that work in which every man of political standing must have served apprenticeship — that work by which in the beginning a man climbs out of obscurity and weakness, and seizes position and influence and control. In the work of that sphere belong canvassings, solicitations, button-holings, persuasion of friends — every species of activity that is likely to secure to oneself a majority of the voting body. Influence, good-fellowship, wide acquaintance, boldness, persuasiveness, unflagging zeal; a list of some of the necessary qualities is the best exposition of the nature of the task that calls for them. The sphere thus laid out is to be for us our real political work. It comprises, in truth, the greater portion of all political activity; but it is the only portion open to the young men of to-day, who are about to make a beginning of laboring for their principles. Let them, therefore, cast aside that conception of politics which imagines that the political machine is moved mainly by the power of thought, and that they accordingly hold a part of that power in themselves by virtue of their high intellectuality. Let them realize the intense commonplaceness and practicalness of the fundamental agencies of politics. A patriotic interest in national political issues, however unselfish and noble-minded may be the passion, is not political work, and never will be. Let the young man take for a text the words of a political leader of ability who was once asked what he thought of the young man and the scholar in politics. "The scholar," he said, "studies a German authority on the Constitution, and some books on comparative politics, and goes out into the world with a notion that he is a representative figure of the scholar in politics, and wonders that the people do not recognize him and send him at once to Congress. The scholar should cultivate the simple ways by which he may influence his own neighborhood. The first thing for a scholar is to learn his duties to his own neighbors before he can enter into the political life of the people. . . . To be good for anything in the public service, a young man needs to have some sense and experience as well as money and education. He should go to caucuses as a kindergarten, to conventions as a primary school, into the service of his town as a grammar-school, to the legislature as a gymnasium, and to the world as his university. Too often the young man is a student of

politics, not a politician." Observe again Burke's definition: "A politician is a philosopher *in action.*" "You may note," said Emerson, in almost his latest public address, "that each aspirant who rises above the crowd at first makes his obedient apprenticeship in party tactics."

Never forget, then, that in practical politics is to be found for beginners their real political work.

(2) Let this be a second general principle:

Direct your work under the conviction that the control of nominating bodies is an important condition in the success of your principles. It is the only condition which relieves you from the necessity of a severely restricted choice, and allows an adequate exercise of judgment in the selection of trustworthy candidates. All political effort should aim primarily at securing control in nominating bodies. The expediency of this principle is based on very simple reasoning. After the nominations are made, there are two, at the most three, candidates to choose from. What if neither is suitable? Is any positive good then attainable? Are we not reduced to a choice between evils? Of what avail is it to abide passively until the nominees are offered us, and then impotently signify that we accept neither of them? How much better to seek the fountain-head of nominations, the convention, and behind it the ward-clubs and caucuses, and therein to obtain power, and exercise free choice among an unlimited range of candidates! Success in the nominating body is far more than half the battle. Preliminary control of the convention, as it is the most difficult, is also the most important task. Note how the political managers of the great cities are content to possess simply the mastership of the political machinery. Note how they are found, not in public municipal offices, but in chairmanships and executive committees of political organizations. Can we not seize this lesson — that political power originates in the local political associations — that the lever of popular government rests on the hidden fulcrum of party organizations, and is wielded by the controllers of those agencies? Let the young men recognize that the best part of their political efforts are to be spent in lifting the control of ward and district politics from the hands of the unprincipled minority to the hands of the honest-minded majority. Let those who are entering politics remember that it is better to be the wire-pullers than the puppets, and that otherwise the only capacity which they can fill is that of helpless spectators.

(3) In your local political work, next (and here let me not be misconstrued into advocating anything but the deepest devotion to principles) learn not to rely too much on the power of abstractions as your rallying standard. Do not be too confident that the nobility of your cause will constitute a sufficient stock-in-trade. In the average citizen you will find that you can arouse little enthusiasm on behalf of abstract principles — whether of scientific truth, of government, or of lofty morality. Either in his political cynicism he smiles at their realization, or in his contempt for what is higher than himself he despises them. Success of principles must be sought through the success of individuals. Political work must aim to raise trustworthy men to power, and on them it is to rely for the practical fulfillment of the desired end.

For abstractions men will not vote; for individuals they will. It is a principle of human nature that our emotions are stirred in proportion to the concreteness of the object of emotion that is presented to us. If you are to enlist men's support in politics, present the matter to them concretely. Make it a matter of friendship to yourself or to the candidate — of success of the party; use any honest argument that may promise to be effectual; but your political zeal runs exceeding risk of dying out speedily if you appeal to them solely on the ground of political duty, of reform, of unselfishness, — for you may as a rule expect ridicule, suspicion, and worst of all, failure. It is a hard fact, but it is too true to be disregarded. "The young man," was the dictum of a local political manager, "who is not going into politics to make something out of it, is either a fool or a tool." So say they all; and you will do well if you are prepared for it. Cynicism and selfishness nowadays among those who hold the suffrage shut up the avenues of political activity and reform. When unselfishness and zeal for political purity cannot thaw out these barriers, ply them with whatever honest argumentative and emotional weapons may be most apt to secure favor for your suit.

If I might add one more suggestion, as a prime and comprehensive principle of all practical politics, reformed or unreformed, it would be this: Organize, organize, organize! Combined knavery can be opposed only by combined honesty. "When bad men combine," says Burke, "the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, in a contemptible struggle." Do not think that desultory magazine articles and pulpit exhortations, or spasmodic seasons of political house-cleaning, can compass the desired end. There can be no effective substitute for such organized and persevering work as will undermine the enemy's stronghold — party organization — and possess it for ourselves. Such a work will be thorough and progressive. Such a work succeeds because it permeates the organic structure of our political system. Its process is subtle and slow, but sure. "Give me a fulcrum," was Archimedes's phrase, "and I can move the world." Give a political manager one hundred active young men, and with the results of their work he can control and govern a city. *In the city of the writer that task is accomplished with fewer.* Let the earnest young men of each locality work together, become each one a representative unit of influence, gather together the units, concentrate their power, and they will constitute a momentous governing force having the virtues without the vices of a political boss, — the power without the license, the use without the abuse, all the power for good divorced from all its debasement for evil.

John H. Wigmore.

A Great Historical Enterprise.

MR. HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, the well-known historian of the Spanish-American States, was originally a book-seller and publisher. Being permanently established in San Francisco in 1856, he naturally began to collect books, pamphlets, and other printed matter containing information relating to the early Spanish occupation of the country. His interest being quickened by the results of his investigations, he pros-

ecuted his search as far back as documentary history and tradition would carry him, in the domain which he had at first only cursorily explored. Every collector knows how rapidly one's stores accumulate when once the habit of collecting has taken hold upon him. Mr. Bancroft's business and his library grew apace, and finding his first store-room too strait for him, he built anew, this time his goods and accumulations being housed in a large structure, five stories high, in San Francisco.

Meantime, as profits flowed in from the book-trade, the mania for collecting took a firmer grasp upon the publisher. Finding that much valuable information concerning the early history of the Pacific States was slowly dropping out of existence, as men died and oral traditions vanished with them, Mr. Bancroft began the arduous work of collecting written narratives taken down by scribes from the lips of surviving Spanish and American pioneers on the coast. The area of his research was extended until his books, tracts, and documents represented all attainable knowledge relating to the western half of the North American continent. Then, consumed by an unquenchable thirst for more information, he went to Europe and ransacked public archives, libraries, and other depositories, in quest of coveted lore. At the sale of the Mexican collection (intended by the unfortunate Maximilian as the foundation of an imperial library), which was held in Leipsic, three thousand volumes, many of them being unique, were secured. The Ramirez sale in London, and that of the Squier manuscripts in New York, also yielded the indefatigable collector valuable additions to his library. And in this manner a remarkable collection of material slowly accumulated.

Next, having gathered this rich harvest of historical knowledge, Mr. Bancroft began to arrange, catalogue, and classify the abundant but heterogeneous mass. During six years he had secured ten thousand volumes, among which were the standard chronicles of the earlier historians, Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Las Casas, and Purchas, as well as the histories of Ferrera, Haman, Robertson, and others of their class. To these were added original manuscripts, some of which are of priceless value, and printed documents such as the "Documentos Inéditos," "Izcabalceta," and the like. When we consider that the dictations of pioneer settlers, copies and originals from colonial, mission, county, and state archives were added to this vast mass, the extent of the labors of the indexer may be estimated. The field thus covered embraces an area equal to about one-twelfth of the earth's surface; and if the collector's activity had stopped here, he would have accomplished an undertaking for which civilization would have owed him a debt of gratitude.

But the collector resolved to become a writer of history. He would separate the wheat from the chaff in his collection, and would give the results to the world. Accordingly, the library was removed to a fire-proof structure built in the middle of a large lot in the outskirts of San Francisco. Here it was arranged, and, assisted by a staff of competent men, Mr. Bancroft began his arduous undertaking. Ten years were required to index the library, the work being conducted precisely as in indexing a book. The several topics desired to be reached were indicated, references made, and information drawn forth in the shape of rough material. This was revised and divided into chapters, and other chapters were written from them; and the work was then put into Mr. Bancroft's hands in a state advanced as far as possible. Mr. Bancroft rewrote, revised, and, in many cases, went back to the original sources and took out for himself the original rough material.

Under the plastic hand of Mr. Bancroft has thus arisen a valuable structure of historical literature. The design of this industrious author comprises the issuing of thirty-three octavo volumes. The first five, "The Native Races," have been before the reading public for several years. History proper, so to speak, begins with the sixth volume of the series, which is devoted to Central America. As the first points touched by Europeans when they landed on the North American continent were on the Isthmus of Darien and northward, the propriety of beginning the history with that of the Central American States is apparent. Mexico occupies Volumes IX. and X., as the discovery and conquest of that country followed the events described in the previous volume. Then the work is resumed in the second volume on Central America, which brings the reader down to A. D. 1800. The thread of Mexican history is taken up again in Volume XI., and the recital is brought down to 1800 also, and in the succeeding volumes is carried forward, as "History of the North Mexican States," to the same year. Having thus concluded the history of the lower Spanish-American States, Mr. Bancroft goes northward and gives us a history of California in five volumes, the first of which — Volume XVIII. of the entire series — is just now published. This fascinating volume begins with the earliest mention of California by fabulists, chroniclers, and historians, and, drawing liberally from the rich accumulations of which mention has previously been made, ends with 1800, when the rule of the Spanish Viceroy, Don Diego de Borica, closed. Future volumes will contain the history of Nevada, Utah, the North-west coast, Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho and Montana, British Columbia and Alaska. These are to be followed by two more volumes on California, entitled "California Pastoral" and "California Inter Pocula," the first embracing a history of the country under Roman Catholic mission rule, and the second that during the gold-seeking epoch. Two volumes of essays and miscellanies — the scattered and otherwise unmarshaled stragglers of this vast literary column — bring up the rear of this, one of the most enormous undertakings in historical writing ever projected by one man.

It will be seen from this cursory review of Mr. Bancroft's work that his task has been to furnish and classify vast stores of historical material, rather than to erect a monument of literary beauty. There is no attempt here to popularize history, as Knight and Macaulay have popularized English history. It is true that graphic and vivid chapters appear throughout every volume of this long procession; and the skill with which material points are made salient, and immaterial facts are subordinated, is worthy of high praise. But the author, embarrassed with his riches, must needs hurry on to the completion of his apparently interminable labors.

We catch glimpses of princes, potentates, and powers famous in history; of knights-errant, avaricious con-

querors, and bloody-minded zealots; of simple-minded and pastoral tribes, warring savages, and willing converts to self-denying missionaries; of far-voyaging and ignorant adventurers, fearless explorers, and covetous gold-seekers; and of an uncounted host of builders who laid on the shores of the Pacific the foundations of many States. The narrative marches on to its close. But much cannot be said in praise of the literary quality of the work. When there has been so satisfying a display of zeal, industry, and enthusiasm, the critical reader would prefer to believe that the turgidity and the affectation of high style which occasionally mar these pages are the contributions of unlearned assistants. The student of history, however, must overlook the ambitious attempts at fine writing, and confine his quest without diversion to the contents of this store-house of available and well-arranged material. From these stately tomes must be drawn hereafter the only trustworthy history of that part of the North American continent which lies between the Arctic Ocean, the equator, the Pacific, and the Rocky Mountains.

Noah Brooks.

Old Questions and New.

NATURALLY, there is a good deal of interest manifested in Mr. Cable's statement in the concluding chapters of "Dr. Sevier" that the cause of the North was just. There is also a good deal of interest felt in his reply to the gentleman who challenged his statement. It was inevitable that the statement should meet with a challenge in some quarter, but perhaps the most remarkable fact in connection with the whole matter is that it should have been challenged in only one quarter. So far as my observation extends, no Southern newspaper has taken Mr. Cable to task, and yet it would be safe to say that there are not ten editors of Southern newspapers who have not read "Dr. Sevier" from beginning to end. To a thoughtful person, this fact is very significant — as significant, indeed, as Mr. Cable's concession.

Five years ago such a statement made by a Southern man would have aroused quite a little tempest of indignation; but a great change has been going on in the South, and one of the results of this change is the tacit admission of those who are supposed to be the chosen defenders of the South that Mr. Cable, as a Southern man, has a right to hold opinions of his own, even though they may run counter to the opinions of other Southern men.

I am free to confess that Mr. Cable's declaration that the cause of the Union was just shocked me a little. It slipped in ahead of expectation; it seemed to be, at first glance, somewhat flippant. But a little reflection showed me that it is only a bold and fresh interpretation of the attitude and expressions of thousands and thousands of Southern people. For instance, it is safe to say that there are not five hundred thinking men in the South to-day who believe in secession either as a principle or as an expedient. There are not ten who would vote to secede to-morrow, even though such a movement was entirely practicable. In other words, there are not ten thinking men in the South who feel to-day (no matter what their feelings may have been in the hot days of war, and the hotter days of reconstruction) that secession would give them any rights or advantages as valuable as those they now have as citizens of States that are a part and parcel of the American Union. I am not giving my opinion merely, for that is worth little or nothing; I am giving the result of observation, association, experience, and discussion.

Mr. Cable, aroused from a dream of the Civil War, discovers that that conflict was a very curious affair indeed. Reflecting over it, he is moved to say that the cause of the Union was just. Others, waking to the realities of events, and recognizing facts as they stand, are moved to admit that the South, taken as a whole, is in a better condition to-day than it was in 1861. Nobody wants slavery, nobody wants secession, and everybody feels that we have as many rights and as much freedom as the people of the North. Such a situation must have a deeper meaning than we have been in the habit of attaching to it. What is that meaning?

The substance of all this has been stated and restated hundreds and hundreds of times in the leading papers of the South, by the leading men of the South in Congress and other public places, and by thinking men of all classes. The facts have been variously used by the politician, the place-hunter, and others who have only a partial and fleeting interest in facts of any kind; and it now remains for the statesmen of both sides to reconcile their notions to this most mysterious result of the integrity and elasticity of our republican institutions, namely, that by some queer twist of fate or fortune the vanquished share the fruits of victory, and are as devoted to the Union as it stands to-day as those who fought to preserve it intact.

All this sounds paradoxical, and so it is. The result I have attempted to describe is a part of the stupendous paradox of the war. Over the remains of this paradox History is even now holding her grand inquest, but the witnesses summoned are by no means agreed. One from the North says it was a war to maintain the American Union; another from the North says it was a war against slavery. One from the South says it was a war in defense of the reserved rights of the States; another from the South says it was a war in defense of the institution of slavery. Well, History will settle this matter to her own satisfaction, and we may be sure that few will dispute the justice of the verdict.

Who shall say how many compromises of opinion and prejudice are necessary to give us a clear view of the truth? Assuredly compromises are necessary, and thus it happens that all the concession need not come from the South. There is not a Northern man whose opinion is worth having who will not frankly admit that the South made a gallant fight for what it conceived to be right — a fight that thoroughly illustrated American valor. Moreover, there is not a thinking man at the North who will not admit that American slavery seems to have been a provision of Providence for the advancement of a large part of the negro race. This is a phase of the slavery question worthy the attention of reflecting minds. The negroes came to this country barbarians. They were savages; but they were not savages when freedom found them out. On the contrary, it may be said that, in the history of the world, there has never before been an instance where a race of people only two hundred and fifty years re-

moved from a condition of abject barbarism was so closely related to civilization as were the negroes of the South when they were made free. If this is true, —and the statement of the fact is all the proof that is necessary,— then the North and the whole world will be compelled to admit that there was some good in American slavery; will be compelled to admit, in fact, that American slavery was a part of the divine economy which has in view the advancement of the human race.

The truth is, there is a new North as well as a new South, showing that the tempest of war that blew in on honest people was calculated to clear the atmosphere. It strengthened and settled matters, and created that moral ozone so necessary to the health of a nation. In view of these things, it is hardly necessary to discuss the question whether Mr. Cable is entitled to express his opinion that the cause of the Union was a just cause.

A Southern Democrat.

Our Church Club.

IN the so-called "good old times" the dwellers in country villages were not divided into as many cliques as to-day. People were more on a level then, at least as to externals, and they met each other in a freer and more informal way. It was not necessary then, as it is now, to invent ways and means for bringing together those who attended the same church and sat side by side in the Sunday-school. This was owing partly to the fact that life was not so crowded nor so exacting then as now, and partly to the equally evident fact that the churches in the olden times were more the center of all things than they are to-day. In and of themselves they gave to their people a common ground on which to stand — a ground on which high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, met and were as one, to a degree that seems hardly possible to this eager, exigent present of ours, with its multiplicity of interests and its ever-increasing demands.

It was to meet this need — the need of a broad plane upon which those of widely differing tastes, habits, pursuits, and capacities could meet each other and be happy— that, a few years ago, the women of a certain church in a large New England village, with the advice and coöperation of its pastor, formed a society called "The Fortnightly." While it is neither a school nor a prayer-meeting, and is not in the slightest degree sectarian, yet it is as strictly a church organization as is the Sunday-school itself. It could add greatly to its numbers and its resources by throwing open its doors and welcoming all comers with outstretched hands. It would often be glad to do so; just as a family, no matter how united and how sufficient unto itself it may be, sometimes finds that the presence of a guest adds savor to the Thanksgiving dinner, or zest to the Christmas feast. Yet, on the whole, most households find it is wiser and pleasanter to limit the table on those occasions to the family circle. So "The Fortnightly" is purely a family affair; and to make it anything else would seriously interfere with its workings and its practical results.

It has, as a matter of course, the officers common to all societies — a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, who are elected annually. It has, also, three standing committees, appointed yearly by the president and ratified by the society: one on Christian or benevolent work, which is popularly called the Christian committee, though it does not claim to be any more "pious" than other folk; a social committee; and a committee on studies. The four officers above named, with the chairmen of these committees, constitute the board of directors, of which the pastor is also a member *ex officio*. He has, however, never availed himself of his right to be present at any meeting of the board or the society, unless on special invitation.

The managers mean to have no more red tape than is absolutely necessary; yet it is found that a little is indispensable, if only to tie it together. Therefore Article Fourth of the Constitution provides that "Any lady of the church or society, above the age of sixteen, whose name shall be presented in writing by not less than three members, may become a member by a majority vote at any regular meeting, on condition of subscribing to this constitution, and paying to the treasurer the annual fee." This fee, as may be supposed, is a small one, so small as to be no burden. But it was thought best, for many reasons, that it should be exacted.

"The Fortnightly" is so fortunate as to have at its command the pleasant church parlors, and there it meets on every alternate Saturday afternoon, except when otherwise ordered by the board of directors.

Perhaps the question oftenest asked of the members is this: "What is the object of your society?" A question that is briefly answered by the motto recently adopted, "First to Receive; then to Give." Its first and most direct object is personal and individual growth; not in any selfish or narrow sense, but because no one can give what he does not in some way possess. He must himself have, before he can share with others; he must be, before he can do. This motto, emblazoned on a banner supported by an appropriate standard, and decorated with the colors of the society, holds a conspicuous place by the president's table at all meetings, and, with the pretty though inexpensive badge worn by the members, has done much to foster the *esprit de corps* so important to the well-being of every such organization.

"What does your society do?" is another question. It does a great many things. Through its social committee it stretches out its hands to the stranger within its gates. It brings together, and binds in harmonious, pleasant relations, those who otherwise would seldom meet. It keeps its finger, as it were, on the pulse of the social life of the church.

Through its committee on Christian work, it cares for a mission Sunday-school, and in connection with other societies does its full share of the charitable work of the town, beginning always with the work that is nearest to its hand.

Yet, after all, it is perhaps true that the strongest interests of the society center in its regular fortnightly meetings, and that from them go forth its widest and most beneficent influences. Fully to understand this, it must be remembered that the steadily lengthening roll of membership now numbers 170, embracing women of all ages, from girls of sixteen to white-haired matrons, and that, rain or shine, there is an average attendance of half the members. There is

great diversity in the homes from which they come. Some are rich; some are poor. Some have had every advantage that money can buy, social position, and abundant leisure; some have struggled all their lives with straitened circumstances, if not with absolute penury. Some are familiar with London, and Paris, and Rome; some have never been out of sight of their native mountains. It has of "sweet girl graduates" not a few; and it has also many a girl who not only supports herself but helps to support others. It has many whose province it is to minister, and many who are ministered unto.

But with all these differences the club is bound together by the common tie of womanhood. Its members have learned, as perhaps they could have learned in no other way, that these other things are mere externals, mere husks, the outer rind that may be removed without touching the life beneath. It has been proved to them beyond a peradventure that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

When "The Fortnightly" was first organized, comparatively little importance was attached to the meetings, *per se*. The journal was read; there was usually some business, more or less, to be attended to; and then the classes in history, literature, and art went each to its own room, and worked each in its own way. For two years this plan was carried out, and with good results. But as the society grew and widened, it became more and more evident that there were steadily increasing numbers who did not wish to join the classes, and yet who did need and long for something that it was the duty of the society to give them in the way of mental quickening and stimulus. An effort was accordingly made, while keeping up the classes, to make the regular meetings more interesting by essays, readings, talks, and recitations, with such good (or bad) results that, little by little, the classes dwindled, and the numbers in the large room increased day by day.

Some time ago, after much deliberation, it was thought best to drop the classes entirely, and try the effect of making two hours of the alternate Saturdays as rich, as full, as varied, as the resources of the united society could make them. This plan has worked to a charm. A programme for each meeting is made out, and the work allotted, as long in advance as is convenient—the particular study of this season and the last having been the lives and works of representative women, covering a wide range of life and thought.

One day, for instance, this was the programme:

France in the Time of Jeanne d'Arc.
Peasant Life in France in the Time of Jeanne d'Arc.
Jeanne d'Arc.
Different Conceptions of Poets and Artists.
Translations from Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."

On easels in the room were a number of pictures relating to the subject for the day, from old wood and steel engravings down to the inspired dreamer of Bastien Lepage.

With Queen Elizabeth as the theme, this was the programme:

Pen-portrait of Elizabeth.
Elizabeth as a Queen.
Elizabeth as a Woman.
Manners and Customs of the Day.
Literature.
Mary, Queen of Scots.
Readings—"Marie Stuart" (Schiller).

On another occasion Mrs. John Adams was chosen:

Life and Times.
Puritan Homes.
Selections from Whittier.
Abigail Adams.
Selections from Letters of Mrs. Adams.
Colonial Belles.

Another group of women was:

Vittoria Colonna. Readings—"Michael Angelo."
Madame de Staël.
Margaret Fuller.

Every possible effort is made to give variety, color, and individuality to the exercises. History alternates with poetry or romance, and mirth with earnestness. On the Saturday after Christmas the subject chosen was Mary, the Mother of Christ. The parlors were made beautiful with drapery, garlands of cedar and hemlock, and appropriate mottoes, among which "Ave Maria" and "Blessed art Thou among Women" were conspicuous. Thirty different Virgins, Madonnas, and Holy Families were on the walls. The papers were on "The Inn at Bethlehem" and the "Legendary Life of Mary," and Mrs. Browning's "Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus" was read.

It will be seen at once that in an organization of this kind nothing very profound or abstruse, and no exhaustive treatment of any theme, can be so much as attempted. Heaviness would be suicidal. To stimulate, to awaken, to lead on, is all that we have undertaken. To this end every diversity of power and capacity may be used. I venture to say that no one can have anything to do with the management of such a society for one year without being surprised at the resources and the talent that will be developed. It has not proved necessary to apologize for the papers, to receive them with large grains of allowance, or to say they were "pretty fair, considering all things." They have been good, and sometimes exceptionally so. At one time, partly for the sake of variety and partly as a sort of test, twenty young girls were each asked to bring to the next meeting some notable instance of womanly heroism, fortitude, or self-sacrifice, the papers not to be more than five minutes long. The result was a pleasant surprise. No stereotyped, hackneyed stories were reproduced. The matter was fresh and relevant, and no two girls hit upon the same incident or character.

The society occasionally keeps memorial days and birthdays, and it has a letter-box, which is not used as much as it ought to be, for "Questions" and "Suggestions." Sometimes it allows its members to vote for their favorite poems, and out of the list thus formed a choice is made for readings and recitations. The last gathering of the season is always made a social event with attractive features.

The suggestive motto of the society, "First to Receive; then to Give," strikes the key-note of its very life. Whoever has received is expected to give; and who has *not* received? But the willingness, the cheer-

ful alacrity, with which all demands are responded to, the absence of all petty jealousies and narrow-minded criticism, the ready assent to all measures for the general good, have been very marked. The tithes of "mint and anise and cummin" have been paid without demur; neither have the gold, the myrrh, nor the frankincense been held back.

In short, "The Fortnightly" maintains that the woman loses her life who devotes it all to material uses — who crowds it so full either of work or of pleasure as to leave room for nothing else.

Like a previous letter, this is written in answer to many inquiries; and this must be the writer's only apology for details and prolixity.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Another Plan for Women's Clubs.

THE open letter, "More Words with Countrywomen," presenting a new manner of providing intellectual and literary feasts for those women who may wish to and *can* partake of the same, is most praiseworthy. Still there is an impediment to young mothers which cannot be overruled, viz., babies. I am one of that class, and sadly miss the mental food which was furnished me at school. 'Tis true the precious babes are the first care, but they are also a mother's barrier to the acquisition of any but maternal knowledge!

Mrs. Dorr's "Friends in Council" have meetings fortnightly, and organize a committee, board of directors, etc. Then they have a plan of study, also preparation of essays. Now, I want to ask how all this can be accomplished when home requires your presence, time, and care. How can you attend these meetings? I write this in the cause of women of my own standing and social status, who, it is true, have to do their own work, but at the same time crave the intellectual food — not as a necessity, but as part of the manna on which they have been raised.

While we have not time to devote to these councils, we have intervals of leisure at home, which we spend in reading ancient and modern history when we chance to light on them, but frequently intersperse with romances, novelettes, descriptive notes, and, last but not least, THE CENTURY. Now I am going to suggest to many of my friends who are situated as I am a scheme for organizing a literary club of an indefinite number. It will not be productive of any ebullitions of wit, nor will it lead to much learning; but it will be a source of entertainment which we poor mortals sadly lack.

This scheme consists in establishing a library, to be in the most convenient and commodious house of a circle of friends, its mistress to be the librarian. All the members of the club to furnish what works they possess, whether historical, ecclesiastical, poetical, political, novels, or any addition they wish at times to make. No criticisms or formal meetings, which to me savor of the *bas bleu*, but perfect liberty to each member to call and select a book — one at a time — when so disposed, and return in a reasonable number of days. Have the library insured in case of accident, and outside of this there will be no expense. This clique of friends can then exchange notes and ideas during any social call, if so inclined, and no need of borrowing or lending books, no need of laboring on literary compositions when other things more important demand our attention. I do not place my views in opposition to *any*, but as a woman who loves to study and develop the mental faculties,— which have only lain dormant since leaving school,— and with the restraint of two "darling responsibilities."

DENVER, COLORADO. *M. L. N.*

Co-operative Studies — The Natural Sciences.

WHILE reading Mrs. Dorr's very suggestive and helpful letter in the September CENTURY, on the formation of societies for mutual study and discussion, it occurred to us that this is just the time to put in a plea for the coöperative study of the natural sciences.

Not that we undervalue the importance of history, or consider that Greece and Rome belong in any sense to a dead past, but there is such a very "living present" all around us here and now.

Although winter is not the best time to begin the study of a natural science, since the material necessary for thorough work cannot always be readily obtained, still private and public cabinets offer something, and much may be done to create the taste for experimental work — work which could be pleasantly and profitably carried through the summer months, which are now so largely wasted.

The natural sciences seem to be particularly well adapted to society work, so numerous and varied are the phases any one of them presents — sufficient to satisfy the demands of any society, however heterogeneous its elements. Take botany, for example; what opportunities for investigation and discussion would arise from the consideration of

1. The Beginnings of Plant Life.
2. How Plants Grow.
3. Their Pedigrees.
4. Family Traits and How Modified.
5. Varieties and How Produced.
6. Carnivorous Plants.
7. Parasitic Plants.
8. Floriculture as an Art.
9. Floriculture as an Occupation for Women.
10. Flowers in Art.
11. Flowers in Poetry and Song.
12. Flowers in the Bible.

What a preparation such a winter's work would be for the coming of the New Year, the real New Year, which comes to us with the budding spring! What pleasant "field-days" might follow, and what choice collections could be prepared for the following winter's work, or as a nucleus for a village museum.

Entomology, or mineralogy, or indeed any other one of the various branches of natural science, presents an equally broad and rich field for mutual labor and discussion. Will not some society make the experiment and report?

*

Church Music.

A VOICE FROM THE CHOIR-LOFT.

In the first place, it cannot be doubted that a great reformation has been going on during the past twenty years, not only in the character of the music performed in our churches, but as well in the character of the per-

sons employed in the musical service of the sanctuary; this much must surely be patent to any one competent to observe the change. One institution of former times has seen its palmy days, and will soon be a thing of the past. I allude to the "quartet choir," alone and unaided. No educated church musician will to-day be satisfied with such a choir; and with the "quartet" will die many a disturbing element.

Thus the reform in church music has been begun, and indeed made good progress, and the question would seem to be, what can be done to aid in the good work, and to carry the same on toward completion?

Money will be a potent factor in this, as in all good works, so I will first take up the question of salaries; and, in behalf of my brother organists and choir-masters, I claim that the salaries generally offered are totally inadequate to pay for the services expected and demanded. I know I shall be met here, and at once, with the statement that "the pay is fully as good as the services rendered"; and my retort will be that "the services are fully as good as the pay." And both statements will, in the great majority of cases, be very near to the truth. I am perfectly willing to admit that the pay and the services are generally about on an equality. But the trouble is, there is but little manifestation, on the part of the churches, of a readiness to pay better prices for better work. On the contrary, there seems to be a tendency in many places toward a wholly unnecessary and petty economy in regard to the music of the church. We too often hear the phrase, "Oh, it is good enough for us!" or, "It will do!" I think I am safe in saying that the average salary now paid to organists is not so large as was paid five or ten years ago. For one instance, I know of a city claiming to have over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and also claiming a great amount of musical culture, where, as I am informed by good authority, the highest salary paid to any organist is the munificent sum of four hundred dollars. One church in said city, and one of the largest and most prosperous, paying its minister a salary of five thousand dollars, had an organist who served them well and faithfully for many years. Him they discharged a year ago, because —why, because another organist could be secured for fifty dollars less per year. And this is but a sample of the encouragements which are to-day held out by the churches to ambitious young people to fit themselves for church musicians. Another statement, which I am sure all my brother professional organists will say I am correct in making, is this: that there are at present in this country fewer organ students than there have been in times past; I mean, of course, in proportion to the number of places to be filled; and this I fully believe to be a consequence of the meager salaries paid. I would therefore warn all church music committees that the time is rapidly approaching when they will have to put up with more and more inefficient services on the organ-bench, or pay larger salaries than they at present dream of paying. But let it be known that the churches are ready and willing to pay proper salaries for competent services, and in a few years there will be an abundant supply of educated church musicians. I imagine myself asked the question, What would be a proper salary? I will answer that question boldly, and say that an efficient organist and choir-master should receive a sum certainly not less than one-third of the total salary paid to the minister of the same church. Methinks I hear loud exclamations of dissent, even of indignation. But let us reason together. I said an "efficient" organist and choir-master; and I certainly would not advise the payment of such a salary to any one of the many incompetents who at present fill positions where they have no more right than I would have at the helm of a Mississippi River steam-boat. I am writing of an ideal time in the future, when any church, willing to pay a liberal salary, can secure good service. And am I extravagant in my ideal? I think not. I have based my estimate of what should be the salary of the organist and choir-master upon the salary of the minister, for the reason that the clergy are very apt to consider themselves not overpaid as a class, and I am quite disposed to agree with them. Now the organist and choir-master, to be at all competent, must surely be a man of at least one-third the intelligence of the minister; his musical education must have cost at least one-third as much as the theological education of the minister; and he must be able and willing to devote at least one-third as much time to his department of the church work as does the average clergyman to his parish work. I know this last statement will be received by some with surprise, and by others with incredulity. Many a time have I had said to me the equivalent of this: "I would be very glad if I could earn as much money as you can by a few minutes' work on Sunday and at rehearsal." Well! so would I be glad, very glad indeed, if I could honestly earn my salary by so little work as many good people imagine. But every organist and choir-master knows that his work cannot be done, with any satisfaction to himself or to those whom he serves, without his devoting to it every week a number of hours sufficient to constitute at least two good days' work. And I really think that, in most cases, the meagerness of the salary offered is due to ignorance of the amount of time and labor required to satisfactorily fulfill the duties of the position. While on this subject of salaries, let me say that I have a still higher ideal of what may be in the future. There are very many churches in America abundantly able, and which ought to be willing, to pay to their organist and choir-master "a living salary"—a salary sufficient for all his needs—so that he would not be forced to gain a livelihood by other means, but would be able to devote his entire time and work to the service of the church. And there would be plenty to occupy his attention. He should be present at all services or meetings, on week-days as well as on Sundays; should work in the Sunday-school as well as in the church, meeting the children of the school every week for practice; the young people of the church should be given an evening in every week for practical and free instruction in the rudiments of vocal music; advanced classes should also be formed for choral practice; congregational rehearsals should be held as frequently as possible; special instruction should be given to such young voices as gave extraordinary promise of being available in the choir; all this being understood to be included in the pay given to the choir-master, so that there would be no feeling that a charity was being accepted.

In regard to the so-called "trials" of organists and singers, I fully agree with the Rev. Dr. Rob-

inson that they are simply a farce. They are fair neither to the musicians nor to the church, and should be done away with, as has, in at least a great measure, the old plan of "preaching on trial." They are fully as unsatisfactory, and, in some respects, for corresponding reasons. And at the same time with the "trial," I would do away with the equally faulty system of yearly engagements. Let the engagements be made terminable at the pleasure of either party to the contract, such reasonable and proper notice being given to the other party to the same as may have been agreed upon. I have worked under both systems, and believe the one proposed will be found much more satisfactory; that under it engagements will be much more likely to prove agreeable and permanent, and far better results be attained. Under the yearly engagement plan both music committees and musicians get into the way of beginning to be unsettled in mind at least three months before the expiration of the year, and to begin to look about to see if they cannot in some slight degree better themselves, even though the present situation of affairs be quite satisfactory, and things are just settling down into good working order.

Another great source of trouble is the want of any interest taken by the members of the church in the members of the choir. I do not mean in the music itself, or in the choir as a whole, but in the individuals composing the same. A friendly word to some one belonging to that body, a little bit of praise for the singing of some particular anthem or hymn, goes much further than is imagined. Much moral good may often be accomplished by letting the members of the choir feel that they are regarded as a part of the congregation, and not as a separate, possibly even a somewhat antagonistic, body. But, surely, if the church is disposed to regard the relation of the musicians to itself as a mere matter of business, no fault can be found if they, the musicians, regard it in the same light.

Edward Witherspoon.

WATERBURY, CONN., June, 1884.

The Recent Legal-Tender Decision.

ON page 540 of THE CENTURY for August last, in a note accompanying Mr. Rice's "Work for a Constitutional Convention," it is stated that in the case of Juilliard v. Greenman, 110 U. S., 421, "The Court holds that when Congress is not expressly prohibited from passing a certain law, it is left to its sole judgment whether or not it be a constitutional law." If this is really the meaning of the decision, all checks upon the legislation of Congress would seem to be removed. The only duty of the Supreme Court in deciding upon the constitutionality of a law would be to inquire, "Is Congress expressly forbidden to pass this law?" If not, the law must be declared constitutional. Under such an interpretation, Congress would have power to interfere in all matters, however local, now left to the State legislatures — except the few expressly denied to it. All constitutional objection to the giving of money for the protection of the lands of the Mississippi delta would fall to the ground — for such gifts are nowhere "expressly prohibited." The clauses of the Civil Rights Bill lately declared void could be reënacted and stand as law, since a Civil Rights Bill is not "expressly prohibited" by the Constitution. And so, for hundreds of more objectionable laws, Congress would simply say to the Supreme Court, "Hands off."

But I think the decision has been misinterpreted. The question before the Court was whether Congress could give United States notes the legal-tender quality. The Court held that it could, not at all because it was not expressly prohibited from so doing,— that must be true of every power conceded to Congress,— but because Congress was *expressly granted* a power (to borrow money), to carry out which this was a suitable means. The difference between this interpretation and the other is of course very great. In the one case, every law which is not expressly forbidden is constitutional. In the other, every law, to be constitutional, must be, first, not forbidden, and must be, second, a means of executing some power given by the Constitution to Congress. As these powers are comparatively few, this second qualification cuts off hundreds of laws, good, bad, and indifferent, which without it Congress could enact with impunity.

It is impossible to give quotations in the space allotted to an "open letter." It is owing to careless and incomplete quotations from the fifty pages of the decision that the general misapprehension concerning its effect has arisen. I believe that a careful reading of its whole text will convince any one that the Court has only reapplied — in a very loose manner, perhaps — the words of Marshall, spoken sixty years ago:

"Let the *end* be legitimate — let it be within the scope of the Constitution — and all the *means* which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, *which are not prohibited*, but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional." (4 Wheaton, 316, 421.)

The *end* — to borrow money — was legitimate; the Court declares that the means — to give the legal-tender quality — are appropriate, are adapted to the end, and are not prohibited. The last is the least important qualification, for it is simply a matter of course.

Harry H. Neill.

REJOINDER BY MR. RICE.

MR. NEILL contends, in the first place, that if my interpretation of the decision in the recent legal-tender case be correct, "all checks upon the legislation of Congress would seem to be removed." I think that in this he is mistaken. Putting the responsibility for violating the Constitution upon Congress does not remove a single constitutional check upon legislation. On the contrary, it tends to increase the influence of those checks, as I have endeavored to show in my article. France, England, and Germany are governed under constitutional limitations, and yet no one in those countries ever dreamt of confiding the safeguards of the people to the courts; and it seems to me that a truly responsible government cannot exist in our republic until in this respect we follow the example set by the great nations of Europe.

Mr. Neill, however, goes beyond the *argumentum ab inconvenienti* just referred to, and attempts to estab-

lish positively the incorrectness of my interpretation. To this second point I would reply, first by calling attention to that portion of Judge Gray's opinion which bases the constitutionality of the Legal Tender act on the fact, among others, that the power to make the notes of the government a legal tender in payment of private debts is one of the powers "belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations," and is not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution. This language is certainly quite different from the "words of Marshall" quoted by my critic, and more than warrants the interpretation criticised.

Secondly, I base myself on the decision itself, as contradistinguished from the reasons for rendering it, which, after all, is the main thing. Now, it is incontestable that the decision declares that under the power "to borrow money" Congress may pass a law making mere paper a legal tender for private debts. I ask whether, under a construction of the constitution so broad and liberal as is involved in this decision, we can conceive of a public measure which will not come within one or the other of the powers expressly granted to Congress? If this question is answered in the negative, and I am convinced that it must be, it follows as a corollary that Congress is the sole and responsible judge of the constitutionality of all acts not expressly prohibited.

Isaac L. Rice.

"Anachronism."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: I have seen, without the shame and confusion which the fact might have been expected to bring me, a newspaper paragraph convicting me of "anachronism" in the first installment of my current story in your pages. As I may hereafter repeat this cause of offense to accurate minds, perhaps it will be well for me to state the principle upon which I reconcile it to a conscience not void of the usual anxiety. It appears to me that I discharge my whole duty to reality in giving, as well as I can, the complexion of the period of which I write, and I would as lief as not allow one of my persons to speak of Daisy Millerism, even a whole year before Daisy Miller appeared in print, if it gave a characteristic tint in the portraiture. In like manner I would make bold to use a type-writer in 1875, when it had only come into the market in 1874; and if an electric light threw a more impressive glare upon certain aspects of life than the ordinary gas-burner, I should have no hesitation in anticipating the inventions of Mr. Edison several months.

An artist illustrating my story would put the people in the fashions of 1884, though they actually dressed in those of 1875, and I think he would be right; for it is the effect of contemporaneousness that is to be given, and the general truth is sometimes better than the specific fact.

W. D. Howells.

The Death of Tecumseh.

HAVING observed in one number of your admirable monthly, not very long ago, a query and a reply in reference to the killing of Tecumseh, I have ever since intended to add a remark of my own. The purport of the reply, to the best of my recollection, was that it had generally been supposed that Colonel Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President during Mr. Van Buren's presidential term, had slain Tecumseh, in a personal encounter, during the battle of the Thames; but that some degree of doubt still rested on the fact. This reply recalled to my mind the circumstance that about the year 1842 I happened to be present where Colonel Johnson was giving a graphic account of the whole battle, and in particular of his hand-to-hand conflict with a powerful Indian, whom he finally killed. The colonel then remarked that for some time a doubt had existed whether the Indian killed was really the formidable chief or not; but he added, in terms entirely unqualified, that recently developed circumstances *had removed all uncertainty* as to this fact. He gave no information showing *what circumstances* had determined his question, but simply spoke with positiveness on the subject.

Colonel Johnson took occasion, in the course of his interesting narrative, to express a generous admiration of the bravery of General William Henry Harrison, his commander at that time, with whom, in a measure, he may be said to have divided the honors of the victory; and either of the two, in the stirring events of the time, could say, "*Quorum magna pars fui.*"

CARROLL, MD. *Benjamin B. Griswold.*

The Apathy of Women.

THE summary in "The Appeal for the Harvard Annex" of bequests made by women to colleges from which woman is excluded is of deep import and interest. Woman's generosity, woman's unselfishness, are unquestioned; but woman's apathy to the best interests of her sex, to the limited advantages and opportunities for woman's advancement, is amazing.

The difficulty in awakening an interest in, or securing funds for, any institution devoted to the education of girls may not be generally understood, but it is universally experienced, whether the institution be secular or sectarian. The apathy of women in this direction is astonishing, for, without waiting to be taught to reason, a woman's instinct should teach her how much is involved. It is not for an exclusive, limited work; it is not for woman the appeal is made; it is for a work that in its influences is infinite. It is for the world's work, in its largest, broadest, deepest, most literal, most practical sense. It is wise to recognize the powers and responsibilities that are hers, and to the very utmost develop in her such recognition that they may be wielded for the good of the country, the safety and well-being of the people.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI. *C. P. W.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

IT is not power, but the balance of power, that wins.

THE best man living cannot give an undoubted bond for his good behavior thirty days from date.

CIVILITY is the lowest price we pay for things, and repentance the highest.

ALL knowledge begins in doubt, and much of it ends there.

IF mankind had capacity equal to its malice we should have no use for the Devil.

MY friend, if you want to make people think as you do, let them have their own way; nothing else will tire them out so soon.

THE line between folly and wisdom is so uncertain and indistinct that the philosopher and the fool are often seen prospecting on each other's claims.

HYPOCRISY and cunning travel together, and they can't get very far separately.

THE hardest man to shake from the ladder is the one who mounts a rung at a time.

MEN often climb half-way up the ladder and stay there; but it is seldom they fall half-way down and stop short of the bottom.

NATURE can make absolute laws, but she can't break the least of them.

FAMILIARITY is not friendship; puppies end all their frolics in a quarrel.

THE fox carries the bad news, while the turtle crawls with the good.

FAME follows us to the grave, scratches a hasty epitaph on our tombstone, and then hurries away for the next man.

THERE is no satire in truth, and yet a man can't tell the whole truth without being highly satirical.

THERE are lots of people who never know anything until they run against it, and then they know too much.

FOOLS will bite on anything, like a frog in a puddle. You can catch them and throw them back again as often as you please.

AIM high, young man; then attraction of gravitation, if nothing else, may get your ball into the bull's eye.

EVERY one expects to be remembered after they are dead, and yet not one in a million can give any good reason why.

THE poverty of youth is generally the avarice of old age.

"NATURE abhors a vacuum"; therefore she fills some heads with saw-dust.

THE man who never takes a chance is beaten just as often as any one else.

VERY precise people have but few brains. That is what makes them so precise.

REVENGE makes a hornet respectable, but it is dastardly in a man.

YOU can't be familiar without losing a certain amount of respect for yourself, and for the other man too.

THE great misfortune with most of us is, we are constantly looking ahead for our experience, instead of looking behind.

NO MAN can expect to live with the virtuous and mingle with the vicious and keep pure.

Uncle Esek.

In Miss Kate L's Birthday Book.

WE parted, and mine eyes were wet;
Thine, too, I think were brimming.
With tears or brine? Love, I forget.
Could it be both? I think not. Yet,
You know we were in swimming.

Charles Henry Webb.

The Fair Physiologist and the Bachelor of Medicine.

A LAY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"OH tell me, gentle maid," he cries,
"Whence flows that falling tear,
Why all-suffused those glist'ning eyes?
The cause I fain would hear."
"The cause," she says, with downcast eye,
"Unless my mem'ry fail, is
Intensified activity
In the *Glandula Lachrymalis.*"

"But oh, methinks that from your breast
There heaves a gentle sigh,
Refusing, too, to be repressed;
Sweet maiden, tell me why?"
"I think," she says, "a sigh is due
To deepened *Inspiration*,
And this, again, is owing to
Some *Reflex Excitation.*"

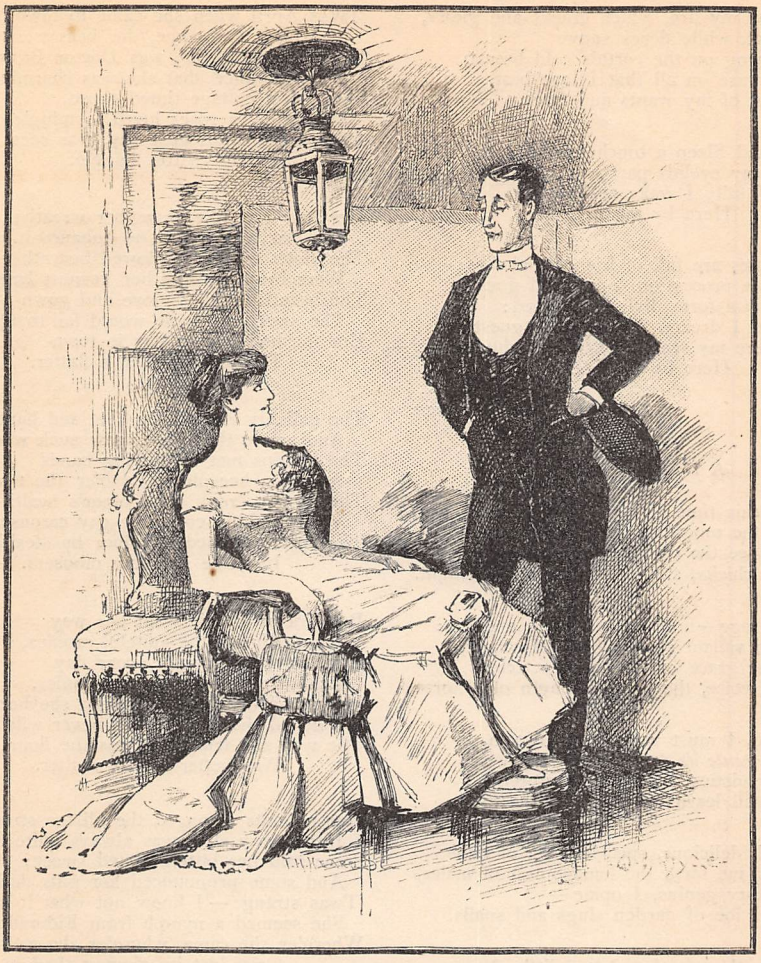
"But, mantling on your cheek, I see
The lovely damask rose.
Declare, oh, dearest one, to me
Whence this rich luster flows?"
"Blushing is caused," the maid replies,
"As Huxley well observes,
By much-dilated arteries
And *Vaso-motor Nerves.*"

"But tell me farther, maiden dear,
Of all these signs the reason.
Do not a blush, a sigh, a tear
Point to some *central lesion?*"
"Their cause" (she faintly makes reply)
"As yet escapes detection,
Unless — perchance — they signify
Some — *cardiac affection.*"

"Ah, maid, your diagnosis true
To sure proof is subjected,
Since, by contagion caught from you,
My heart, too, is infected.
And now, to cure us both, I trow,
One med'cine and no more is,
Oh, take the sweet prescription now:
*Sume Aurantii Flores.**"

J. Harper Benson.

* Take orange flowers.



LITERAL.

MISS ANGELICA: "I suppose you have been going out a great deal lately, Mr. McFamish?"
MR. MCF.: "No. I have only been to one dinner in two weeks."
MISS A.: "Dear me! You must be hungry!"

Her Waiting.

THE sunbeams dimpled all the azure ocean,
The robins caroled vows of sweet devotion,
And proudly dipped and rose the snug ship *Starling*,
When young Elisha whispered, "Good-bye, darling!
'Twill not be long to wait."

The dusty bees buzzed in and out the bluebells,
The roses blushed and tossed their heads like true belles,
The sun threw fleeting shadows 'cross the mowing,
The brooklet gurgled softly in its flowing,—
And it was long to wait.

Through gay autumnal woods the wind went sighing,
For all his summer sweethearts lay a-dying;
Blue gentians fringed the tiny upland river,
Some late bird-note set one sad heart a-quiver,—
And it was long to wait.

The snow fell thick on river, wood, and clearing,
The blasts swept round and round in mad careering,
And out among the rocks, from dusk to dawning,
Sounded the fog-bell's wildest cry of warning,—
And it was long to wait.

Spring came again, clad in her beauty royal,
As spring will come to steadfast hearts and loyal,
And lo! the *Starling* into harbor swinging,
While from each hedge and tree the birds were singing,
"It was not long to wait!"

Emma C. Dowd.

Here by My Fire.

HERE by my fire, which cracks and glows,
Idly I sit, while fleecy snows
  Are lying on the earth's cold breast,
  And muse on all that I love best,
Forgetful of my wants and woes.

Soft-footed Sleep a touch bestows,
And weary eyelids part way close,
  And fitfully I wake and rest
    Here by my fire.

The flames are full of friends and foes;—
The mute procession comes and goes,
  Led by a form divinely dressed:
  Of her I dream. This girlish guest
May share my seat some time—who knows?—
    Here by my fire.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Hen on her Eggs.

AH! ah! this time I've got, I think, just five,
White as the moon upon an August night.
I long to see the contents well alive,
For those chicks, still unborn, are my delight.

My eldest egg—now let me pause and see:
He'll be a valiant rooster-bird, of course,
Having the grace of the ailantus tree,
A linnet's voice, the brute strength of a horse.

My second, I must very fondly dream,
Will be a *poule de lettres*, and very wise;
She in linguistics will be held supreme,
And she will learn the idiom of the flies.

That third, delicious, speckled egg of mine
Will bring me forth the handsomest of males,
With military genius, I opine—
A fowl the foe of garden slugs and snails.

That other there—that dotted little dear—
Will cause my poor maternal mind regret;
For she will be, I positively fear,
The wayward Cleopatra of my set.

But, ah! the one that has a beauty mark
Right on the top, from Duty ne'er will quail;
She, Christian-like, will suffer in the dark
And be the chickens' Florence Nightingale.

So saying, the hen clucked loudly in her joy,
And waved her wings upon the unhatched eggs;
But then appeared a stalwart poultry-boy,
With squinting eyes and odious crooked legs!

He seized her offspring right before her eyes,
Took the three best, the ones she prized the most,
And, to the mother's infinite surprise,
Vanished around the corner like a ghost!

And, while she hurried after him to say,
"Spare, spare my children, and be ever blest!"
A weasel, who had seen no food that day,
Happened to tramp along, and sucked the rest.

Cupid Jones.

Bessie Brown, M. D.

'TWAS April when she came to town;
  The birds had come, the bees were swarming.
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown:
  I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
  Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
    A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
  Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
  Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
  The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town
    The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
  And swore they never saw such wee things;
The gossips met in purring bands
  And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
  With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
    Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way
  Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
  Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face so bright she bore,
  I hoped that time might never wilt her.
The way she tripped across the floor
    Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
  Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet;
  And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
  She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Where'er she came, where'er she went,
    Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I too grew ill;
  My aching heart there was no quelling.
I tremble at my doctor's bill,—
  And lo! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!
  They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
    Unless—I wed the Doctor!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

The Half-ring Moon.

OVER the sea, over the sea,
My love he is gone to a far countree;
But he brake a golden ring with me,
  The pledge of his faith to be.

Over the sea, over the sea,
He comes no more from the far countree;
But at night, where the new moon loved to be,
  Hangs the half of a ring for me.

John B. Tabb.



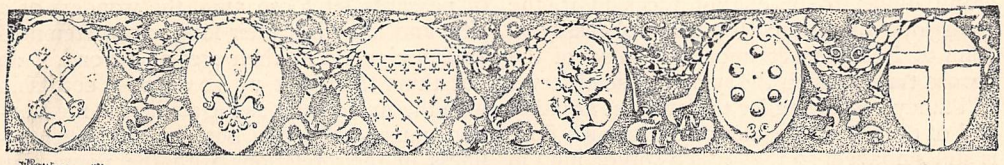
HEAD OF A MAN, BY L. BAKHUIZEN.

[ENGRAVED BY HENRY VELTEN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY AD. BRAUN & CO., PARIS, OF THE PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG.]

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ESCUTCHEONS IN THE CLOISTER OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

A FLORENTINE MOSAIC.

(FIRST PAPER.)

I.

ALL the way down from Turin to Bologna there was snow; not, of course, the sort of snow we had left on the other side of the Alps, or the snow we remembered in America, but a snow picturesque, spectacular, and no colder or bleaker to the eye from the car-window than the cotton-woolly counterfeit which clothes a landscape of the theater. It covered the whole Lombard plain to the depth of several inches, and formed a very pretty decoration for the naked vines and the trees they festooned. A sky which remained thick and dun throughout the day contributed to the effect of winter, for which, indeed, the Genoese merchant in our carriage said it was now the season.

But the snow grew thinner as the train drew southward, and about Bologna the ground showed through it in patches. Then the night came on, and when we reached Florence at nine o'clock we emerged into an atmosphere which, in comparison with the severity of the transalpine air, could only be called mildly reproachful. For a few days we rejoiced in its concessive softness with some such sense of escape as must come to one who has left moral obligation behind; and then our penalty began. If we walked half a mile away from our hotel, we despaired of getting back, and commonly had ourselves brought home by one of the kindly cab-drivers who had observed our exhaustion. It came finally to our not going away from our hotel to such distances at all. We observed with a mild passivity the vigor of the other guests, who went and came from morning till night, and brought to the *table-d'hôte* minds full of the spoil of their day's sight-seeing. We confessed that we had not, perhaps, been out that day, and we accounted for ourselves by saying that we had seen Florence before, a good many years ago, and that we were in no haste, for we were going to stay all winter. We tried to pass it off as well as we could, and a fortnight had gone by before we had darkened the doors of a church or a gallery.

I suppose that all this lassitude was the effect of our sudden transition from the tonic air of the Swiss mountains; and I should be surprised if our experience of the rigors of a Florentine December were not considered libelous by many whose experience was different. Nevertheless, I report it; for the reader may like to trace to it the languid lack of absolute opinion concerning Florence and her phenomena, and the total absence of final wisdom on any point, which I hope he will be able to detect throughout these pages.

II.

IT was quite three weeks before I began to keep any record of impressions, and I cannot therefore fix the date at which I pushed my search for them beyond the limits of

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the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, where we were lodged. It is better to own up at once to any sin which one is likely to be found out in, for then one gains at least the credit of candor and courage; and I will confess here that I had come to Florence with the intention of writing about it. But I rather wonder now why I should have thought of writing of the whole city when one piazza in it was interesting enough to make a book about. It was in itself not one of the most interesting piazzas of Florence in the ordinary way. I do not know that anything very historical ever happened there; but that is by no means saying that there did not. There used, under the early Medici and the late grand dukes, to be chariot races in it, the goals of which are the two obelisks by John of Bologna, set upon the backs of the bronze turtles which the sympathetic observer will fancy gasping under their weight at either end of the irregular space; and its wide floor is still unpaved, so that it is a sop of mud in rainy weather, and a whirl of dust in dry. At the end opposite the church is the terminus of the steam tramway running to Prato, and the small engine that drew the trains of two or three horse-cars linked together was perpetually fretting and snuffling about the base of the obelisk there, as if that were a stump and the engine were a boy's dog with intolerable conviction of a woodchuck under it. From time to time the conductor blew a small horn of a feeble, reedy note, like that of the horns which children find in their stockings on Christmas morning; and then the poor little engine hitched itself to the train, and with an air of hopeless affliction snuffled away toward Prato, and left the woodchuck under the obelisk to escape. The impression of a woodchuck was confirmed by the digging round the obelisk which a gang of workmen kept up all winter; they laid down water-pipes, and then dug them up again. But when the engine was gone we could give our minds to other sights in the piazza.

III.

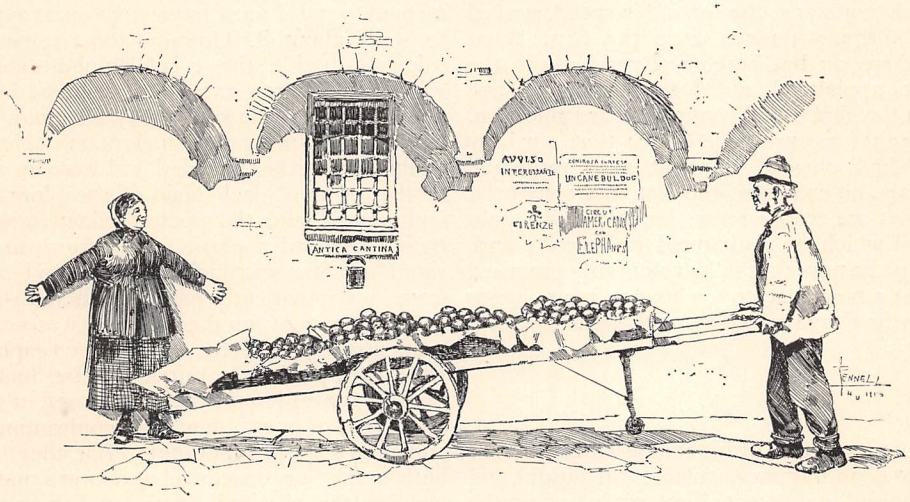
One of these was the passage of troops, infantry or cavalry, who were always going to or from the great railway station behind the church, and who entered it with a gay blare of bugles, extinguished midway of the square, letting the measured tramp of feet or the irregular clack of hoofs make itself heard. This was always thrilling, and we could not get enough of the brave spectacle. We rejoiced in the parade of Italian military force with even more than native ardor, for we were not taxed to pay for it, and personally the men were beautiful: not large or strong, but regular and refined of face, rank and file alike, in that democracy of good looks which one sees in no other land. They marched with a lounging, swinging step, under a heavy burden of equipment, and with the sort of quiet patience to which the whole nation has been schooled in its advance out of slavish subjection to the van of civilization.

They were not less charming when they came through off duty, the officers in their statuesque cloaks with the gleam of their swords beneath the folds, striding across the piazza in twos or threes, the common soldiers straggling loosely over its space with the air of peasants let loose amid the wonders of a city, and smoking their long, straw-stemmed Italian cigars, with their eyes all abroad. I do not think they kept up so active a courtship with the nursemaids as the soldiers in the London squares and parks, but there was a friendliness in their relations with the population everywhere that spoke them still citizens of a common country, and not alien to its life in any way. They had leisure just before Epiphany to take a great interest in the preparations the boys were making for the celebration of that feast, with a noise of long, slender trumpets of glass; and I remember the fine behavior of a corporal in a fatigue-cap, who happened along one day when an orange-vender and a group of urchins were trying a trumpet, and extorting from it only a few stertorous crumbs of sound. The corporal put it lightly to his lips, and blew a blast upon it that almost shivered our window-panes, and then walked off with the effect of one who would escape gratitude; the boys looked after him till he was quite out of sight with mute wonder, such as pursues the doer of a noble action.

One evening an officer's funeral passed through the piazza, with a pomp of military mourning; but that was no more effective than the merely civil funeral which we once saw just at twilight. The bearers were in white cowls and robes, and one went at the head of the bier with a large cross. The others carried torches, which sometimes they inverted, swinging forward with a slow processional movement, and chanting monotonously, with the clear dark of the evening light, keen and beautiful, around them.

At other times we heard the jangle of a small bell, and looking out we saw a priest of Santa Maria, with the Host in his hand and his taper-bearing retinue around him, going to administer the extreme unction to some passing soul in our neighborhood. Some of the spectators uncovered, but for the most part they seemed not to notice it, and the

solemnity had an effect of business which I should be at some loss to make the reader feel. But that is the effect which church ceremonial in Italy has always had to me. I do not say that the Italians are more indifferent to their religion than other people, but that, having kept up its shows, always much the same in the celebration of different faiths,— Etruscan, Hellenic, Hebraic,— so long, they were more tired of them, and were willing to let it transact itself without their personal connivance when they could.



AN ORANGE-VENDER.

IV.

ALL the life of the piazza was alike novel to the young eyes which now saw it for the first time from our windows, and lovely in ours, to which youth seemed to come back in its revision. I should not know how to give a just sense of the value of a man who used to traverse the square with a wide wicker tray on his head, piled up with Chianti wine flasks that looked like a heap of great bubbles. I must trust him to the reader's sympathy, together with the pensive donkeys abounding there, who acquired no sort of spiritual pride from the sense of splendid array, though their fringed and tasseled harness blazed with burnished brass. They appeared to be stationed in our piazza while their peasant-owners went about the city on their errands, and it may have been in an access of homesickness too acute for repression that, with a preliminary quivering of the tail and final rise of that member, they lifted their woe-begone countenances and broke into a long disconsolate bray, expressive of a despair which has not yet found its way into poetry and is only vaguely suggested by some music of the minor key.

These donkeys, which usually stood under our hotel, were balanced in the picture by the line of cabs at the base of the tall buildings on the other side, whence their drivers watched our windows with hopes not unnaturally excited by our interest in them, which they might well have mistaken for a remote intention of choosing a cab. From time to time one of them left the rank, and took a turn in the square from pure effervescence of expectation, flashing his equipage upon our eyes, and snapping his whip in explosions that we heard even through the closed windows. They were of all degrees of splendor and squalor, both cabs and drivers, from the young fellow with false, floating blue eyes and fur-trimmed coat, who drove a shining cab fresh from the builder's hands, to the little man whose high hat was worn down almost to its structural pasteboard, and whose vehicle limped over the stones with querulous complaints from its rheumatic joints. When we began to drive out, we resolved to have always the worldlier turnout; but we got it only two or three times, falling finally and permanently — as no doubt we deserved, in punishment of our heartless vanity — to the wreck at the other extreme of the scale. There is no describing the zeal and vigilance by which this driver obtained and secured us to himself. For a while we

practiced devices for avoiding him, and did not scruple to wound his feelings; but we might as well have been kind, for it came to the same thing in the end. Once we had almost escaped. Our little man's horse had been feeding, and he had not fastened his bridle on when the *portiere* called a carriage for us. He made a snatch at his horse's bridle; it came off in his hand and hung dangling; another driver saw the situation and began to whip his horse across the square; our little man seized his horse by the forelock, and dragging him along at the top of his speed, arrived at the hotel door a little the first. What could we do but laugh? Everybody in the piazza applauded, and I think it must have been this fact which confirmed our subjection. After that we pretended once that our little man had cheated us; but with respectful courage he contested the fact, and convinced us that we were wrong; he restored a gold pencil which he had found in his cab; and, though he never got it, he voluntarily promised to get a new coat, to do us the more honor when he drove us out to pay visits.

V.

He was, like all of his calling with whom we had to do in Florence, amiable and faithful, and he showed that personal interest in us from the beginning which is instant with most of them, and which found pretty expression when I was sending home a child to the hotel from a distance at nightfall. I was persistent in getting the driver's number, and he divined the cause of my anxiety.

"Oh! rest easy!" he said, leaning down toward me from his perch. "I, too, am a father!"

Possibly a Boston hackman might have gone so far as to tell me that he had young ones of his own, but he would have snubbed in reassuring me; and it is this union of grace with sympathy which, I think, forms the true expression of Italian civilization. It is not yet valued aright in the world; but the time must come when it will not be shouldered aside by physical and intellectual brutality. I hope it may come so soon that the Italians will not have learned bad manners from the rest of us. As yet, they seem uncontaminated, and the orange-vender who crushes a plump grandmother up against the wall in some narrow street is as gayly polite in his apologies, and she as graciously forgiving, as they could have been under any older régime.

But probably the Italians could not change if they would. They may fancy changes in themselves and in one another, but the barbarian who returns to them after a long absence cannot see that they are personally different, for all their political transformations. Life, which has become to us like a book which we silently peruse in the closet, or at most read aloud with a few friends, is still a drama with them, to be more or less openly played. This is what strikes you at first, and strikes you at last · it is the most recognizable thing in Italy, and I was constantly pausing in my languid strolls, confronted by some dramatic episode so bewilderingly familiar that it seemed to me I must have already attempted to write about it. One day, on the narrow sidewalk beside the escutcheoned cloister-wall of the church, two young and handsome people stopped me while they put upon that public stage the pretty melodrama of their feelings. The bare-headed girl wore a dress of the red and black plaid of the Florentine laundresses, and the young fellow standing beside her had a cloak falling from his left shoulder. She was looking down and away from him, impatiently pulling with one hand at the fingers of another, and he was vividly gesticulating, while he explained or expostulated, with his eyes not upon her, but looking straight forward; and they both stood as if, in a moment of opera, they were confronting an audience over the footlights. But they were both quite unconscious, and were merely obeying the histrionic instinct of their race. So was the school-boy in clerical robes, when, goaded by some taunt, pointless to the foreign bystander, he flung himself into an attitude of deadly scorn, and defied the tormenting *gamins;* so were the vender of chestnut-paste and his customer, as they debated over the smoking viand the exact quantity and quality which a *soldo* ought to purchase, in view of the state of the chestnut market and the price demanded elsewhere; so was the little woman who deplored, in impassioned accents, the non-arrival of the fresh radishes we liked with our coffee, when I went a little too early for them to her stall; so was the fruiterer who called me back with an effect of heroic magnanimity to give me the change I had forgotten, after beating him down from a franc to seventy centimes on a dozen of mandarin oranges. The sweetness of his air, tempering the severity of his self-righteousness in doing this, lingers with me yet, and makes me ashamed of having got the oranges at a just price. I wish he had cheated me.

We, too, can be honest if we try, but the effort seems to sour most of us. We hurl our integrity in the teeth of the person whom we deal fairly with; but when the Italian makes up his mind to be just, it is in no ungracious spirit. It was their lovely ways, far more than

their monuments of history and art, that made return to the Florentines delightful. I would rather have had a perpetuity of the *cameriere's* smile when he came up with our coffee in the morning than Donatello's San Giorgio, if either were purchasable; and the face of the old chambermaid, Maria, full of motherly affection, was better than the façade of Santa Maria Novella.



A SCHOOL-BOY.

VI.

IT is true that the church bore its age somewhat better; for though Maria must have been beautiful, too, in her youth, her complexion had not that luminous flush in which three hundred years have been painting the marble front of the church. It is this light, or this color,—I hardly know which to call it,—that remains in my mind as the most characteristic quality of Santa Maria Novella; and I would like to have it go as far as possible with the reader, for I know that the edifice would not otherwise present itself in my pages, however flatteringly entreated or severely censured. I remember the bold mixture of the styles in its architecture, the lovely sculptures of its grand portals, the curious sun-dials high in its front; I remember the brand-new restoration of the screen of monuments on the right, with the arms of the noble patrons of the church carved below them, and the grass of the space inclosed showing green through the cloister-arches all winter long; I remember also the unemployed laborers crouching along its sunny base for the heat publicly dispensed in Italy on bright days — when it is not needed; and they all gave me the same pleasure, equal in degree, if not in kind. While the languor of these first days was still heavy upon me, I crept into the church for a look at the Ghirlandajo frescoes behind the high altar, the Virgin of Cimabue, and the other objects which one is advised to see there, and had such modest satisfaction in them as may come to one who long ago, once for all, owned to himself that emotions to which others testified in the presence of such things were beyond him. The old masters and their humble acquaintance met shyly, after so many years; these were the only terms on which I, at least, could preserve my self-respect; and it was not till we had given ourselves time to overcome our mutual diffidence that the spirit in which their work was imagined stole into my heart and made me thoroughly glad of it again. Perhaps the most that ever came to me was a sense of tender reverence, of gracious quaintness in them; but this was enough. In the meanwhile I did my duty in Santa Maria Novella. I looked conscientiously at all the pictures, in spite of a great deal of trouble I had in putting on my glasses to read my "Walks in Florence" and taking them off to see the paintings; and I was careful to identify the portraits of Poliziano and the other Florentine gentlemen and ladies in the frescoes. I cannot say that I was immediately sensible of advantage in this achievement; but I experienced a present delight in the Spanish chapel at finding not only Petrarch and Laura, but Boccaccio and Fiammetta, in the groups enjoying the triumphs of the church militant. It will always remain a confusion in our thick Northern heads, this attribution of merit through mere belief to people whose lives cast so little luster on their creeds; but the confusion is an agreeable one, and I enjoyed it as much as when it first overcame me in Italy.

VII.

THE cicerone who helped me about these figures was a white-robed young monk, one of twelve who are still left at Santa Maria Novella to share the old cloisters now mainly occupied by the pupils of a military college and a children's school. It was noon, and the corridors and the court were full of boys at their noisy games, on whom the young father smiled patiently, lifting his gentle voice above their clamor to speak of the suppression of the convents. This was my first personal knowledge of the effect of that measure, and I now perceived the hardship which it must have involved, as I did not when I read of it, with my Protestant satisfaction, in the newspapers. The uncomfortable thing about any institution which has survived its usefulness is that it still embodies so much harmless life that must suffer in its destruction. The monks and nuns had been a heavy burden no doubt,



A CHESTNUT-VENDER.



A LABORER.

for many ages, and at the best they cumbered the ground; but when it came to a question of sweeping them away, it meant sorrow and exile and dismay to thousands of gentle and blameless spirits like the brother here, who recounted one of many such histories so meekly, so unresentfully. He and his few fellows were kept there by the piety of certain faithful who, throughout Italy, still maintain a dwindling number of monks and nuns in their old cloisters wherever the convent happened to be the private property of the order. I cannot say that they thus quite console the sentimentalist who would not have the convents reëstablished, even while suffering a poignant regret for their suppression; but I know from myself that this sort of sentimentalist is very difficult, and perhaps he ought not to be too seriously regarded.

VIII.

THE sentimentalist is very abundant in Italy, and most commonly he is of our race and religion, though he is rather English than American. The Englishman, so chary of his sensibilities at home, abandons himself to them abroad. At Rome he already regrets the good old days of the temporal power, when the streets were unsafe after nightfall and unclean the whole twenty-four hours, and there was no new quarter. At Venice he is bowed down under the restorations of the Ducal Palace and the church of St. Mark; and he has no language in which to speak of the little steamers on the Grand Canal, which the Venetians find so convenient. In Florence, from time to time, he has a panic prescience that they are going to tear down the Ponte Vecchio. I do not know how he gets this, but he has it, and all the rest of us sentimentalists eagerly share it with him when he comes in to the *table-d'hôte* luncheon, puts his Baedeker down by his plate, and before he has had a bite of anything calls out: "Well, they are going to tear down the Ponte Vecchio!"

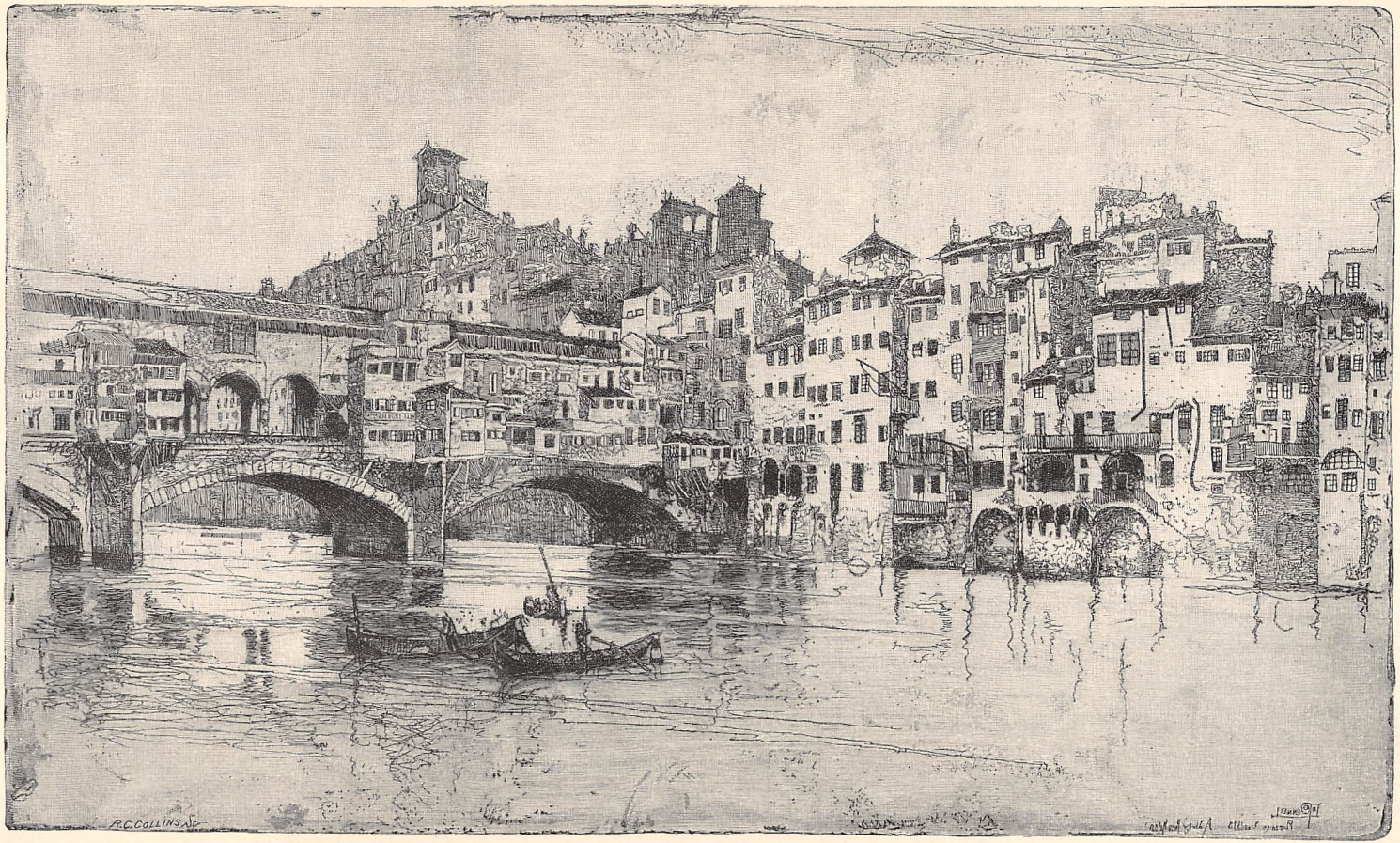
The first time that this happened in our hotel, I was still under the influence of the climate; but I resolved to visit the Ponte Vecchio with no more delay, lest they should be going to tear it down that afternoon. It was not that I cared a great deal for the bridge itself, but my accumulating impressions of Florentine history had centered about it as the point at which that history really began to be historic. I had formed the idea of a little dramatic opening for my sketches there, with Buondelmonte riding in from his villa to meet his bride, and all that spectral train of Ghibelline and Guelphic tragedies behind them on the bridge; and it appeared to me that this could not be managed if the bridge were going to be torn down. I trembled for my cavalcade, ignominiously halted on the other side of the Arno, or obliged to go round and come in on some other bridge without regard to the fact; and at some personal inconvenience I hurried off to the Ponte Vecchio. I could not see that the preparations for its destruction had begun, and I believe they are still threatened only in the imagination of sentimental Anglo-Saxons. The omnibuses were following each other over the bridge in the peaceful succession of so many horse-cars to Cambridge, and the ugly little jewelers' booths glittered in their wonted security on either hand all the way across. The carriages, the carts, the foot-passengers were swarming up and down from the thick turmoil of Por San Maria; and the bridge did not respond with the slightest tremor to the heel clandestinely stamped upon it for a final test of its stability.



IN THE SUN.

But the alarm I had suffered was no doubt useful, for it was after this that I really began to be serious with my material, as I found it everywhere in the streets and the books, and located it from one to the other. Even if one has no literary designs upon the facts, that is incomparably the best way of dealing with the past. At home, in the closet, one may read history, but one can realize it, as if it were something personally experienced, only on the spot where it was lived. This seems to me the prime use of travel; and to create the reader a partner in the enterprise and a sharer in its realization seems the sole excuse for books of travel, now when modern facilities have abolished hardship and danger and adventure, and nothing is more likely to happen to one in Florence than in Fitchburg.

In this pursuit of the past, the inquirer will



FLORENCE, ON THE ARNO — PONTE VECCHIO.

often surprise himself in the possession of a genuine emotion; at moments the illustrious or pathetic figures of other days will seem to walk before him unmocked by the grotesque and burlesquing shadows we all cast while in the flesh. I will not swear it, but it would take little to persuade me that I had vanishing glimpses of many of these figures in Florence. One of the advantages of this method is that you have your historical personages in a sort of picturesque contemporaneity with one another and with yourself, and you imbue them all with the sensibilities of our own time. Perhaps this is not an advantage, but it shows what may be done by the imaginative faculty; and if we do not judge men by ourselves, how are we to judge them at all?

IX.

I TOOK some pains with my Florentines, first and last, I will confess it. I went quite back with them to the lilies that tilted all over the plain where they founded their city in the dawn of history, and that gave her that flowery name of hers. I came down with them from Fiesole to the first marts they held by the Arno for the convenience of the merchants who did not want to climb that long hill to the Etruscan citadel; and I built my wooden hut with the rest hard by the Ponte Vecchio, which was an old bridge a thousand years before Gaddi's structure. I was with them all through that dim turmoil of wars, martyrdoms, pestilences, heroisms, and treasons for a thousand years, feeling their increasing purpose of municipal freedom and hatred of the one-man power *(il governo d'un solo)* alike under Romans, Huns, Longobards, Franks, and Germans, till in the eleventh century they marched up against their mother city, and destroyed Fiesole, leaving nothing standing but the fortress, the cathedral, and the Caffè Aurora, where the visitor lunches at this day, and has an incomparable view of Florence in the distance. When, in due time, the proud citizens began to go out from their gates and tumble their castles about the ears of the Germanic counts and barons in the surrounding country, they had my sympathy almost to the point of active coöperation; though I doubt now if we did well to let those hornets come into the town and build other nests within the walls, where they continued nearly as pestilent as ever. Still, so long as no one of them came to the top permanently, there was no danger of the one-man power we dreaded, and we could adjust our arts, our industries, our finances to the state of street warfare, even if it lasted, as at one time, for forty years. I was as much opposed as Dante himself to the extension of the national limits, though I am not sure now that our troubles came from acquiring territory three miles away, beyond the Ema, and I could not trace the bitterness of partisan feeling even to the annexation of Prato, whither it took me a whole hour to go by the steam-tram. But when the factions were divided under the names of Guelph and Ghibelline, and subdivided again into Bianchi and Neri, I was always of the Guelph and the Bianchi party, for it seemed to me that these wished the best to the commonwealth, and preserved most actively the traditional fear and hate of the one-man power. I believed heartily in the wars against Pisa and Siena, though afterward, when I visited those cities, I took their part against the Florentines, perhaps because they were finally reduced by the Medici — a family I opposed from the very first, uniting with any faction or house that contested its rise. They never deceived me when they seemed to take the popular side, nor again when they voluptuously favored the letters and arts, inviting the city full of Greeks to teach them. I mourned all through the reign of Lorenzo the Magnificent over the subjection of the people, never before brought under the one-man power, and flattered to their undoing by the splendors of the city and the state he created for him. When our dissolute youth went singing his obscene songs through the moonlit streets, I shuddered with a good Piagnone's abhorrence; and I heard one morning with a stern and solemn joy that the great Frate had refused absolution to the dying despot who had refused freedom to Florence. Those were great days for one of my thinking, when Savonarola realized the old Florentine ideal of a free commonwealth, with the Medici banished, the Pope defied, and Christ king; days incredibly dark and terrible, when the Frate paid for his good-will to us with his life, and suffered by the Republic which he had restored. Then the famous siege came, the siege of fifteen months, when Papist and Lutheran united under one banner against us, and treason did what all the forces of the Empire had failed to effect. Yet Florence, the genius of the great democracy, never showed more glorious than in that supreme hour, just before she vanished forever, and the Medici bastard entered the city out of which Florence had died, to be its liege lord where no master had ever been openly confessed before. I could follow the Florentines intelligently through all till that; but then, what suddenly became of that burning desire of equality, that deadly jealousy of a

tyrant's domination, that love of country surpassing the love of life? It is hard to reconcile ourselves to the belief that the right can be beaten; that the spirit of a generous and valiant people can be broken; but this is what seems again and again to happen in history, though never so signally, so spectacularly, as in Florence when the Medici were restored. After that there were conspiracies and attempts of individuals to throw off the yoke; but in the great people, the prostrate body of the old democracy, not a throe of revolt. Had they outlived the passion of their youth for liberty, or were they sunk in despair before the odds arrayed against them? I did not know what to do with the Florentines from this point; they mystified me, silently suffering under the Medici for two hundred years, and then sleeping under the Lorrainese for another century, to awake in our own time the most polite, the most agreeable of the Italians perhaps, but the most languid. They say of themselves, "We lack initiative"; and the foreigner most disposed to confess his ignorance cannot help having heard it said of them by other Italians that while the Turinese, Genoese, and Milanese, and even the Venetians, excel them in industrial enterprise, they are less even than the Neapolitans in intellectual activity; and that when the capital was removed to Rome they accepted adversity almost with indifference, and resigned themselves to a second place in everything. I do not know whether this is true; there are some things against it, as that the Florentine schools are confessedly the best in Italy, and that it would be hard anywhere in that country or another to match the group of scholars and writers who form the University of Florence. These are not all Florentines, but they live in Florence, where almost any one would choose to live if he did not live in London, or Boston, or New York, or Helena, Montana T. There is no more comfortable city in the world, I fancy. American canned goods, including Boston baked beans, are to be had at the principal grocers', and there is almost every shade of Protestant preaching, with Catholic sermons in English every Sunday. But you cannot paint comfort so as to interest the reader of a magazine paper. Even the lack of initiative in a people who conceal their adversity under very good clothes, and have abolished beggary, cannot be made the subject of a graphic sketch; one must go to their past for that.



THE VIRGINIA CIGAR.

X.

YET if the reader had time, I would like to linger a little on our way down to the Via Borgo Santi Apostoli, where it branches off into the Middle Ages out of Via Tornabuoni, not far from Vieusseux's Circulating Library. For Via Tornabuoni *is* charming, and merits to be observed for the ensemble it offers of the contemporary Florentine expression, with its alluring shops, its confectioners and cafés, its florists and milliners, its dandies and tourists, and, ruggedly massing up out of their midst, the mighty bulk of its old Strozzi palace, mediæval, somber, superb, tremendously impressive of the days when really a man's house was his castle. Everywhere in Florence, the same sort of contrast presents itself in some degree; but nowhere quite so dramatically as here, where it seems expressly contrived for the sensation of the traveler when he arrives at the American banker's with his letter of credit the first morning, or comes to the British pharmacy for his box of quinine pills. It is eminently the street of the tourists, who are always haunting it on some errand. The best shops are here, and the most English is spoken; you hear our tongue spoken almost as commonly as Italian and much more loudly, both from the chest and through the nose, whether the one is advanced with British firmness to divide the groups of civil and military loiterers on the narrow pavement before the confectioner Giacosa's, or the other is flattened with American curiosity against the panes of the jewelers' windows. There is not here the glitter of mosaics which fatigues the eye on the Lungarno or in Via Borgognissanti, nor the white glare of new statuary — or statuettary, rather — which renders other streets impassable; but there is a sobered richness in the display, and a local character in the prices which will sober the purchaser.

Florence is not well provided with spaces for the outdoor lounging which Italian leisure loves, and you



A FLORENTINE FLOWER-GIRL.

must go to the Cascine for much Florentine fashion if you want it; but something of it is always rolling down through Via Tornabuoni in its carriage at the proper hour of the day, and something more is always standing before Giacosa's, English-tailored, Italian-mannered, to bow, and smile, and comment. I was glad that the sort of swell whom I used to love in the Piazza at Venice abounded in the narrower limits of Via Tornabuoni. I was afraid he was dead; but he graced the curbstone there with the same lily-like disoccupation and the same sweetness of aspect which made the Procuratie Nuove like a parterre. He was not without his small dog or his cane held to his mouth; he was very, very patient and kind with the aged crone who plays the part of Florentine flower-girl in Via Tornabuoni, and whom I after saw aiming with uncertain eye a boutonnière of violets at his coat-lapel; there was the same sort of calm, heavy-eyed beauty looking out at him from her ice or coffee through the vast pane of the confectioner's window, that stared sphinx-like in her mystery from a cushioned corner of Florian's; and the officers went by with tinkling spurs and sabers, and clicking boot-heels, differing in nothing but their Italian uniforms and complexions from the blonde Austrian military of those far-off days. I often wondered who or what those beautiful swells might be, and now I rather wonder that I did not ask some one who could tell me. But perhaps it was not important; perhaps it might even have impaired their value in the picture of a conscientious artist who can now leave them, without a qualm, to be imagined as rich and noble as the reader likes. Not all the frequenters of Doney's famous café were both, if one could trust hearsay. Besides those who could afford to drink the first sprightly runnings of his coffee-pot, it was said that there was a genteel class who, for the sake of being seen to read their newspapers there, paid for the second decantation from its grounds, which comprised what was left in the cups from the former. This might be true of a race which loves a goodly outside perhaps a little better than we do; but Doney's is not the Doney's of old days, nor its coffee so very good at first hand. Yet if that sort of self-sacrifice goes on in there, I do not object; it continues the old Latin tradition of splendor and hunger which runs through so many pleasant books, and is as good in its way as a beggar at the gate of a palace. It is a contrast; it flatters the reader who would be incapable of it; and let us have it. It is one of the many contrasts in Florence of which I spoke, and not all of which there is time to point out. But if you would have the full effect of the grimness and rudeness of the Strozzi Palace (drolly parodied, by the way, in a structure of the same street which is like a Strozzi Palace on the stage), look at that bank of flowers at one corner of its base,—roses, carnations, jonquils, great Florentine anemones,—laying their delicate cheeks against the savage blocks of stone, rent and burst from their quarry, and set here with their native rudeness untamed by hammer or chisel.

XI.

THE human passions were wrought almost as primitive into the civic structure of Florence, down in the thirteenth century, which you



AT DONEY'S.

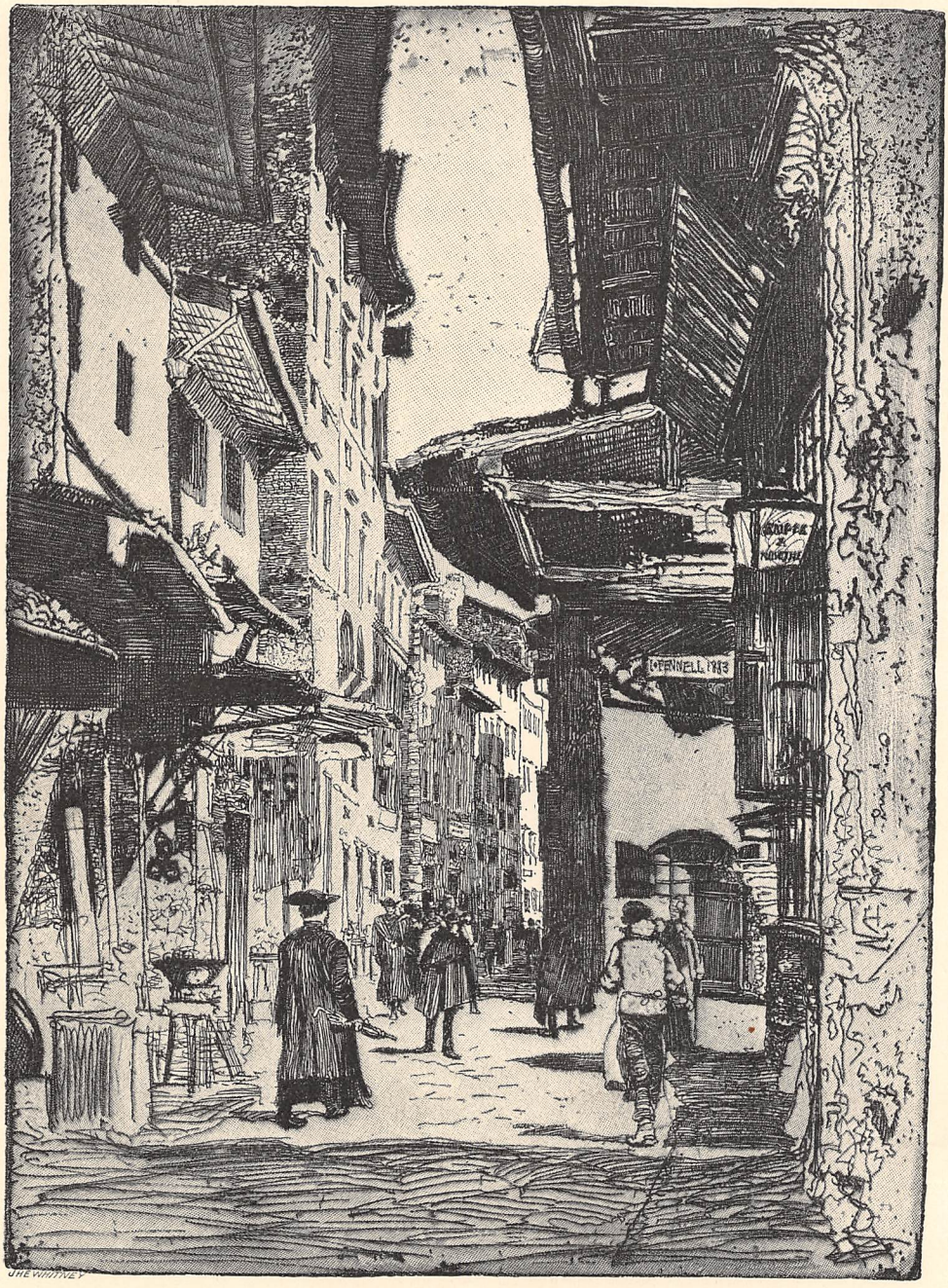
will find with me at the bottom of the Borgo Santi Apostoli, if you like to come. There and thereabouts dwelt the Buondelmonti, the Amidei, the Uberti, the Lamberti, and other noble families, in fastnesses of stone and iron as formidable as the castles from which their ancestors were dislodged when the citizens went out into the country around Florence, and destroyed their strongholds and obliged them to come into the city; and thence from their casements and towers they carried on their private wars as conveniently as ever, descending into the streets, and battling about among the peaceful industries of the vicinity for generations. It must have been inconvenient for the industries, but so far as one can understand, they suffered it just as a Kentucky community now suffers the fighting out of a family feud in its streets, and philosophically gets under shelter when the shooting begins. It does not seem to have been objected to some of these palaces that they had vaulted

passageways under their first stories, provided with trap-doors to let the besieged pour hot water down on the passers below; these avenues were probably strictly private, and the citizens did not use them at times when family feeling ran high. In fact, there could have been but little coming and going about these houses for any who did not belong in them. A whole quarter, covering the space of several American city blocks, would be given up to the palaces of one family and its adherents, in a manner which one can hardly understand without seeing it. The Peruzzi, for example, inclosed a Roman amphitheater with their palaces, which still follow in structure the circle of the ancient edifice; and the Peruzzi were rather peaceable people, with less occasion for fighting-room than many other Florentine families — far less than the Buondelmonti, Uberti, Amidei, Lamberti, Gherardini, and others, whose domestic fortifications seem to have occupied all that region lying near the end of the Ponte Vecchio. They used to fight from their towers on three corners of Por San Maria above the heads of the people passing to and from the bridge, and must have occasioned a great deal of annoyance to the tourists of that day. Nevertheless, they seem to have dwelt in very tolerable enmity together till one day when a Florentine gentleman invited all the noble youth of the city to a banquet at his villa, where, for their greater entertainment, there was a buffoon playing his antics. This poor soul seems not to have been a person of better taste than some other humorists, and he thought it droll to snatch away the plate of Uberto degl' Infangati, who had come with Buondelmonte, at which Buondelmonte became furious, and resented the insult to his friend, probably in terms that disabled the politeness of those who laughed, for it is recorded that Oddo di Arrigo dei Fifanti, "a proud and resolute man," became so incensed as to throw a plate and its contents into Uberto's face. The tables were overturned, and Buondelmonte stabbed Oddo with a knife; at which point the party seems to have broken up, and Oddo returned to Florence from Campi, where the banquet was given, and called a family council to plot vengeance. But a temperate spirit prevailed in this senate, and it was decided that Buondelmonte, instead of dying, should marry Oddo's niece, Reparata degli Amidei, differently described by history as a plain girl, and as one of the most beautiful and accomplished damsels of the city, of a very noble and consular family. Buondelmonte, a handsome and gallant cavalier, but a weak will, as appears from all that happened, agreed to this, and everything was happily arranged, till one day when he was riding by the house of Forese Donati. Monna Gualdrada Donati was looking out of the window, and possibly expecting the young man. She called to him, and when he had alighted and come into the house she began to mock him.

"Cheer up, young lover! Your wedding-day is coming, and you will soon be happy with your bride."

"You know very well," said Buondelmonte, "that this marriage was a thing I could not get out of."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Monna Gualdrada. "As if you did not care for a pretty wife!" And then it was, we may suppose, that she hinted those things she is said to have insinuated against Reparata's looks and her fitness otherwise for a gentleman like Buondelmonte. "If I had known you were in such haste to marry — but God's will be done! We cannot have things as we like in this world!" And Machiavelli says that the thing Monna Gualdrada had set her heart on was Buondelmonte's marriage with her daughter, "but either through carelessness, or because she thought it would do any time, she had not mentioned it to any one." She added, probably with an affected carelessness, that the Donati were of rather better lineage than the Amidei, though she did not know whether he would have thought her Beatrice as pretty as Reparata. And then suddenly she brought him face to face with the girl, radiantly beautiful, the most beautiful in Florence. "This is the wife I was keeping for you," said Monna Gualdrada; and she must have known her ground well, for she let the poor young man understand that her daughter had long been secretly in love with him. Malespini tells us that Buondelmonte was tempted by a diabolical spirit to break faith at this sight; the devil accounted for a great many things then to which we should not now, perhaps, assign so black an origin. "And I would very willingly marry her," he faltered, "if I were not bound by that solemn promise to the Amidei"; and Monna Gualdrada now plied the weak soul with such arguments and reasons, in such wise as women can use them, that he yielded, and giving his hand to Beatrice, he did not rest till they were married. Then the Amidei, the Uberti, the Lamberti, and the Fifanti, and others who were outraged in their cousinship or friendship by this treachery and insult to Reparata, assembled in the church of Santa Maria sopra Porta to take counsel again for vengeance. Some were of opinion that Buondelmonte should be cudgeled, and thus publicly put to shame; others that he should be wounded and disfigured in the face; but Mosca Lamberti



A STREET IN FLORENCE.

rose and said: "There is no need of all these words. If you strike him or disfigure him, get your graves ready to hide in. *Cosa fatta capo ha!*" With which saying he advised them to make an end of Buondelmonte altogether. His words had the acceptance that they would now have in a Kentucky family council, and they agreed to kill Buondelmonte when he should come to fetch home his bride. On Easter morning, in the year 1215, they were waiting for him in the house of the Amidei, at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio; and when they saw him come riding, richly dressed in white, on a white palfrey, over the bridge, and "fancying," says Machiavelli, "that such a wrong as breaking an engagement could be so easily forgotten," they sallied out to the statue of Mars which used to be there. As Buondelmonte reached the group,—it must have been, for all his courage, with a face as white as his mantle,—Schiatta degli Uberti struck him on the head with a stick, so that he dropped stunned from his palfrey. Then Oddo di Arrigo, whom he had stabbed, and Mosca Lamberti, who had pronounced his sentence, and Lambertaccio Amidei, "and one of the Gangolandi," ran and cut his throat.

There arose a terrible tumult in the city, and the girl whose fatal beauty had wrought this horror, governing herself against her woman's weakness with supernatural strength, mounted the funeral car beside her lover's body, and taking his head into her lap, with his blood soaking her bridal robes, was drawn through the city everywhere, crying for vengeance.

From that hour, they tell us, the factions that had long tormented Florence took new names, and those who had sided with the Buondelmonti and the Donati for the Pope against the Emperor became Guelphs, while the partisans of the Amidei and the Empire became Ghibellines, and began that succession of reciprocal banishments which kept a good fourth of the citizens in exile for three hundred years.

XII.

WHAT impresses one in this and the other old Florentine stories is the circumstantial minuteness with which they are told, and their report has an air of simple truth very different from the literary factitiousness to which one is tempted in following them. After six centuries the passions are as living, the characters as distinct, as if the thing happened yesterday. Each of the persons stands out a very man or woman, in that clear, strong light of the early day through which they move. From the first the Florentines were able to hit each other off with an accuracy which comes of the southern habit of living much together in public, and one cannot question these lineaments. Buondelmonte, Mosca Lamberti, Monna Gualdrada, and even that "one of the Gangolandi," how they possess the imagination! Their palaces still rise there in the grim, narrow streets, and seem no older in that fine Florentine air than houses of fifty years ago elsewhere. They were long since set apart, of course, to other uses. The chief palace of the Buondelmonti is occupied by an insurance company; there is a little shop for the sale of fruit and vegetables niched into the grand Gothic portal of the tower, and one is pushed in among the pears and endives by the carts which take up the whole street from wall to wall in passing. The Lamberti palace was confiscated by the Guelph party, and was long used by the Art of Silk for its guild meetings. Now it is a fire-engine house, where a polite young lieutenant left his architectural drawings to show us some frescoes of Giotto lately uncovered there over an old doorway. Over a portal outside the arms of the guild were beautifully carved by Donatello, as you may still see; and in a lofty angle of the palace the exquisite loggia of the family shows its columns and balustrade against the blue sky.

I say blue sky for the sake of the color, and because that is expected of one in mentioning the Florentine sky; but, as a matter of fact, I do not believe it was blue half a dozen days during the winter of '82–'83. The prevailing weather was gray, and down in the passages about the bases of these mediæval structures the sun never struck, and the point of the mediæval nose must always have been very cold from the end of November till the beginning of April.

The tradition of an older life continues into the present everywhere; only in Italy it is a little more evident, and one realizes in the discomfort of the poor, who have succeeded to these dark and humid streets, the discomfort of the rich who once inhabited them, and whose cast-off manners have been left there. Monna Gualdrada would not now call out to Buondelmonte riding under her window, and make him come in and see her beautiful daughter; but a woman of the class which now peoples the old Donati houses might do it.

I walked through the Borgo Santi Apostoli for the last time late in March, and wandered round in the winter, still lingering in that wonderful old nest of palaces, before I came out into the cheerful bustle of Por San Maria, the street which projects the glitter of its jewelers' shops quite across the Ponte Vecchio. One of these, on the left corner, just before you

reach the bridge, is said to occupy the site of the loggia of the Amidei; and if you are young and strong, you may still see them waiting there for Buondelmonte. But my eyes are not very good any more, and I saw only the amiable modern Florentine crowd, swollen by a vast number of English and American tourists, who at this season begin to come up from Rome. There are a good many antiquarian and bric-à-brac shops in Por San Maria; but the towers from which the vanished families used to fight have been torn down, so that there is comparatively little danger from a chance bolt there.

XIII.

ONE of the furious Ghibelline houses of this quarter were the Gherardini, who are said to have become the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, whither they went in their exile, and where they enjoyed their fighting privileges long after those of their friends and acquaintances remaining in Florence had been cut off. The city annals would no doubt tell us what end the Amidei and the Lamberti made; from the Uberti came the great Farinata, who, in exile with the other Ghibellines, refused with magnificent disdain to join them in the destruction of Florence. But the history of the Buondelmonti has become part of the history of the world. One branch of the family migrated from Tuscany to Corsica, where they changed their name to Buonaparte, and from them came the great Napoleon. As to that "one of the Gangolandi," he teases me into vain conjecture, lurking in the covert of his family name, an elusive personality which I wish some poet would divine for us. The Donati afterward made a marriage which brought them into as lasting remembrance as the Buondelmonti; and one visits their palaces for the sake of Dante rather than Napoleon. They inclose, with the Alighieri house in which the poet was born, the little Piazza Donati, which you reach by going up the Corso to the Borgo degli Albizzi, and over against them on that street the house of the Portinari stood, where Beatrice lived, and where it must have been that she first appeared to the rapt boy who was to be the world's Dante, "clothed in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson, garlanded and adorned in such wise as befitted her very youthful age." The palace of the Salviati—in which Cosmo I. was born, and in which his father, Giovanni delle Bande, taught the child courage by flinging him from an upper window into the arms of a servitor below—has long occupied the site of the older edifice; and the Piazza Donati, whatever dignity it may once have had, is now nothing better than a shabby court. The back windows of the tall houses surrounding it look into it when not looking into one another, and see there a butcher's shop, a smithy, a wagon-maker's, and an inn for peasants with stabling. On a day when I was there, a wash stretched fluttering across the rear of Dante's house, and the banner of a green vine trailed from a loftier balcony. From one of the Donati casements an old woman in a purple knit jacket was watching a man repainting an omnibus in front of the wagon shop; a great number of canaries sang in cages all round the piazza; a wrinkled peasant with a faded green cotton umbrella under his arm gave the place an effect of rustic sojourn; and a diligence that two playful stable-boys were long in hitching up drove jingling out, with its horses in brass-studded head-stalls, past where I stood under the fine old arches of the gateway. I had nothing to object to all this, nor do I suppose that this last state of his old neighborhood much vexes the poet now. It was eminently picturesque, with a sort of simple cheerfulness of aspect, the walls of the houses in the little piazza being of different shades of buff, with window-shutters in light green opening back upon them from those casements where the shrieking canaries hung. The place had that tone which characterizes so many city perspectives in Italy, and especially Florence—which makes the long stretch of Via Borgognissanti so smiling, and bathes the sweep of Lungarno in a sunny glow wholly independent of the state of the weather. As you stroll along one of these light-yellow avenues you say to yourself, "Ah, *this* is Florence!" And then suddenly you plunge into the gray-brown gloom of such a street as the Borgo degli Albizzi, with lofty palaces climbing in vain toward the sun, and frowning upon the street below with fronts of stone, rude or sculptured, but always stern and cold; and then that, too, seems the only Florence. They are in fact equally Florentine; but I suppose one expresses the stormy yet poetic life of the old commonwealth, and the other the serene, sunny commonplace of the Lorrainese régime.

I was not sorry to find this the tone of Piazza Donati, into which I had eddied from the austerity of Borgo degli Albizzi. It really belongs to a much remoter period than the older-looking street—to the Florence that lingers architecturally yet in certain narrow avenues to the Mercato Vecchio, where the vista is broken by innumerable pent-roofs, balconies, and cornices; and a throng of operatic figures in slouch hats and short cloaks

are so very improbably bent on any realistic business, that they seem to be masquerading there in the mysterious fumes of the cook-shops. Yet I should be loath, for no very tangible reason, to have Piazza Donati like one of these avenues or in any wise different from what it is; certainly I should not like to have the back of Dante's house smartened up like the front, which looks into the Piazza San Martino. I do not complain that the restoration is bad; it is even very good, for all that I know; but the unrestored back is better, and I have a general feeling that the past ought to be allowed to tumble down in peace, though I have no doubt that whenever this happened I should be one of the first to cry out against the barbarous indifference that suffered it. I dare say that in a few hundred years, when the fact of the restoration is forgotten, the nineteenth century mediævalism of Dante's house will be acceptable to the most fastidious tourist. I tried to get into the house, which is open to the public at certain hours on certain days, but I always came at ten on Saturday, when I ought to have come at two on Monday, or the like; and so at last I had to content myself with the interior of the little church of San Martino, where Dante was married, half a stone's cast from where he was born. The church was closed, and I asked a cobbler, who had brought his work to the threshold of his shop hard by, for the sake of the light, where the sacristan lived. He answered me unintelligibly, without leaving off for a moment his furious hammering at the shoe in his lap. He must have been asked that question a great many times, and I do not know that I should have taken any more trouble in his place; but a woman in a fruit-stall next door had pity on me, knowing doubtless that I was interested in San Martino on account of the wedding, and sent me to No. 1. But No. 1 was a house so improbably genteel that I had not the courage to ring; and I asked the grocer alongside for a better direction. He did not know how to give it, but he sent me to the local apothecary, who in turn sent me to another number. Here another shoemaker, friendlier or idler than the first, left off gossiping with some friends of his, and showed me the right door at last in the rear of the church. My pull at the bell shot the sacristan's head out of the fourth-story window in the old way that always delighted me, and I perceived even at that distance that he was a man perpetually fired with zeal for his church by the curiosity of strangers. I could certainly see the church, yes; he would come down instantly and open it from the inside if I would do him the grace to close his own door from the outside. I complied willingly, and in another moment I stood within the little temple, where, upon the whole, for the sake of the emotion that divine genius, majestic sorrow, and immortal fame can accumulate within one's average commonplaceness, it is as well to stand as any other spot on earth. It is a very little place, with one-third of the space divided from the rest by an iron-tipped wooden screen. Behind this is the simple altar, and here Dante Alighieri and Gemma Donati were married. In whatever state the walls were then, they are now plainly whitewashed, though in one of the lunettes forming a sort of frieze half round the top was a fresco said to represent the espousals of the poet. The church was continually visited, the sacristan told me, by all sorts of foreigners, English, French, Germans, Spaniards, even Americans, but especially Russians, the most impassioned of all for it. One of this nation, one Russian eminent even among his impassioned race, spent several hours in looking at that picture, taking his stand at the foot of the stairs by which the sacristan descended from his lodging into the church. He showed me the very spot; I do not know why, unless he took me for another Russian, and thought my pride in a compatriot so impassioned might have some effect upon the fee I was to give him. He was a credulous sacristan, and I cannot find any evidence in Miss Horner's faithful and trusty "Walks in Florence" that there is a fresco in that church representing the espousals of Dante. The paintings in the lunettes are by a pupil of Masoccio's, and deal with the good works of the twelve Good Men of San Martino, who, ever since 1441, have had charge of a fund for the relief of such shame-faced poor as were unwilling to ask alms. Prince Strozzi and other patricians of Florence are at present among these Good Men, so the sacristan said; and there is an iron contribution-box at the church door, with an inscription promising any giver indulgence, successively guaranteed by four popes, of twenty-four hundred years; which seemed really to make it worth one's while.

XIV.

In visiting these scenes, one cannot but wonder at the small compass in which the chief facts of Dante's young life, suitably to the home-keeping character of the time and race, occurred. There he was born, there he was bred, and there he was married to Gemma Donati after Beatrice Portinari died. Beatrice's father lived just across the way from the Donati houses, and the Donati houses adjoined the house where Dante grew up with his widowed mother. He saw Beatrice

in her father's house, and he must often have been in the house of Manetto de' Donati as a child. As a youth he no doubt made love to Gemma at her casement; and here they must have dwelt after they were married, and she began to lead him a restless and unhappy life, being a fretful and foolish woman, by the accounts. One realizes all this there with a distinctness which the clearness of the Italian atmosphere permits. In that air events do not seem to age any more than edifices; a life, like a structure, of six hundred years ago seems of yesterday, and one feels toward the Donati as if that troublesome family were one's own contemporaries. The evil they brought on Dante was not domestic only, but they and their party were the cause of his exile and his barbarous sentence in the process of the evil times which brought the Bianchi and Neri to Florence. There is in history hardly anything so fantastically malicious, so tortuous, so perverse, as the series of chances that ended in his banishment. Nothing could apparently have been more remote from him, to all human perception, than that quarrel of a Pistoja family, in which the children of Messer Cancelliere's first wife, Bianca, called themselves Bianchi, and the children of the second called themselves Neri, simply for contrary-mindedness' sake. But let us follow it, and see how it reaches the poet and finally delivers him over to a life of exile and misery. One of these Cancellieri of Pistoja falls into a quarrel with another and wounds him with his sword. They are both boys, or hardly more, and the father of the one who struck the blow bids him go to his kinsmen and beg their forgiveness. But when he comes to them the father of the wounded youth takes him out to the stable, and striking off the offending hand on a block there, flings it into his face. "Go back to your father and tell him that hurts are healed with iron, not with words." The news of this cruel deed throws all Pistoja into an incomprehensible mediæval frenzy. The citizens arm and divide themselves into Bianchi and Neri; the streets become battle-fields. Finally some cooler heads ask Florence to interfere. Florence is always glad to get a finger into the affairs of her neighbors, and to quiet Pistoja she calls the worst of the Bianchi and Neri to her. Her own factions take promptly to the new names; the Guelphs have long ruled the city; the Ghibellines have been a whole generation in exile. But the Neri take up the old Ghibelline rôle of invoking foreign intervention, with Corso Donati at their head — a brave man, but hot, proud, and lawless. Dante is of the Bianchi party, which is that of the liberals and patriots, and in this quality he goes to Rome to plead with the Pope to use his good offices for the peace and freedom of Florence. In his absence he is banished for two years and heavily fined; then he is banished for life, and will be burned if he comes back. His party comes into power, but the sentence is never repealed, and in the despair of an exile Dante, too, invokes the stranger's help. He becomes Nero; he dies Ghibelline.

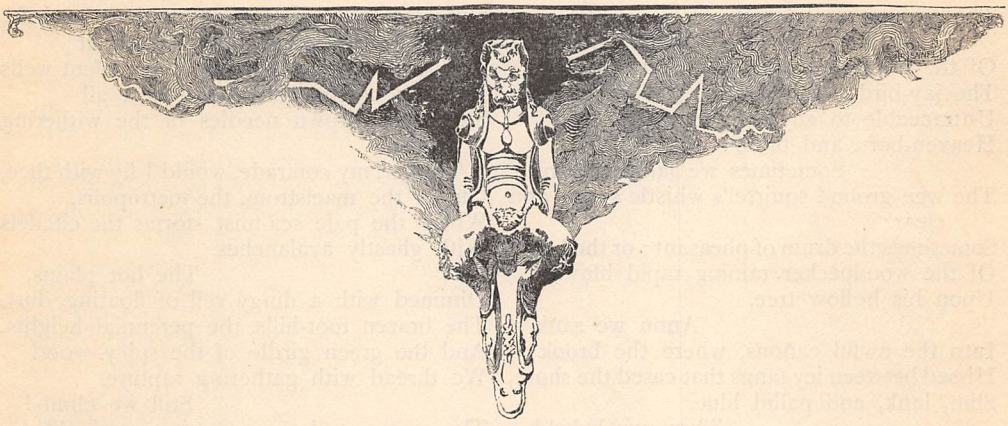
I walked up from the other Donati houses through the Via Borgo degli Albizzi to the Piazza San Pier Maggiore to look at the truncated tower of Corso Donati, in which he made his last stand against the people when summoned by their Podestà to answer for all his treasons and seditions. He fortified the adjoining houses, and embattled the whole neighborhood, galling his besiegers in the streets below with showers of stones and arrows. They set fire to his fortress, and then he escaped through the city wall into the open country, but was hunted down and taken by his enemies. On the way back to Florence he flung himself from his horse, that they might not have the pleasure of triumphing with him through the streets, and the soldier in charge of him was surprised into running him through with his lance, as Corso intended. This is the story that some tell; but others say that his horse ran away, dragging him over the road by his foot, which caught in his stirrup, and the guard killed him, seeing him already hurt to death. Dante favors the latter version of his end, and sees him in hell, torn along at the heels of a beast, whose flight is toward "the valley where never mercy is." The poet had once been the friend as well as brother-in-law of Corso, but had turned against him when Corso's lust of power threatened the liberties of Florence. You must see this little space of the city to understand how intensely narrow and local the great poet was in his hates and loves, and how considerably he has populated hell and purgatory with his old neighbors and acquaintance. Among those whom he puts in Paradise was that sister of Corso's, the poor Piccarda, whose story is one of the most pathetic and pious legends of that terrible old Florence. The vain and worldly life which she saw around her had turned her thoughts toward heaven, and she took the veil in the convent of Santa Chiara. Her brother was then at Bologna, but he repaired straightway to Florence with certain of his followers, forced the convent, and dragging his sister forth amid the cries and prayers of the nuns, gave her to wife to Rosellino della Tosa, a gentleman to whom he had promised her. She, in the bridal garments with which he had replaced her nun's robes, fell on her knees, and implored the succor of her Heavenly

Spouse and suddenly her beautiful body was covered with a loathsome leprosy, and in a few days she died inviolate. Some will have it that she merely fell into a slow infirmity, and so pined away. Corso Donati was the brother of Dante's wife, and without ascribing to Gemma more of his quality than Piccarda's, one may readily perceive that the poet had not married into a comfortable family.

In the stump of the old tower which I had come to see, I found a poulterer's shop, bloody and evil-smelling, and two frowsy girls picking chickens. In the wall there is a tablet signed by the Messer Capitani of the Guelph Party, forbidding any huckster to sell his wares in that square under pain of a certain fine. The place now naturally abounds in them. The Messer Capitani are all dead, with their party, and the hucksters are no longer afraid.

W. D. Howells.

JOHN OF BOLOGNA'S DEVIL.



IN THE SIERRAS.

Out of the heat and toil and dust of trades,
Far from the sound of cities and of seas,
I journeyed lonely, and alone I sought
The valley of the ages and the place
Of the wind-braided waters.
I was one,
A pilgrim, whose blind steps led thitherward
Into the shadow and forgetfulness
That bless secluded streams and sheltering vales:
Fleeing the blare of traffic, in the track
Of autumn solitudes I followed where
The leaves were falling to the littered ground,
And every leaf was ripened to the fall.
Once earlier had I sought the same retreat,
Haunted of listless steps and careless eyes;
Green was the mantle of the leafy hill,
Swollen the stream along the spongy bank;
The meadow was a lake where swelling knolls
Lifted their grassy islands to the sun.
But autumn is the lovelier, the best;
And here at last I cast me at my length
In the mid-valley, where the stream expands
Lake-wise, and lilies lift their broad green palms
Against the sunshine, and the skaters slide
Upon the water, and the beetles dive
Into their shady gardens; while ashore
The glossy water-thrush trips close upon
And courtesies at the margin as she wets
All of her slender body in the pool.
And here a myriad creatures built and toiled
At their incessant masonry.
I heard
The meadows drinking in the wet; the sod
Supping the generous sunshine; now forgot
The sea-tides burdened with careering fleets,
The land-tides pouring o'er the thundering pave,
And the tumultuous clangor of the bells
In smoke-wreathed steeple and tower.
Sweeter I found
In solitude the deep and tranquil stream
Of autumn, broken on her golden fields
By zephyr hissing through the hedge, the sigh
Of airy waterfalls, as in the wood
The plaintive robin's tender tremolo.

Look up, my heart, unto the heights! look up
Beyond the frosty hills, through torrent and
wood,
On to the wind-swept highland, with its bed
Of diamond-powdered snow; my good steed cast
The solid snow-seals from his heavy hoofs,
Till all the sparkling plain was struck across
With stained and dingy crescents.
So we toiled;
Now through the clustering groves' white-
cushioned boughs,
And now through openings, and anon between
The tall unbending columns that impale
The architectural forests.
There no lack
Of the imploring cries that startle us—
The jay-bird's shrill alarm, and many notes
Untraceable to any tongue whatever,
Heaven-born and brief.
Sometimes we faintly heard
The wee ground-squirrel's whistle sharp and
clear;
Sometimes the drum of pheasant; or the boom
Of the woodpecker raining rapid blows
Upon his hollow tree.
Anon we sank
Into the awful cañons, where the brook
Hissed between icy fangs that cased the shore,
Slim, lank, and pallid blue.
There we beheld
The flower-like track of the coyóte, near
The fairy tracery where the squirrel skipped
Graceful and shy; yet farther on we saw
The small divided hollows where the doe
Dropped her light foot and lifted it away;
And then the print of some designing fox
Or dog's more honest paw; the solid bowls
That held the swaying oxen's spreading hoof;
And suddenly, in awe, the bear's broad palm
With almost human impress.
Journeying
Under the sky's blue vacancy, I saw
How Nature prints and publishes abroad
Her marvelous gospels.
Here the wind-burnt bark,
Like satin glossed and quilted; scattered twigs
In mystic hieroglyphics; the gaunt shrubs
That seem to point to something wise and
grave;
The leafless stalks that rise so desolate
Out of their slender shafts within the drift;
Under the dripping gables of the fir
The slow drops softly sink their silent wells
Into the passive snow; and over all
Swept the brown needles of the withering
pine.
Thither, my comrade, would I fly with thee,
Out of the maelstrom, the metropolis,
Where the pale sea-mist storms the citadels
With ghastly avalanches.
The hot plains,
Dimmed with a dingy veil of floating dust,
The brazen foot-hills, the perennial heights,
And the green girdle of the spicy wood
We thread with gathering rapture.
Still we climb!
The season and the summit passed alike,
High on the glacial slopes we plant our feet
Beneath the gray crags insurmountable;
Care, like a burden, falling from our hearts;
Joy, like the wings of morning, spiriting
Our souls in ecstasy to outer worlds
Where the moon sails among the silver peaks
On the four winds of Heaven!

Charles Warren Stoddard.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A DISCUSSION of any art or artist readily enough might begin with a chapter on Fashion. Of this I ask no livelier illustration than the experience of a poet whose time-honored method is just now fresh in favor, as if he were at matins instead of even-song. It is somewhat strange that the Greeks — at least those late Athenians who spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing — should have left vacant the seat in their hemicycle to which their gay inheritors have directed that puissant goddess, La Mode. The dullest know that to her are sacred, as the school-books say, not only dress and manners, but styles of furniture, decoration, and all that caters to the lust of the eye and the pride of life. But the adept perceive that fashion often decides our taste in literature, our bent of study, and even of religious thought; how much it has to do with the spirit, no less than the outcome, of human effort. Progress comes by experiment, and this from ennui — ennui that leads to voyages, wars, revolutions, and plainly to change in the arts of expression; that cries out to the imagination, and is the nurse of the invention whereof we term necessity the mother. The best of modes is not above challenge. No stroke can always hold the trophy. Pretty much the same instinct that makes a woman

accept the later, perhaps the uglier, style of dress, secures a trial, even a vogue, to some new method in art or letters. Few demur longer than Taglioni's sister, who stared at a bonnet, the last new thing from Paris, then laughed outright and said, "How very ridiculous you look, my dear. . . . . Can you get me one like it?" In fact, we must have discovery, and that by licensing the fashions of successive times, most of them defective, many retrogressive, a few on the path to higher use and beauty. These few may return again and again; they go out of sight, but on an elliptic orbit. Contemporary judgment is least of all judicial. The young forestall novelty itself. The old mistrust or look backward with a sense of loss. It is hard for either to apply tests that are above each fashion, yet derived from all. I suppose that in vicious, and in barren, periods of our English song, men's faculties were much the same as ever; that a sense of beauty was on the alert. There is an exhortation to critical humility when some despised style of a past century suddenly appears fit and attractive; when, from caprice or wholesome instinct, we pick up the round-bowed spectacles of our forebears and see things as they saw them. Their art, dress, accent, quaintly rebuke us; their dainty spirit lives again, and we adopt, as lightly as we formerly contemned, a fashion which we avow that at last we rightly interpret.

It is wholly natural, then, that a poet like Dr. Holmes should have been in vogue and out of vogue; one who easily can afford to regard either position with tranquillity, but at times, it may be, thought somewhat too antiquated by wits of the new dispensation. At this moment,— the favorite both of Time, to whom thanks for touching him so gently, and of a tide that again bears him forward,— he is warmly appreciated by verse-makers of the latest mode. As a scientific homilist, his popular gauge has been less subject to fluctuations. Science has but one fashion — to lose nothing once gained; and Holmes's pluck and foresight kept him ahead till his neighbors caught up and justified him. His verse, however, puts us on terms with a man of certain tastes and breeding; it is the result of qualities which may or may not be fashionable at a given date. Just now they connect him with the army of occupation,— a veteran, it is true, but, despite his ribbons and crosses, assuredly not "retired."

The distinction between his poetry and that of the new makers of society-verse is that his is a survival, theirs the attempted revival, of something that has gone before. He wears the seal of "that past Georgian day" by direct inheritance, not from the old time in England, but from that time in England's lettered colonies, whose inner sections still preserve the hereditary language and customs as they are scarcely to be found elsewhere. His work is as emblematic of the past as are the stairways and hand-carvings in various houses of Cambridge, Portsmouth, and Norwich. Some of our modern verse is a symptom of the present renaissance,— which itself delights in going beyond its models. More spindles, more artifice, more furbelows and elaborate graces. Its originals were an imitation, as we find them in the villas of Pope and Walpole, in Hogarth's toilet-party, in architecture, gardening, costume, furniture, manners. Here were negro pages, gewgaws, silks and porcelain from China (as now from Japan) — a mixture of British, Gallic, and Oriental fashions and decorations. Now we are working in much the same spirit, and even more resolutely, with novelties added from regions then unfamiliar, but reviving in both life and literature the manner of that day. A new liking for the Georgian heroics and octosyllabics is queerly blended with our practice in the latest French forms,— themselves a revival of a far more ancient minstrelsy. Such things when first produced, the genuine expression of their time, may yield a less conscious pleasure, but are of more worth; they have the savor of honest purpose, which their imitation lacks. Among living old-style poets, Dr. Holmes, the least complex and various, seems most nearly to the manner born; his work, as I say, being a survival, and not an experiment. It is freshened, however, by the animation which, haplessly for compilers of provincial literature, was wanting in the good Old Colony days. The maker wears the ancestral garb, and is a poet in spite of it. His verses have the courtesy and wit, without the pedagogy, of the knee-buckle time, and a flavor that is really their own. There are other eighteenth-century survivors, whose sponsors are formality and dullness; but Holmes has the modern vivacity, and adjusts without effort even the most hackneyed measures to a new occasion. Throughout the changes of fifty years he has practiced the method familiar to his youth, thinking it fit and natural, and one to which he would do well to cling. The conservative persistency of his muse is as notable in matter as in manner. On the whole, so far as we can classify him, he is at the head of his class, and in other respects a class by himself.

Though the most direct and obvious of the Cambridge group, the least given to subtilties, he is our typical university poet; the minstrel of the college that bred him, and within

whose liberties he has taught, jested, sung, and toasted, from boyhood to what in common folk would be old age. Alma Mater has been more to him than to Lowell or Longfellow,—has occupied a surprising portion of his range; if we go back to Frere and Canning, even to Gray, for his like, there is no real prototype, and yet, as a university poet, he curiously illustrates his own theories of natural descent. Behind him figure many Harvard rhymesters,—scholars and divines, who, like the Wartons at Oxford, wrote verse whether poets or not, English and Latin *nullo discrimine*, and few indeed were our early verse-makers that were not college men. Holmes would be Holmes, if Norton and Urian Oakes,—to say nothing of their Tenth Muse, Mistress Bradstreet, whose Augustan features, if some Smybert only had preserved them for us, assuredly should distinguish the entrance to the Harvard Annex,—if these worthies, even if Byles and Green, had not flourished before him; but he is the lawful heir to their fervor, wit, and authority, and not until he came into his estate could Harvard boast a natural songster as her laureate. Two centuries of acclimation, and some experience of liberty, probably were needed to germinate the fancy that riots in his measures. Before his day, moreover, the sons of the Puritans hardly were ripe for the doctrine that there is a time to laugh, that humor is quite as helpful a constituent of life as gravity or gloom. Provincial-wise, they at first had to receive this in its cruder form, and relished heartily the broad fun of Holmes's youthful verse. Their mirth-maker soon perceived that both fun and feeling are heightened when combined. The poet of "The Last Leaf" was among the first to teach his countrymen that pathos is an equal part of true humor; that sorrow is lightened by jest, and jest redeemed from coarseness by emotion, under most conditions of this our evanescent human life.

WHAT one does easily is apt to be his forte, though years may pass before he finds this out. Holmes's early pieces, mostly college-verse, were better of their kind than those of a better kind written in youth by some of his contemporaries. The humbler the type, the sooner the development. The young poet had the aid of a suitable habitat; life at Harvard was the precise thing to bring out his talent. There was nothing of the hermit-thrush in him; his temper was not of the withdrawing and reflective kind, nor moodily introspective,—it throve on fellowship, and he looked to his mates for an audience as readily as they to him for a toast-master. He seems to have escaped the poetic measles altogether; if not, he hid his disorder with rare good sense, for his verse nowhere shows that he felt himself "among men, but not of them"; on the contrary, he fairly might plume himself on reversing the Childe's boast, and declare "I have loved the world, and the world me." The thing we first note is his elastic, buoyant nature, displayed from youth to age with cheery frankness,—so that we instinctively search through his Dutch and Puritan ancestries to see where came in the strain that made this Yankee Frenchman of so likable a type. Health begets relish, and Holmes has never lacked for zest,—zest that gives one the sensations best worth living for, if happiness be the true aim of life. He relished from the first, as keenly as an actor or orator or a clever woman, appreciation within sight and sound. There is an unwritten Plaudite at the end of every poem, almost of every stanza. He has taken his reward as he went along, even before printing his songs; and if he should fail of the birds in the bush, certainly has held to every one in hand. It is given to few to capture both the present and the future,—to Holmes, perhaps, more nearly than to most of his craft, yet he would be the last to doubt that he stands on lower ground than those to whom poetry, for its own sake, has been a passion and belief. In his early work the mirth so often outweighed the sentiment as to lessen the promise and the self-prediction of his being a poet indeed. Some of one's heart-blood must spill for this, and, while many of his youthful stanzas are serious and eloquent, those which approach the feeling of true poetry are in celebration of companionship and good cheer, so that he seems like a down-east Omar or Hafiz, exemplifying what our gracious Emerson was wont to preach, that there is honest wisdom in song and joy.

If the Rev. Abiel Holmes had serious thoughts of finding his boy so animated by the father's "Life of Dr. Stiles" as to be set upon entering the ministry, they must have faded out as he read the graceless rhymes, the comic and satiric verse, which the vivacious youth furnished to "The Collegian." His metrical escapades also boded ill, as in Lowell's case, for a long allegiance to the law,—which, it seems, he read after graduation. No one can long remain a good lawyer and a fertile man of letters. The medical profession, however, has teemed with poets and scholars; for its practice makes literary effort a delightful change, an avocation, rather than a fatiguing addition to scriptural labor for daily bread. Holmes is a shining instance of one who has done solid work as

a teacher and practitioner, in spite of his success in literature. As a versifier, he started with the advantage of hitting the public by buffo-pieces, and with the disadvantage of being expected to make his after-hits in the same manner,—to write for popular amusement in the major rather than the minor key. His verses, with the measured drum-beat of their natural rhythm, were easily understood; he bothered his audience with no accidental effects, no philandering after the finer lyrical distinctions. It is not hard to surmise what "standard" poets had been found on his father's book-shelves. Eloquence was a feature of his lyrics,—such as broke out in the line, "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!" and the simple force of "Old Ironsides" is indeed worth noting as it culminates in the last stanza. The making of verse that is seized upon by school-day spokesmen barely outlived the influence of Croly, of Drake and Halleck, of Pierpont with his "Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!" and Holmes himself would scarcely write in this way now. Yet one who sees, looming up by the Portsmouth docks, a fine old hulk to which these lines secured half a century of preservation will find them coming again to mind. "The Meeting of the Dryads," another early poem, is marked by so much grace that it seems as if the youth who wrote its quatrains might in time have added a companion-piece to "The Talking Oak." The things which he turned off with purely comic aim were neatly finished, and the merriment of a new writer, who dared not be "as funny" as he could, did quite as much for him as his poems of a higher class. The fashion of the latter, however, we see returning again. There is the pathetic silhouette of the old man, who so

> "Shakes his feeble head,
> That it seems as if he said,
> 'They are gone.'"

This equals the best recent knee-buckle verse, and excels most of it in simplicity. It taught a lesson to Locker and Saxe, and more than one among younger favorites look up to Holmes affectionately, conscious that the author of "The Last Leaf," "My Aunt," "The Dilemma," and of later trifles still more refined, like "Dorothy Q.," is the Nestor of their light-armed holiday encampment.

A poet so full of zest is wont to live his life, rather than to scorn delights in service of the thankless muse. Dr. Holmes's easy-going method, and a sensible estimate of his own powers, have defined the limits of his zeal. His poetry was and is, like his humor, the overflow of a nervous, original, decidedly intellectual nature; of a sparkling life, no less, in which he gathered the full worth of hey-day experiences. See that glimpse of Paris, a student's penciled sketch, with Clemence tripping down the Rue de Seine. It is but a bit, yet through its atmosphere we make out a poet who cared as much for the sweets of the poetic life as for the work that was its product. He had through it all a Puritan sense of duty, and the worldly wisdom that goes with a due perception of values, and he never lost sight of his practical career. His profession, after all, was what he took most seriously. Accepting, then, with hearty thanks, his care-dispelling rhyme and reason, pleased often by the fancies which he tenders in lieu of imagination and power,—we go through the collection of his verse, and see that it has amounted to a great deal in the course of a bustling fifty years. These numerous pieces divide themselves, as to form, into two classes,—lyrics and poetic essays in solid couplet-verse; as to purpose, into the lighter songs that may be sung, and the nobler numbers, part lyrical, part the poems, both gay and sober, delivered at frequent intervals during his pleasant career. He is a song-writer of the natural kind, through his taste for the open vowel-sounds, and for measures that set themselves to tune. Lyrics of high grade, whose verbal and rhythmical design is of itself sufficient for the spiritual ear, are not those which are best adapted to the musician's needs. Some of Holmes's ballads are still better than his songs. Lines in "The Pilgrim's Vision" have a native flavor:

> "Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
> And sit upon my knee;
> Behold the dream unfolding
> Whereof I spake to thee,
> By the winter's hearth in Leyden,
> And on the stormy sea."

Even his ballads are raciest when brimmed with the element that most attracts their author, that of festive good-fellowship. He gives us a brave picture of Miles Standish, the little captain, stirring a posset with his sword:

> "He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
> He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
> And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
> All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid."

Yet if the poet's artistic conscience had been sterner, the last two stanzas of this ballad "On Lending a Punch-bowl" would not have been spared to weaken its proper close.

In his favorite department Holmes always has been an easy winner, gaining in quality

as fast as the standard of such work has advanced. In fact, he has advanced the standard by his own growth in brain-power and wisdom. There was a time when half our public men wrote poems for recitation,—when every set oration was paired with a platform-poem. The Phi Beta Kappa Society was answerable for many labored pentameters of Everett, Winthrop, Sprague, and other versifiers, born or made,—equally so the numberless corporations of the federative Saxon race in our aspiring municipalities. Of all these orators in rhyme, Holmes, by natural selection, survives to our day,—and how aptly he flourishes withal! From his start as class-poet, and his step to the front with "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," the intervals have not been long between his rhymed addresses of the standard platform length: at first named, like the books of Herodotus, after the Muses, —"Urania," "Terpsichore," and so on,—a practice shrewdly abandoned, seeing that the Graces, the Fates, and all the daughters of Nereus hardly would suffice to christen the long succession of the Doctor's metrical disquisitions, greater or less, that ceases not even with our day. In the years that followed his graduation, while practicing in Boston and afterward a lecturer at Dartmouth, he was summoned, nothing loath, whenever a dinner-song or witty ballad was needed at home, and calls from transpontine and barbaric regions came fast upon him as his popularity grew. Here are some forty printed poems, which cheered that lucky class of '29, and how many others went before and after them we know not. Among college-poets the paragon,—and surely this the ideal civic bard, who at the outset boasted of his town,

> "Her threefold hill shall be
> The home of art, the nurse of liberty,"

and who has celebrated her every effort, in peace or war, to make good the boast. He is an essential part of Boston, like the crier who becomes so identified with a court that it seems as if Justice must change her quarters when he is gone. The Boston of Holmes, distinct as his own personality, certainly must go with him. Much will become new, when old things pass away with the generation of a wit who made a jest that his State House was the hub of the solar system, and in his heart believed it. The time is ended when we can be so local; this civic faith was born before the age of steam, and cannot outlast, save as a tradition, the advent of electric motors and octuple-sheets. Towns must lose their individuality, even as men,—who yearly differ less from one another. Yet the provincialism of Boston has been its charm, and its citizens, striving to be cosmopolitan, in time may repent the effacement of their birth-mark.

I have referred to the standing of Dr. Holmes as a life-long expert in the art of writing those natty lyrics, satires, and *jeux d'esprit*, which it has become the usage to designate as society-verse. Ten years ago, when discussing this "patrician" industry, I scarcely foresaw how actively it soon would be pursued. Its minor devotees certainly have a place in the Parnassian court; but, if content with this petted service, must rank among the squires and pages, and not as lords of high degree. To indulge in a conceit,—and no change of metaphor is too fanciful with respect to the poetry of conceits and graces,—much of our modish verse is only the soufflée and syllabub of a banquet from which strength-giving meats and blooded wine are absent. Taken as the verse which a drawling society affects to patronize, it figures even with the olives and radishes scattered along the meal, wherefrom arrogance and beauty languidly pick trifles while their thoughts are on something else,—or with the comfits at the end, lipped and fingered by sated guests, or taken home as a souvenir and for the nursery. And yet society-verse, meaning that which catches the secret of that day or this, may be—as poets old and new have shown us—picturesque, even dramatic, and rise to a high degree of humor and of sage or tender thought. The consecutive poems of one whose fancy plays about life as he sees it, may be a feast complete and epicurean, having solid dishes and fantastic, all justly savored, cooked with discretion, flanked with honest wine, and whose cates and dainties, even, are not designed to cloy. Taken as a whole, Holmes's poetry has regaled us somewhat after this fashion. His pieces light and wise—"Contentment," the "Epilogue to the Breakfast-table Series," "At the Pantomime," "A Familiar Letter," etc.—are always enjoyable. One or two are exquisite in treatment of the past. "Dorothy Q.," that sprightly capture of a portrait's maiden soul, has given, like "The Last Leaf," lessons to admiring pupils of our time. For sheer humor, "The One-hoss Shay" and "Parson Turell's Legacy" are memorable,—extravagances, but full of character, almost as purely Yankee as "Tam O'Shanter" is purely Scotch. In various whimsicalities, Holmes sets the key for Harte and others to follow. "The First Fan," read at a bric-à-brac festival in 1877, proves him an adept in the latest mode. There is also a conceit of showing the youngsters a trick or two, in

the story "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," told to the class of '71 by the minstrel of the class of '29, and pointed with the moral that "A horse *can* trot, for all he's old."

Good and bright as these things are, some of his graver work excels them. Where most in earnest he is most imaginative; this, of course, is where he is most interested, and this again, in moods the results of his scientific bent and experience. Here he shows himself akin to those who have both lightness and strength. Thackeray's reverential mood, that was so beautiful, is matched by the feeling which Holmes, having the familiarity with Nature that breeds contempt in graver men, exhibits in his thoughts upon "The Living Temple." The stanzas thus named, in measure and reverent effect, are not unworthy to be read with Addison's lofty paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm. Humility in presence of recognized law is the spirit of the flings at cant and half-truth in his rhymed essays. There are charity and tenderness in "The Voiceless," "Avis," "Iris," and "The Silent Melody." Another little poem, "Under the Violets," reveals the lover of Collins. But "The Living Temple" and "The Chambered Nautilus" doubtless show us their writer's finest qualities, and are not soon to be forgotten. There is a group of his "Vignettes," in recollection of Wordsworth, Moore, Keats, and Shelley, whose cadence is due to that gift of sympathetic vibration which poets seem to possess. These pieces are as good as any to furnish examples of the sudden fancies peculiar to Holmes's genius, whose glint, if not imagination, is like that of the sparks struck off from it. One from the stanzas on Wordsworth:

> "This is my bark,— a pygmy's ship;
> Beneath a child it rolls;
> Fear not,— one body makes it dip,
> But not a thousand souls."

And this from the Shelley poem, which has an eloquent movement throughout:

> "But Love still prayed, with agonizing wail,
> 'One, one last look, ye heaving waters, yield!'
> Till Ocean, clashing in his jointed mail,
> Raised the pale burden on his level shield."

The things which, after all, sharply distinguish Holmes from other poets, and constitute the bulk of his work, are the lyrics and metrical essays composed for special audiences or occasions. Starting without much creative ambition, and as a bard of mirth and sentiment, it is plain that he was subject to faults which an easy standard entails. His aptitude for writing, with entire correctness, in familiar measures, has been such that nothing but an equal mental aptness could make up for the frequent padding, the inevitably thin passages, of his longer efforts, and for the conceits to which, like Moore and Hood, he has been tempted to sacrifice the spirit of many a graceful poem. To this day there is no telling whither a fancy, once caught and mounted, will bear this lively rider. Poetry at times has seemed his diversion, rather than a high endeavor; yet perhaps this very seeming is essential to the frolic and careless temper of society-verse. The charm that is instant, the triumph of the passing hour,— these are captured by song that often is transitory as the night which listens to it. In Holmes we have an attractive voice devoted to a secondary order of expression. Yet many of his notes survive, and are worthy of a rehearing. A true faculty is requisite to insure this result, and it is but just to say that with his own growth his brilliant occasional pieces strengthened in thought, wit, and feeling.

With respect to his style, there is no one more free from structural whims and vagaries. He has an ear for the "classical" forms of English verse, the academic measures which still bid fair to hold their own — those confirmed by Pope and Goldsmith, and here in vogue long after German dreams, Italian languors, and the French rataplan had their effect upon the poets of our motherland across the sea. His way of thought, like his style, is straightforward and sententious; both are the reverse of what is called transcendental. When he has sustained work to do, and braces himself for a great occasion, nothing will suit but the rhymed pentameter; his heaviest roadster, sixteen hands high, for a long journey. It has served him well, is his by use and possession, and he sturdily will trust it to the end:

> "Friends of the Muse, to you of right belong
> The first staid footsteps of my square-toed song;
> Full well I know the strong heroic line
> Has lost its fashion since I made it mine;
> But there are tricks old singers will not learn,
> And this grave measure still must serve my turn.
> . . . . . .
> Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride
> The straight-backed measure with its stately stride;
> It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope;
> It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of Pope;
> In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter strain;
> Byron and Campbell wore its clanking chain;
> I smile to listen while the critic's scorn
> Flouts the proud purple kings have nobly worn;
> Bid each new rhymer try his dainty skill
> And mould his frozen phrases as he will;
> We thank the artist for his neat device,—
> The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is ice."

He compares it, as contrasted with later modes, to "the slashed doublet of the cava-

lier,"—the costume that would be chosen by Velasquez or Van Dyke. Now, the heroic measure is stately, but if picturesqueness is to be the test, few will back his opinion that in this measure, as written by Pope's adherents, "Unfading still the better type endures." In the course of English song, the rhymed pentameter has included more distinct styles than even blank-verse, and quite as plainly takes on the stamp of its molder. For the man, after all, makes or mars it; it lends itself with fatal readiness to merely didactic uses, and hence has been the patient slave of dullards. As written by Chaucer, it *was* picturesque, full of music and color,—the interfluent, luxurious pentameter couplet, revived by Hunt and Keats, and variously utilized for metrical narrative by successive nineteenth-century poets. Still, the "straight-backed," heroic measure of Queen Anne's time, say what we will, must be a natural and generic English form, that could so maintain itself to our own day. Recall Pope's measure in "The Dunciad," and again, in "The Rape of the Lock,"—that elegant mock-epic which yet stands at the head of all poetry a-la-mode. How it delights a class that still read Byron and Campbell and Scott, the learned body of jurists and other professional men, sensible and humane, who care little for the poetry of beauty alone. I observe that lawyers, veteran judges, merry and discreet, enjoy the verse of Holmes. It was asked concerning Landor, "Shall not the wise have their poets as well as the witless?" and shall we begrudge the wigged and gowned their rations of wit and epigram and lettered jest? Not the form, but the informing spirit, is the essential thing, and this many, who are on the watch for American originality, fail to comprehend. An apt taster knows which wine has the novel flavor, though the vintages look alike to the eyes.

The mechanism of Holmes's briefer occasional poems is fully as trite and simple. Whether this may be from choice or limitation, he has accumulated a unique series of pieces, vivacious as those of Tom Moore, but with the brain of New England in them, and notions and instances without end. How sure their author's sense of the fitness of things, his gift of adaptability to the occasion,—to how many occasions, and what different things! He outrivals Kossuth, the adroit orator who landed in a new world, master of its language, and had forensic arguments for the bar, grace and poetry for women, statistics for merchants, and an assortment of local allusions for the respective towns and villages in which he pleaded his cause. A phantasmagory of the songs, odes, and rhymed addresses, of so many years; collegiate and civic glories; tributes to princes, embassies, generals, heroes; welcomes to novelists and poets; eulogies of the dead; verse inaugural and dedicatory; stanzas read at literary breakfasts, New England dinners, municipal and bucolic feasts; odes natal, nuptial, and mortuary; metrical delectations offered to his brothers of the medical craft—to which he is so loyal—bristling with scorn of quackery and challenge to opposing systems,—not only equal to all occasions, but growing better with their increase. The half of his early collections is made up from efforts of this sort, and they constitute nine-tenths of his verse during the last thirty years. Now, what has carried Holmes so bravely through all this, if not a kind of special masterhood, an individuality, humor, touch, that we shall not see again? Thus we come, in fine, to be sensible of the distinctive gift of this poet. The achievement for which he must be noted is, that in a field the most arduous and least attractive he should bear himself with such zest and fitness as to be numbered among poets, and should do honor to an office which they chiefly dread or mistrust, and which is little calculated to excite their inspiration.

HAVING in mind the case of our Autocrat, one is moved to traverse the ancient maxim, and exclaim, "Count no man unhappy till his dying day." There are few instances where a writer, suddenly, and after the age when fame is won "or never," compels the public to readjust its estimate of his powers. Holmes was not idle as a rhymester from 1836 to 1857; but his chief labor was given to medical practice and instruction, and it was fair to suppose that his literary capacity had been gauged. Possibly his near friends had no just idea of his versatile talent until he put forth the most taking serial in prose that ever established the prestige of a new magazine. At forty-eight he began a new career, as if it were granted him to live life over, with the wisdom of middle-age in his favor at the start. Coming, in a sense, like an author's first book, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" naturally was twice as clever as any "first book" of the period. It appears that this work was planned in his youth; but we owe to his maturity the experience, drollery, proverbial humor, and suggestion that flow at ease through its pages. Little is too high or too low for the comment of this down-east philosopher. A kind of attenuated Franklin, he views things and folks with the less robustness, but with keener distinction and insight. His pertinent maxims are so frequent that it seems, as was said of Emerson, as if he had jotted them down

from time to time and here first brought them to application; they are apothegms of common life and action, often of mental experience, strung together by a device so original as to make the work quite a novelty in literature. The Autocrat holds an intellectual tourney at a boarding-house table; there jousts against humbug and stupidity, gives light touches of knowledge, sentiment, illustration, coins here and there a phrase destined to be long current, nor forgets the poetic duty of providing a little idyl of human love and interest. Here, also, we find his best lyrical pieces,—on the side of beauty, "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Living Temple"; on that of mirth, "The One-Hoss Shay" and its companion-piece. How alert his fancy! A tree blows down in his woods; he counts the rings — there are hundreds of them. "This is Shakspere's. The tree was seven inches in diameter when he was born, ten inches when he died. A little less than ten inches when Milton was born; seventeen when he died. . . . Here is the span of Napoleon's career. . . . I have seen many wooden preachers, never one like this." Again, of letters from callow aspirants: "I have two letters on file; one is a pattern of adulation, the other of impertinence. My reply to the first, containing the best advice I could give, conveyed in courteous language, had brought out the second. There was some sport in this, but Dullness is not commonly a game fish, and only sulks after he is struck." In fine, the Autocrat, if not profound, is always acute,—the liveliest of monologists, and altogether too game to be taken at a disadvantage within his own territory.

Two later books, completing the Autocrat series, follow in a similar vein, their scene the same boarding-house, their slight plots varied by new personages and by-play, the conductor of the Yankee symposia the same Autocrat, through the aid of a Professor and a Poet successively. The best comment on these works is made by their sagacious author, who likens them to the wine of grapes that are squeezed in the press after the first juice that runs of itself from the heart of the fruit has been drawn off. In this lies a recognition of the effect of a market that comes to an author somewhat late in his life. It is too much to expect that one who makes a wonderfully fresh start at fifty should run better and better, as if in the progressive and not the decadent course of life, which latter our author himself reckons from a much earlier stage. And a paying American market for purely literary work began with the foundation of the "Atlantic." Poe's will had been too weak to wait for it; Hawthorne had striven for years; others had struggled and gone down. A lucrative demand for Holmes's prose was too grateful not to be utilized; besides, the income of the magazine required his efforts. I have laid stress upon the need of a market to promote literary activity, but it is worth while to note how far. At certain times and in special cases, too ready a sale tends to lower the grade of ideal work. This may even now be observed. On the one hand, new writers certainly are brought out by the competition between our thriving publishers of books and periodicals; on the other, those who prove themselves capable, and are found available by the caterers, are drawn into a system of over-methodical production at stated intervals. The stint is furnished regularly; each year or half-year the new novel is thrown off, cleverly adapted to the popular taste. Ideal effort is deadened; the natural bent of a poetic mind is subordinated to labor that is best paid. The hope, patience, aspiration that should produce a masterpiece are cast aside. If there be a general advance it is monotonous, and at the expense of individual genius. My deduction is that matter supplied regularly for a persistent market, though of a high order of journey-work, is not improperly designated by that name.

"The Professor" is written somewhat in the manner of Sterne, yet without much artifice. The story of Iris is an interwoven thread of gold. The poems in this book are inferior to those of the Autocrat, but its author here and there shows a gift of drawing real characters; the episode of the Little Gentleman is itself a poem,—its close very touching, though imitated from the death-scene in Tristram Shandy. "The Poet at the Breakfast-table," written some years after, is of a more serious cast than its predecessors, chiefly devoted to Holmes's peculiar mental speculations and his fluent gossip on books and learning. He makes his rare old pundit a liberal thinker, clearly of the notion that a high scholarship leads to broader views. I do not think he would banish Greek from a college curriculum; but if he should, the Old Master would cry out upon him. Between the second and third works of this series, his two novels had appeared,—curious examples of what a clever observer can do by way of fiction in the afternoon of life. As conceptions, these were definite and original, as much so as Hawthorne's; but that great romancer would have presented in a far more dramatic and imaginative fashion an Elsie Venner, tainted with the ophidian madness that so vexed her human soul,—a Myrtle Hazard, inheriting the trace of Indian savagery at war with her higher organization. The somewhat crude handling of these tales betrays the fact that the author was not trained

by practice in the novelist's art. But they have the merit of coming down to fact with an exhibition of common, often vulgar, every-day life in the country towns of Massachusetts. This, and realistic drawings of sundry provincial types, Holmes produces in a manner directly on the way to the subsequent evolution of more finished works, like Howells's "A Modern Instance" and "The Undiscovered Country." Meanwhile he verifies his birthright by adapting these narratives to the debate on inherited tendency, limited responsibility, and freedom of the will. On the whole, the novels and the Autocrat volumes were indigenous works, in plot and style behind the deft creations of our day, but with their writer's acumen everywhere conspicuous. If their science and suggestion now seem trite, it must be owned that the case was opposite when they were written, and that ideas now familiar were set afloat in this way. Little of our recent literature is so fresh, relatively to our period, as these books were in consideration of their own. As Holmes's humor had relaxed the grimness of a Puritan constituency, so his prose satire did much to liberalize their clerical system. This was not without some wrath and objurgation on the part of the more rigid clergy and laity alike, and at times worked to the disadvantage of the satirist and his publishers. The situation now seems far away and amusing: equally so, the queer audacity of his off-hand pronunciamentos upon the gravest themes. He was responsible, I fear, for a very airy settlement of distracting social problems, to his own satisfaction and that of a generation of half-informed readers; for getting ready sanction to his postulate of a Brahmin caste, and leading many a Gifted Hopkins to set up for its representative. Yet his dialogues and stories are in every way the expression of a stimulating personage, their author,—a frank display of the Autocrat himself. If one would learn how to be his own Boswell, these five books are naïve examples of a successful American method.

Holmes's mental fiber, sturdier with use, shows to advantage in a few poems, speeches, and prose essays of his later years. These illustrate the benefits to an author of having, in Quaker diction, a concern upon him; each, like the speech "On the Inevitable Crisis," is the outflow of personal conviction, or, like "Homeopathy *vs.* Allopathy," "The Physiology of Versification," etc., the discussion of a topic in which he takes a special interest. Jonathan Edwards he had epitomized in verse:

> "The salamander of divines.
> A deep, strong nature, pure and undefiled;
> Faith, strong as his who stabbed his sleeping child."

The notable prose essay on Edwards excites a wish that he oftener had found occasion to indulge his talent for analytic characterization. He has few superiors in discernment of a man's individuality, however distinct that individuality may be from his own. Emerson, for example, was a thinker and poet whose chartered disciples scarcely would have selected Holmes as likely to proffer a sympathetic or even objective transcript of him. Yet, when the time came, Holmes was equal to the effort. He presented with singular clearness, and with an epigrammatic genius at white heat, if not the esoteric view of the Concord Plotinus, at least what could enable an audience to get at the mold of that serene teacher and make some fortunate surmise of the spirit that ennobled it. I do not recall a more faithful and graphic *outside* portrait. True, it was done by an artist who applies the actual eye, used for corporal vision, to the elusive side of things, and who thinks little too immaterial for the test of reason and science,—who looks, we might say, at unexplored tracts by sunlight rather than starlight. But it sets Emerson before us in both his noonday and sundown moods; in his character as a town-dweller, and also as when "he looked upon this earth very much as a visitor from another planet would look on it." With no waste words, the poet's walk, talk, bearing, and intellect, are illustrated by a series of images, and in a style so vehicular as to deserve unusual praise. Writing before the appearance of Dr. Holmes's full treatise on the theme, we read this Boston address and suspect that in understanding of the Emersonian cult he is not behind its votaries. His acceptance of it may be another thing, depending, like his religion, upon the cast of his own nature.

Many were surprised to find Mr. Arnold rating Emerson, as a writer, below Montaigne. The latter, however rare and various, depended largely in his essays on citations from the ancients,—in fact, from writers of every grade and period; while of Emerson's infrequent borrowing it may be said that his paraphrase often is worth more than the original, and that otherwise each of his fruitful sentences contains some epigram, or striking thought, illuminated by a flash of insight and power. Holmes, among our poets, is another original writer, but his prose is a setting for brilliants of a different kind; his shrewd sayings are bright with native metaphor; he is a proverb-maker, some of whose words are not without wings. When he ranges along the line of his tastes and studies, we find him honestly bred. Plato and the Stagirite, the Elzevir classics, the English essayists, the

fathers' of the healing art, must be in sight on his shelves, even though

> "The damp offspring of the modern press
> Flaunts on his table with its pictured dress."

But his proper study is man, the regard of people and movements close at hand. Somewhat distrustful of the "inner light," he stands squarely upon observation, experience, induction; yet at times is so volatile a theorist that one asks how much of his saying is conviction, and how much mirth or whim. His profession has put him on the alert for natural tendency, in the belief that fortune goes by inheritance. Crime and virtue are physically foreordained. He takes unkindly to sentimental attempts at reform. His temper and training so largely affect his writings that the latter scarcely can be criticised from the merely literary point of view. Holmes's conservatism, then, goes well enough with a poet of the old régime, and with the maker of light satires and well-bred verse. In these the utterance of a radical would be as out of keeping as Brown of Osawatomie in a court-suit. There is no call for diatribes on his lack of sympathy with the Abolitionists, with the transcendentalists, with new schools of medicine and art. What has this to do with the service of our gallant and amiable *jongleur?* He sticks to his own like the wearer of "The Entailed Hat." Innovation savors ill to his nostril; yet we feel that if brought face to face with a case of wrong or suffering, his action would be prompted by a warm heart and as swift as any enthusiast could desire. When the Civil War broke out, this conservative poet, who had taken little part in the agitation that preceded it, shared in every way the spirit and duties of the time. None of our poets wrote more stirring war lyrics during the conflict, none has been more national so far as loyalty, in the Websterian sense, to our country and her emblems is concerned. He always has displayed the simple instinctive patriotism of the American minuteman. He may or may not side with his neighbors, but he is for the nation; purely republican, if scarcely democratic. His pride is not of English, but of long American descent. The roundheads of the old country were the cavaliers of the new,—a band of untitled worthies moving off to found clans of their own. "Other things being equal," the doctor does prefer "a man of family." He goes "for the man with a gallery of family portraits against the one with a twenty-five cent daguerreotype," unless he finds "that the latter is the better of the two." Better, he thinks, accept asphyxia than a *mésalliance*, that lasts fifty years to begin with, and then passes down the line of descent. Even our "chryso-aristocracy" he thinks is bettered by the process which secures to those "who can afford the extreme luxury of beauty" the finest specimens of "the young females of each successive season." Thus far our sacerdotal celebrant of genealogies and family-trees. It is likely that he takes more interest than his compeers in the *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.* But he represents his section within these limits as strictly as the poet of the library, the poet of the new and radical upper class, the fervent poet of liberty and exaltation,—or even as Emerson, that provincial citizen of the world at large. Our Eastern group of poets is unique; we shall have no other of one caste and section so distinct in its separate personages. The Puritan strain in Holmes's blood was kept pure in the secluded province of Connecticut, where the stern Calvinism of the migration yet holds sway. He stands for the ancestral feeling as squarely as he refutes the old belief; and it is well enough that such a poet should be the minstrel of established feasts, and loyal to his class, rather than the avatar of new classes and conditions. He is of Cambridge and Beacon Hill, and in point of style, usage, social life, will maintain his ground with rhyme and banter,—small swords allowed the Ruperts of to-day. Otherwise he gives his judgment free scope, and no superstition trammels the logic of his inquisitive mind. It has required some independence for a man of letters, the friend of Lowell and Emerson, to be a Tory, and for a trimontane poet to be a progressive and speculative thinker.

There is an unconscious sense of the artistic in the self-differentiation of social life. It organizes a stage performance; each one makes himself auxiliary to the whole by some dramatic instinct that loyally accepts the part allotted. Holmes has filled that of hereditary chamberlain, the staff never leaving his hand, and has performed its functions with uncommon ardor and distinction. It would not be strange if those who often have seen at their ceremonies this "fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," appreciate less than others the strength of his ripest years. The younger men who gathered to pay him their tributes on his seventieth birthday felt that if he did not sing at his own fête his thought might well be:

> —"You are kind; may your tribe be increased,
> But at this I can give you such odds if I will!"

He did sing, and the mingled gayety and tenderness of the song made it, as was fitting, one of his sweetest. The occasion itself mel-

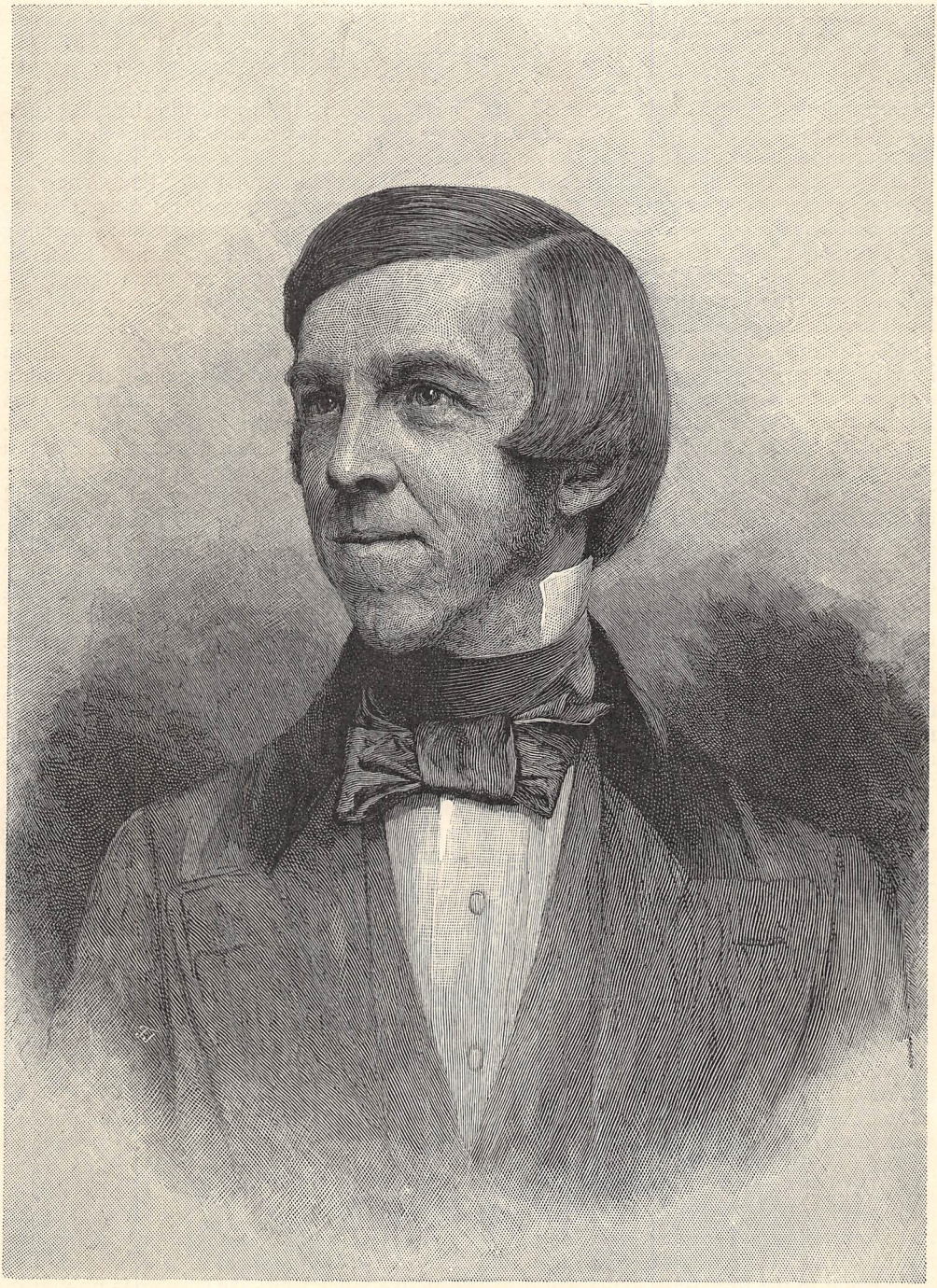
lowed his voice, and a mere fancy has not often played more lightly around the edge of feeling than when he said:

"As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying
From some far orb I track our watery sphere,
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying,
The silvered globule seems a glistening tear."

Five more years have been added to the youth of his old age, and in them, if not so prolific as once, he has given us some of his neatest work in verse and prose. These efforts have not died with the occasions that called them out. Their beauty, it is true, took on increase by the manner in which the author suited his action to his word. The youth, who has heard this last of the recitationists deliver one of his poems, will recall in future years the fire and spirit of a veteran whose heart was in his work, who reads a stanza with the poetic inflection that no elocutionist can equal, who with it gives you so much of himself — the sparkling eye, the twinkling by-play of the mouth, the nervous frame on tip-toe in chase of imagery unleashed and coursing. Such a poet lifts the glow and fancy of the moment into the region of art, but of the art which must be enacted to bring out its full effect, and in which no actor save the artist himself can satisfactorily essay the single rôle.

If the question is asked, Would the verse of Doctor Holmes be held in so much favor if he had not confirmed his reputation by prose replete with poetic humor and analogy? the fairest answer may be in the negative. Together, his writings surely owe their main success to an approximate exhibition of the author himself. Where the man is even more lively than his work, the public takes kindly to the one and the other. The jester is privileged even in the court of art and letters; yet if one could apply to Holmes — the jester, homilist, and man of feeling — his own process, we should have analysis indeed. Were the theme assigned to himself, we should have an inimitably honest setting forth of his merits and foibles, from this keen anatomist of mind and body, this smile-begetter, this purveyor to so many feasts. As a New Englander he long ago was awarded the highest sectional praise,—that of being, among all his tribe, the cutest. His cleverness and versatility bewilder outside judges. Is he a genius? By all means. And in what degree? His prose, for the most part, is peculiarly original. His serious poetry scarcely has been the serious work of his life; but in his specialty, verse suited to the frolic or pathos of occasions, he has given us much of the best-delivered in his own time, and has excelled all others in delivery. Both his strength and weakness lie in his genial temper and his brisk, speculative habit of mind. For, though almost the only modern poet who has infused enough spirit into table and rostrum verse to make it worth recording, his poetry has appealed to the present rather than the future; and, again, he has too curious and analytic a brain for purely artistic work. Of Holmes as a satirist, which it is not unusual to call him, I have said but little. His metrical satires are of the amiable sort that debars him from kinsmanship with the Juvenals of old, or the Popes and Churchills of more recent times. There is more real satire in one of Hosea Biglow's lyrics than in all our laughing philosopher's irony, rhymed and unrhymed. Yet he is a keen observer of the follies and chances which satire makes its food. Give him personages, reminiscences, manners, to touch upon, and he is quite at home. He may not reproduce these imaginatively, in their stronger combinations; but the Autocrat makes no unseemly boast when he says: "It was in teaching of Life that we came together. I thought I knew something about that, that I could speak or write about it to some purpose." Let us consider, then, that if Holmes had died young, we should have missed a choice example of the New England fiber which strengthens while it lasts; that he has lived to round a personality that will be traditional for at least the time granted to one or two less characteristic worthies of revolutionary days; that — "'twas all he wished" — a few of his lyrics already belong to our select anthology, and one or two of his books must be counted as factors in what twentieth-century chroniclers will term (and here is matter for reflection) the development of "early" American literature.

Edmund C. Stedman.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CANADA AS A WINTER RESORT.

WHEN the sarcastic Voltaire sneered at the New France which was lost to Louis XV. through the frivolous influence of a Pompadour and the ignorant indifference of the French court, he thought to gratify the vanity of his monarch by congratulating him upon getting rid of "those 1500 leagues of snow." This seems to have been the text which some modern tourists have taken for their descriptions of Canada; and it would be very amusing to collect such writings of early travelers, and to read them in January in Winnipeg, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, or Halifax, in face of the populations of these cities enjoying the gay delights of the snow in complete unconsciousness of the misery of their existence. Surely, then, the wind is tempered to the shorn Canadian lambs. But no! The more it blows and the more it snows, the better "Canucks" seem to like it.

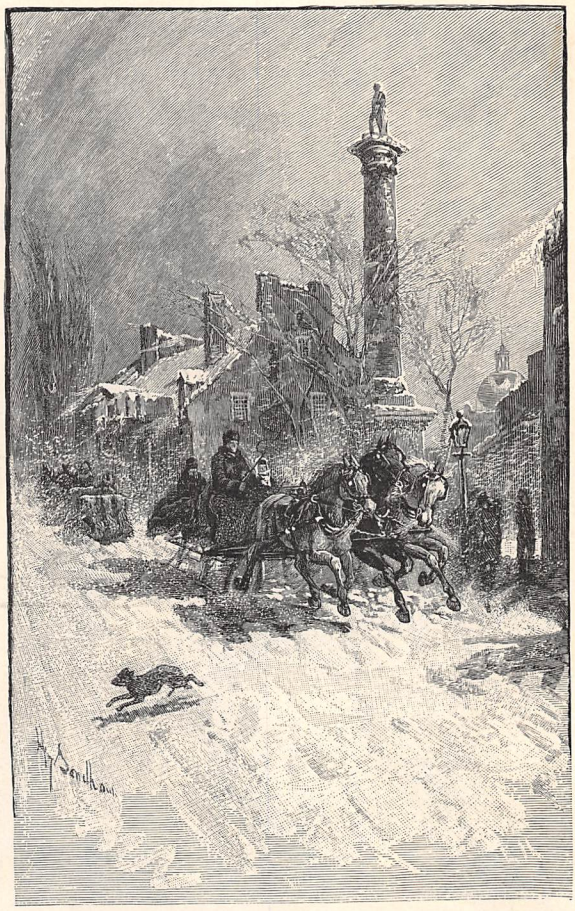
It is only within the last quarter of a century that intelligent Europeans have really become ashamed of the Old World ignorance of America, which associated most of the continent, but especially the north, with eternal ice. How many supposed that polar bears and buffaloes were easily found about the suburbs of New York and Montreal! But how could an Englishman who has been brought up upon the damp and delusive pictures drawn by Spenser, Shakspere, Thomson, and a host of others, and who once every year passes through the long purgatory of a London winter,—how could he have any true conception of the charm and cheer to be got out of the dry snow, the bracing air, and the clear skies of the same season in Canada? How could any mortal who defines snow as "a wet, sticky substance, seven inches of which make one inch of water"; whose associations with it are full of slush in which he is more likely to drown than to drive; who lives where fogs, sleet, east winds, and suicidal blues are said to have made the English temperament what it is,—how could any soul, born and bred in such climatic conditions, be able to picture what a genuine Canadian winter means? Fancy what a difference it would have made to the literature of the world had the English poets had such a winter to write about. But Canada should yet produce the true poet of winter, for the true poetry of winter is here.

It would be folly to deny that winter has no dark side; but has not the balmiest summer, with its malaria and its many ills, a dark side too?

We do not pretend to say that Canada as a winter resort is suitable for every delicate invalid, but we do say that it is becoming popular, because the most beneficial for many invalids suffering from lung and throat diseases, for the whole train of nervous diseases brought on by overwork or overworry; and that it is possible to enjoy every hour here in a hundred ways in the open air of the coldest days, and to get far more benefit than even mountain or sea-shore in summer can bestow. You have only to test it to prove it. But you must not come in patent-leathers and light underclothing to enjoy the open air. It would be as absurd to go to the sea-side in July muffled to the eyes in woolens and bear-skin.

The historian who hopes to do justice to the development and idiosyncrasies of the Canadian people will find it impossible to ignore the molding influences of the winter. It is a peculiar fact that in a country containing three million and a half square miles, occupied by immense lakes and great prairies, there are fewer varieties of this particular season than in smaller countries of Europe corresponding in latitude. Excepting in strips along the ocean and lake coasts, the Canadian winter is strangely alike in its dry and bracing character; and, in fact, the same may be said of the climates of the other seasons. We have no fever-breeding miasmatic region from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and our winter is not the fickle fraud of New York and Illinois. Minnesota, Manitoba, and Quebec are much alike. Manitoba has the paradise of climates, summer and winter, and we shall soon see the invalid resorting there for restoration, instead of to Colorado or Florida. Every country and climate has drawbacks and disappointments. I can remember winters when we had heavy rain in Montreal; but these are very exceptional. The characteristic winter begins in December, has everything in good order for Christmas celebrations, is dry, clear, stimulating, except during the three days of the January thaw, and goes out in March, sometimes lion-like, often lamb-like. There is no part of the country in which it resembles the traditional damp and unpleasant season of England. Slight frosts, wet, windy days "to one thing constant never," warm changes,—it is this which cuts to the marrow. There are more

chilblains in New York than in all Canada. The winter diseases of England have hardly any existence in Canada from December to March. If you imagine for a moment that we are anxious to change the Canadian for any London or New York winter, I would commend you to drop in upon us almost any time from Christmas to March, and be in at the death of your own delusion. The "Winter Carnival" of Montreal has killed the superstition that our winter is inhospitable. Those who traduced it now come in thousands to enjoy it. To those who dreaded cold weather the season is something of a revelation. The atmosphere compels them to exertion, and exertion brings health.



DRIVING IN THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

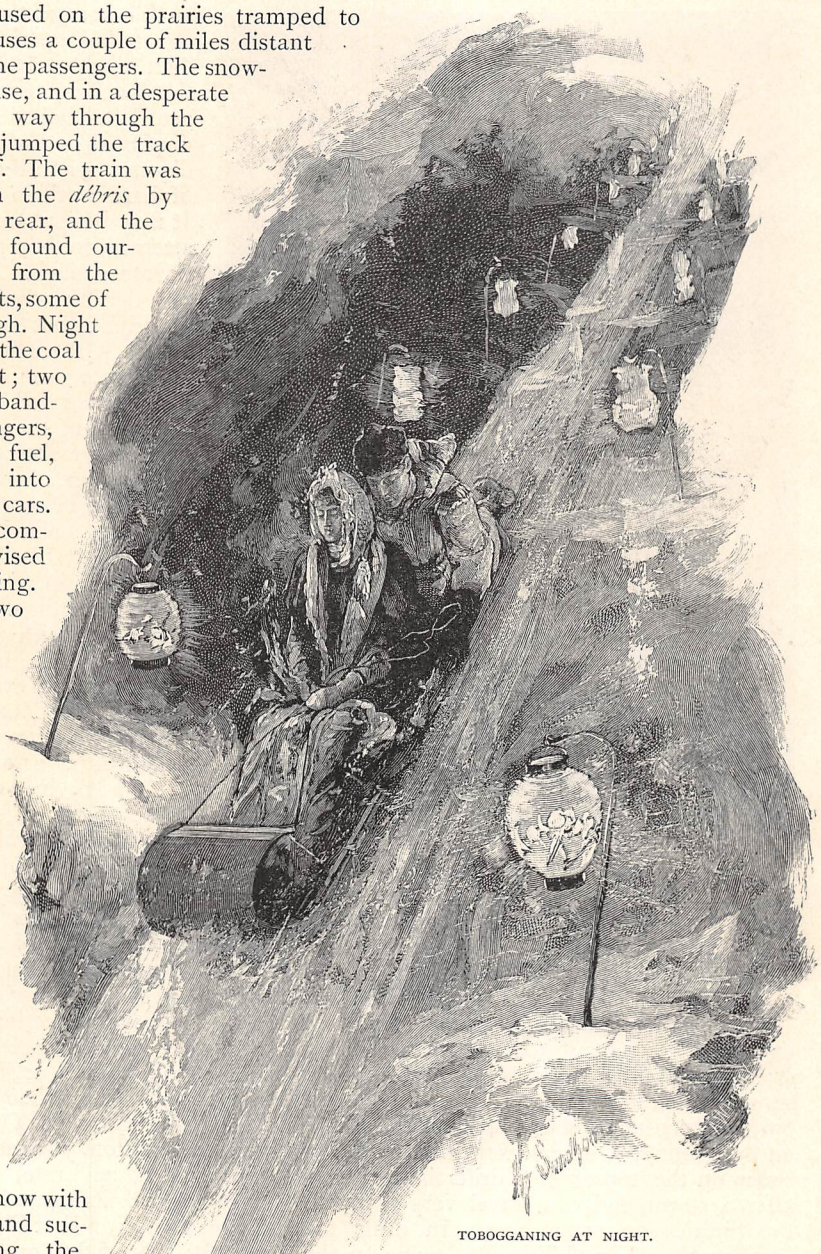
Nothing is truer than that the winter has an invigorating influence upon mankind. The Canadians are hardier and healthier than their cousins over the border, mainly because of this and of their indulgence in open-air exercises. Dr. Hurlburt, of Ottawa, who has given special attention to the subject of climates, shows very clearly, in his contrasts of the Old World with the New, that the regions of the Old which lie in latitudes and positions similar to the greater part of the United States, are inferior for the abode of man to those which correspond with Canada. He argues that our latitude is not only that in which the most valuable and abundant cereals and grasses are found, in which the ox, sheep, and horse find the most favorable conditions to health, but that in which man attains the greatest energy of body and mind; that from which have sprung the conquering races, and the races that best rule the rest of the world. In an interesting study of the regions of the Old and New Worlds lying in the same latitudes, he looks to a period when the population of five millions will become fifty millions, with the opening and development of the Dominion. He shows the value of frost as nature's own plowman in pulverizing the soil; the value of snow as a protector and a fertilizer; the importance to the farmer and lumberman of a season in which trees are more easily felled and drawn than in summer, land more easily cleared, produce more easily brought to market, and a great deal of work better done than could be done at any other time. It is well, too, that the land as well as the farmer should have a rest. To every picture there is a reverse side; but the reverse side is not the true side. Snow-blockades and drifts have their summer counterparts in mud and floods; but mud and floods are no true picture of summer. An invalid cannot enjoy a bracing air like a healthy man. There are people all the time dying "of the weather." Their bones are as sensitive to coming changes as a barometer. As I said before, it is by no means every delicate person who should make Canada his winter resort; but it is well known that our winters have cured chronic cases for which Colorado and Florida were alone supposed to be beneficial. Every winter numbers resort to Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, and Winnipeg for no other reason than that for which they once went to tropical climates. I know of patients who were regularly sent to Bermuda and the West Indies, and others to such winter climates as Nice, without more than temporary benefit, who were completely cured by the outdoor life of our Montreal and Quebec winters. Two years ago we had an exceptionally severe winter in Manitoba. Its severity and peculiarities were pre-



CURLING—"SOOP HER UP!"

cisely the same in Dakota and Minnesota. I was *en route* from Brandon to Winnipeg, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles by rail, and was caught in a snow-blockade which lasted eight days, and kept us in a situation not likely again to occur. The storm was so severe that relief-trains could not leave Winnipeg, and a couple of us who had the

long snow-shoes used on the prairies tramped to and from farm-houses a couple of miles distant for provisions for the passengers. The snow-plows were of no use, and in a desperate attempt to cut a way through the drifts, the engine jumped the track and came to grief. The train was pulled back from the *débris* by an engine in the rear, and the next morning we found ourselves separated from the wreck by deep drifts, some of them fifteen feet high. Night after night passed; the coal and wood ran short; two of the cars were abandoned by the passengers, and, to economize fuel, we were crowded into the two remaining cars. The sleeping accommodation improvised was very amusing. Fancy roosting two in a single seat, with your knees doubled up to your chin; or lying like sardines, four in a double seat; or propped on top of the back of the seats, which were turned up and brought together so as to form a sort of double deck. Shovelers had been working day and night, but there were too few of them; and at last the passengers went to work, and from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M. pitched the snow with might and main, and succeeded in clearing the track. In order to pass the obstacle of the wrecked engine, we raised old rails, got ties and laid a new side-track on the hard snow, and our cars were safely shoved forward. Shovelers from Winnipeg had succeeded, with the snow-plow, in reaching us, and we were soon on our way. The effect of this exposure upon the health of many of the passengers was remarkably good. One clergyman who had come out from England for some affection of the throat, was determined to do his share of the shoveling. He had very thin moccasins on his feet, and during the day, as there was a warm wind, they were wet through. He never expected to see England again, but that one day's work cured him effectually. Other persons suffering from throat and lung affections have not since been troubled. One would suppose the conditions were just those to provoke illness, but the very reverse was the case.



TOBOGGANING AT NIGHT.

It is curious to observe the difference between the snow-fall in Manitoba and Quebec.



OLD INDIAN MAKING SNOW-SHOES.

In a heavy storm in Quebec, it falls lightly in large, fleecy flakes, and makes heavy tracks for snow-shoeing and sleighing. In Manitoba, as in Minnesota, it falls in crystals of a closer character, and packs so much finer and tighter that a square foot of it, after a dry storm, weighs nearly double that of Quebec snow. This density partly explains why, though only eighteen inches in depth, it remains so long on the ground. One can walk without snow-shoes on the top of high drifts immediately after a storm, and can travel very easily on the prairies on snow-shoes. In drifts the wooden shovel is of little use, owing to the compactness of the snow; and on the railway track snow-plows that would cut through a hundred yards in Quebec or Vermont will stick in Manitoba at thirty, as if they had run into a sand-bank. The Northern Pacific Railway, like the Canadian Pacific, has had the same difficulties to contend with; but they aré not insurmountable, and the North-west snow, after all, is nothing to compare to that of Quebec. The study we have made, in Quebec especially, is one to convert Voltaire's "1500 leagues of snow" into a source of health and pleasure. I venture to assert the superiority of our Canadian climate, from Nova Scotia to the Rockies, and the hardier character and habits of the people, as displayed in their love of outdoor diversions, and the English fondness of hard work in these enjoyments. It may be that we devote too much attention to them; Americans do not devote enough. Athletic Rome did not decline when her sports were absorbing, but when they became brutal. Greece flourished most when her sports were most popular. You cannot trace all through our winter one taint of the vulgar or brutal in our enjoyments; they are as pure as the snow. You cannot find charity at any other season so generous. The poor suffer in every country and climate, but I believe they suffer less in Canada in winter than anywhere at any other time. There is a criminal pauperism with which no country can deal. The curse of drink brings its long train of evils, and it is no wonder if, in a Canadian winter, Jack Frost should have no mercy upon a class who have no pity for themselves.

The Province of Quebec, the ancient center of military, political, and ecclesiastical power under the French *régime*, must bear the palm of transforming winter into a national season of healthy enjoyment; and Montreal is the metropolis of the Snow King, as it is of commerce. You can have delightful days and weeks in Toronto, where ice-boating is brought to perfection, and the splendid bay is alive with the skaters and the winter sailors; or in curling or skating rink, or with the "Toronto Snow-shoe Club," when they meet at the Guns in Queen's Park for a tramp to Carleton, you may get a good company, and, at any rate, thorough pleasure. Kingston has its grand bay, its glorious toboggan slides on Fort Henry, its magnificent scope for sham-fights on the ice, its skating, curling, snow-shoeing, and its splendid roads. Winnipeg has its ambitious leaps into anything and everything which older cities possess. Halifax has its pleasant society, its garrison of British red-coats,—the only sight of them to be seen on the continent,—its lively winter brimful of everything the season in Canada is famed for. Quebec, ever glorious, kissing the skies up at its old citadel, is just the same rare old city, with its delightful mixture of ancient and modern, French and English; its vivacious ponies and its happy-go-lucky

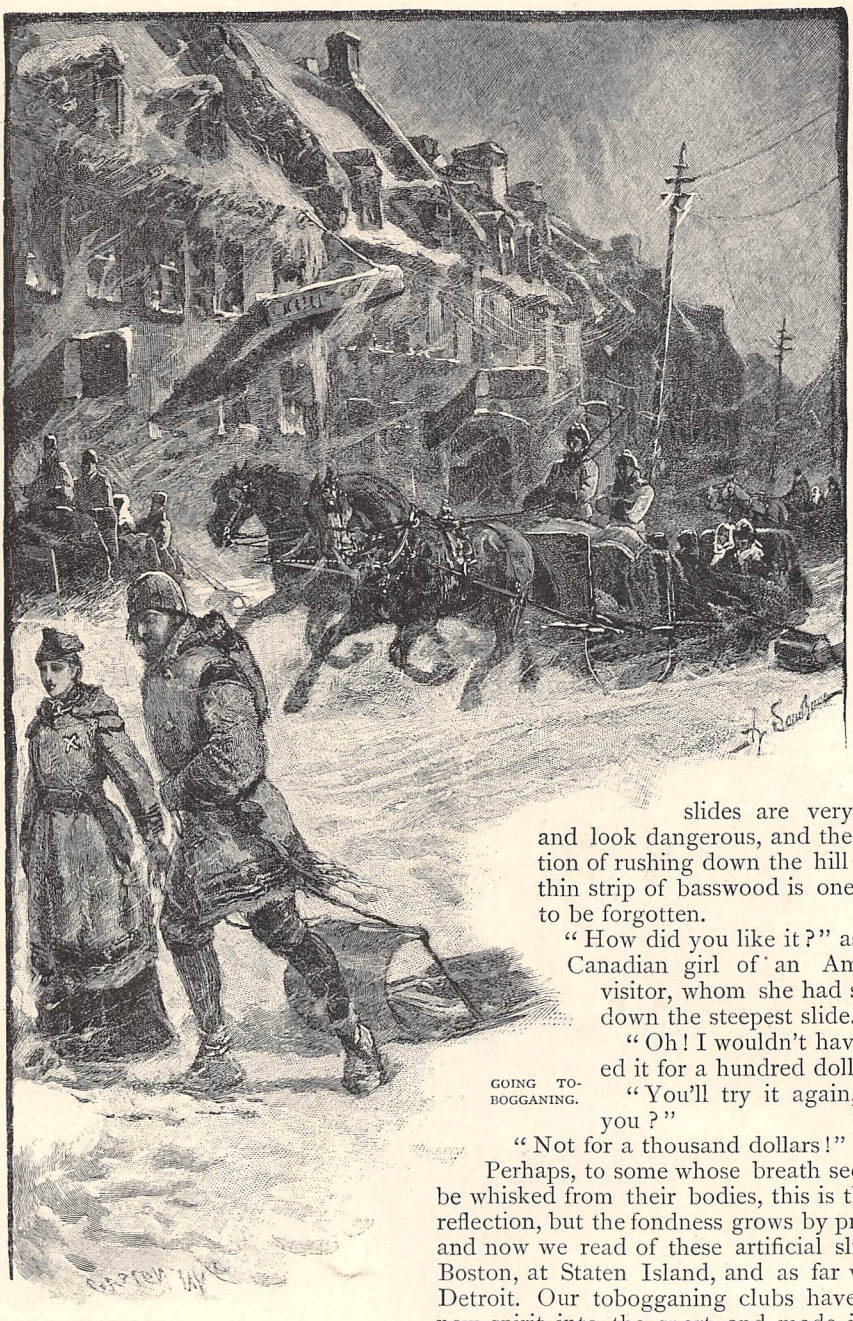


A SKATING CARNIVAL.

cariole drivers; its rinks and its rollicking; its songs and its superstitions; its toboggan hill at Montmorenci, which nature has erected every year since the Falls first rolled over the cliffs; its hills and hollows, and its historic surroundings; its agreeable French-English society, the most charming brotherhood that ever shook hands over the past. Were it not for what Mr. Robert McGibbon and his committee invented for Montreal,—we mean the "Winter Carnival,"—Quebec would be the Mecca for tourists in winter. Indeed, they cannot complete their visit if they do not run down to Quebec for a day or two.

How shall I hope to describe what has been done to make Canada as a winter resort better known to all the world? The first snow-fall is an intoxicant. Boys go snow-mad. Montreal has a temporary insanity. The houses are prepared for the visit of King North Wind, and Canadians are the only people in the world who know how to keep warm outdoors as well as indoors. The streets are gay with life and laughter, and everybody seems determined to make the most of the great carnival. Business goes to the dogs. There is a mighty march of tourists and towns-people crunching over the crisp snow, and a constant jingle of sleigh-bells. If you go to any of the toboggan slides, you will witness a sight that thrills the onlooker as well as the tobogganist. The natural hills were formerly the only resort; but some one introduced the Russian idea of erecting a high wooden structure, up one side of which you drag your toboggan, and down the other side of which you fly like a rocket. These artificial slides are the more popular, as they are easier of ascent, and can be made so as to avoid *cahots*, or bumps.

Within the last few years a score of regular toboggan clubs have been organized.



GOING TO-BOGGANING.

Everybody has gone crazy on the subject, and men, women, and children revel in the dashing flight. The hills are lit by torches stuck in the snow on each side of the track, and huge bonfires are kept burning, around which gather picturesque groups. Perhaps of all sports of the carnival this is the most generally enjoyed by visitors. Some of the slides are very steep and look dangerous, and the sensation of rushing down the hill on the thin strip of basswood is one never to be forgotten.

"How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor, whom she had steered down the steepest slide.

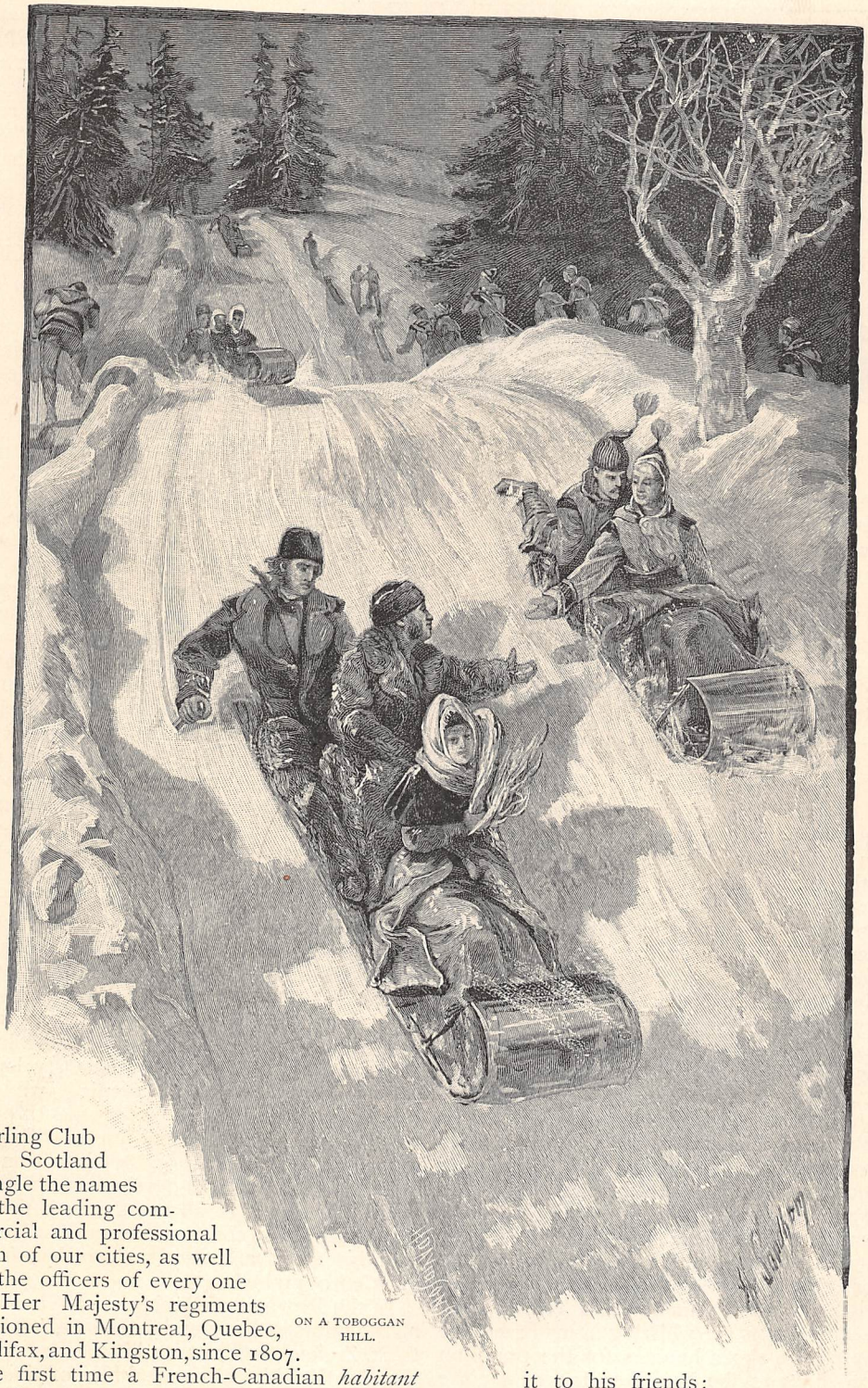
"Oh! I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars!"

"You'll try it again, won't you?"

"Not for a thousand dollars!"

Perhaps, to some whose breath seems to be whisked from their bodies, this is the first reflection, but the fondness grows by practice, and now we read of these artificial slides in Boston, at Staten Island, and as far west as Detroit. Our tobogganing clubs have put a new spirit into the sport, and made it even more than ever one in which ladies can join.

In curling matters the Montreal Club, formed in 1807, leads a long array of enthusiastic successors, and the bonspiels attract hundreds of Scotchmen and their descendants from the principal cities of Canada and the United States. The associations of the Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonia



ON A TOBOGGAN HILL.

Curling Club of Scotland mingle the names of the leading commercial and professional men of our cities, as well as the officers of every one of Her Majesty's regiments stationed in Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, and Kingston, since 1807. The first time a French-Canadian *habitant* saw the game played at Quebec, he thought it was a sport of lunatics, and thus described it to his friends:

"I saw to-day a gang of Scotchmen throwing on the ice large iron balls, shaped like



THE HEAD OF A SLIDE.

bomb-shells, after which they yelled *Soop! Soop!* laughing like fools, and I really think they were fools." But no one but a curler knows the keen delight in this famous Scottish sport.

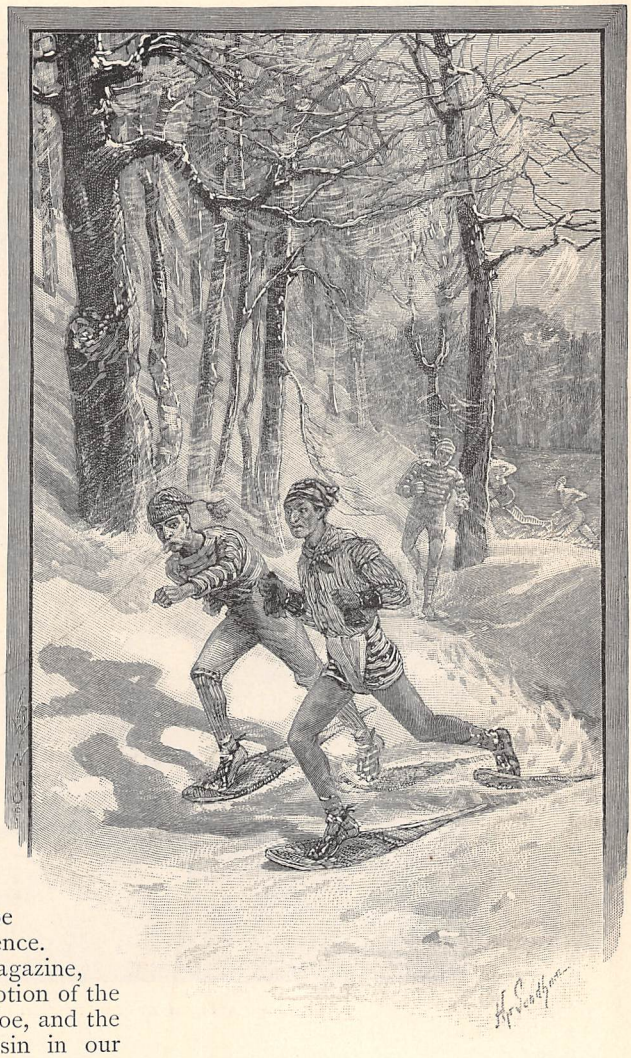
There may be fleeter skaters than we can show in Canada, but nowhere in the world can you see such pictures of life and character on the ice, such brilliant tableaus, such melody and merriment, as at the fancy dress carnivals in our Victoria and other rinks. We have too much snow for general outdoor skating, but this is not neglected. The rinks, however, are charming resorts; and one of the most exquisite parts of the carnival are the evenings to be enjoyed there. Then you may see in the turn-out of the Tandem Club, with four-in-hand, unicorn or random, tandem, pairs, and single, and in that of the famed Montreal Fox Hunt, what Montreal has to show in the way of fine horses. The Ice Palace, ever beautiful, like a realization of a fairy-land dream, never palls upon the visitor. It is a constant and changing wonder of ice; a new revelation in crystal; "a thing of beauty" that, however, *does* "pass into nothingness" with the suns of spring.

But of all winter characteristics of Canada, snow-shoeing reigns supreme. It is the true national revel of robust "Canucks," who love the snow, however deep, and the storm, however stiff. In the short days and long nights, when the big log burns and glows on the broad fireplace, when the music of the wind whistles through chimney and crevice, and the snow-flakes are whizzing in mad race, the manly snow-shoer hungers for the tramp on snow-shoes as the berserker longed for the sea. A few years ago I had only to tell of the existence of the Montreal, the Emerald, and the St. George's clubs; but the first, the alma mater of snow-shoeing, has of late years given birth to an extensive family from Halifax to Souris in Manitoba. From Mr. Becket's "Record" for 1883–84, I find that we have added "Le Canadien" and "Le Trappeur," the first French-Canadian clubs in Montreal; the Maple Leaf, the Argyle, the Athletic, the Custom House Club, the Wholesale Clothiers, the Prince of Wales, the Sixty-third Battalion Club, the St. Charles, St. Martin's, Wolseley, Alpine, Vandalia, Victoria, etc., etc.; while Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, St. Hyacinthe, Winnipeg, Brandon, Souris, and Portage la Prairie all sent representatives to the carnival. When our American cousin was last under my care, as described in "Canadian Sports" in this magazine for August, 1877, I escorted him through the vicissitudes of snow-shoeing with the old "Montreal." "Evergreen Hughes" helped him out of many a drift. Alas! "Evergreen" is dead. Grant's dog "Monday" is dead, too, but he has a lively successor named "Keemo." Our prophet "Vennor" is dead, too; but the "Tuque Bleue" lives on and thrives, and looks now upon its numerous progeny with paternal eye. Let me show you its third-born,—for the Emerald was its first,—an active colonizing club, whose members to-day, including its Manitoba and St. Paul (Minnesota) branches, constitute the largest club in the Dominion.

I wonder if any of our Canadian saints of yore ever tramped through the forest on the Indian snow-shoe. How they would shake in their shoes could they rise from their graves, and on some Saturday afternoon meet hundreds of muscular Canadian Christians, ycleped "Saints of St. George," running wild in blanket-coat and tuque over the Mount Royal from whose summit Jacques Cartier gazed on the St. Lawrence, they intent on no better mission than the development of their muscle. And yet to all but the æsthetic human poodle, who contemns a sport that would split his stays, are they not worthy of the guerdon of praise?

In the Province of Quebec we have nearly all the saints in the calendar, from St. Adolphe to St. Zotique, and not a whit the better are we; for the old ecclesiastical idea of giving a village a good name to encourage its morality is about as successful an experiment as nam-

ing a babe Hercules to insure its strength. Many a saint-christened spot is notorious for its impiety; and Hercules, alas! has he not often died of teething, and instead of strangling even a new-born kitten in his crib, has he not often succumbed to convulsions in his nurse's lap? But our St. George, though he had long been immortalized in Canadian town and bay, has now descended from his noble steed to the snow-shoe. His good horse has gone off to look for grass, and from fighting dragons our saint now faces snow-storms. From patron of chivalry he has become one of the tutelary saints of the snow-shoe. Whether or not George of Cappadocia was identical with the saint of the Eastern Church, whether or not there was such a person at all, and the very dragon has to be destroyed along with other illusions, if you come to Montreal in winter, twice a week you may join the muster of his modern knighthood, and, in lieu of fiery steed and spear, rig yourself in the Tyrian purple-and-white of the "St. George's Snow-shoe Club," and meet your worst foe in the shape of a stiff storm or a high rail fence.



RACE BETWEEN A WHITE MAN AND AN INDIAN.

In my former article in this magazine, mentioned above, I gave a description of the manufacture and uses of the shoe, and the adventures of an American cousin in our Canadian sports. The reader will perhaps remember the pluck of the fellow in the vicissitudes of lacrosse, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing, and how, after parting company with his toboggan at a tree, he made for home with sprained hand and blackened eye, yet fully determined to come back and try his luck another winter. At that time the St. George's Club was only in its swaddling blanket as an offshoot of the time-honored "Montreal." But, owing likely to the perversity of human nature, which in a province of so many solemn dead saints insists upon at least one that is athletic and living, the St. George has won the heart of young Montreal, and has strengthened the sport by its manly rivalry. And if you were to spend a winter with us and follow the daily life of our athletes, you would not find it difficult to divine the reason why they are as a rule our successful business and professional men; for, however much the winter pastimes may be carried to extremes, they never tend to enervate or destroy. There is something in these indigenous Canadian sports that repels dissipation; and if it is true that the morals of a people are influenced by the character of their pastimes, why should not philosophers as well as athletes do all they can to promote those that have proved their superiority in this respect?

And why, too, should not our American cousin organize snow-shoe as well as lacrosse clubs? From Maine to California lacrosse is now flourishing; and surely there is no monopoly of snow in Canada to prevent the existence of American snow-shoe clubs. Sleigh-riding is a chill rival to it. Every pore of one's skin enjoys a tramp, while every

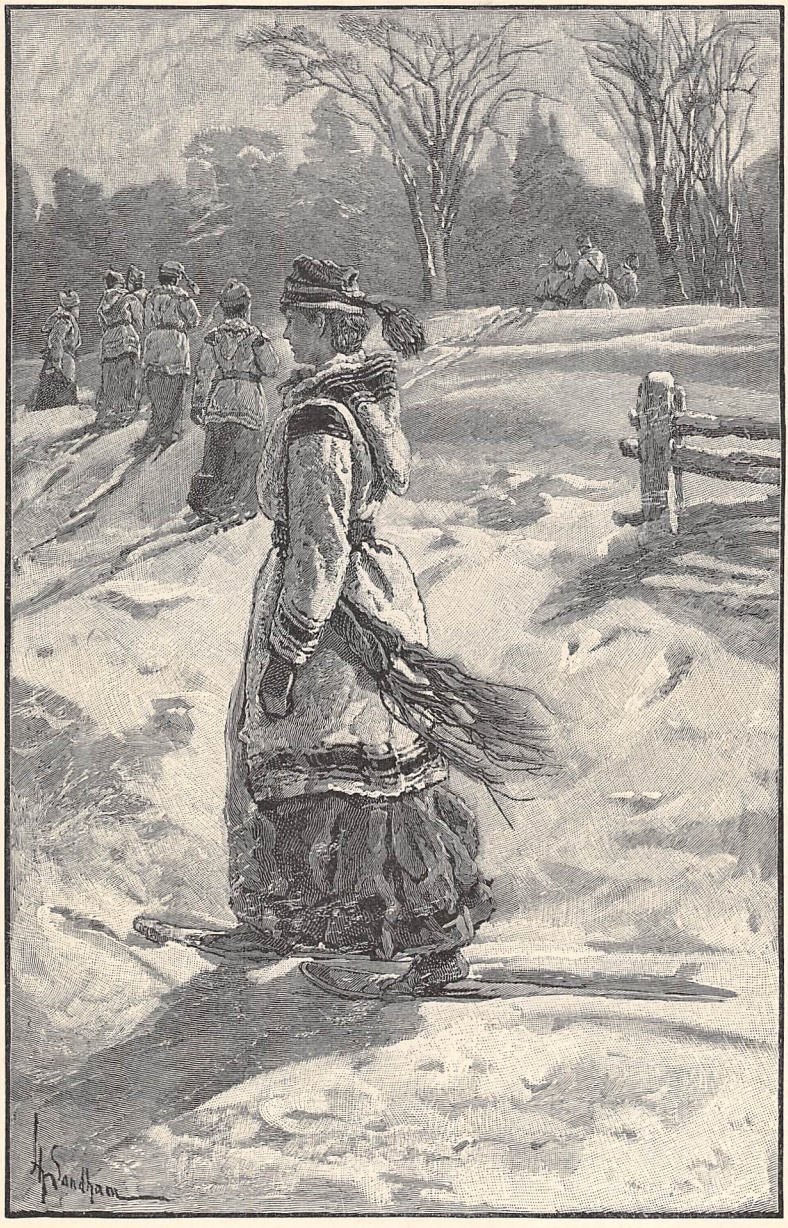


A BRUSH AT THE HURDLE.

pore shivers in a drive. Will you let me tempt you to meet us at McGill College gate sharp at three o'clock, Saturday afternoon? The day is cold and clear, and the crisp snow like fine sand is not too deep. And there, again, is our cousin from over the border, feeling perfectly at home on his shoes, and able to enjoy the memory of his own old mishaps, as well as the misfortunes of the novice. He has honorably won his spurs.

We have crossed Mount Royal every Tuesday night during the season, and startled prim propriety by the traditional frolic at Côte des Neiges.

Our Saturday afternoons have found us at the old and favorite rendezvous of St. Laurent, St. Vincent de Paul, Sault au Recollet, Bord à Plouffe, Longue Point, etc.; but Lachine — our tramp to-day — has long been a historic spot in the annals of the oar and the snow-shoe. There it was that Champlain thought the river above led to China, so he named the place Lachine. There it was, in the days of snow-shoeing yore, that the fathers of the Montreal Club wakened the villagers with their lusty songs after a long tramp. It is always a popular walk across country in the face of the sun. The saints are out to-day in force. The purple of the club is worn in stockings and mitts, and joined with white in the tuque. The white blanket-coat and capote are trimmed with purple or scarlet; and a pretty effect is given to the costume by the scarlet sash. A scarlet cross of St. George is worn on the left breast. Captain Henshaw, the president of the club, takes the lead. We start and fall into any sort of disorder until we reach the top of the hill of Côte St. Antoine, whence we have a fine view of the frozen St. Lawrence, in the far distance, and



THE "WHIPPER-IN" OF THE LADIES' SNOW-SHOE CLUB.

the Green Mountains of Vermont. Where the cross-roads meet, we strap on our shoes, and in Indian file follow our leader at a steady, swinging pace. The "whipper-in" takes the rear to give the novice or the lazy a lift, but not even Brother Jonathan needs his help to-day. The snow covered the fences last year, but this winter we have about forty to get over before we reach Lachine, and in some spots the cabbages stick up their ugly stalks, frozen stiff, to twist a shoe or stub a toe. "Number off!" shouts our leader. "No. 1," "No. 2," and so on until the whipper-in sings out, "No. 50! All up!" The pace increases, and, excepting an occasional nip at one's ears, Jack Frost is soon forgotten as the fellows warm to the work. Here and there a saint may drop out of the line to tie a loose strap. A pretty pic-



SUPPER AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

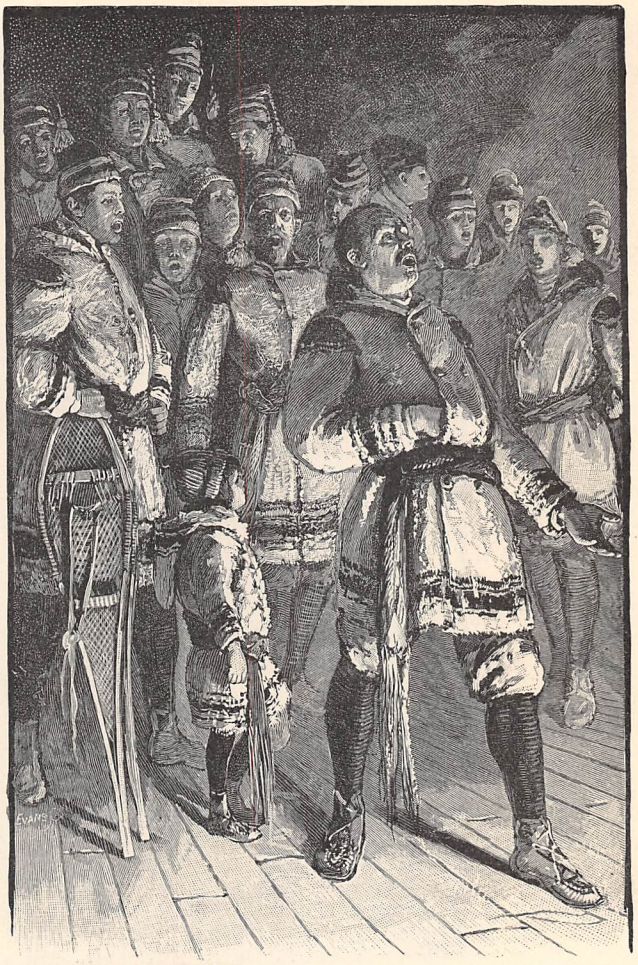
ture it is as the snow-shoers turn down into a gully, some slipping, some recovering from a threatened upset by a feat of balancing, and then, still in Indian file, getting over the fence, every man in his own peculiar way. Some take it at a leap, others climb it cautiously; some roll over sideways in a lump, pitching feet and snow-shoes before them; some are too slowly careful, and, catching a shoe in the top rail, measure their full length in the snow. There is no stopping here, for we are far from road and railroad out in the open country, with several miles of field before us and twenty fences in the way. Most of the farmers, with fellow-feeling, have left a few rails down, so that there is no obstruction; but a tramp is as tame without a tumble as without a fence, so here goes for your five-feet-ten! Never was there charger could take a high fence like a snow-shoer. St. George himself would have been unhorsed, and his steed would have stuck hopelessly at the first leap, or would have broken his own and his rider's neck, unless, like Pegasus, he could have been ridden through the air. The very dragon would never in the world have wriggled out of such a drift, but would have been found in a week, stiff as an icicle, ready for bottling. But the saints are independent of the deepest drifts. Neither animal nor engine can follow them. As an old Montreal Club song goes:

"Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But too well our comrades know
We can beat the fastest engines
In a night tramp on the snow.
They may puff, sir, they may blow, sir,
They may whistle, they may scream,—
Gently dipping, lightly tipping
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam!"

You can judge a snow-shoer by his grit at the fences. If he is fat or fagged, he will crawl between the rails, or coolly take them down if he can. If he is lusty and in trim, he puts both hands on the top rail and over he goes with a vault. Now the fields are level, and we have got into the swing which comes with practice, and one feels as if he could almost fly. Mercury's winged shoes must have given origin to the snow-shoe. Hilloa! There as we cross a drift stands the young wife of a farmer at a well, as if she were some sort of a Venus in wooden *sabots* that had just emerged from the water. "Oh! mademoiselle, *je meurs de soif!*" boldly gasps No. 1. And, of course, they are all as thirsty as No. 1, but he speaks French, and Venus seems to enjoy it. Evidently he is paying her more than the ordinary compliments of the season, for she toddles off in her *sabots* for home, while the fellows start off at a run to catch up to the file ahead, who had no soul for beauty and no taste for well-water.

We cross the railway track a mile or two

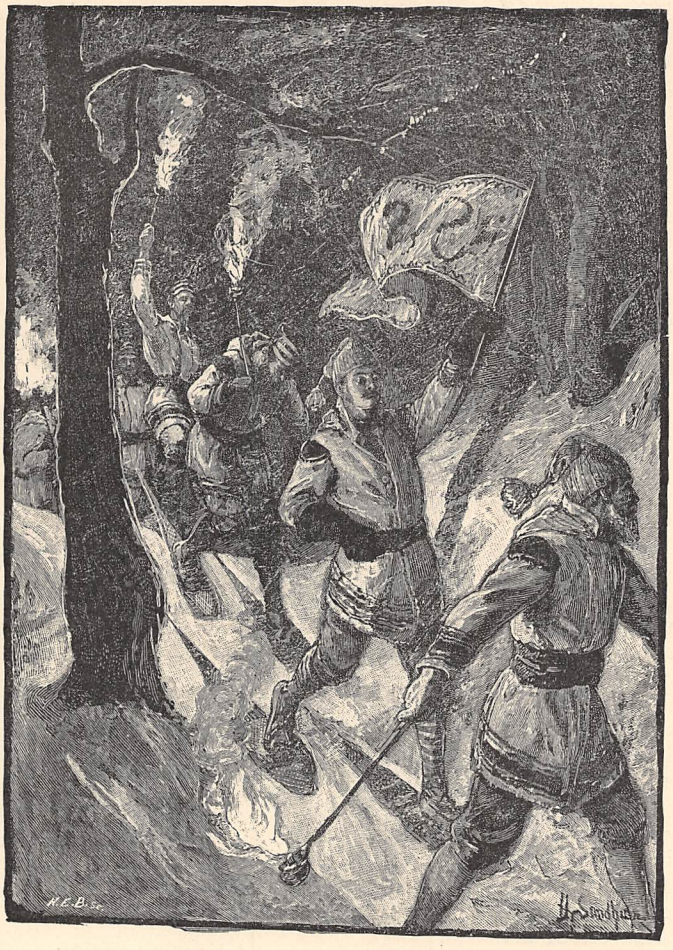
from our rendezvous. A locomotive shoots past us with a train of cars. We cross a stone fence and over a long field, where we meet an *habitant* holding his horse's head until the saints pass; for the nag, though used to the engine's screech, is scared at the yell of the saints on snow-shoes. The highway is blocked, and a road marked with cedar-trees has been made through the fields. "Whoa! whoa!" shout the saints, and the more they roar the more the horse rears; but the little box-sleigh is too square to upset, and the *habitant* has a tight grip. The saints are soon out of sight over a bank, and the farmer goes on his peaceful way.



A SNOW-SHOE CONCERT.

And now we are in sight of Mrs. Hanna's hospitable home for all the votaries of all sorts of sport and athletics. The lazy fellows who have driven out by the road are there at the gate to see the "Tally-ho," as the leader gives the word, and a general rush for the house is made. The icicles are hanging in pendants from whisker and mustache, and even from eyelashes, as from the eaves of a house; and from top to toe the saints are covered with snow. Shoes are unstrapped or kicked out of their fastening, icicles pulled or thawed off, snow whisped off stockings and moccasins, blanket-coats and tuques pitched off, and piled up with the shoes in corners, and preparation made for dinner; for appetites are ravenous, and there is no midnight terror to be extracted from anything such stomachs can digest. Add the sweet sauce of hunger to appetizing hot joints, and you may fancy how very unlike Carthusian monks are these unorthodox saints. Here one may learn, perhaps, how the "jolly old monks of old" ate, like good muscular Christians, with cheerful chat and humor. By and by the tables are cleared, and the "tramps" lie around in happy disorder on the floor, a few on the sofa, and some on chairs, while the pet dogs of the club run around among their legs. Now the new saint is rushed upon, seized, and "canonized" or "bounced." This is done by as many members as can get a grip of the man from his head to his heels. The Montreal Club elevate their man to the ceiling, but the St. George's originated a new sensation, less likely to leave its mark on the house or the member. The victim is lifted bodily from the floor, and requested to "stiffen out." Two ranks of snow-shoers, facing each other, form down the whole length of the room, and the new man is held by about a dozen members at the top of the files. With a "One, two, three!" he is then jerked with full force down the ranks, and is caught in the arms of the lower files, who in turn shy him back again. He is then restored to his perpendicular, qualified to enter the sacred number of the saints. Visitors are always treated to this mark of club esteem; and as it is an excellent tonic and never hurts anybody, it is, as a rule, taken more cheerfully than other prescriptions for a disordered liver.

It is really a picturesque sight to see the saints in purple jerseys and blanket knickerbockers



SNOW-SHOEING BY TORCHLIGHT.

lounge about the room, and take their turn in the impromptu frolic of the evening. "A song!" calls some one. A member sits down at the piano. The singers lean against it in careless attitude, and in an off-hand, easy way give us whatever they like, and we all join vigorously in the chorus. "Jones's song!" Jones doesn't feel in the humor, and will not face the music. He is much too cozy there on the floor, with his pet pipe in his mouth and a favorite dog in his arms; but a couple of volunteers delicately induce him by taking him by the back of the neck, or hauling him out by his heels. "And so he plays his part." "Brown's song!" Loud applause as this broth of a boy steps forward and gives us his own inimitable "Irish Coterie," accompanied with a peculiarly amusing dance. No peace for a popular singer, so he is encored, and has us all in roars of laughter with his stump speech spoken with the *habitant* French accent, and translated into very broken English. Two visitors put their heads in at the door. "Bounce them!" is the cry, and the saints rush upon them and put them through the parallel movement. "A song! A song!" And as one happens to be a pure and unadulterated Scotchman, we have a rousing Highland air, and then he and his Irish friend join in a dance made up of a Highland fling and an Irish jig. A strange dog, not of the Order of St. George, shows his nose, and our pets resent the intrusion by a united assault. The saint at the piano strikes up a quadrille, and the snow-shoer's original is performed by several sets. In fact, the dancing of all kinds is one of the unique features, and every one puts his own individuality into it; some smoking as they dance; some with their tuques on their heads.

Now and then they come down in a heap upon the loungers on the floor, and an unrecognizable tangle of bodies struggle under and over one another in a rough-and-tumble, which excites nobody but the dogs. "Robinson's song!" An undecided look, and out he comes by the heels, and gives us a splendid German air and recitation. Then "the Lachine contingent" have their turn, and contribute their quota. Then a waltz, more songs, and finally the saints stand up as if the weight of the empire were on their shoulders, and sing the national anthem of "God Save the Queen"; and Brother Jonathan, hat off, joins in the chorus from the bottom of his heart. The frolic is over; blanket-coats and shoes are put on again. With a hearty cheer for Mrs. Hanna, we are off again, over the same fields and fences. The moon has risen, and the sky is a splendid blue. About eleven o'clock home is reached, the saints pull off their rigs and say their prayers, and tumble into delicious bed, feeling that in the afternoon's sport they have realized in a measure the wish that Endymion asked of Jupiter — always to be young, and to sleep as much as he would. For of all specifics for sleep, commend me to such a tramp with such good company; and if there are busy and bothered brains that feel like the French financier when he lamented that there was no slumber to be sold in any market, let them follow the snow-shoers for one week, and they can save money and secure sleep.

But think not, O growler, that these weekly tramps are the chief and only end of the club. For many a year the old "Montreal" contributed its musical talent for the benefit of languishing charities, hospitals, and country churches. A new departure was made by the St. George's in the shape of a drama entitled "A Winter's Night," written by a member of the club, Mr. F. Colson, and introducing pictures of life and character on snow-shoes as well as the club songs. The piece was performed in public for the benefit of the General Hospital, and was the great success of the dramatic season.

During the month of St. Valentine, the saints hold their annual races. The season of lacrosse was capital training for those who intended to run on this occasion. The weekly musters give the members a pretty fair idea of their own mettle. A Saturday afternoon is chosen, and the beauty and fashion of the city rally to encourage the favorite sport. The Indians generally open the day with a two-mile race. The best time made by an Indian was by Karoniare, an Iroquois, who ran the two miles in eleven minutes and seven seconds on an eight-ounce pair of racing snow-shoes. The good average time is twelve minutes. Half-mile, quarter, flat and hurdle one hundred yards, half-mile in full club dress, and boys' races occupy an afternoon. The prizes are presented to the winners at the annual club dinner in the evening. A dinner is as notable a way of closing or commemorating any event in Canada as it is in England; and the remark of Douglas Jerrold, that if the world was convulsed by an earthquake, a number of Englishmen would be sure to find a corner to lay a table-cloth, is as applicable here as across the ocean. When the few days' slush of early spring has come, and the green is peeping out through the thin white covering, the snow-shoer hangs his shoes in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross on the wall of his bedroom, beside his foils and his boxing-gloves and a quaint collection of old and modern pipes and pictures, hoping that when next winter arrives he may be here to see.

W. George Beers.

RAIN IN THE NIGHT.

I SIT by myself;
I hear the rain patter;
And down in the embers
The fire-light is dead.
I sit by myself:
I heed not the matter;
My soul but remembers
The tears that are fled.

I sit by myself:
The dream and the sorrow
Together are ended,
Together are dead.
I sit by myself:
I wait for the morrow;
Where sunlight is blended
With tears that are fled.

Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

I.

"OLIVE will come down in about ten minutes; she told me to tell you that. About ten; that is exactly like Olive. Neither five nor fifteen, and yet not ten exactly, but either nine or eleven. She didn't tell me to say she was glad to see you, because she doesn't know whether she is or not, and she wouldn't for the world expose herself to telling a fib. She is very honest, is Olive Chancellor; she is full of rectitude. Nobody tells fibs in Boston; I don't know what to make of them all. Well, I am very glad to see you, at any rate."

These words were spoken with much volubility by a fair, plump, smiling woman who entered a narrow drawing-room in which a visitor, kept waiting for a few moments, was already absorbed in a book. The gentleman had not even needed to sit down to become interested; apparently he had taken up the volume from a table as soon as he came in, and standing there, after a single glance round the apartment, had lost himself in its pages. He threw it down at the approach of Mrs. Luna, laughed, shook hands with her, and said in answer to her last remark, "You imply that *you* do tell fibs. Perhaps that is one."

"Oh, no; there is nothing wonderful in my being glad to see you," Mrs. Luna rejoined, "when I tell you that I have been three long weeks in this unprevaricating city."

"That has an unflattering sound for me," said the young man. "I pretend not to prevaricate."

"Dear me, what's the good of being a Southerner?" the lady asked. "Olive told me to tell you she hoped you will stay to dinner. And if she said it, she does really hope it. She is willing to risk that."

"Just as I am?" the visitor inquired, presenting himself with rather a workaday aspect.

Mrs. Luna glanced at him from head to foot, and gave a little smiling sigh, as if he had been a long sum in addition. And, indeed, he was very long, Basil Ransom, and he even looked a little hard and discouraging, like a column of figures, in spite of the friendly face which he bent upon his hostess's deputy, and which, in its thinness, had a deep dry line, a sort of premature wrinkle, on either side of the mouth. He was tall and lean, and dressed throughout in black; his shirt-collar was low and wide, and the triangle of linen, a little crumpled, exhibited by the opening of his waistcoat, was adorned by a pin containing a small red stone. In spite of this decoration the young man looked poor — as poor as a young man could look who had such a fine head and such magnificent eyes. Those of Basil Ransom were dark, deep, and glowing; his head had a character of elevation which fairly added to his stature; it was a head to be seen above the level of a crowd, on some judicial bench or political platform, or even on a bronze medal. His forehead was high and broad, and his thick black hair, perfectly straight and glossy, and without any division, rolled back from it in a leonine manner. These things, the eyes especially, with their smoldering fire, might have indicated that he was to be a great American statesman; or, on the other hand, they might simply have proved that he came from Carolina or Alabama. He came, in fact, from Mississippi, and he spoke very perceptibly with the accent of that country. It is not in my power to reproduce by any combination of characters this charming dialect; but the initiated reader will have no difficulty in evoking the sound, which is to be associated in the present instance with nothing vulgar or vain. This lean, pale, sallow, shabby, striking young man, with his superior head, his sedentary shoulders, his expression of bright grimness and hard enthusiasm, his provincial, distinguished appearance, is, as a representative of his sex, the most important personage in my narrative; he played a very active part in the events I have undertaken in some degree to explain. And yet the reader who likes a complete image, who desires to read with the senses as well as with the reason, is entreated not to forget that he prolonged his consonants and swallowed his vowels, that he was guilty of elisions and interpolations which were equally unexpected, and that his discourse was pervaded by something sultry and vast, something almost African in its rich, basking tone, something that suggested the teeming

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expanse of the cotton-field. Mrs. Luna looked up at all this, but saw only a part of it; otherwise she would not have replied in a bantering manner, in answer to his inquiry: "Are you ever different from this?" Mrs. Luna was familiar—intolerably familiar.

Basil Ransom colored a little. Then he said: "Oh, yes; when I dine out I usually carry a six-shooter and a bowie-knife." And he took up his hat vaguely—a soft black hat with a low crown and an immense straight brim. Mrs. Luna wanted to know what he was doing. She made him sit down; she assured him that her sister quite expected him, would feel as sorry as she could ever feel for anything—for she was a kind of fatalist, anyhow—if he didn't stay to dinner. It was an immense pity—she herself was going out; in Boston you must jump at invitations. Olive, too, was going somewhere after dinner, but he mustn't mind that; perhaps he would like to go with her. It wasn't a party—Olive didn't go to parties; it was one of those weird meetings that she was so fond of.

"What kind of meetings do you refer to? You speak as if it were a rendezvous of witches on the Brocken."

"Well, so it is; they are all witches and wizards, mediums, and spirit-rappers, and radicals."

Basil Ransom stared; the yellow light in his brown eyes deepened. "Do you mean to say your sister's a radical?"

"A radical? She's a female Jacobin—she's a nihilist. Whatever is, is wrong, and all that sort of thing. If you are going to dine with her, you had better know it."

"Oh, murder!" murmured the young man vaguely, sinking back in his chair with his arms folded. He looked at Mrs. Luna with intelligent incredulity. She was sufficiently pretty. Her hair was in clusters of curls, like bunches of grapes; her tight bodice seemed to crack with her vivacity; and from beneath the stiff little plaits of her petticoat a small fat foot protruded, resting upon a stilted heel. She was attractive and impertinent, especially the latter. He seemed to think it was a great pity, what she had told him; but he lost himself in this consideration, or, at any rate, said nothing for some time, while his eyes wandered over Mrs. Luna, and he probably wondered what body of doctrine *she* represented, little as she might partake of the nature of her sister. Many things were strange to Basil Ransom. Boston, especially, was strewn with surprises, and he was a man who liked to understand. Mrs. Luna was drawing on her gloves. Ransom had never seen any that were so long; they reminded him of stockings, and he wondered how she managed without garters above the elbow. "Well, I suppose I might have known that," he continued, at last.

"You might have known what?"

"Well, that Miss Chancellor would be all that you say. She was brought up in the city of reform."

"Oh, it isn't the city; it's just Olive Chancellor. She would reform the solar system if she could get hold of it. She'll reform you if you don't look out. That's the way I found her when I returned from Europe."

"Have you been in Europe?" Ransom asked.

"Mercy, yes! Haven't you?"

"No, I haven't been anywhere. Has your sister?"

"Yes; but she staid only an hour or two. She hates it; she would like to abolish it. Didn't you know I had been to Europe?" Mrs. Luna went on, in the slightly aggrieved tone of a woman who discovers the limits of her reputation.

Ransom reflected he might answer her that until five minutes ago he didn't even know she existed; but he remembered that this was not the way in which a Southern gentleman spoke to ladies, and he contented himself with saying that he must condone his Bœotian ignorance (he was fond of an elegant phrase); that he lived in a part of the country where they didn't think much about Europe, and that he had always supposed she was domiciled in New York. This last remark he made at a venture, for he had, naturally, not devoted any supposition whatever to Mrs. Luna. His dishonesty, however, only exposed him the more.

"If you thought I lived in New York, why in the world didn't you come and see me?" the lady inquired.

"Well, you see, I don't go out much, except to the courts."

"Do you mean the law-courts? Every one has got some profession over here! Are you very ambitious? You look as if you were."

"Yes, very," Basil Ransom replied, with a smile and the curious feminine softness with which Southern gentlemen enunciate that adverb.

Mrs. Luna explained that she had been living in Europe for several years,—ever since her husband died,—but had come home a month before, come home with her little boy, the only thing she had in the world, and was paying a visit to her sister, who, of course, was the nearest thing after the child. "But it isn't the same," she said. "Olive and I disagree so much."

"Whilst you and your little boy don't," the young man remarked.

"Oh, no, I never differ from Newton!"

And Mrs. Luna added that now she was back she didn't know what she should do. That was the worst of coming back; it was like being born again, at one's age — one had to begin life afresh. One didn't even know what one had come back for. There were people that wanted one to spend the winter in Boston; but she couldn't stand that — she knew, at least, what she had not come back for. Perhaps she should take a house in Washington. Did he ever hear of that little place? They had invented it while she was away. Besides, Olive didn't want her in Boston, and didn't go through the form of saying so. That was one comfort with Olive; she never went through any forms.

Basil Ransom had got up just as Mrs. Luna made this last declaration; for a young lady had glided into the room, who stopped short as it fell upon her ears. She stood there looking, consciously and rather seriously, at Mr. Ransom; a smile of exceeding faintness played about her lips — it was just perceptible enough to light up the native gravity of her face. It might have been likened to a thin ray of moonlight resting upon the wall of a prison.

"If that were true," she said, "I shouldn't tell you that I am very sorry to have kept you waiting."

Her voice was low and agreeable,— a cultivated voice,— and she extended a slender white hand to her visitor, who remarked with some solemnity (he felt a certain guilt of participation in Mrs. Luna's indiscretion) that he was intensely happy to make her acquaintance. He observed that Miss Chancellor's hand was at once cold and limp; she merely placed it in his, without exerting the smallest pressure. Mrs. Luna explained to her sister that her freedom of speech was caused by his being a relation —though, indeed, he didn't seem to know much about them. She didn't believe he had ever heard of her, Mrs. Luna, though he pretended, with his Southern chivalry, that he had. She must be off to her dinner now, she saw the carriage was there, and in her absence Olive might give any version of her she chose.

"I have told him you are a radical, and you may tell him, if you like, that I am a painted Jezebel. Try to reform him; a person from Mississippi is sure to be all wrong. I shall be back very late; we are going to a theater party; that's why we dine so early. Good-bye, Mr. Ransom," Mrs. Luna continued, gathering up the feathery white shawl which added to the volume of her fairness. "I hope you are going to stay a little, so that you may judge us for yourself. I should like you to see Newton, too; he is a noble little nature, and I want some advice about him. You only stay to-morrow? Why, what's the use of that? Well, mind you come and see me in New York; I shall be sure to be part of the winter there. I shall send you a card; I won't let you off. Don't come out; my sister has the first claim. Olive, why don't you take him to your female convention?" Mrs. Luna's familiarity extended even to her sister; she remarked to Miss Chancellor that she looked as if she were got up for a sea-voyage. "I am glad I haven't opinions that prevent my dressing in the evening!" she declared from the doorway. "The amount of thought they give to their clothing, the people who are afraid of looking frivolous!"

II.

WHETHER much or little consideration had been directed to the result, Miss Chancellor certainly would not have incurred this reproach. She was habited in a plain dark dress, without any ornaments, and her smooth, colorless hair was confined as carefully as that of her sister was encouraged to stray. She had instantly seated herself, and while Mrs. Luna talked she kept her eyes on the ground, glancing even less toward Basil Ransom than toward that woman of many words. The young man was therefore free to look at her; a contemplation which showed him that she was agitated and trying to conceal it. He wondered why she was agitated, not foreseeing that he was destined to discover, later, that her nature was like a skiff in a stormy sea. Even after her sister had passed out of the room, she sat there with her eyes turned away, as if there had been a spell upon her which forbade her to raise them. Miss Olive Chancellor, it may be confided to the reader, to whom in the course of our history I shall be under the necessity of imparting much occult information, was subject to fits of tragic shyness, during which she was unable to meet even her own eyes in the mirror. One of these fits had suddenly seized her now, without any obvious cause, though, indeed, Mrs. Luna had made it worse by becoming instantly so personal. There was nothing in the world so personal as Mrs. Luna; her sister could have hated her for it if she had not forbidden herself this emotion as directed to individuals. It will be seen that she, at least, did not wish to be personal. Basil Ransom was a young man of first-rate intelligence, but conscious of the narrow range, as yet, of his experience. He was on his guard against generalizations which might be hasty; but he had arrived at two or three that were of value to a gentleman lately admitted to the New

York bar and looking out for clients. One of them was to the effect that the simplest division it is possible to make of the human race is into the people who take things hard and the people who take them easy. He perceived very quickly that Miss Chancellor belonged to the former class. This was written so intensely in her delicate face that he felt an unformulated pity for her before they had exchanged twenty words. He himself, by nature, took things easy; if he had put on the screw of late, it was after reflection, and because a great many circumstances pressed him. But this pale girl, with her light-green eyes, her pointed features, and nervous manner, was visibly morbid; it was as plain as day that she was morbid. Poor Ransom announced this fact to himself as if he had made a great discovery; but in reality he had never been so "Bœotian" as at that moment. It proved nothing of any importance, with regard to Miss Chancellor, to say that she was morbid; any sufficient account of her would lie very much to the rear of that. Why was she morbid, and why was her morbidness typical? Ransom might have exulted if he had gone back far enough to explain that mystery. The women he had hitherto known had been mainly of his own mild clime, and it was not often they exhibited the tendency he detected (and cursorily deplored) in Mrs. Luna's sister. That was the way he liked them — not to think too much, not to feel any responsibility for the government of the world, such as he was sure Miss Chancellor felt. If they would only be private and have no feeling but for that, and leave publicity to the sex of tougher hide! Ransom was pleased with the vision of that remedy; it must be repeated that he was very provincial.

These considerations were not present to him as definitely as I have written them here; they were summed up in the vague compassion which his cousin's figure excited in his mind, and which was yet accompanied with a sensible reluctance to know her better, obvious as it was that with such a face as that she must be remarkable. He was sorry for her, but he saw in a flash that no one could help her: that was what made her tragic. He had not, seeking his fortune, come away from the blighted South, which weighed upon his heart, to look out for tragedies; at least he didn't want them outside of his office in Pine street. He broke the silence ensuing upon Mrs. Luna's departure by one of the courteous speeches which blighted regions may still produce, and presently found himself talking comfortably enough with his hostess. Though he had said to himself that no one could help her, the effect of his tone was to dispel her shyness; it was her great advantage (for the career she had proposed to herself) that in certain conditions she was liable suddenly to become bold. She was reassured at finding that her visitor was peculiar; the way he spoke told her that it was no wonder he had fought on the Southern side. She had never yet encountered a personage so exotic, and she always felt more at her ease in the presence of anything strange. It was the usual things of life that filled her with silent rage; which was natural enough, inasmuch as, to her vision, almost everything that was usual was iniquitous. She had no difficulty in asking him now whether he would not stay to dinner — she hoped Adeline had given him her message. It had been when she was upstairs with Adeline, as his card was brought up, a sudden and very abnormal inspiration to offer him this (for her) really ultimate favor; nothing could be further from her common habit than to entertain alone, at any repast, a gentleman she had never seen.

It was the same sort of impulse that had moved her to write to Basil Ransom, in the spring, after hearing accidentally that he had come to the North and intended, in New York, to practice his profession. It was her nature to look out for duties, to appeal to her conscience for tasks. This attentive organ, earnestly consulted, had represented to her that he was an offshoot of the old slave-holding oligarchy which, within her own vivid remembrance, had plunged the country into blood and tears, and that, as associated with such abominations, he was not a worthy object of patronage for a person whose two brothers — her only ones — had given up life for the Northern cause. It reminded her, however, on the other hand, that he too had been much bereaved, and, moreover, that he had fought and offered his own life, even if it had not been taken. She could not defend herself against a rich admiration — a kind of tenderness of envy — of any one who had been so happy as to have that opportunity. The most secret, the most sacred hope of her nature was that she might some day have such a chance, that she might be a martyr and die for something. Basil Ransom had lived, but she knew he had lived to see bitter hours. His family was ruined; they had lost their slaves, their property, their friends and relations, their homes; had tasted of all the cruelty of defeat. He had tried for a while to carry on the plantation himself, but he had a millstone of debt round his neck, and he longed for some work which would transport him to the haunts of men. The State of Mississippi seemed to him the state of despair; so he surrendered the remnants of his patri-

mony to his mother and sisters, and, at nearly thirty years of age, alighted for the first time in New York, in the costume of his province, with fifty dollars in his pocket and a gnawing hunger in his heart.

That this incident had revealed to the young man his ignorance of many things,—only, however, to make him say to himself, after the first angry blush, that here he would enter the game and here he would win it,—so much Olive Chancellor could not know; what was sufficient for her was that he had rallied, as the French say, had accepted the accomplished fact, had admitted that North and South were a single, indivisible political organism. Their cousinship — that of Chancellors and Ransoms — was not very close; it was the kind of thing that one might take up or leave alone, as one pleased. It was "in the female line," as Basil Ransom had written, in answering her letter with a good deal of form and flourish; he spoke as if they had been royal houses. Her mother had wished to take it up; it was only the fear of seeming patronizing to people in misfortune that had prevented her from writing to Mississippi. If it had been possible to send Mrs. Ransom money, or even clothes, she would have liked that; but she had no means of ascertaining how such an offering would be taken. By the time Basil came to the North — making advances, as it were — Mrs. Chancellor had passed away; so it was for Olive, left alone in the little house in Charles street (Adeline being in Europe), to decide.

She knew what her mother would have done, and that helped her decision; for her mother always chose the positive course. Olive had a fear of everything, but her greatest fear was of being afraid. She wished immensely to be generous, and how could one be generous unless one ran a risk? She had erected it into a sort of rule of conduct, that whenever she saw a risk she was to take it; and she had frequent humiliations at finding herself safe after all. She was perfectly safe after writing to Basil Ransom; and, indeed, it was difficult to see what he could have done to her except thank her (he was only exceptionally superlative) for her letter, and assure her that he would come and see her the first time his business (he was beginning to get a little) should take him to Boston. He had now come, in redemption of his grateful vow, and even this did not make Miss Chancellor feel that she had courted danger. She saw (when once she had looked at him) that he would not put those worldly interpretations on things which, with her, it was both an impulse and a principle to defy. He was too simple — too Mississippian — for that; she was almost disappointed. She certainly had not hoped that she might have struck him as making unwomanly overtures (Miss Chancellor hated this epithet almost as much as she hated its opposite); but she had a presentiment that he would be too good-natured, primitive, to that degree. Of all things in the world contention was most sweet to her (though why it is hard to imagine, for it always cost her tears, headaches, a day or two in bed, acute emotion), and it was very possible Basil Ransom wouldn't care to contend. Nothing could be more displeasing than this indifference when people didn't agree with you. That he should agree she did not in the least expect of him; how could a Mississippian agree? If she had supposed he would agree, she would not have written to him.

III.

When he had told her that if she would take him as he was he should be very happy to dine with her, she excused herself a moment and went to give an order in the dining-room. The young man, left alone, looked about the parlor — the two parlors which, in their prolonged, adjacent narrowness, formed evidently one apartment — and wandered to the windows at the back, where there was a view of the water; Miss Chancellor having the good fortune to dwell on that side of Charles street toward which, in the rear, the afternoon sun slants redly, from an horizon indented at empty intervals with wooden spires, the masts of lonely boats, the chimneys of dirty "works," over a brackish expanse of anomalous character, which is too big for a river and too small for a bay. The view seemed to him very picturesque, though in the gathered dusk little was left of it save a cold yellow streak in the west, a gleam of brown water, and the reflection of the lights that had begun to show themselves in a row of houses, impressive to Ransom in their extreme modernness, that overlooked the same lagoon from a long embankment on the left, constructed of roughly piled stones. He thought this prospect, from a city house, almost romantic; and he turned from it back to the interior (illuminated now by a lamp which the parlor-maid had placed on a table while he stood at the window) as to something still more genial and interesting. The artistic sense in Basil Ransom had not been highly cultivated; neither (though he had passed his early years as the son of a rich man) was his conception of material comfort very definite; it consisted mainly of the vision of plenty of cigars and

brandy and water and newspapers, and a cane-bottomed arm-chair of the right inclination, from which he could stretch his legs. Nevertheless, it seemed to him he had never seen an interior that was so much of an interior as this queer corridor-shaped drawing-room of his new-found kinswoman; he had never felt himself in the presence of so much organized privacy or of so many objects that spoke of habits and tastes. Most of the people he had hitherto known had no tastes; they had a few habits, but these were not of a sort that required much upholstery. He had not as yet been in many houses in New York, and he had never before seen so many accessories. The general character of the place struck him as Bostonian; this was, in fact, very much what he had supposed Boston to be. He had always heard Boston was a city of culture, and now there was culture in Miss Chancellor's tables and sofas, in the books that were everywhere, on little shelves like brackets (as if a book were a statuette), in the photographs and water-colors that covered the walls, in the curtains that were festooned rather stiffly in the doorways. He looked at some of the books, and saw that his cousin read German; and his impression of the importance of this (as a symptom of superiority) was not diminished by the fact that he himself had mastered the tongue (knowing that it contained a large literature of jurisprudence) during a long, empty, deadly summer on the plantation. It is a curious proof of a certain crude modesty inherent in Basil Ransom that the main effect of his observing his cousin's German books was to give him an idea of the natural energy of Northerners. He had noticed it often before; he had already told himself that he must count with it. It was only after much experience he made the discovery that few Northerners were, in their secret soul, so energetic as he. Many other persons had made it before that. He knew very little about Miss Chancellor; he had come to see her only because she wrote to him; he would never have thought of looking her up, and since then there had been no one in New York he might ask about her. Therefore he could only guess that she was a rich young woman; such a house, inhabited in such a way by a quiet spinster, implied a considerable income. How much? he asked himself; five thousand, ten thousand, fifteen thousand a year? There was richness to our panting young man in the smallest of these figures. He was not of a mercenary spirit, but he had an immense desire for success, and he had more than once reflected that a moderate capital was an aid to achievement. He had seen in his younger years one of the biggest failures that history commemorates, an immense national *fiasco*, and it had implanted in his mind a deep aversion to the ineffectual. It came over him, while he waited for his hostess to reappear, that she was unmarried as well as rich, that she was sociable (her letter answered for that) as well as single; and he had for a moment a whimsical vision of becoming a partner in so flourishing a firm. He ground his teeth a little as he thought of the contrasts of the human lot; this cushioned feminine nest made him feel unhoused and underfed. Such a mood, however, could only be momentary, for he was conscious at bottom of a bigger stomach than all the "culture" of Charles street could fill.

Afterward, when his cousin had come back and they had gone down to dinner together, where he sat facing her at a little table decorated in the middle with flowers, a position from which he had another view, through a window where the curtain remained undrawn by her direction (she called his attention to this — it was for his benefit), of the dusky, empty river, spotted with points of light,—at this period, I say, it was very easy for him to remark to himself that nothing would induce him to make love to such a type as that. Several months later, in New York, in conversation with Mrs. Luna, of whom he was destined to see a good deal, he alluded by chance to this repast, to the way her sister had placed him at table, and to the remark with which she had pointed out the advantage of his seat.

"That's what they call in Boston being very 'thoughtful,'" Mrs. Luna said, "giving you the Back Bay (don't you hate the name?) to look at, and then taking credit for it."

This, however, was in the future; what Basil Ransom actually perceived was that Miss Chancellor was a single old maid. That was her quality, her destiny; nothing could be more distinctly written. There are women who are unmarried by accident, and others who are unmarried by option; but Olive Chancellor was unmarried by every implication of her being. She was a spinster as Shelley was a lyric poet, or as the month of August is sultry. She was so essentially a celibate that Ransom found himself thinking of her as old, though when he came to look at her (as he said to himself) it was apparent that her years were fewer than his own. He did not dislike her, she had been so friendly; but, little by little, she gave him an uneasy feeling — the sense that you could never be safe with a person who took things so hard. It came over him that it was because she took things hard she had sought his acquaintance; it had been because she was strenuous, not because

she was genial; she had had in her eye — and what an extraordinary eye it was! — not a pleasure, but a duty. She would expect him to be strenuous in return; but he couldn't — in private life, he couldn't; privacy for Basil Ransom consisted entirely in what he called "laying off." She was not so plain on further acquaintance as she had seemed to him at first; even the young Mississippian had culture enough to see that she was refined. Her white skin had a singular look of being drawn tightly across her face; but her features, though sharp and irregular, were delicate in a fashion that suggested good breeding. Their line was perverse, but it was not poor. The curious tint of her eyes was a living color; when she turned it upon you, you thought vaguely of the glitter of green ice. She had absolutely no figure, and presented a certain appearance of feeling cold. With all this, there was something very modern and highly developed in her aspect; she had the advantages as well as the drawbacks of a nervous organization. She smiled constantly at her guest, but from the beginning to the end of dinner, though he made several remarks that he thought might prove amusing, she never once laughed. Later, he saw that she was a woman without laughter; exhilaration, if it ever visited her, was dumb. Once only, in the course of his subsequent acquaintance with her, did it find a voice; and then the sound remained in Ransom's ear as one of the strangest he had heard.

She asked him a great many questions, and made no comment on his answers, which only served to suggest to her fresh inquiries. Her shyness had quite left her, it did not come back; she had confidence enough to wish him to see that she took a great interest in him. Why should she? he wondered. He couldn't believe he was one of *her* kind; he was conscious of much Bohemianism — he drank beer in New York in cellars, knew no ladies, and was familiar with a "variety" actress. Certainly, as she knew him better, she would disapprove of him, though, of course, he would never mention the actress, nor even, if necessary, the beer. Ransom's conception of vice was purely as a series of special cases, of explicable accidents. Not that he cared; if it were a part of the Boston character to be inquiring, he would be to the last a courteous Mississippian. He would tell her about Mississippi as much as she liked; he didn't care how much he told her that the old ideas in the South were played out. She wouldn't understand him any the better for that; she wouldn't know how little his own views could be gathered from such a limited admission. What her sister imparted to him about her mania for "reform" had left in his mouth a kind of unpleasant after-taste; he felt, at any rate, that if she had the religion of humanity, — Basil Ransom had read Comte, he had read everything, — she would never understand him. He, too, had a private vision of reform, but the first principle of it was to reform the reformers. As they drew to the close of a meal which, in spite of all latent incompatibilities, had gone off brilliantly, she said to him that she should have to leave him after dinner, unless perhaps he should be inclined to accompany her. She was going to a small gathering at the house of a friend who had asked a few people, "interested in new ideas," to meet Mrs. Farrinder.

"Oh, thank you," said Basil Ransom. "Is it a party? I haven't been to a party since Mississippi seceded."

"No; Miss Birdseye doesn't give parties. She's an ascetic."

"Oh, well, we've had our dinner," Ransom rejoined, laughing.

His hostess sat silent a moment, with her eyes on the ground; she looked at such times as if she were hesitating greatly between several things she might say, all so important that it was difficult to choose.

"I think it might interest you," she remarked presently. "You will hear some discussion, if you are fond of that. Perhaps you wouldn't agree," she added, resting her strange eyes on him.

"Perhaps I shouldn't — I don't agree with everything," he said, smiling and stroking his leg.

"Don't you care for human progress?" Miss Chancellor went on.

"I don't know — I never saw any. Are you going to show me some?"

"I can show you an earnest effort toward it. That's the most one can be sure of. But I am not sure you are worthy."

"Is it something very Bostonian? I should like to see that," said Basil Ransom.

"There are movements in other cities. Mrs. Farrinder goes everywhere; she may speak to-night."

"Mrs. Farrinder, the celebrated ——"

"Yes, the celebrated; the great apostle of the emancipation of women. She is a great friend of Miss Birdseye."

"And who is Miss Birdseye?"

"She is one of *our* celebrities. She is the woman in the world, I suppose, who has labored most for every wise reform. I think I ought to tell you," Miss Chancellor went on in a moment, "she was one of the earliest, one of the most passionate, of the old Abolitionists."

She had thought, indeed, she ought to tell him that, and it threw her into a little tremor

of excitement to do so. Yet, if she had been afraid he would show some irritation at this news, she was disappointed at the geniality with which he exclaimed:

"Why, poor old lady—she must be quite mature!"

It was therefore with some severity that she rejoined:

"She will never be old. She is the youngest spirit I know. But if you are not in sympathy, perhaps you had better not come," she went on.

"In sympathy with what, dear madam?" Basil Ransom asked, failing still, to her perception, to catch the tone of real seriousness. "If, as you say, there is to be a discussion, there will be different sides, and of course one can't sympathize with both."

"Yes, but every one will, in his way,—or in her way,—plead the cause of the new truths. If you don't care for them, you won't go with us."

"I tell you I haven't the least idea what they are! I have never yet encountered in the world any but old truths—as old as the sun and moon. How can I know? But *do* take me; it's such a chance to see Boston."

"It isn't Boston—it's humanity!" Miss Chancellor, as she made this remark, rose from her chair, and her movement seemed to say that she consented. But before she quitted her kinsman to get ready, she observed to him that she was sure he knew what she meant; he was only pretending he didn't.

"Well, perhaps, after all, I have a general idea," he confessed; "but don't you see how this little reunion will give me a chance to fix it?"

She lingered an instant with her anxious face. "Mrs. Farrinder will fix you!" she said; and she went to prepare herself.

It was in this poor young lady's nature to be anxious, to have scruple within scruple, and to forecast the consequences of things. She returned in ten minutes in her bonnet, which she had apparently assumed in recognition of Miss Birdseye's asceticism. As she stood there drawing on her gloves,—her visitor had fortified himself against Mrs. Farrinder by another glass of wine,—she declared to him that she quite repented of having proposed to him to go; something told her that he would be an unfavorable element.

"Why, is it going to be a spiritual *séance?*" Basil Ransom asked.

"Well, I have heard at Miss Birdseye's some inspirational speaking." Olive Chancellor was determined to look him straight in the face as she said this; her sense of the way it might strike him operated as a cogent, not as a deterrent reason.

"Why, Miss Olive, it's just got up on purpose for me!" cried the young Mississippian, radiant, and clasping his hands. She thought him very handsome as he said this, but reflected that unfortunately men didn't care for the truth, especially the new kinds, in proportion as they were good-looking. She had, however, a moral resource that she could always fall back upon; it had already been a comfort to her, on occasions of acute feeling, that she hated men, as a class, anyway. "And I want so much to see an old Abolitionist; I have never laid eyes on one," Basil Ransom added.

"Of course you couldn't see one in the South; you were too afraid of them to let them come there!" She was now trying to think of something she might say that would be sufficiently disagreeable to make him cease to insist on accompanying her; for, strange to record,—if anything in a person of that intense sensibility be stranger than any other,—her second thought with regard to having asked him had deepened with the elapsing moments into an unreasoned terror of the effect of his presence. "Perhaps Miss Birdseye won't like you," she went on, as they waited for the carriage.

"I don't know; I guess she will," said Basil Ransom, good-humoredly. He evidently had no intention of giving up his opportunity.

From the window of the dining-room, at that moment, they heard the carriage drive up. Miss Birdseye lived at the South End; the distance was considerable, and Miss Chancellor had ordered a hackney-coach, it being one of the advantages of living in Charles street that stables were near. The logic of her conduct was none of the clearest; for if she had been alone she would have proceeded to her destination by the aid of the street-car; not from economy (for she had the good fortune not to be obliged to consult it to that degree), and not from any love of wandering about Boston at night (a kind of exposure she greatly disliked), but by reason of a theory she devotedly nursed, a theory which bade her put off invidious differences and mingle in the common life. She would have gone on foot to Boylston street, and there she would have taken the public conveyance (in her heart she loathed it) to the South End. Boston was full of poor girls who had to walk about at night and to squeeze into horse-cars in which every sense was displeased; and why should she hold herself superior to these? Olive Chancellor regulated her conduct on lofty principles, and this is why, having tonight the advantage of a gentleman's protection, she sent for a carriage to obliterate that

patronage. If they had gone together in the common way, she would have seemed to owe it to him that she should be so daring, and he belonged to a sex to which she wished to be under no obligations. Months before, when she wrote to him, it had been with the sense, rather, of putting *him* in debt. As they rolled toward the South End, side by side, in a good deal of silence, bouncing and bumping over the railway-tracks very little less, after all, than if their wheels had been fitted to them, and looking out on either side at rows of red houses, dusky in the lamp-light, with protuberant fronts, approached by ladders of stone; as they proceeded, with these contemplative undulations, Miss Chancellor said to her companion, with a concentrated desire to defy him, as a punishment for having thrown her (she couldn't tell why) into such a tremor:

"Don't you believe, then, in the coming of a better day — in its being possible to do something for the human race?"

Poor Ransom perceived the defiance, and he felt rather bewildered; he wondered what type, after all, he *had* got hold of, and what game was being played with him. Why had she made advances, if she wanted to pinch him in this way? However, he was good for any game, — that one as well as another, — and he saw that he was "in" for something of which he had long desired to have a nearer view. "Well, Miss Olive," he answered, putting on again his big hat, which he had been holding in his lap, "what strikes me most is that the human race has got to bear its troubles."

"That's what men say to women, to make them patient in the position they have made for them."

"Oh, the position of women!" Basil Ransom exclaimed. "The position of women is to make fools of men. I would change my position for yours any day," he went on. "That's what I said to myself as I sat there in your elegant home."

He could not see, in the dimness of the carriage, that she had flushed quickly, and he did not know that she disliked to be reminded of certain things which, for her, were mitigations of the hard feminine lot. But the passionate quaver with which, a moment later, she answered him sufficiently assured him that he had touched her at a tender point.

"Do you make it a reproach to me that I happen to have a little money? The dearest wish of my heart is to do something with it for others — for the miserable."

Basil Ransom might have greeted this last declaration with the sympathy it deserved, might have commended the noble aspirations of his kinswoman. But what struck him, rather, was the oddity of so sudden a sharpness of pitch in an intercourse which, an hour or two before, had begun in perfect amity, and he burst once more into an irrepressible laugh. This made his companion feel, with intensity, how little *she* was joking. "I don't know why I should care what you think," she said.

"Don't care — don't care. What does it matter? It is not of the slightest importance."

He might say that, but it was not true; she felt that there were reasons why she should care. She had brought him into her life, and she should have to pay for it. But she wished to know the worst at once. "Are you against our emancipation?" she asked, turning a white face on him in the momentary radiance of a street-lamp.

"Do you mean your voting and preaching and all that sort of thing?" He made this inquiry, but seeing how seriously she would take his answer, he was almost frightened, and hung fire. "I will tell you when I have heard Mrs. Farrinder."

They had arrived at the address given by Miss Chancellor to the coachman, and their vehicle stopped with a lurch. Basil Ransom got out; he stood at the door with an extended hand to assist the young lady. But she seemed to hesitate; she sat there with her spectral face. "You hate it!" she exclaimed, in a low tone.

"Miss Birdseye will convert me," said Ransom, with intention; for he had grown very curious, and he was afraid that now, at the last, Miss Chancellor would prevent his entering the house. She alighted without his help, and behind her he ascended the high steps of Miss Birdseye's residence. He had grown very curious, I say, and among the things he wanted to know was why in the world this ticklish spinster had written to him.

IV.

She had told him before they started that they should be early; she wished to see Miss Birdseye alone before the arrival of any one else. This was just for the pleasure of seeing her — it was an opportunity; she was always so taken up with others. She received Miss Chancellor in the hall of her mansion, which had a salient front, an enormous and very high number — 756 — painted in gilt on the glass light above the door, a tin sign bearing the name of a doctress (Mary J. Prance) suspended from one of the windows of the basement, and a peculiar look of being both new and faded — a kind of modern fatigue — like certain articles of commerce which are sold

at a reduction as shop-worn. The hall was very narrow. A considerable part of it was occupied by a large hat-tree, from which several coats and shawls already depended. The rest offered space for certain lateral demonstrations on Miss Birdseye's part. She sidled about her visitors, and at last went round to open for them a door of further admission, which happened to be locked inside. She was a little old lady, with an enormous head; that was the first thing Ransom noticed — the vast, fair, protuberant, candid, ungarnished brow, surmounting a pair of weak, kind, tired-looking eyes, and ineffectually balanced in the rear by a cap which had the air of falling backward, and which Miss Birdseye suddenly felt for while she talked, with unsuccessful, irrelevant movements. She had a sad, soft, pale face, which (and it was the effect of her whole head) looked as if it had been soaked, blurred, and made vague by exposure to some slow dissolvent. The long practice of philanthropy had not given accent to her features. It had rubbed out their transitions, their meanings. The waves of sympathy, of enthusiasm, had wrought upon them in the same way in which the waves of time finally modify the surface of old marble busts, gradually washing away their sharpness, their details. In her large countenance her dim little smile scarcely showed. It was a mere sketch of a smile, a kind of installment, or payment on account; it seemed to say that she would smile more if she had time, but that you could see, without this, that she was gentle and easy to beguile.

She always dressed in the same way; she wore a loose black jacket, with deep pockets, which were stuffed with papers, memoranda of a voluminous correspondence; and from beneath her jacket depended a short stuff dress. The brevity of this simple garment was the one device by which Miss Birdseye managed to suggest that she was a woman of business, that she wished to be free for action. She belonged to the Short-Skirts League, as a matter of course; for she belonged to any and every league that had been founded for almost any purpose whatever. This did not prevent her being a confused, entangled, inconsequent, discursive old woman, whose charity began at home and ended nowhere, whose credulity kept pace with it, and who knew less about her fellow-creatures, if possible, after fifty years of humanitary zeal, than on the day she had gone into the field to testify against the iniquity of most arrangements. Basil Ransom knew very little about such a life as hers, but she seemed to him a revelation of a class, and a multitude of socialistic figures, of names and episodes, that he had heard of grouped themselves behind her. She looked as if she had spent her life on platforms, in audiences, in conventions, in phalansteries, in *séances;* in her faded face there was a kind of reflection of ugly lecture-lamps; with its habit of an upward angle, it seemed turned toward a public speaker, with an effort of respiration in the thick air in which social reforms are usually discussed. She talked continually, in a voice of which the spring seemed broken, like that of an overworked bell-wire; and when Miss Chancellor explained that she had brought Mr. Ransom because he was so anxious to meet Mrs. Farrinder, she gave the young man a delicate, dirty, democratic little hand, looking at him kindly, as she could not help doing, but without the smallest discrimination as against others who might not have the good fortune (which involved, possibly, an injustice) to be present on such an interesting occasion. She struck him as very poor, but it was only afterward that he learned she had never had a penny in her life. No one had an idea how she lived; whenever money was given her, she gave it away to a negro or a refugee. No woman could be less invidious, but on the whole she preferred these two classes of the human race. Since the Civil War much of her occupation was gone; for before that her best hours had been spent in fancying that she was helping some Southern slave to escape. It would have been a nice question whether, in her heart of hearts, for the sake of this excitement, she did not sometimes wish the blacks back in bondage. She had suffered in the same way by the relaxation of many European despotisms, for in former years much of the romance of her life had been in smoothing the pillow of exile for banished conspirators. Her refugees had been very precious to her; she was always trying to raise money for some cadaverous Pole, to obtain lessons for some shirtless Italian. There was a legend that a Hungarian had once possessed himself of her affections, and had disappeared after robbing her of everything she possessed. This, however, was very apocryphal, for she had never possessed anything, and it was open to grave doubt that she could have entertained a sentiment so personal. She was in love, even in those days, only with causes, and she languished only for emancipations. But they had been the happiest days, for when causes were embodied in foreigners (what else were the Africans?), they were certainly more appealing.

She had just come down to see Doctor Prance — to see whether she wouldn't like to come up. But she wasn't in her room, and Miss Birdseye guessed she had gone out to

her supper; she got her supper at a boarding-table about two blocks off. Miss Birdseye expressed the hope that Miss Chancellor had had hers; she would have had plenty of time to take it, for no one had come in yet; she didn't know what made them all so late. Ransom perceived that the garments suspended to the hat-rack were not a sign that Miss Birdseye's friends had assembled; if he had gone a little further still, he would have recognized the house as one of those in which mysterious articles of clothing are always hooked to something in the hall. Miss Birdseye's visitors, those of Doctor Prance, and of other tenants—for Number 756 was the common residence of several persons, among whom there prevailed much vagueness of boundary — used to leave things to be called for; many of them went about with satchels and reticules, for which they were always looking for places of deposit. What completed the character of this interior was Miss Birdseye's own apartment, into which her guests presently made their way, and where they were joined by various other members of the good lady's circle. Indeed, it completed Miss Birdseye herself, if anything could be said to render that office to this essentially formless old woman, who had no more outline than a bundle of hay. But the bareness of her long, loose, empty parlor (it was shaped exactly like Miss Chancellor's) told that she had never had any needs but moral needs, and that all her history had been that of her sympathies. The place was lighted by a small hot glare of gas, which made it look white and featureless. It struck even Basil Ransom with its flatness, and he said to himself that his cousin must have a very big bee in her bonnet to make her like such a house. He didn't know then, and he never knew, that she mortally disliked it, and that in a career in which she was constantly exposing herself to offense and laceration, her most poignant suffering came from the injury of her taste. She had tried to kill that nerve, to persuade herself that taste was only frivolity in the disguise of knowledge; but her susceptibility was constantly blooming afresh and making her wonder whether an absence of nice arrangements were a necessary part of the enthusiasm of humanity. Miss Birdseye was always trying to obtain employment, lessons in drawing, orders for portraits, for poor foreign artists, as to the greatness of whose talent she pledged herself without reserve; but in point of fact she had not the faintest sense of the scenic side of life.

Toward nine o'clock the light of her hissing burners smote the majestic person of Mrs. Farrinder, who might have contributed to answer that question of Miss Chancellor's in the negative. She was a copious, handsome woman, in whom angularity had been corrected by the air of success; she had a rustling dress (it was evident what *she* thought about taste), abundant hair of a glossy blackness, a pair of folded arms, the expression of which seemed to say that rest in such a career as hers was as sweet as it was brief, and a terrible regularity of feature. I apply that adjective to her fine placid mask because she seemed to face you with a question of which the answer was preordained, to ask you how a countenance could fail to be noble of which the measurements were so correct. You could contest neither the measurements nor the nobleness, and had to feel that Mrs. Farrinder imposed herself. There was a lithographic smoothness about her, and a mixture of the American matron and the public character. There was something public in her eye, which was large, cold, and quiet; it had acquired a sort of exposed reticence from the habit of looking down from a lecture-desk over a sea of heads, while its distinguished owner was eulogized by a leading citizen. Mrs. Farrinder, at almost any time, had the air of being introduced by a few remarks. She talked with great slowness and distinctness, and evidently a high sense of responsibility; she pronounced every syllable of every word and insisted on being explicit. If, in conversation with her, you attempted to take anything for granted, or to jump two or three steps at a time, she paused, looking at you with a cold patience, as if she knew that trick, and then went on at her own measured pace. She lectured on temperance and the rights of women; the ends she labored for were to give the ballot to every woman in the country and to take the flowing bowl from every man. She was held to have a very fine manner, and to embody the domestic virtues and the graces of the drawing-room; to be a shining proof, in short, that the forum, for ladies, is not necessarily hostile to the fireside. She had a husband, and his name was Amariah.

Doctor Prance had come back from supper and made her appearance in response to an invitation that Miss Birdseye's relaxed voice had tinkled down to her from the hall, over the banisters, with much repetition, to secure attention. She was a plain, spare young woman, with short hair and an eye-glass; she looked about her with a kind of near-sighted depreciation, and seemed to hope that she should not be expected to generalize in any way, or supposed to have come up for any purpose more social than to see what Miss Birdseye wanted this time. By nine o'clock twenty other persons had arrived, and had placed themselves in the chairs that were

ranged along the sides of the long, bald room, in which they ended by producing the similitude of an enormous street-car. The apartment contained little else but these chairs, many of which had a borrowed aspect, an implication of bare bedrooms in the upper regions; a table or two with a discolored marble top, a few books, and a collection of newspapers piled up in corners. Ransom could see for himself that the occasion was not crudely festive; there was a want of convivial movement, and, among most of the visitors, even of mutual recognition. They sat there as if they were waiting for something; they looked obliquely and silently at Mrs. Farrinder, and were plainly under the impression that, fortunately, they were not there to amuse themselves. The ladies, who were much the more numerous, wore their bonnets like Miss Chancellor; the men were in the garb of toil, many of them in weary looking overcoats. Two or three had retained their overshoes, and as you approached them the odor of the India-rubber was perceptible. It was not, however, that Miss Birdseye ever noticed anything of that sort; she neither knew what she smelled nor tasted what she ate. Most of her friends had an anxious, haggard look, though there were sundry exceptions — half a dozen placid, florid faces. Basil Ransom wondered who they all were; he had a general idea they were mediums, communists, vegetarians. It was not, either, that Miss Birdseye failed to wander about among them with repetitions of inquiry and friendly absences of attention; she sat down near most of them in turn, saying "Yes, yes," vaguely and kindly, to remarks they made to her, feeling for the papers in the pockets of her loosened bodice, recovering her cap and sacrificing her spectacles, wondering most of all what had been her idea in convoking these people. Then she remembered that it had been connected in some way with Mrs. Farrinder; that this eloquent woman had promised to favor the company with a few reminiscences of her last campaign; to sketch even, perhaps, the lines in which she intended to operate during the coming winter. This was what Olive Chancellor had come to hear; this would be the attraction for the dark-eyed young man (he looked like a genius) she had brought with her. Miss Birdseye made her way back to the great lecturess, who was bending an indulgent attention on Miss Chancellor; the latter compressed into a small space, to be near her, and sitting with clasped hands and a concentration of inquiry which by contrast made Mrs. Farrinder's manner seem large and free. In her transit, however, the hostess was checked by the arrival of fresh pilgrims; she had no idea she had mentioned the occasion to so many people,—she only remembered, as it were, those she had forgotten,—and it was certainly a proof of the interest felt in Mrs. Farrinder's work. The people who had just come in were Doctor and Mrs. Tarrant and their daughter Verena; he was a mesmeric healer, and she was of old Abolitionist stock. Miss Birdseye rested her dim, dry smile upon the daughter, who was new to her, and it floated before her that she would probably be remarkable as a genius; her parentage was an implication of that. There was a genius for Miss Birdseye in every bush. Selah Tarrant had effected wonderful cures; she knew so many people — if they would only try him. His wife was a daughter of Abraham Greenstreet; she had kept a runaway slave in her house for thirty days. That was years before, when this girl must have been a child; but hadn't it thrown a kind of rainbow over her cradle, and wouldn't she naturally have some gift? The girl was very pretty, though she had red hair.

V.

MRS. FARRINDER, meanwhile, was not eager to address the assembly. She confessed as much to Olive Chancellor, with a smile which asked that a temporary lapse of promptness might not be too harshly judged. She had addressed so many assemblies, and she wanted to hear what other people had to say. Miss Chancellor herself had thought so much on the vital subject; would not she make a few remarks and give them some of her experiences? How did the ladies on Beacon street feel about the ballot? Perhaps she could speak for *them* more than for some others. That was a branch of the question on which, it might be, the leaders had not information enough; but they wanted to take in everything, and why shouldn't Miss Chancellor just make that field her own? Mrs. Farrinder spoke in the tone of one who took views so wide that they might easily, at first, before you could see how she worked round, look almost meretricious; she was conscious of a scope that exceeded the first flight of your imagination. She urged upon her companion the idea of laboring in the world of fashion, appeared to attribute to her familiar relations with that mysterious realm, and wanted to know why she shouldn't stir up some of her friends down there on the Mill-dam?

Olive Chancellor received this appeal with peculiar feelings. With her immense sympathy for reform, she found herself so often wishing that reformers were a little different. There was something grand about Mrs. Farrinder.

It lifted one up to be with her. But there was a false note when she spoke to her young friend about the ladies in Beacon street. Olive hated to hear that fine avenue talked about as if it were such a remarkable place, and to live there were a proof of worldly glory. All sorts of inferior people lived there, and so brilliant a woman as Mrs. Farrinder, who lived at Roxbury, ought not to mix things up. It was, of course, very wretched to be irritated by such mistakes; but this was not the first time Miss Chancellor had observed that the possession of nerves was not by itself a reason for embracing the new truths. She knew her place in the Boston hierarchy, and it wasn't what Mrs. Farrinder supposed; so that there was a want of perspective in talking to her as if she had been a representative of the aristocracy. Nothing could be weaker, she knew very well, than (in the United States) to apply that term too literally; nevertheless, it would represent a reality if one were to say that, by distinction, the Chancellors belonged to the *bourgeoisie* — the oldest and best. They might care for such a position or not (as it happened, they were very proud of it), but there they were, and it made Mrs. Farrinder seem provincial (there was something provincial, after all, in the way she did her hair too) not to understand. When Miss Birdseye spoke as if one were a "leader of society," Olive could forgive her even that odious expression, because, of course, one never pretended that she, poor dear, had the smallest sense of the real. She was heroic, she was sublime, the whole moral history of Boston was reflected in her displaced spectacles; but it was a part of her originality, as it were, that she was deliciously provincial. Olive Chancellor seemed to herself to have privileges enough without being affiliated to the exclusive set and having invitations to the smaller parties, which were the real test; it was a mercy for her that she had not that added immorality on her conscience. The ladies Mrs. Farrinder meant (it was to be supposed she meant some particular ones) might speak for themselves. She wished to work in another field; she had long been preoccupied with the romance of the People. She had an immense desire to know intimately some *very* poor girl. This might seem one of the most accessible of pleasures; but, in point of fact, she had not found it so. There were two or three pale shop-maidens whose acquaintance she had sought; but they had seemed afraid of her, and the attempt had come to nothing. She took them more tragically than they took themselves; they couldn't make out what she wanted them to do, and they always ended by being odiously mixed up with Charlie. Charlie was a young man in a white overcoat and a paper collar; it was for him, in the last analysis, that they cared much the most. They cared far more about Charlie than about the ballot. Olive Chancellor wondered how Mrs. Farrinder would treat that branch of the question. In her researches among her young townswomen she had always found this obtrusive swain planted in her path, and she grew at last to dislike him extremely. It filled her with exasperation to think that he should be necessary to the happiness of his victims (she had learned that whatever they might talk about with her, it was of him and him only that they discoursed among themselves), and one of the main recommendations of the evening club for her fatigued, underpaid sisters, which it had long been her dream to establish, was that it would in some degree undermine his position — distinct as her prevision might be that he would be in waiting at the door. She hardly knew what to say to Mrs. Farrinder when this momentarily misdirected woman, still preoccupied with the Mill-dam, returned to the charge.

"We want laborers in that field, though I know two or three lovely women — sweet *home women* — moving in circles that are for the most part closed to every new voice, who are doing their best to help on the fight. I have several names that might surprise you, names well known on State street. But we can't have too many recruits, especially among those whose refinement is generally acknowledged. If it be necessary, we are prepared to take certain steps to conciliate the refined. Our movement is for all — it appeals to the most delicate ladies. Raise the standard among them, and bring me a thousand names. I know several that I should like to have. I look after the details as well as the big currents," Mrs. Farrinder added, in a tone as explanatory as could be expected of such a woman, and with a smile of which the sweetness was thrilling to her listener.

"I can't talk to those people, I can't!" said Olive Chancellor, with a face which seemed to plead for a remission of responsibility. "I want to give myself up to others. I want to know everything that lies beneath and out of sight, don't you know? I want to enter into the lives of women who are lonely, who are piteous. I want to be near to them — to help them. I want to do something — oh, I should like so to speak!"

"We should be glad to have you make a few remarks at present," Mrs. Farrinder declared, with a punctuality which revealed the habit of presiding.

"Oh, dear, no, I can't speak; I have none of that sort of talent. I have no self-possession,

no eloquence; I can't put three words together. But I do want to contribute."

"What *have* you got?" Mrs. Farrinder inquired, looking at her interlocutress, up and down, with the eye of business, in which there was a certain chill. "Have you got money?"

Olive was so agitated for the moment with the hope that this great woman would approve of her on the financial side that she took no time to reflect that some other qualities might, in courtesy, have been suggested. But she confessed to possessing a certain capital, and the tone seemed rich and deep in which Mrs. Farrinder said to her, "Then contribute that!" She was so good as to develop this idea, and her picture of the part Miss Chancellor might play by making liberal donations to a fund for the diffusion among the women of America of a more adequate conception of their public and private rights,— a fund her adviser had herself lately inaugurated,— this bold, rapid sketch had the vividness which characterized the speaker's most successful public efforts. It placed Olive under the spell; it made her feel almost inspired. If her life struck others in that way,— especially a woman like Mrs. Farrinder, whose horizon was so full,—then there must be something for her to do. It was one thing to choose for herself, but now the great representative of the enfranchisement of their sex (from every form of bondage) had chosen for her.

The barren, gas-lighted room grew richer and richer to her earnest eyes; it seemed to expand, to open itself to the great life of humanity. The serious, tired people, in their bonnets and overcoats, began to glow like a company of heroes. Yes, she would do something, Olive Chancellor said to herself; she would do something to brighten the darkness of that dreadful image that was always before her, and against which it seemed to her at times that she had been born to lead a crusade — the image of the unhappiness of women. The unhappiness of women! The voice of their silent suffering was always in her ears, the ocean of tears that they had shed from the beginning of time seemed to pour through her own eyes. Ages of oppression had rolled over them; uncounted millions had lived only to be tortured, to be crucified. They were her sisters, they were her own, and the day of their delivery had dawned. This was the only sacred cause; this was the great, the just revolution. It must triumph, it must sweep everything before it; it must exact from the other, the brutal, blood-stained, ravening race, the last particle of expiation! It would be the greatest change the world had seen; it would be a new era for the human family, and the names of those who had helped to show the way and lead the squadrons would be the brightest in the tables of fame. They would be names of women, weak, insulted, persecuted, but devoted in every pulse of their being to the cause, and asking no better fate than to die for it. It was not clear to this interesting girl in what manner such a sacrifice (as this last) would be required of her, but she saw the matter through a kind of sunrise-mist of emotion which made danger as rosy as success. When Miss Birdseye approached, it transfigured her familiar, her comical shape, and made the poor little humanitary hack seem already a martyr. Olive Chancellor looked at her with love, remembered that she had never, in her long, unrewarded, weary life, had a thought or an impulse for herself. She had been consumed by the passion of sympathy; it had crumpled her into as many creases as an old glazed, distended glove. She had been laughed at, but she never knew it; she was treated as a bore, but she never cared. She had nothing in the world but the clothes on her back, and when she should go down into the grave she would leave nothing behind her but her grotesque, undistinguished, pathetic little name. And yet people said that women were vain, that they were personal, that they were interested! While Miss Birdseye stood there, asking Mrs. Farrinder if she wouldn't say something, Olive Chancellor tenderly fastened a small battered brooch which confined her collar and which had half detached itself.

(To be continued.) *Henry James.*



ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI:

AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

SOON as it was night, out we shoved; when we got her out to about the middle, we let her alone, and let her float wherever the current wanted her to. Then we lit the pipes, and dangled our legs in the water and talked about all kinds of things.

Sometimes we'd have that whole river all to ourselves for the longest time. Yonder was the banks and the islands, across the water; and may be a spark,— which was a candle in a cabin window,— and sometimes on the water you could see a spark or two, on a raft or a scow, you know; and may be you could hear a fiddle or a song coming over from one of them crafts. It's lovely to live on a raft. We had the sky up there all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up



"AND DOGS A-COMING."

at them, and discuss about whether they was made, or only just happened. Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened. I judged it would have took too long to *make* so many. Jim said the moon could 'a' *laid* them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothing against it, because I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done.

Once or twice of a night we would see a steamboat slipping along in the dark, and now and then she would belch a whole world of sparks up out of her chimbleys, and they would rain down in the river and look awful pretty; then she would turn a corner, and her lights would wink out and her pow-wow shut off and leave the river still again; and by and by her waves would get to us, a long time after she was gone, and joggle the raft a bit, and after that you wouldn't hear nothing for you couldn't tell how long, except may be frogs or something.

After midnight the people on shore went to bed, and then for two or three hours the shores was black— no more sparks in the cabin windows. These sparks was our clock—the first one that showed again meant morning was coming, so we hunted a place to hide and tie up right away.

One morning, about daybreak, I found a canoe and crossed over a chute to the main shore,— it was only two hundred yards,— and paddled about a mile up a crick amongst the cypress woods to see if I couldn't get some berries. Just as I was passing a place where a kind of a cow-path crossed the crick, here comes a couple of men tearing up the path as tight as they could foot it. I thought I was a goner, for whenever anybody was after anybody I judged it was *me* — or may be Jim. I was about to dig out from there in a hurry, but they was pretty close to me then, and sung out and begged me to save their lives; said they hadn't been doing nothing, and was being chased for it; said there was men and dogs a-coming. They wanted to jump right in, but I says:

"Don't you do it. I don't hear the dogs and horses yet. You've got time to crowd through the brush and get up the crick a lit-

* See THE CENTURY for December and January. The negro Jim is escaping on a raft from slavery in Missouri, and Huck Finn is running away from a drunken and cruel father.— ED.

tle ways; then you take to the water and wade down to me and get in — that'll throw the dogs off the scent."

They done it, and soon as they was aboard I lit out for our tow-head, and in about five or ten minutes we heard the dogs and the men away off, shouting. We heard them come along towards the crick, but couldn't see them; they seemed to stop and fool around awhile. Then, as we got further and further away all the time, we couldn't hardly hear them at all. By the time we had left a mile of woods behind us and struck the river, everything was quiet, and we paddled over to the tow-head and hid in the cottonwoods and was safe.

One of these fellows was about seventy, or upward, and had a bald head and very gray whiskers. He had an old battered-up slouch hat on, and a greasy blue woolen shirt, and ragged old blue jeans britches stuffed into his boot-tops, and home-knit galluses — no, he only had one. He had an old long-tailed blue jeans coat with slick brass buttons flung over his arm, and both of them had big fat ratty-looking carpet-bags.

The other fellow was about thirty and dressed about as ornery. After breakfast we all laid off and talked, and the first thing that come out was that these chaps didn't know one another.

"What got you into trouble?" says the baldhead to t'other chap.

"Well, I'd been selling an article to take the tartar off the teeth — and it does take it off, too, and generly the enamel along with it; but I staid about one night longer than I ought to, and was just in the act of sliding out when I ran across you on the trail this side of town, and you told me they were coming, and begged me to help you to get off. So I told you I was expecting trouble myself and would scatter out *with* you. That's the whole yarn — what's yourn?"

"Well, I'd ben a-runnin' a little temperance revival thar, 'bout a week, and was the pet of the women-folks, big and little, for I was makin' it mighty warm for the rummies, I *tell* you, and takin' as much as five or six dollars a night — ten cents a head, children and niggers free — and business a-growin' all the time; when somehow or another a little report got around, last night, that I had a way of puttin' in my time with a private jug, on the sly. A nigger rousted me out this mornin', and told me the people was getherin' on the quiet, with their dogs and horses, and they'd be along pretty soon and give me 'bout half an hour's start, and then run me down if they could; and if they got me they'd tar and feather me and ride me on a rail, sure. I didn't wait for no breakfast — I warn't hungry."

"Old man," says the young one, "I reckon we might double-team it together; what do you think?"

"I ain't undisposed. What's your line — mainly?"

"Jour printer by trade; do a little in patent medicines; theater-actor — tragedy, you know; take a turn at mesmerism and phrenology when there's a chance; teach singing-geography school for a change; sling a lecture sometimes. Oh, I do lots of things — most anything that comes handy, so it ain't work. What's your lay?"

"I've done considerble in the doctoring way in my time. Layin' on o' hands is my best holt — for cancer, and paralysis, and sich things; and I k'n tell a fortune pretty good, when I've got somebody along to find out the facts for me. Preachin's my line, too; and workin' camp-meetin's; and missionaryin' around."

Nobody never said anything for a while; then the young man hove a sigh and says:

"Alas!"

"What're you alassin' about?" says the baldhead.

"To think I should have lived to be leading such a life, and be degraded down into such company." And he begun to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag.

"Ain't the company good enough for you?" says the baldhead, pretty pert and uppish.

"Yes, it *is* good enough for me; it's as good as I deserve; for who fetched me so low, when I was so high? *I* did myself. I don't blame *you*, gentlemen — far from it; I don't blame anybody. I deserve it all. Let the cold world do its worst; one thing I know — there's a grave somewhere for me. The world may go on just as it's always done, and take everything from me — loved ones, property, everything — but it can't take that. Some day I'll lie down in it and forget it all, and my poor broken heart will be at rest." He went on a-wiping.

"Drot your pore broken heart," says the baldhead; "what are you heaving your pore broken heart at *us* f'r? *We* hain't done nothing."

"No, I know you haven't. I ain't blaming you, gentlemen. I brought myself down — yes, I did it myself. It's right I should suffer — perfectly right — I don't make any moan."

"Brought you down from whar? Whar was you brought down from?"

"Ah, you would not believe me; the world never believes — let it pass — 'tis no matter. The secret of my birth ——"

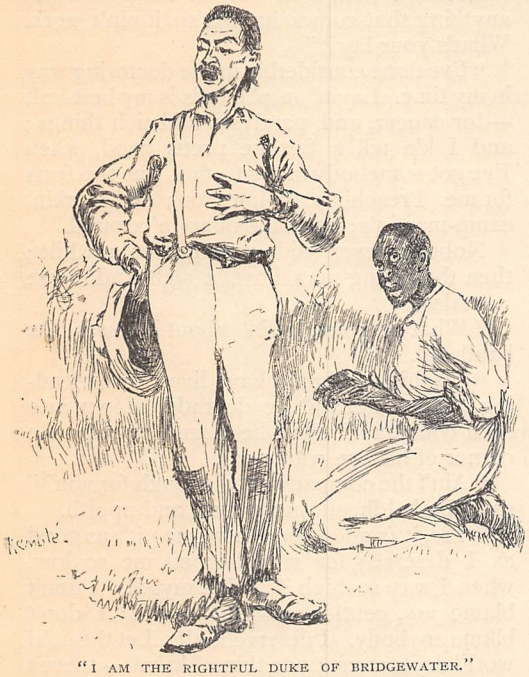
"The secret of your birth? Do you mean to say ——"

"Gentlemen," says the young man, very solemn, "I will reveal it to you, for I feel I may have confidence in you. By rights I am a duke!"

Jim's eyes bugged out when he heard that,

and I reckon mine did, too. Then the baldhead says: "No! you can't mean it?"

"Yes. My great-grandfather, eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater, fled to this country about the end of the last century, to breathe the pure air of freedom; married here, and died, leaving a son, his own father dying about the same time. The second son of the late duke seized the title and estates—the infant real duke was ignored. I am the lineal de-



"I AM THE RIGHTFUL DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER."

scendant of that infant—I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater; and here am I, forlorn, torn from my high estate, hunted of men, despised by the cold world, ragged, worn, heartbroken, and degraded to the companionship of felons on a raft!"

Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did I. We tried to comfort him, but he said it warn't much use, he couldn't be much comforted; said if we was a mind to acknowledge him, that would do him more good than most anything else; so we said we would, if he would tell us how. He said we ought to bow when we spoke to him, and say, "Your Grace," or "My Lord," or "Your Lordship,"—and he wouldn't mind it if we called him plain "Bridgewater," which he said was a title, anyway, and not a name; and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner, and do any little thing for him he wanted done.

Well, that was all easy, so we done it. All through dinner Jim stood around and waited on him, and says, "Will yo' Grace have some o' dis, or some o' dat?" and so on, and a body could see it was mighty pleasing to him.

But the old man got pretty silent by and by—didn't have much to say, and didn't look pretty comfortable over all that petting that was going on around that duke. He seemed to have something on his mind. So, along in the afternoon, he says:

"Looky here, Bilgewater," he says, "I'm 'nation sorry for you, but you ain't the only person that's had troubles like that."

"No?"

"No, you ain't. You ain't the only person that's ben snaked down wrongfully out'n a high place."

"Alas!"

"No, you ain't the only person that's had a secret of his birth."

And *he* begins to cry.

"Hold! What do you mean?"

"Bilgewater, kin I trust you?" says the old man, still sort of sobbing.

"To the bitter death!" He took the old man by the hand and squeezed it, and says: "The secret of your being: speak!"

"Bilgewater, I am the late Dauphin!"

You bet you Jim and me stared this time. Then the duke says:

"You are what?"

"Yes, my friend, it is too true—your eyes is lookin' at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette."

"You! At your age! No! You mean you're the late Charlemagne; you must be six or seven hundred years old, at the very least."

"Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it; trouble has brung these gray hairs and this premature balditude. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on, and sufferin' rightful King of France."

Well, he cried and took on so that me and Jim didn't know hardly what to do, we was so sorry—and so glad and proud we'd got him with us, too. So we set in, like we done before with the duke, and tried to comfort *him*. But he said it warn't no use, nothing but to be dead and done with it all could do him any good; though he said it often made him feel easier and better for a while if people treated him according to his rights, and got down on one knee to speak to him, and always called him "Your Majesty," and waited on him first at meals, and didn't set down in his presence till he asked them. So Jim and me set to majestying him, and doing this and that and t'other for him, and standing up till he told us we might set down. This done him heaps of good, and so he got cheerful and comfortable But the duke kind of soured

on him, and didn't look a bit satisfied with the way things was going; still, the king acted real friendly toward him, and said the duke's great-grandfather and all the other Dukes of Bilgewater was a good deal thought of by *his* father, and was allowed to come to the palace considerable; but the duke staid huffy a good while, till by and by the king says:

"Like as not we got to be together a blamed long time, on this h-yer raft, Bilgewater, and so what's the use o' your bein' sour? It'll only make things oncomfortable. It ain't my fault I warn't born a duke, it ain't your fault you warn't born a king—so what's the use to worry? Make the best o' things the way you find 'em, says I—that's my motto. This ain't no bad thing that we've struck here—



"I AM THE LATE DAUPHIN!"

plenty grub and an easy life. Come, give us your hand, Duke, and less all be friends."

The duke done it, and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it.

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels, and don't get into no trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I hadn't no objections, 'long as it would keep peace in the family; and it warn't no use to tell Jim, so I didn't tell him.

They asked us considerable many questions; wanted to know what we covered up the raft that way for, and laid by in the daytime instead of running—was Jim a runaway nigger? Says I:

"Goodness sakes, would a runaway nigger run *south?*"

No, they allowed he wouldn't. I had to account for things some way, so I says:

"My folks was living in Pike County, in Missouri, where I was born, and they all died off but me and pa and my brother Ike. Pa, he 'lowed he'd break up and go down and live with Uncle Ben, who's got a little one-horse place on the river, forty-four mile below Orleans. Pa was pretty poor, and had some debts; so when he'd squared up there warn't nothing left but sixteen dollars and our nigger, Jim. That warn't enough to take us fourteen hundred mile, deck passage nor no other way. Well, when the river rose, pa had a streak of luck one day; he ketched this piece of a raft; so we reckoned we'd go down to Orleans on it. Pa's luck didn't hold out; a steamboat run over the forward corner of the raft one night, and we all went overboard and dove under the wheel; Jim and me come up all right, but pa was drunk, and Ike was only four years old, so they never come up no more. Well, for the next day or two we had considerable trouble, because people was always coming out in skiffs and trying to take Jim away from me, saying they believed he was a runaway nigger. We don't run daytimes no more now; nights they don't bother us."

The duke says:

"Leave me alone to cipher out a way so we can run in the daytime if we want to. I'll think the thing over—I'll invent a plan that'll fix it. We'll let it alone for to-day, because of course we don't want to go by that town yonder in daylight—it mightn't be healthy."

Towards night it begun to darken up and look like rain; the heat lightning was squirting around, low down in the sky, and the leaves was beginning to shiver; it was going to be pretty ugly, it was easy to see that. So the duke and the king went to overhauling our wigwam, to see what the beds was like. My bed was a straw tick—better than Jim's, which was a corn-shuck tick; there's always cobs around about in a shuck tick, and they poke into you and hurt; and when you roll over, the dry shucks sound like you was rolling over in a pile of dead leaves; it makes such a rustling that you wake up. Well, the duke allowed he would take my bed; but the king allowed he wouldn't. He says:

"I should 'a' reckoned the difference in rank would 'a' sejested to you that a corn-shuck bed warn't just fitten for me to sleep on. Your Grace'll take the shuck bed yourself."

Jim and me was afraid there was going to

be some more trouble amongst them; so we was pretty glad when the duke says:

"'Tis my fate to be always ground into the mire under the iron heel of oppression. Misfortune has broken my once haughty spirit; I yield, I submit; 'tis my fate. I am alone in the world—let me suffer; I can bear it."

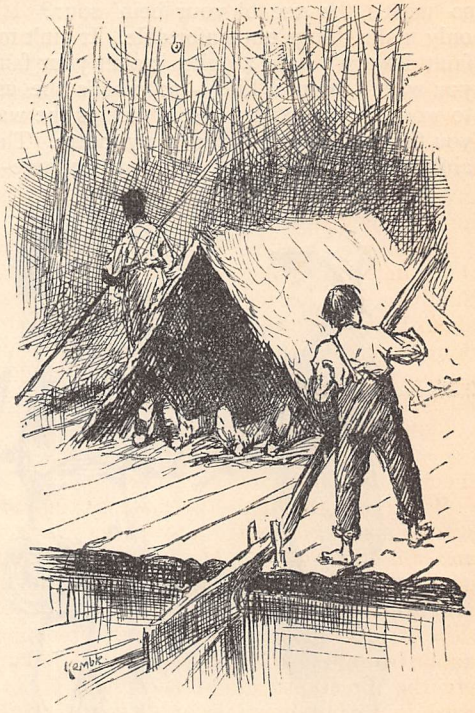
We got away as soon as it was good and dark. The king told us to stand well out towards the middle of the river, and not show a light till we got a long ways below the town. We come in sight of the little bunch of lights by and by—that was the town, you know—and slid by, about a half a mile out, all right. When we was three-quarters of a mile below, we hoisted up our signal lantern; and about ten o'clock it come on to rain and blow and thunder and lighten like everything; so the king told us to both stay on watch till the weather got better; then him and the duke crawled into the wigwam and turned in for the night. It was my watch below till twelve, but I wouldn't 'a' turned in, anyway, if I'd had a bed; because a body don't see such a storm as that every day in the week, not by a long sight. My souls, how the wind did scream along! And every second or two there'd come a glare that lit up the white-caps for a half a mile around, and you'd see the islands looking dusty through the rain, and the trees thrashing around in the wind; then comes a *h-wack!*—bum! bum! bumble-umble-um-bum-bum-bum-bum—and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling away, and quit; and then *rip* comes another flash and another sockdolager. The waves most washed me off the raft, sometimes, but I hadn't any clothes on, and didn't mind. We didn't have no trouble about snags; the lightning was glaring and flittering around so constant that we could see them plenty soon enough to throw her head this way or that and miss them.

By and by the storm let up for good and all; and the first cabin-light that showed, I rousted Jim out and we slid the raft into hiding-quarters for the day.

The king got out an old ratty deck of cards after breakfast, and him and the duke played seven-up awhile, five cents a game. Then they got tired of it, and allowed they would "lay out a campaign," as they called it. The duke went down into his carpet-bag and fetched up a lot of little printed bills, and read them out loud. One bill said, "The celebrated Dr. Armand de Montalban, of Paris," would "lecture on the Science of Phrenology" at such and such a place, on the blank day of blank, at ten cents admission, and "furnish charts of character at twenty-five cents apiece." The duke said that was *him*. In another bill he was the "world-renowned Shaksperean tragedian, Garrick the Younger, of Drury Lane, London." In other bills he had a lot of other names and done other wonderful things, like finding water and gold with a "divining-rod," "dissipating witch-spells," and so on. By and by he says:

"But the histrionic muse is the darling. Have you ever trod the boards, Royalty?"

"No," says the king.



THE RAFT.

"You shall, then, before you're three days older, Fallen Grandeur," says the duke. "The first good town we come to, we'll hire a hall and do the sword-fight in 'Richard III.' and the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' How does that strike you?"

"I'm in, up to the hub, for anything that will pay, Bilgewater; but you see I don't know nothing about play-act'n', and hain't ever seen much of it. I was too small when pap used to have 'em at the palace. Do you reckon you can learn me?"

"Easy!"

"All right. I'm jist a-freez'n' for something fresh, anyway. Less commence, right away."

So the duke he told him all about who Romeo was, and who Juliet was, and said he was used to being Romeo, so the king could be Juliet.

"But if Juliet's such a young gal, Duke, my peeled head and my white whiskers is goin' to look oncommon odd on her, may be."

"No, don't you worry; these country

jakes won't ever think of that. Besides, you know, you'll be in costume, and that makes all the difference in the world. Juliet's in a balcony enjoying the moonlight before she goes to bed, and she's got on her night-gown and her ruffled night-cap. Here are the costumes for the parts."

He got out two or three curtain-calico suits, which he said was meedyevil armor for Richard III. and t'other chap, and a long white cotton night-shirt and a ruffled night-cap to match. The king was satisfied; so the duke got out his book and read the parts over in the most splendid spread-eagle way, prancing around and acting at the same time, to show how it had got to be done; then he give the book to the king and told him to get his part by heart.

There was a little one-horse town about three mile down the bend, and after dinner the duke said he had ciphered out his idea about how to run in daylight without it being dangersome for Jim; so he allowed he would go down to the town and fix that thing. The king allowed he would go, too, and see if he couldn't strike something. We was out of coffee, so Jim said I better go along with them in the canoe and get some.

When we got there, there warn't nobody stirring; streets empty, and perfectly dead and still, like Sunday. We found a sick nigger sunning himself in a back yard, and he said everybody that warn't too young, or too sick, or too old, was gone to camp-meeting, about two mile back in the woods. The king got the directions, and allowed he'd go and work that camp-meeting for all it was worth, and I might go, too.

The duke said what he was after was a printing-office. We found it — a little bit of a concern up over a carpenter shop — carpenters and printers all gone to the meeting, and no doors locked. The duke shed his coat and said he was all right now. So me and the king lit out for the camp-meeting.

We got there in about a half an hour, fairly dripping, for it was a most awful hot day. There was as much as a thousand people there, from twenty mile around. The woods was full of teams and wagons, hitched everywheres, feeding out of the wagon troughs and stomping to keep off the flies. There was sheds made out of poles and roofed over with branches, where they had lemonade and gingerbread to sell, and piles of water-melons and green corn and such-like truck.

The preaching was going on under the same kinds of sheds, only they was bigger and held crowds of people. The benches was made out of outside slabs of logs, with holes bored in the round side to drive sticks into for legs. They didn't have no backs. The preachers had high platforms to stand on at one end of the sheds. The women had on sun-bonnets; and some had linsey-woolsey frocks, some gingham ones, and a few of the young ones had on calico. Some of the young men was barefooted, and some of the children didn't have on any clothes but just a tow-linen shirt. Some of the old women was knitting, and some of the young folks was courting on the sly.

The first shed we come to, the preacher was lining out a hymn. He lined out two lines, everybody sung it, and it was kind of grand to hear it, there was so many of them and they done it in such a rousing way; then he lined out two more for them to sing — and so on. The people woke up more and more, and sung louder and louder; and towards the end some begun to groan, and some begun to shout. Then the preacher begun to preach, and begun in earnest, too; and went weaving first to one side of the platform and then the other, and then a-leaning down over the front of it, with his arms and his body going all the time, and shouting his words out with all his might. You couldn't make out what the preacher said, any more, on account of the shouting and crying. Folks got up, everywheres in the crowd, and worked their way, just by main strength, to the mourners' bench, with the tears running down their faces; and when all the mourners had got up there to the front benches in a crowd, they sung, and shouted, and flung themselves down on the straw, just crazy and wild.

Well, the first I knowed, the king got a-going; and you could hear him over everybody; and next he went a-charging up on to the platform, and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people, and he done it. He told them he was a pirate — been a pirate for thirty years, out in the Indian Ocean, and his crew was thinned out considerable, last spring, in a fight, and he was home now, to take out some fresh men; and thanks to goodness he'd been robbed last night, and put ashore off of a steamboat without a cent, and he was glad of it, it was the blessedest thing that ever happened to him, because he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else, being acquainted with all the pirate crews in that ocean; and though it would take him a long time to get there without money, he would get there anyway, and every time he convinced a pirate he would say to him, " Don't you thank me, don't you give me no credit;

it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp-meeting, natural brothers and benefactors of the race — and that dear preacher there, the truest friend a pirate ever had!"

And then he busted into tears, and so did everybody. Then somebody sings out, "Take up a collection for him, take up a collection!" Well, a half a dozen made a jump to do it, but somebody sings out, "Let *him* pass the hat around!" Then everybody said it, the preacher, too.

So the king went all through the crowd with his hat, swabbing his eyes, and blessing the people and praising them and thanking them for being so good to the poor pirates away off there; and he was invited to stay a week; and everybody wanted him to live in their houses, and said they'd think it was an honor; but he said as this was the last day of the camp-meeting he couldn't do no good, and besides he was in a sweat to get to the Indian Ocean right off and go to work on the pirates.

When we got back to the raft and he come to count up, he found he had collected eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. And then he had fetched away a three-gallon jug of whisky, too, that he found under a wagon when we was starting home through the woods. The king said, take it all around, it laid over any day he'd ever put in in the missionarying line. He said it warn't no use talking, heathens don't amount to shucks, alongside of pirates, to work a camp-meeting with.

The duke was thinking *he'd* been doing pretty well, till the king come to show up, but after that he didn't think so so much. He had set up and printed off two little jobs for farmers in that printing-office — horse bills — and took the money, four dollars. And he had got in ten dollars' worth of advertisements for the paper, which he said he would put in for four dollars if they would pay in advance — so they done it. The price of the paper was two dollars a year, but he took in three subscriptions for half a dollar apiece on condition of them paying him in advance; they were going to pay in cord-wood and onions, as usual, but he said he had just bought the concern and knocked down the price as low as he could afford it, and was going to run it for cash. He set up a little piece of poetry, which he made himself out of his own head — three verses — kind of sweet and saddish — the name of it was, "Yes, crush, cold world, this breaking heart" — and he left that all set up and ready to print in the paper, and didn't charge nothing for it. Well, he took in nine dollars and a half, and said he'd done a pretty square day's work for it.

Then he showed us another little job he'd printed and hadn't charged for, because it



THE SWORD-FIGHT FROM RICHARD III.

was for us. It had a picture of a runaway nigger, with a bundle on a stick, over his shoulder, and "$200 reward" under it. The reading was all about Jim, and just described him to a dot. It said he run away from St. Jacques' plantation, forty mile below New Orleans, last winter, and likely went north, and whoever would catch him and send him back, he could have the reward and expenses.

"Now," says the duke, "after to-night we can run in the daytime if we want to. Whenever we see anybody coming, we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope, and lay him in the wigwam and show this hand-bill and say we captured him up the river, and were too poor to travel on a steamboat, so we got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward. Handcuffs and chains would look still better on Jim, but it wouldn't go well with the story of us being so poor. Too much like jewelry. Ropes are the correct thing — we must preserve the unities, as we say on the boards."

We all said the duke was pretty smart, and there couldn't be no trouble about running daytimes. We judged we could make miles enough that night to get out of the reach of the pow-wow we reckoned the duke's work in the printing-office was going to make in that little town — then we could boom right along.

We laid low and kept still, and never shoved out till nearly ten o'clock; then we slid by, pretty wide away from the town, and didn't hoist our lantern till we was clear out of sight of it.

When Jim called me to take the watch at four in the morning, he says:

"Huck, does you reck'n we gwyne to run acrost any mo' kings on dis trip?"

"No," I says, "I reckon not."

"Well," says he, "dat's all right, den. I doan' mine one er two kings, but dat's enough. Dis one's powerful drunk, en de duke ain't much better."

It was after sun-up now, but we went right on, and didn't tie up. The king and the duke turned out by and by, looking pretty rusty; but after they'd jumped overboard and took a swim, it chippered them up a good deal. After breakfast the king he took a seat on a corner of the raft, and pulled off his boots and rolled up his britches, and let his legs dangle in the water, so as to be comfortable, and lit his pipe, and went to getting his "Romeo and Juliet" by heart. When he had got it pretty good, him and the duke begun to practice it. The duke made him sigh, and put his hand on his heart, and after a while he said he done it pretty well; "only," he says, "you mustn't bellow out *Romeo!* that way, like a bull—you must say it soft, and sick, and languishy, so —R-o-o-meo! that is the idea; for Juliet's a dear sweet mere child of a girl, you know, and she don't bray like a jackass."

Well, next they got out a couple of long swords that the duke made out of oak laths, and begun to practice the sword-fight—the duke called himself Richard III.; and the way they laid on and pranced around the raft was grand to see. But by and by the king tripped and fell overboard, and after that they took a rest.

The first chance we got, the duke he had some show-bills printed; and after that, for two or three days, as we floated along, the raft was a most uncommon lively place, for there warn't nothing but sword-fighting and rehearsing—as the duke called it—going on all the time. One morning, when we was pretty well down the State of Arkansaw, we come in sight of a little one-horse town in a big bend; so we tied up about three-quarters of a mile above it, in the mouth of a crick which was shut in like a tunnel by the cypress-trees, and all of us but Jim took the canoe and went down there to see if there was any chance in that place for our show.

We struck it mighty lucky; there was going to be a circus there that afternoon, and the country people was already beginning to come in, in all kinds of old shackly wagons and on horses. The circus would leave before night, so our show would have a pretty good chance. The duke he hired the court-house, and we went around and stuck up our bills. They read like this:

Shaksperean Revival!!!
Wonderful Attraction!
For One Night Only!
The world-renowned tragedians,
David Garrick the Younger, of Drury Lane Theater,
London, and
Edmund Kean the Elder, of the Royal Haymarket
Theater, Whitechapel, Pudding Lane, Piccadilly,
London, and the Royal Continental
Theaters, in their sublime
Shaksperean Spectacle,
entitled
The Balcony Scene
in
Romeo and Juliet!!!
Romeo..... Mr. Garrick.
Juliet..... Mr. Kean.
Assisted by the whole strength of the company!
New costumes, new scenery, new appointments!
Also:
The thrilling, masterly, and blood-curdling
Broad-sword conflict
In Richard III.!!!
Richard III..... Mr. Garrick.
Richmond..... Mr. Kean.
Also
(by special request):
Hamlet's Immortal Soliloquy!!
By the Illustrious Kean!
Done by him 300 consecutive nights in Paris!
For One Night Only,
On account of imperative European engagements!
Admission 25 cents; children and servants, 10 cents.

Then we went loafing around the town. The stores and houses was most all old shackly, dried-up frame concerns that hadn't ever been painted; they was set up three or four foot above ground on stilts, so as to be out of reach of the water when the river was overflowed.

All the stores was along one street. They had white domestic awnings in front, and the country people hitched their horses to the awning-posts. There was empty dry-goods boxes under the awnings, and loafers roosting on them all day long, whittling them with their Barlow knives, and chawing tobacco, and gaping and yawning and stretching—a mighty ornery lot.

On the river front some of the houses was sticking out over the bank, and they was bowed and bent, and about ready to tumble in. The people had moved out of them. The bank was caved away under one corner of some others, and that corner was hanging over. People lived in them yet, but it was dangersome, because sometimes a strip of land as wide as a house caves in at a time. Such a town as that has to be always moving back, and back, and back, because the river's always gnawing at it.

The nearer it got to noon that day, the

thicker and thicker was the wagons and horses in the streets, and more coming all the time. Families fetched their dinners with them from the country, and eat them in the wagons. There was considerable whisky-drinking going on, and I seen three fights.

Well, that night we had *our* show; but there warn't only about twelve people there—just enough to pay expenses. And they laughed all the time, and that made the duke mad; and everybody left, anyway, before the show was over, but one boy which was asleep. So the duke said these Arkansaw lunkheads couldn't come up to Shakspere; what they wanted was low comedy—and may be something ruther worse than low comedy, he reckoned. He said he could size their style. So next morning he got some big sheets of wrapping-paper and some black paint, and drawed off some hand-bills and stuck them up all over the village. The bills said:

"AT THE COURT-HOUSE!

FOR THREE NIGHTS ONLY!

The World-Renowned Tragedians,

DAVID GARRICK THE YOUNGER!

AND

EDMUND KEAN THE ELDER!

Of the London and Continental Theaters,

In their Thrilling Tragedy of

THE KING'S CAMELOPARD;

OR,

THE ROYAL NONESUCH!!!

Admission 50 *cents.*"

Well, all day him and the king was hard at it, rigging up a stage, and a curtain, and a row of candles for foot-lights; and that night the house was jam full of men in no time. When the place couldn't hold no more, the duke he quit tending door, and went around the back way and come onto the stage and stood up before the curtain, and made a little speech, and praised up this tragedy, and said it was the most thrillingest one that ever was; and so he went on a-bragging about the tragedy and about Edmund Kean the Elder, which was to play the main principal part in it; and at last when he'd got everybody's expectations up high enough, he rolled up the curtain, and the next minute the king come a-prancing out on all fours; and he was painted all over, ring-streaked and striped, all sorts of colors, as splendid as a rainbow. The people most killed themselves laughing; and when the king got done capering, and capered off behind the scenes, they roared and clapped and stormed and hawhawed till he come back and done it over again; and after that, they made him do it another time. Well, it would 'a' made a cow laugh to see the shines that old idiot cut.

Then the duke he lets the curtain down, and bows to the people, and says the great tragedy will be performed only two nights more, on accounts of pressing London engagements, where the seats is all sold aready for it in Drury Lane; and then he makes them another bow, and says if he has succeeded in pleasing them and instructing them, he will be deeply obleeged if they will mention it to their friends and get them to come and see it.

Twenty people sings out:

"What, is it over? Is that *all?*"

The duke says yes. Then there was a fine time. Everybody sings out "Sold!" and rose up mad, and was a-going for that stage and them tragedians. But a big, fine-looking man jumps up on a bench, and shouts:

"Hold on! Just a word, gentlemen." They stopped to listen. "We are sold—mighty badly sold. But we don't want to be the laughing-stock of this whole town, I reckon, and never hear the last of this thing as long as we live. *No.* What we want is to go out of here quiet, and talk this show up, and sell the *rest* of the town! Then we'll all be in the same boat. Ain't that sensible?" ("You bet it is!—the jedge is right!" everybody sings out.) "All right, then—not a word about any sell. Go along home, and advise everybody to come and see the tragedy."

Next day you couldn't hear nothing around that town but how splendid that show was. House was jammed again that night, and we sold this crowd the same way. When me and the king and the duke got home to the raft, we all had a supper; and by and by, about midnight, they made Jim and me back her out and float her down the middle of the river, and fetch her in and hide her about two mile below town.

The third night the house was crammed again—and they warn't new-comers this time, but people that was at the show the other two nights. I stood by the duke at the door, and I see that every man that went in had his pockets bulging, or something muffled up under his coat—and I see it warn't no perfumery neither, not by a long sight. I smelt sickly eggs by the barrel, and rotten cabbages, and such things. Well, when the place couldn't hold no more people, the duke he give a fellow a quarter and told him to tend door for him a minute, and then he started around for the stage door, I after him; but the minute we turned the corner and was in the dark, he says:

"Walk fast, now, till you get away from the houses, and then shin for the raft like the dickens was after you!"

I done it, and he done the same. We struck the raft at the same time, and in less than two seconds we was gliding down stream, all dark and still, and edging towards the middle of the river, nobody saying a word. I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time of it with the audience; but nothing of the sort; pretty soon he crawls out from under the wigwam, and says:

"Well, how'd the old thing pan out this time, Duke?"

He hadn't been up town at all.

We never showed a light till we was about ten mile below that village. Then we lit up and had a supper, and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people. The duke says:

"Greenhorns, flatheads! *I* knew the first house would keep mum and let the rest of the town get roped in; and I knew they'd lay for us the third night, and consider it was *their* turn now. Well, it *is* their turn, and I'd give something to know how much they'd take for it. I *would* just like to know how they're putting in their opportunity."

Them rapscallions took in four hundred and sixty-five dollars in that three nights. I never see money hauled in by the wagon-load like that before.

By and by, when they was asleep and snoring, Jim says:

"Don't it 'sprise you, de way dem kings carries on, Huck?"

"No," I says, "it don't."

"Why don't it, Huck?"

"Well, it don't, because it's in the breed. I reckon they're all alike."

"But, Huck, dese kings o' ourn is reglar rapscallions; dat's jist what dey is; dey's reglar rapscallions."

"Well, that's what I'm a-saying; all kings is mostly rapscallions, as fur as I can make out."

"Is dat so?"

"You read about them once — you'll see. Look at Henry the Eight; this'n's a Sunday-school superintendent to *him*. And look at Charles Second, and Louis Fourteen, and Louis Fifteen, and James Second, and Edward Second, and Richard Third, and forty more; besides all them Saxon heptarchies that used to rip around so in old times and raise Cain. My, you ought to seen old Henry the Eight when he was in bloom. He *was* a blossom. He used to marry a new wife every day and chop off her head next morning. And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs. 'Fetch up Nell Gwynn,' he says. They fetch her up. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!' And they chop it off. 'Fetch up Jane Shore,' he says; and up she comes. Next morning, 'Chop off her head'— and they chop it off. 'Ring up Fair Rosamun.' Fair Rosamun answers the bell. Next morning, 'Chop off her head.'"

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't 'a' done no good; and besides, it was just as I said; you couldn't tell them from the real kind.

Next day, towards night, we laid up under a little willow tow-head out in the middle, where there was a village on each side of the river, and the duke and the king begun to lay out a plan for working them towns. Jim he spoke to the duke, and said he hoped it wouldn't take but a few hours, because it got mighty heavy and tiresome to him when he had to lay all day in the wigwam tied with



HARMLESS.

the rope. You see, when we left him all alone we had to tie him, because if anybody happened on him all by himself and not tied, it wouldn't look much like he was a runaway nigger, you know. So the duke said it *was* kind of hard to have to lay roped all day, and he'd cipher out some way to get around it.

He was uncommon bright, the duke was, and he soon struck it. He dressed Jim up in King Lear's outfit — it was a long curtain-calico gown, and a white horse-hair wig and whiskers; and then he took his theater-paint and painted Jim's face and hands and ears and neck all over a dead dull solid blue, like a man that's been drownded nine days. Blamed if he warn't the horriblest-looking

outrage I ever see. Then the duke took and wrote out a sign on a shingle so:

Sick Arab — but harmless when not out of his head.

And he nailed that shingle to a lath, and stood the lath up four or five foot in front of the wigwam. Jim was satisfied. He said it was a sight better than laying tied a couple of years every day and trembling all over every time there was a sound. The duke told him to make himself free and easy, and if anybody ever come meddling around, he must hop out of the wigwam, and carry on a little, and fetch a howl or two like a wild beast, and he reckoned they would light out and leave him alone. Which was sound enough judgment; but you take the average man, and he wouldn't wait for him to howl.

These rapscallions wanted to try the Nonesuch again, because there was so much money in it, but they judged it wouldn't be safe, because may be the news might 'a' worked along down by this time. They couldn't hit no project that suited, exactly; so at last the duke said he reckoned he'd lay off and work his brains an hour or two and see if he couldn't put up something on the Arkansaw village; and the king he allowed he would drop over to t'other village, without any plan, but just trust in Providence to lead him the profitable way — meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought store clothes where we stopped last; and now the king put his'n on, and he told me to put mine on. I done it, of course. The king's duds was all black, and he did look real swell and starchy. I never knowed how clothes could change a body before. Why, before, he looked like the orneriest old rip that ever was; but now, when he'd take off his new white beaver and make a bow and do a smile, he looked that grand and good and pious that you'd say he had walked right out of the ark, and may be was old Leviticus himself. Jim cleaned up the canoe, and I got my paddle ready. There was a big steamboat laying at the shore away up under the point, about three mile above town — been there a couple of hours, taking on freight. Says the king:

"Seein' how I'm dressed, I reckon may be I better arrive down from St. Louis or Cincinnati, or some other big place. Go for the steamboat, Huckleberry; we'll come down to the village on her."

I didn't have to be ordered twice, to go and take a steamboat ride. I fetched the shore a half-mile above the village, and then went scooting along the bluff bank in the easy water. Pretty soon we come to a nice innocent-looking young country jake setting on a log swabbing the sweat off his face, for it was powerful warm weather; and he had a couple of big carpet-bags by him.

"Run her nose in shore," says the king. I done it. "Wher' you bound for, young man?"

"For the steamboat; going to Orleans."

"Git aboard," says the king. "Hold on a minute, my servant'll he'p you with them bags. Jump out and he'p the gentleman, Adolphus" — meaning me, I see.

I done so, and then we all three started on again. The young chap was mighty thankful; said it was tough work toting his baggage such weather. He asked the king where he was going, and the king told him he'd come down the river and landed at the other village this morning, and now he was going up a few mile to see an old friend on a farm up there. The young fellow says:

"When I first see you, I says to myself, 'It's Mr. Wilks, sure, and he come mighty near getting here in time.' But then I says again, 'No, I reckon it ain't him, or else he wouldn't be paddling up the river.' You *ain't* him, are you?"

"No, my name's Blodgett — Elexander Blodgett — *Reverend* Elexander Blodgett, I s'pose I must say, as I'm one o' the Lord's poor servants. But still I'm jist as able to be sorry for Mr. Wilks for not arriving in time, all the same, if he's missed anything by it — which I hope he hasn't."

"Well, he don't miss any property by it, because he'll get that all right; but he's missed seeing his brother Peter die — which he mayn't mind, nobody can tell as to that — but his brother would 'a' give anything in this world to see *him* before he died; never talked about nothing else all these three weeks; hadn't seen him since they was boys together — and hadn't ever seen his brother William at all — that's the deef and dumb one — William ain't more than thirty or thirty-five. Peter and George was the only ones that come out here; George was the married brother; him and his wife both died last year. Harvey and William's the only ones that's left now; and, as I was saying, they haven't got here in time."

"Did anybody send 'em word?"

"Oh, yes — a month or two ago, when Peter was first took; because Peter said then that he sorter felt like he warn't going to get well this time. You see, he was pretty old, and George's g'yirls was too young to be much company for him, except Mary Jane, the red-headed one; and so he was kinder lonesome after George and his wife died, and didn't seem to care much to live. He most desperately wanted to see Harvey — and William, too, for that matter — because he

was one of them kind that can't bear to make a will. He left a letter behind for Harvey, and said he'd told in it where his money was hid, and how he wanted the rest of the property divided up so George's g'yirls would be all right — for George didn't leave nothing. And that letter was all they could get him to put a pen to."

"Why do you reckon Harvey don't come? Wher' does he live?"

"Oh, he lives in England — Sheffield — preaches there — hasn't ever been in this country. He hasn't had any too much time — and besides he mightn't 'a' got the letter at all, you know."

"Too bad, too bad he couldn't 'a' lived to see his brothers, poor soul! You going to Orleans, you say?"

"Yes, but that ain't only a part of it. I'm going in a ship, next Wednesday, for Ryo Janeero, where my uncle lives."

"It's a pretty long journey. But it'll be lovely; I wisht I was a-going. Is Mary Jane the oldest? How old is the others?"

"Mary Jane's nineteen, Susan's fifteen, and Joanna's about fourteen — that's the one that gives herself to good works and has a hare-lip."

"Poor things! to be left alone in the cold world so."

"Well, they could be worse off. Old Peter had friends, and they ain't going to let them come to no harm. There's Hobson, the Babtis' preacher; and Deacon Lot Hovey, and Ben Rucker, and Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, the lawyer, and Dr. Robinson, and their wives, and the widow Bartley, and — well, there's a lot of them; but these are the ones that Peter was thickest with, and used to write about sometimes, when he wrote home; so Harvey'll know where to look for friends when he gets here."

Well, the old man he went on asking questions till he just fairly emptied that young fellow. Blamed if he didn't inquire about everybody and everything in that blessed town, and all about all the Wilkses; and about Peter's business — which was a tanner; and about George's — which was a carpenter; and about Harvey's — which was a dissentering minister; and so on. Then he says:

"What did you want to walk all the way up to the steamboat for?"

"Because she's a big Orleans boat, and I was afeard she mightn't stop there. When they're deep they won't stop for a hail. A Cincinnati boat will, but this is a St. Louis one."

"Was Peter Wilks well off?"

"Oh, yes, pretty well off. He had houses and land, and it's reckoned he left three or four thousand in cash hid up som'ers."

"When did you say he died?"

"I didn't say, but it was last night."

"Funeral to-morrow, likely?"

"Yes, 'bout the middle of the day."

"Well, it's all terrible sad; but we've all got to go, one time or another. So what we want to do is to be prepared; then we're all right."

"Yes, sir, it's the best way. Ma used to always say that."

When we struck the boat, she was about done loading, and pretty soon she got off. The king never said nothing about going aboard, so I lost my ride, after all. When the boat was gone, the king made me paddle up another mile to a lonesome place, and then he got ashore, and says:

"Now hustle back, right off, and fetch the duke up here, and the new carpet-bags. And if he's gone over to t'other side, go over there and git him. And tell him to git himself up regardless. Shove along, now."

I see what *he* was up to; but I never said nothing, of course. When I got back with the duke, we hid the canoe and then they set down on a log, and the king told him everything, just like the young fellow had said it — every last word of it. And all the time he was a-doing it, he tried to talk like an Englishman; and he done it pretty well, too, for a slouch. I can't imitate him, and so I ain't a-going to try to; but he really done it pretty good. Then he says:

"How are you on the deef and dumb, Bilgewater?"

The duke said, leave him alone for that; said he had played a deef and dumb person on the histrionic boards. So then they waited for a steamboat.

About the middle of the afternoon a couple of little boats come along, but they didn't come from high enough up the river; but at last there was a big one, and they hailed her. She sent out her yawl, and we went aboard, and she was from Cincinnati; and when they found we only wanted to go four or five mile, they was booming mad, and give us a cussing, and said they wouldn't land us. But the king was ca'm. He says:

"If gentlemen kin afford to pay a dollar a mile apiece, to be took on and put off in a yawl, a steamboat kin afford to carry 'em, can't it?"

So they softened down and said it was all right; and when we got to the village, they yawled us ashore. About two dozen men flocked down, when they see the yawl a-coming; and when the king says: "Kin any of you gentlemen tell me wher' Mr. Peter Wilks lives?" they give a glance at one another, and nodded their heads, as much as to say, "What d' I tell you?" Then one of them says, kind of soft and gentle:

"I'm sorry, sir, but the best we can do is to tell you where he *did* live yesterday evening."

Sudden as winking, the ornery old cretur went all to smash, and fell up against the man, and put his chin on his shoulder, and cried down his back, and says:

"Alas, alas, our poor brother — gone, and we never got to see him; oh, it's too, *too* hard!"

Then he turns around, blubbering, and makes a lot of idiotic signs to the duke on his hands, and blamed if *he* didn't drop a carpet-bag and bust out a-crying. If they warn't the beatenest lot, them two frauds, that ever I struck.

Well, the men gethered around, and sympathized with them, and said all sorts of kind things to them, and carried their carpet-bags up the hill for them, and let them lean on them and cry, and told the king all about his brother's last moments, and the king he told it all over again on his hands to the duke. It was enough to make a body ashamed of the human race.

The news was all over town in two minutes, and you could see the people tearing down on the run, from every which way, some of them putting on their coats as they come. Pretty soon we was in the middle of a crowd, and the noise of the tramping was like a soldier march. The windows and door-yards was full; and every minute somebody would say, over a fence:

"Is it *them?*"

And somebody trotting along with the gang would answer back and say:

"You bet it is."

When we got to the house, the street in front of it was packed, and the three girls was standing in the door. Mary Jane *was* red-headed, but that don't make no difference, she was most awful beautiful, and her face and her eyes was all lit up like glory, she was so glad her uncles was come. The king he spread his arms, and Mary Jane she jumped for them, and the hare-lip jumped for the duke, and there they *had* it! Everybody most, leastways women, cried for joy to see them meet again at last and have such good times.

Then the king he hunched the duke, private — I see him do it — and then he looked around and see the coffin, over in the corner on two chairs; so then, him and the duke, with a hand across each other's shoulder, and t'other hand to their eyes, walked slow and solemn over there, everybody dropping back to give them room, and all the talk and noise stopping, people saying "Sh!" and all the men taking their hats off and drooping their heads, so you could 'a' heard a pin fall. And when they got there, they bent over and looked in the coffin, and took one sight, and then they bust out a-crying so you could 'a' heard them to Orleans, most; and then they put their arms around each other's necks, and hung their chins over each other's shoulders; and then for three minutes, or may be four, I never see two men leak the way they done. And mind you, everybody was doing the same; and the place was that damp I never see anything like it. Then one of them got on one side of the coffin, and t'other on t'other side, and they kneeled down and rested their foreheads on the coffin, and let on to pray all to theirselves. Well, when it come to that, it worked the crowd like you never see anything like it, and so everybody broke down and went to sobbing right out loud — the poor girls, too; and every woman, nearly, went up to the girls, without saying a word, and kissed them, solemn, on the forehead, and then put



"ALAS, OUR POOR BROTHER!

their hand on their head, and looked up toward the sky, with the tears running down, and then busted out and went off sobbing and swabbing, and give the next woman a show.

Well, by and by the king he gets up and comes forward a little, and works himself up and slobbers out a speech, all full of tears and flapdoodle about its being a sore trial for him and his poor brother to lose the diseased, and to miss seeing diseased alive, after the long journey of four thousand mile, but it's a trial that's sweetened and sanctified to us by this dear sympathy and these holy tears; and so he thanks them out of his heart and out of his brother's heart, because out of their mouths they can't, words being too weak and cold, and all that kind of slush, till it was just sickening; and then he blubbers out a pious goody-goody Amen, and turns himself loose and goes to crying fit to bust.

And the minute the words was out of his mouth somebody over in the crowd struck up the doxolojer, and everybody joined in with all their might, and it just warmed you up and made you feel as good as church letting out. Music *is* a good thing; and after all that soul-butter, I never see it freshen up things so and sound so honest and bully.

Then the king begins to work his jaw again, and says how him and his nieces would be glad if a few of the main principal friends of the family would take supper here with them this evening and help set up with the ashes of the diseased; and says if his poor brother laying yonder could speak, he knows who he would name, for they was names that was very dear to him, and mentioned often in his letters; and so he will name the same, to wit, as follows, vizz.: Rev. Mr. Hobson, and Deacon Lot Hovey, and Mr. Ben Rucker, and Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, and Dr. Robinson, and their wives, and the widow Bartley.

Rev. Hobson and Dr. Robinson was down to the end of the town, a-hunting together; that is, I mean the doctor was shipping a sick man to t'other world, and the preacher was p'inting him right. Lawyer Bell was away up to Louisville on some business. But the rest was on hand, and so they all come and shook hands with the king and thanked him and talked to him; and then they shook hands with the duke, and didn't say nothing, but just kept a-smiling and bobbing their heads like a passel of sapheads whilst he made all sorts of signs with his hands, and said, "Goo-goo—goo-goo-goo," all the time, like a baby that can't talk.

So the king he blatted along, and managed to inquire about pretty much everybody and dog in town by his name, and mentioned all sorts of little things that happened one time or another in the town, or to George's family, or to Peter; and he always let on that Peter wrote him the things, but that was a lie. He got every blessed one of them out of that young flathead that we canoed up to the steamboat.

Then Mary Jane she fetched the letter her father left behind, and the king he read it out loud and cried over it. It give the dwelling-house and three thousand dollars, gold, to the girls; and it give the tan-yard (which was doing a good business), along with some other houses and land (worth about seven thousand) and three thousand dollars in gold to Harvey and William, and told where the six thousand cash was hid down cellar. So these two frauds said they'd go and fetch it up, and have everything square and above-board, and told me to come with a candle. We shut the cellar door behind us, and when they found the bag they spilt it out on the floor, and it was a lovely sight, all them yaller-boys. My, the way the king's eyes did shine! He slaps the duke on the shoulder, and says:

"Oh, *this* ain't bully, nor noth'n! Oh, no, I reckon not! Why, Biljy, it beats the Nonesuch, *don't* it!"

The duke allowed it did. They pawed the yaller-boys, and sifted them through their fingers and let them jingle down on the floor; and the king says:

"It ain't no use talkin'; bein' brothers to a rich dead man, and representatives of furrin heirs that's got left, is the line for you and me, Bilge."

Most everybody would 'a' been satisfied with the pile, and took it on trust; but no, they must count it. So they counts it, and it comes out four hundred and fifteen dollars short. Says the king:

"Dern him! I wonder what he done with that four hundred and fifteen dollars?"

They worried over that awhile, and ransacked all around for it. Then the duke says:

"Well, he was a pretty sick man, and likely he made a mistake—I reckon that's the way of it. The best way's to let it go, and keep still about it. We can spare it."

"Oh, shucks, yes, we can *spare* it. I don't k'yer noth'n 'bout that—it's the *count* I'm thinking about. We want to be awful square and open and above-board, here, you know. We want to lug this h-yer money upstairs and count it before everybody—then ther' ain't noth'n suspicious. But when the dead man says ther's six thous'n dollars, you know, we don't want to——"

"Hold on," says the duke. "Less make up the deffisit"—and he begun to haul out yaller-boys out of his pocket.

"It's a most amaz'n' good idea, duke—you *have* got a rattlin' clever head on you," says the king. "Blest if the old Nonesuch ain't a heppen' us out agin"—and *he* begun to haul out yaller-jackets and stack them up.

It most busted them, but they made up the six thousand clean and clear.

"Say," says the duke, "I got another idea. Le's go upstairs and count this money, and then take and *give it to the girls*."

"Good land, duke, lemme hug you! It's the most dazzling idea 'at ever a man struck. You have cert'nly got the most astonishin' head I ever see. Oh, this is the boss dodge, ther' ain't no mistake 'bout it. Let 'em fetch along their suspicions now, if they want to—this'll lay 'em out."

When we got upstairs, everybody gethered around the table, and the king he counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile—twenty elegant little piles. Everybody looked hungry at it, and licked their chops. Then they raked it into the bag again, and I

see the king begin to swell himself up for another speech. He says:

"Friends all, my poor brother that lays yonder has done generous by them that's left behind in the vale of sorrers. He has done generous by these yer poor little lambs that he loved and sheltered, and that's left fatherless and motherless. Yes, and we that knowed him, knows that he would 'a' done *more* generous by 'em if he hadn't ben afeard o' woundin' his dear William and me. Now, *wouldn't* he? Ther' ain't no question 'bout it in *my* mind. Well, then, what kind o' brothers would it be that'd stand in his way at sech a time? And what kind o' uncles would it be that'd rob — yes, *rob* — sech poor sweet lambs as these 'at he loved so, at sech a time? If I know William — and I *think* I do — he — well, I'll jest ask him." He turns around and begins to make a lot of signs to the duke with his hands; and the duke he looks at him stupid and leather-headed awhile, then all of a sudden he seems to catch his meaning, and jumps for the king, goo-gooing with all his might for joy, and hugs him about fifteen times before he lets up. Then the king says: "I knowed it; I reckon *that*'ll convince anybody the way *he* feels about it. Here, Mary Jane, Susan, Joanner, take the money — take it *all*. It's the gift of him that lays yonder, cold but joyful."

Mary Jane she went for him, Susan and the hare-lip went for the duke, and then such another hugging and kissing I never see yet. And everybody crowded up with the tears in their eyes, and most shook the hands off of them frauds, saying all the time:

"You *dear* good souls! — how *lovely!* — how *could* you!"

Well, then, pretty soon all hands got to talking about the diseased again, and how good he was, and what a loss he was, and all that; and before long a big iron-jawed man worked himself in there from outside, and stood a-listening and looking, and not saying anything; and nobody saying anything to him either, because the king was talking and they was all busy listening. The king was saying — in the middle of something he'd started in on:

"— they bein' partickler friends o' the diseased. That's why they're invited here this evenin'; but to-morrow we want *all* to come — everybody; for he respected everybody, he liked everybody, and so it's fitten that his funeral orgies sh'd be public."

And so he went a-mooning on and on, liking to hear himself talk, and every little while he fetched in his funeral orgies again, till the duke he couldn't stand it no more; so he writes on a little scrap of paper, "*Obsequies*, you old fool," and folds it up and goes to goo-gooing and reaching it over people's heads to him. The king he reads it, and puts it in his pocket, and says:

"Poor William, afflicted as he is, his *heart's* aluz right. Asks me to invite everybody to come to the funeral — wants me to make 'em all welcome. But he needn't 'a' worried — it was jest what I was at."

Then he weaves along again, perfectly ca'm, and goes to dropping in his funeral orgies again every now and then, just like he done before. And when he done it the third time, he says:

"I say orgies, not because it's the common term, because it ain't — obsequies bein' the common term — but because orgies is the right term. Obsequies ain't used in England no more now — it's gone out. We say orgies now in England. Orgies is better, because it means the thing you're after, more exact. It's a word that's made up out'n the Greek *orgo*, outside, open, abroad; and the Hebrew *jeesum*, to plant, cover up; hence in*ter*. So, you see, funeral orgies is an open er public funeral."

He was the *worst* I ever struck. Well, the iron-jawed man he laughed right in his face. Everybody was shocked. Everybody says, "Why, *doctor!*" and Abner Shackleford says:

"Why, Robinson, hain't you heard the news? This is Harvey Wilks."

The king he smiled eager, and shoved out his flapper, and says:

"*Is* it my poor brother's dear good friend and physician? I ——"

"Keep your hands off of me!" says the doctor. "*You* talk like an Englishman — *don't* you? It's the worst imitation I ever heard. *You* Peter Wilks's brother! You're a fraud, that's what you are!"

Well, how they all took on! They crowded around the doctor, and tried to quiet him down, and tried to explain to him, and tell how Harvey'd showed in forty ways that he *was* Harvey, and knowed everybody by name, and the names of the very dogs, and begged and *begged* him not to hurt Harvey's feelings and the poor girls' feelings, and all that; but it warn't no use, he stormed right along, and said any man that pretended to be an Englishman and couldn't imitate the lingo no better than what he did, was a fraud and a liar. The poor girls was hanging to the king and crying; and all of a sudden the doctor ups and turns on *them*. He says:

"I was your father's friend, and I'm your friend; and I warn you *as* a friend, and an honest one, that wants to protect you and keep you out of harm and trouble, to turn your backs on that scoundrel, and have nothing to do with him, the ignorant tramp, with his idiotic Greek and Hebrew as he calls it.

He is the thinnest kind of an impostor — has come here with a lot of empty names and facts which he has picked up somewheres, and you take them for *proofs*, and are helped to fool yourselves by these foolish friends here, who ought to know better. Mary Jane Wilks, you know me for your friend, and for your unselfish friend, too. Now listen to me: turn this pitiful rascal out — I *beg* you to do it. Will you?"

Mary Jane straightened herself up, and my, but she was handsome! She says:

"*Here* is my answer." She hove up the bag of money and put it in the king's hands, and says: "Take this six thousand dollars, and invest for me and my sisters any way you want to, and don't give us no receipt for it."

Then she put her arm around the king on one side, and Susan and the hare-lip done the same on the other. Everybody clapped their hands and stomped on the floor like a perfect storm, whilst the king held up his head and smiled proud. The doctor says:

"All right, I wash *my* hands of the matter. But I warn you all that a time's coming when you're going to feel sick whenever you think of this day" — and away he went.

"All right, doctor," says the king, kinder mocking him, "we'll try and get 'em to send for you" — which made them all laugh, and they said it was a prime good hit.

Well, when they was all gone, the king he asks Mary Jane how they was off for spare rooms, and she said she had one spare room, which would do for Uncle William, and she'd give her own room to Uncle Harvey, which was a little bigger, and she would turn into the room with her sisters and sleep on a cot; and up garret was a little cubby, with a pallet in it. The king said the cubby would do for his valley — meaning me.

So Mary Jane took us up, and she showed them their rooms, which was plain but nice. She said she'd have her frocks and a lot of other traps took out of her room if they was in Uncle Harvey's way, but he said they warn't. The frocks was hung along the wall, and before them was a curtain made out of calico that hung down to the floor. There was an old hair trunk in one corner, and a guitar-box in another, and all sorts of little knickknacks and jimcracks around, like girls brisken up a room with. The king said it was all the more homely and more pleasanter for these fixings, and so don't disturb them.

That night they had a big supper, and all them men and women was there, and I stood behind the king and the duke's chairs and waited on them, and the niggers waited on the rest. Mary Jane she set at the head of the table, with Susan alongside of her, and said how bad the biscuits was, and how mean



"*YOU* TALK LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN!"

the preserves was, and how ornery and tough the fried chickens was — the way women always do for to force out compliments; and the people all knowed everything was tip-top, and said so — said "How *do* you get biscuits to brown so nice?" and "Where, for the land's sake, *did* you get these amaz'n pickles?" and all that kind of humbug talky-talk, just the way people always does at a supper, you know.

And when it was all done, me and the hare-lip had supper in the kitchen off of the leavings, whilst the others was helping the niggers clean up the things.

When I got by myself, I went to thinking the thing over. I says to myself, Shall I go to that doctor, private, and blow on these frauds? No — that won't do. He might tell who told him; then the king and the duke would make it warm for me. Shall I go, private, and tell Mary Jane? No — I dasn't do it. Her face would give them a hint, sure; they've got the money, and they'd slide right out and get away with it. If she was to fetch in help, I'd get mixed up in the business before it was done with, I judge. No, there ain't no good way but one. I got to steal that money somehow; and I got to steal it some way that they won't suspicion that I done it. I'll steal it, and hide it; and by and by, when I'm away down the river, I'll write a letter and tell Mary Jane where it's hid. But I better hive it to-night, if I can, because the doctor may be hasn't let up as

much as he lets on he has; he might scare them out of here yet.

So, thinks I, I'll go and search them rooms. Upstairs the hall was dark, but I found the duke's room, and started to paw around it with my hands; but I recollected it wouldn't be much like the king to let anybody else take care of that money but his own self; so then I went to his room and begun to paw around there. But I see I couldn't do nothing without a candle, and I dasn't light one, of course. So I judged I'd got to do the other thing — lay for them, and eavesdrop. About that time I hears their footsteps coming, and was going to skip under the bed; I reached for it, but it wasn't where I thought it would be; but I touched the curtain that hid Mary Jane's frocks, so I jumped in behind that and snuggled in amongst the gowns.

They come in and shut the door; and the first thing the duke done was to get down and look under the bed. They sets down then, and the king says:

"Well, what is it? and cut it middlin' short, because it's better for us to be down there a whoopin' up the mournin', than up here givin' 'em a chance to talk us over."

"Well, this is it, Capet. I ain't easy; I ain't comfortable. That doctor lays on my mind. I wanted to know your plans. I've got a notion, and I think it's a sound one."

"What is it, duke?"

"That we better glide out of this before three in the morning, and clip it down the river with what we've got. Specially, seeing we got it so easy — *given* back to us, flung at our heads, as you may say, when of course we allowed to have to steal it back. I'm for knocking off and lighting out."

"What! and not sell out the rest o' the property? March off like a passel o' fools and leave eight or nine thous'n' dollars' worth o' property layin' around jest sufferin' to be scooped in? — and all good salable stuff, too."

The duke he grumbled; said the bag of gold was enough, and he didn't want to go no deeper — didn't want to rob a lot of orphans of *everything* they had.

"Why, how you talk!" says the king. "We sha'n't rob 'em of nothing at all but jest this money. The people that *buys* the property is the suff'rers; because as soon'sit's found out'at we didn't own it — which won't be long after we've slid — the sale won't be valid, and it'll all go back to the estate. These yer orphans 'll git their house back agin, and that's enough for *them;* they're young and spry, and k'n easy earn a livin'. *They* ain't a-going to suffer. Why, jest think — there's thous'n's and thous'n's that ain't nigh so well off. Bless you, *they* ain't got noth'n to complain of."

Well, the king he talked him blind; so at last he give in, and said all right, but said he believed it was blame foolishness to stay, and that doctor hanging over them. But the king says:

"Cuss the doctor! What do we k'yer for *him?* Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? and ain't that a big enough majority in any town?"

So they got ready to go down-stairs again. The duke says:

"I don't think we put that money in a good place."

That cheered me up. I'd begun to think I warn't going to get a hint of no kind to help me. The king says:

"Why?"

"Because Mary Jane'll be in mourning from this out; and first you know the nigger that does up the rooms will get an order to box these duds up and put 'em away; and do you reckon a nigger can run across money and not borrow some of it?"

"Your head's level agin, duke," says the king; and he come a fumbling under the curtain two or three foot from where I was. I stuck tight to the wall, and kept mighty still, though quivery; and I wondered what them fellows would say to me if they catched me; and I tried to think what I'd better do if they did catch me. But the king he got the bag before I could think more than about a half a thought, and he never suspicioned I was around. They took and shoved the bag through a rip in the straw tick that was under the feather bed, and crammed it in a foot or two amongst the straw, and said it was all right now, because a nigger only makes up the feather bed, and don't turn over the straw tick only about twice a year. I had it out of there before they was half-way down-stairs. I groped along up to my cubby, and hid it there till I could get a chance to do better. I judged I better hide it outside of the house somewheres, because if they missed it they would give the house a good ransacking. I knowed that very well. Then I turned in, with my clothes all on; but I couldn't 'a' gone to sleep, if I'd 'a' wanted to, I was in such a hurry to get through with the business. By and by I heard the king and the duke come up; so I rolled off of my pallet and laid with my chin at the top of my ladder and waited to see if anything was going to happen. But nothing did.

So I held on till all the late sounds had quit and the early ones hadn't begun yet; and then I slipped down the ladder.

I crept to their doors and listened; they was snoring, so I tiptoed along, and got down-stairs all right. There warn't a sound anywheres. I peeped through a crack of the dining-room door, and see the men that was

watching the corpse all sound asleep on their chairs. The door was open into the parlor, where the corpse was laying, and there was a candle in both rooms. I passed along, and the parlor door was open, but I see there warn't nobody in there but the remainders of Peter; so I shoved on by; but the front door was locked, and the key wasn't there. Just then I heard somebody coming down the stairs, back behind me. I run in the parlor, and took a swift look around, and the only place I see to hide the bag was in the coffin. I tucked the money-bag in under the lid, and then I run back across the room and in behind the door.

The person coming was Mary Jane. She went to the coffin, very soft, and kneeled down and looked in; then she put up her handkerchief, and I see she begun to cry, though I couldn't hear her, and her back was to me. I slid out, and as I passed the dining-room I thought I'd make sure them watchers hadn't seen me; so I looked through the crack, and everything was all right; they hadn't stirred.

I slipped up to bed, feeling ruther blue, on accounts of the thing playing out that way after I had took so much trouble and run so much resk about it. Says I, if it could stay where it is, all right; because when we get down the river a hundred mile or two I could write back to Mary Jane, and she could dig him up again and get it; but that ain't the thing that's going to happen. The thing that's going to happen is, the money'll be found when they come to screw on the lid. Then the king'll get it again, and it'll be a long day before he gives anybody another chance to smouch it from him. Of course I *wanted* to slide down and get it out of there, but I dasn't try it.

When I got down-stairs in the morning the parlor was shut up and the watchers was gone. There warn't nobody around but the family and the widow Bartley and our tribe. I watched their faces to see if anything had been happening, but I couldn't tell.

Towards the middle of the day the undertaker came with his man, and they set the coffin in the middle of the room on a couple of chairs, and then set all our chairs in rows, and borrowed more from the neighbors, till the hall, and the parlor, and the dining-room was full. I see the coffin-lid was the way it was before, but I dasn't go to look in under it with folks around.

Then the people begun to flock in, and the beats and the girls took seats in the front row at the head of the coffin, and for half an hour the people filed around slow in single rank; and it was all very still and solemn, only the girls and the beats holding handkerchiefs to their eyes and keeping their heads bent and sobbing a little.

They had borrowed a melodeum — a sick one; and when everything was ready, a young woman set down and worked it; and it was pretty skreeky and colicky, and everybody joined in and sung. Then the Reverend Hobson opened up, slow and solemn, and begun to talk; and straight off the most outrageous row busted out in the cellar a body ever heard; it was only one dog, but he made a most powerful racket, and he kept it up right along. The parson he had to stand there and wait; you couldn't hear yourself think. It was right down awkward, and nobody didn't seem to know what to do. But pretty soon they see the long-legged undertaker make a sign to the preacher as much as to say, "Don't you worry — just depend on me." Then he stooped down and begun to glide along the wall, just his shoulders showing over the people's heads. So he glided along, and the powwow and racket getting more and more outrageous all the time; and at last, when he had gone around two sides of the room, he disappears down cellar. Then, in about two seconds we heard a whack, and the dog he finished up with a most amazing howl or two, and then everything was dead still, and the parson begun his solemn talk where he left off. In a minute or two here comes this undertaker's back and shoulders gliding along the wall again; and so he glided, and glided, around three sides of the room, and then rose up, and shaded his mouth with his hands, and stretched his neck out towards the preacher, over the people's heads, and says, in a kind of a coarse whisper, "*He had a rat!*" Then



"HE HAD A RAT!"

he drooped down and glided along the wall again to his place. You could see it was a great satisfaction to the people, because naturally they wanted to know. A little thing like that don't cost nothing, and it's just the little things that makes a man to be looked up to and liked. There warn't no more popular man in town than what that undertaker was.

Well, the funeral sermon was very good, but pison long and tiresome; and then the king he shoved in and got off some of his usual rubbage; and at last the job was through, and the undertaker begun to sneak up on the coffin with his screw-driver. I was in a sweat then, and watched him pretty keen. But he never meddled at all; just slid the lid along, and screwed it down tight and fast. So there I was! I didn't know whether the money was in there or not. So, says I, s'pose somebody has hogged that bag on the sly? —now how do *I* know whether to write to Mary Jane or not? S'pose she dug him up and didn't find nothing—what would she think of me? Blame it, I says, I might get hunted up and jailed; I'd better lay low and keep dark, and not write at all; the thing's awful mixed, now; trying to better it, I've worsened it a hundred times.

They buried him, and we come back home, and I went to watching faces again — I couldn't help it, and I couldn't rest easy. But nothing come of it; the faces didn't tell me nothing.

The king he visited around in the evening, and sweetened everybody up, and made himself ever so friendly; and he give out the idea that his congregation over in England would be worrying about him, so he must hurry and settle up the estate right away, and leave for home. He was very sorry he was so pushed, and so was everybody; they wished he could stay longer, but they said they could see it couldn't be done. And he said of course him and William would take the girls home with them; and that pleased everybody, too, because then the girls would be well fixed, and amongst their own relations; and it pleased the girls, too — tickled them so they clean forgot they ever had a trouble in the world, and told him to sell out as quick as he wanted to, they would be ready. Them poor things was that glad and happy it made my heart ache to see them getting fooled and lied to so, but I didn't see no safe way for me to chip in and change the general tune.

Well, blamed if the king didn't bill the house and the niggers and all the property for auction straight off — sale two days after the funeral; but anybody could buy private beforehand if they wanted to.

So the next day after the funeral, along about noon-time, the girls' joy got the first jolt; a couple of nigger-traders come along, and the king sold them the niggers reasonable, for three-day drafts as they called it, and away they went, the two sons up the river to Memphis, and their mother down the river to Orleans. I thought them poor girls and them niggers would break their hearts for grief; they cried around each other, and took on so it most made me down sick to see it. The girls said they hadn't ever dreamed of seeing the family separated or sold away from the town. I can't ever get it out of my memory, the sight of them poor miserable girls and niggers hanging around each other's necks and crying; and I reckon I couldn't 'a' stood it all, but would 'a' had to bust out and tell on our gang, if I hadn't knowed the sale warn't no account and the niggers would be back home in a week or two.

The thing made a big stir in the town, too, and a good many come out flat-footed and said it was scandalous to separate the mother and the children that way. It injured the frauds some; but the old fool he bulled right along, spite of all the duke could say or do, and I tell you the duke was powerful uneasy.

Next day was auction day. About broad day in the morning, the king and the duke come up in the garret and woke me up, and I see by their look that there was trouble. The king says:

"Was you in my room night before last?"

"No, Your Majesty"—which was the way I always called him when nobody but our gang warn't around.

"Was you in there yisterday er last night?"

"No, Your Majesty."

"Honor bright, now — no lies."

"Honor bright, Your Majesty; I'm telling you the truth. I hain't been anear your room since Miss Mary Jane took you and the duke and showed it to you."

The duke says:

"Have you seen anybody else go in there?"

"No, Your Grace, not as I remember, I believe."

"Stop and think."

I studied awhile, and see my chance; then I says:

"Well, I see the niggers go in there several times."

Both of them give a little jump, and looked like they hadn't ever expected it, and then like they *had*. Then the duke says:

"What, *all* of them?"

"No — leastways not all at once. That is, I don't think I ever see them all come *out* at once but just one time."

"When was that?"

"It was the day we had the funeral. In the morning. It warn't early, because I overslept. I was just starting down the ladder, and I see them."

"Well, go on, *go* on. What did they do? How'd they act?"

"They didn't do nothing. And they didn't act anyway, much, as fur as I see. They tiptoed away; so I seen, easy enough, that they'd shoved in there to do up Your Majesty's room, or something, s'posing you was up, and found you *warn't* up, and so they was hoping to slide out of the way of trouble without waking you up."

"Great guns, *this* is a go!" says the king; and both of them looked pretty sick, and tolerable silly. They stood there a-thinking and scratching their heads a minute, and then the duke he bust into a kind of a little raspy chuckle, and says:

"It does beat all, how neat the niggers played their hand. They let on to be *sorry* they was going out of this region! and I believed they *was* sorry. And so did you, and so did everybody. Don't ever tell *me* any more that a nigger ain't got any histrionic talent. Why, the way they played that thing, it would fool *anybody*. In my opinion there's a fortune in 'em. If I had capital and a theater, I wouldn't want a better lay-out than that. And here we've gone and sold 'em for a song—yes, and ain't privileged to sing the song yet. Say, where *is* that song—that draft?"

"In the bank for to be collected. Where *would* it be?"

"Well, *that's* all right, then, thank goodness."

Says I, kind of timid-like:

"Is something gone wrong?"

The king whirls on me and rips out:

"None o' your business! You keep your head shet, and mind y'r own affairs—if you got any. Long as you're in this town, don't you forgit *that*—you hear?" Then he says to the duke, "We got to jest swaller it, and say noth'n: mum's the word for *us*."

As they was starting down the ladder, the duke he chuckles again, and says:

"Quick sales *and* small profits! It's a good business—yes."

The king snarls around on him, and says:

"I was trying to do for the best in sellin' 'm out so quick. If the profits has turned out to be none, lackin' considable, and none to carry, is it my fault any more'n it's yourn?"

"Well, *they'd* be in this house yet, and we *wouldn't*, if I could 'a' got my advice listened to."

The king sassed back, as much as was safe for him, and then swapped around and lit into *me* again. He give me down the banks for not coming and *telling* him I see the niggers come out of his room acting that way—said any fool would 'a' *knowed* something was up. And then waltzed in and cussed *himself* awhile; and said it all come of him not laying late and taking his natural rest that morning, and he'd be blamed if he'd ever do it again. So they went off a-jawing.

By and by it was getting-up time; so I come down the ladder and started for downstairs, but as I come to the girls' room the door was open, and I see Mary Jane setting by her old hair trunk, which was open and she'd been packing things in it—getting ready to go to England. But she had stopped now, with a folded gown in her lap, and had her face in her hands, crying. I went in there, and says:

"Miss Mary Jane, you can't abear to see people in trouble, and *I* can't—most always. Tell em about it."

So she done it. And it was the niggers—I just expected it. She said the beautiful trip to England was most about spoiled for her.

"Oh, dear, dear! to think they ain't *ever* going to see each other any more!"

"But they *will*—and inside of two weeks—and I *know* it!" says I.

Laws, it was out before I could think!—and before I could budge, she throws her



A COOLNESS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

arms around my neck, and told me to say it *again*, say it *again*, say it *again!*

I see I had spoke too sudden, and said too much, and was in a close place. I asked her to let me think a minute; and she set there, very impatient and excited and handsome, but looking kind of happy and eased-up, like a person that's had a tooth pulled out. So I went to studying it out. I says to myself, I

reckon a body that ups and tells the truth when he is in a tight place, is taking considerable many resks, though I ain't had no experience, and can't say for certain; but it looks so to me, anyway; and yet here's a case where I'm blest if it don't look to me like the truth is better, and actully *safer*, than a lie. I must lay it by in my mind, and think it over some time or other, it's so kind of strange and unregular. I never see nothing like it. Well, I says to myself at last, I'm a-going to chance it; I'll up and tell the truth this time, though it does seem most like setting down on a kag of powder and touching it off just to see where you'll go to. Then I says:

"Miss Mary Jane, is there any place out of town a little ways, where you could go and stay three or four days?"

"Yes — Mr. Lothrop's. Why?"

"Never mind why, yet. If I'll tell you how I know the niggers will see each other again — inside of two weeks — here in this house — and *prove* how I know it — will you go to Mr. Lothrop's and stay four days?"

"Four days!" she says; "I'll stay a year!"

"All right," I says; "I don't want nothing more out of *you* than just your word — I druther have it than another man's kiss-the-Bible." She smiled, and reddened up very sweet, and I says, "If you don't mind it, I'll shut the door — and bolt it."

Then I come back and set down again, and says:

"Don't you holler. Just set still, and take it like a man. I got to tell the truth, and you want to brace up, Miss Mary, because it's a bad kind, and going to be hard to take, but there ain't no help for it. These uncles of yourn ain't no uncles at all; they're a couple of frauds — regular dead-beats. There, now we're over the worst of it — you can stand the rest middling easy."

It jolted her up like everything, of course; but I was over the shoal water now, so I went right along, her eyes a-blazing higher and higher all the time, and told her every blame thing, from where we first struck that young fool going up to the steamboat, clear through to where she flung herself onto the king's breast at the front door and he kissed her sixteen or seventeen times. And then up she jumps, with her face afire like sunset, and says:

"The brute! Come — don't waste a minute — not a *second* — we'll have them tarred and feathered, and flung in the river!"

Says I:

"Cert'nly. But do you mean *before* you go to Mr. Lothrop's, or ——"

"Oh," she says, "what am I *thinking* about!" she says, and set right down again. "Don't mind what I said — please don't — you *won't*, now, *will* you?" — laying her silky hand on mine in that kind of a way that I said I would die first. "I never thought, I was so stirred up," she says. "Now go on, and I won't do so any more. You tell me what to do, and whatever you say, I'll do it."

"Well," I says, "it's a rough gang, them two frauds, and I'm fixed so I got to travel with them awhile longer, whether I want to or not — I druther not tell you why — and if you was to blow on them this town would get me out of their claws, and *I*'d be all right; but there'd be another person that you don't know about who'd be in big trouble. Well, we got to save *him*, hain't we? Of course. Well, then, we won't blow on them."

Saying them words put a good idea in my head. I see how may be I could get me and Jim rid of the frauds; get them jailed here, and then leave. But I didn't want to run the raft in daytime, without anybody aboard to answer questions but me; so I didn't want the plan to begin working till pretty late to-night. I says:

"Miss Mary Jane, I'll tell you what we'll do — and you won't have to stay at Mr. Lothrop's so long, nuther. How fur is it?"

"A little short of four miles — right out in the country, back here."

"Well, that'll answer. Now you go along out there, and lay low till nine or half-past to-night, and then get them to fetch you home again — tell them you've thought of something. If you get here before eleven, put a candle in this window, and if I don't turn up, wait *till* eleven; and *then* if I don't turn up, it means I'm gone, and out of the way, and safe. Then you come out and spread the news around, and get these beats jailed."

"Good," she says. "I'll do it."

"And if it just happens so that I don't get away, but get took up along with them, you must up and say I told you the whole thing beforehand, and you must stand by me all you can."

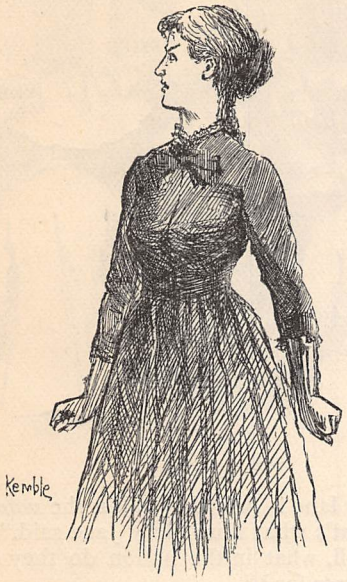
"Stand by you! indeed I will. They sha'n't touch a hair of your head!" she says.

"If I get away, I sha'n't be here," I says, "to prove these rapscallions ain't your uncles, and I couldn't do it if I *was* here. I could swear they was beats and bummers, that's all; though that's worth something. Well, there's others can do that better than what I can — and they're people that ain't going to be doubted as quick as I'd be. I'll tell you how to find them. Gimme a pencil and a piece of paper. There — '*Royal Nonesuch, Bricksville.*' Put it away, and don't lose it. When the court wants to find out something

about these two, let them send up to Bricksville and say they've got the men that played the 'Royal Nonesuch,' and ask for some witnesses. Why, you'll have that entire town down here before you can hardly wink, Miss Mary; and they'll come a-biling, too."

I judged we had got everything fixed about right now; so I says:

"Just let the auction go right along, and don't worry. Nobody don't have to pay for



INDIGNATION.

the things they buy till a whole day after the auction, on accounts of the short notice, and they ain't going out of this till they get that money; and the way we've fixed it, the sale ain't going to count, and they ain't going to *get* no money. It's just like the way it was with the niggers — it warn't no sale, and the niggers will be back before long. Why, they can't collect the money for the *niggers* yet — they're in the worst kind of a fix, Miss Mary."

"Well," she says, "I'll run down to breakfast now, and then I'll start straight for Mr. Lothrop's."

"'Deed, *that* ain't the ticket, Miss Mary Jane," I says, "by no manner of means; go *before* breakfast. Do you reckon you can go and face your uncles, when they come to kiss you good-morning, and never ——"

"There, there, don't! Yes, I'll go before breakfast — I'll be glad to. And leave my sisters with them?"

"Yes — never mind about them. They've got to stand it yet awhile. They might suspicion something if all of you was to go. I don't want you to see them, nor your sisters, nor nobody in this town. If a neighbor was to ask how is your uncles this morning, your face would tell something. No; you go right along, Miss Mary Jane, and I'll fix it with all of them. I'll tell Miss Susan to give your love to your uncles and say you've went away for a few hours for to get a little rest and change, or to see a friend, and you'll be back to-night or early in the morning."

"Gone to see a friend is all right, but I won't have my love given to them."

"Well, then, it sha'n't be." It was well enough to tell *her* so. Then I says: "There's one more thing — that bag of money."

"Well, they've got that; and it makes me feel pretty silly to think *how* they got it."

"No, you're out there. They hain't got it."

"Why, who's got it?"

"I wish I knowed, but I don't. I *had* it, because I stole it from them; and I stole it to give to you; and I know where I hid it, but I'm afraid it ain't there no more. I'm awful sorry, Miss Mary Jane, I'm just as sorry as I can be; but I done the best I could; I did, honest. I come nigh getting caught, and I had to shove it into the first place I come to, and run — and it warn't a good place."

"Oh, stop blaming yourself — it's too bad to do it, and I won't allow it; you couldn't help it — it wasn't your fault. Where did you hide it?"

I didn't want to set her to thinking about her troubles again; so for a minute I didn't say nothing — then I says:

"I'd ruther not *tell* you where I put it, Miss Mary Jane, if you don't mind letting me off; but I'll write it for you on a piece of paper, and you can read it along the road to Mr. Lothrop's, if you want to. Do you reckon that'll do?"

"Oh, yes."

So I wrote: "I put it in the coffin. It was in there when you was crying there, away in the night. I was behind the door, and I was mighty sorry for you, Miss Mary Jane."

It made my eyes water a little to remember her crying there all by herself in the night, and them devils laying there right under her own roof, shaming her and robbing her; and when I folded it up and give it to her, I see the water come into her eyes, too; and she shook me by the hand, hard, and says:

"*Good*-by. I'm going to do everything just as you've told me; and if I don't ever see you again, I sha'n't ever forget you, and I'll think of you a many and a many a time, and I'll *pray* for you, too!" — and she was gone.

Pray for me! I reckoned if she knowed me she'd take a job that was more nearer her size. But I bet she done it, just the same — she was just that kind. She had the grit to

pray for Judas, if she took the notion —there warn't no back-down to her, I judge. You may say what you want to, but in my opinion she had more sand in her than any girl I ever see; in my opinion she was just full of sand. It sounds like flattery, but it ain't no flattery. And when it comes to beauty — and goodness, too — she lays over them all. I hain't ever seen her since that time that I see her go out of that door; no, I hain't ever seen her since, but I reckon I've thought of her a many and a many a million times, and of her saying she would pray for me; and if ever I'd thought it would do any good for me to pray for *her*, blamed if I wouldn't 'a' done it or bust.

Well, Mary Jane she lit out the back way, I reckon; because nobody see her go. When I struck Susan and the hare-lip, I says:

"What's the name of them people over on t'other side of the river that you all goes to see sometimes?"

They says:

"There's several; but it's the Proctors mainly."

"That's the name," I says; "I most forgot it. Well, Miss Mary Jane she told me to tell you she's gone over there in a dreadful hurry — one of them's sick."

"Which one?"

"I don't know; leastways I kinder forget; but I think it's ——"

"Sakes alive, I hope it ain't *Hanner?*"

"I'm sorry to say it," I says, "but Hanner's the very one."

"My goodness — and she so well only last week! Is she took bad?"

"It ain't no name for it. They set up with her all night, Miss Mary Jane said, and they don't think she'll last many hours."

"Only think of that, now! What's the matter with her?"

I couldn't think of anything reasonable, right off that way, so I says:

"Mumps."

"Mumps your granny! They don't set up with people that's got the mumps."

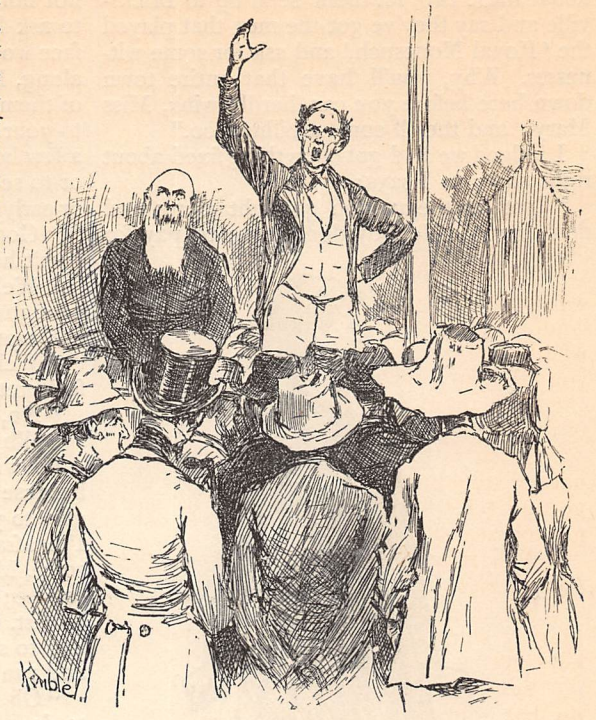
"They don't, don't they? You better bet they do with *these* mumps. These mumps is different. It's a new kind, Miss Mary Jane said."

"How's it a new kind?"

"Because it's mixed up with other things."

"What other things?"

"Well, measles, and whooping-cough, and erysiplas, and consumption, and yaller janders, and brain fever, and I don't know what all."



THE AUCTION.

"My land! And they call it the *mumps?*"

"That's what Miss Mary Jane said."

"Well, what in the nation do they call it the *mumps* for?"

"Why, because it *is* the mumps. That's what it starts with."

"Well, ther' ain't no sense in it. A body might stump his toe, and take pison, and fall down the well, and break his neck, and bust his brains out, and somebody come along and ask what killed him, and some numskull up and say, 'Why, he stumped his *toe*.' Would ther' be any sense in that? *No.* And ther' ain't no sense in *this*, nuther. Is it ketching?"

"Is it *ketching?* Why, how you talk. Is a *harrow* ketching? — in the dark?"

"Well, it's awful, *I* think," says the hare-lip. "I'll go to Uncle Harvey and ——"

"Oh, yes," I says, "I *would.* Of *course* I would. I wouldn't lose no time."

"Well, why wouldn't you?"

"Just look at it a minute, and may be you can see. Hain't your uncles obleeged to get along home to England as fast as they can? And do you reckon they'd be mean enough to go off and leave you to go all that journey by yourselves? *You* know they'll wait for you. So fur, so good. Your uncle Harvey's a preacher, ain't he? Very well, then; is a *preacher* going to deceive a steamboat clerk — is he going to deceive a *ship clerk* — so

as to get them to let Miss Mary Jane go aboard? Now *you* know he ain't. What *will* he do, then? Why, he'll say, 'It's a great pity, but my church matters has got to get along the best way they can; for my niece has been exposed to the dreadful pluribus-unum mumps, and so it's my bounden duty to set down here and wait the three months it takes to show on her if she's got it.' But never mind, if you think it's best to tell your uncle Harvey ——"

"Shucks, and stay fooling around here, when we could all be having good times in England, whilst we was waiting to find out whether Mary Jane's got it or not? Why, you talk like a muggins."

"Well, anyway, may be you better tell some of the neighbors."

"Listen at that, now. You do beat all for natural stupidness. Can't you *see* that *they'd* go and tell? Ther' ain't no way but just to not tell anybody at *all*."

"Well, may be you're right — yes, I judge you *are* right."

"But I reckon we ought to tell Uncle Harvey she's gone out awhile, anyway, so he won't be uneasy about her?"

"Yes, Miss Mary Jane she wanted you to do that. She says, 'Tell them to give Uncle Harvey and William my love and a kiss, and say I've run over the river to see Mr. — Mr. — what *is* the name of that rich family your uncle Peter used to think so much of? — I mean the one that ——"

"Why, you must mean the Apthorps, ain't it?"

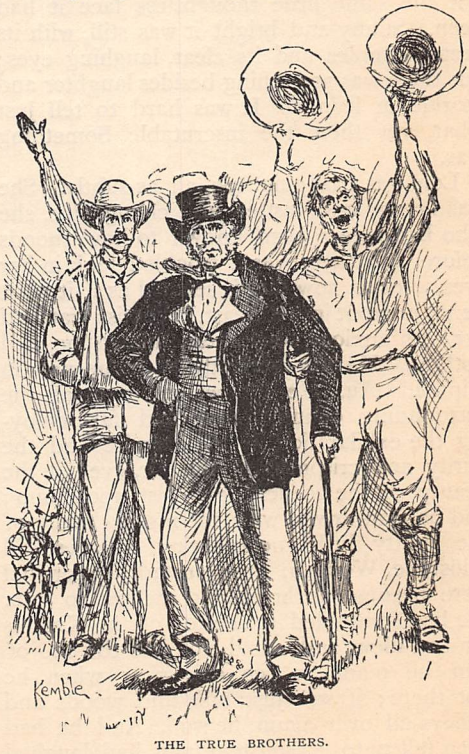
"Of course. Bother them kind of names! a body can't ever seem to remember them, half the time, somehow. Yes, she said, say she has run over for to ask the Apthorps to be sure and come to the auction and buy this house, because she allowed her uncle Peter would ruther they had it than anybody else; and she's going to stick to them till they say they'll come, and then, if she ain't too tired, she's coming home; and if she is, she'll be home in the morning, anyway. She said, don't say nothing about the Proctors, but only about the Apthorps — which'll be perfectly true, because she *is* going there to speak about their buying the house; I know it, because she told me so herself."

"All right," they said, and cleared out to lay for their uncles, and give them the love and the kisses, and tell them the message.

Everything was all right now. The girls wouldn't say nothing because they wanted to go to England; and the king and the duke would ruther Mary Jane was off working for the auction than around in reach of Dr. Robinson. I felt very good. I judged I had done it pretty neat; I reckoned Tom Sawyer couldn't 'a' done it no neater himself. Of course he would 'a' throwed more style into it; but I can't do that very handy, not being brung up to it.

Well, they held the auction in the public square, along towards the end of the afternoon, and it strung along, and strung along; and the old man he was on hand and looking his level pisonest, up there alongside of the auctioneer, and chipping in a little Scripture now and then, or a little goody-goody saying of some kind; and the duke he was around goo-gooing for sympathy all he knowed how, and just spreading himself generly.

But by and by the thing dragged through, and everything was sold — everything but a little old trifling lot in the graveyard; so they'd got to work *that* off. I never see such a girafft as the king was for wanting to swallow *everything*. Well, whilst they was at it, a steamboat landed, and in about two minutes up comes a crowd a-whooping and yelling and laughing and carrying on.



THE TRUE BROTHERS.

They was fetching a very nice-looking old gentleman along, and a nice-looking younger one, with his right arm in a sling. And my souls, how the people yelled, and laughed, and kept it up!

Mark Twain.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK FOREST.*

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD,

Author of "Only an Incident," "One Chapter," etc.

CHAPTER X.

Two weeks passed, and there were no more complaints from Betty about the monotony and dreariness of life in Rippolds Au. Some subtle change was coming over this light-hearted butterfly maiden. Her merry moods alternated with freaks of most unusual quiet. She would stand still at the window and look out for ten minutes without speaking, not seeing anything outside, but positively thinking. What in the world could gay Betty ever be thinking about? She grew prettier every day, yet somehow it was not the same little thoughtless face it had been. Sunny and bright it was still, with its pretty dimples and its clear, laughing eyes; but there was something besides laughter and sparkle in it now. It was hard to tell just what, yet there the inscrutable Something was.

Lois was changing, too, all as subtly. She was uneasy and restless and changeable, she who had never been known to have moods before, and there was a troubled look in her eyes so often now that it seemed as if it must be taking root in her heart. Prentiss watched her with anxious tenderness, though he said nothing. He was perfectly at home now in Rippolds Au. He had walked over all the surrounding country near and far, enjoying the exhilaration of the exercise and the purity and crispness of the air, even if the beauty of the scenery was lost upon him; and he had driven with the rest to many of the pretty little neighboring villages, till Klösterle, Wolfach, Freudenstadt, Petersthal were become as household names to him. He had scrambled to the top of the Kniebis for the view, and could not, for the life of him, be made to see any view when he got there; it was just hills and woods and valleys all over again, he said. And he had been taken to Kastelstein, and had laughed over it till the woods rang. It was nothing in the world but a tolerable-sized rock, he pronounced, with little rocks on top of it, like snails on a bigger snail's back. Ha, ha, ha! What a climb it was, to be sure, just to see a slimy old rock, that looked as if it had been set up on a shelf to drain off and dry!

There was many a farm-house around that he was familiar with, too, by this time, as well as with its inmates, all of whom had the brightest of greetings for him as he passed. He knew all about them, what they did and how they lived, getting at their confidence in some simple fashion of his own that seemed to interpret their jargon for him and render his own bad German equally intelligible to them; and he quite bought out the toy department in the *Verkaufshalle* in behalf of the peasant children. Among the guests of Rippolds Au he was a general favorite. He knew them all, too, and seemed to divine at once which ones of those who spoke English Aunt Sarah would find most congenial, and in a short time had them chatting familiarly together, as if friends of a lifetime. Poor old Aunt Sarah blossomed out as a rose during his stay. He did not, to be sure, listen to her in the alarmingly deferential manner of the Count, which generally frightened back her thought before she got it safely uttered; and indeed he often made absolute fun of her, and would insist upon calling her Aunt Sarah, when he was not any manner of relation to her, and made her call him Ned, which she felt shy of doing; but it was all in such a cheery, affectionate way that she could not have resented it if she had wished, which she did not in the least. What a stiff, unsocial time they had had before he came! Now they lived in a little whirl of pleasant, harmless excitement. The people who had seemed so dreadful at table were each possessed of some individual good quality that either developed spontaneously under Prentiss's genial influence, or that, lying latent before, then first came to the front. It was surprising how many really nice and interesting people there were in Rippolds Au, after all. No one, to be sure, could create young men out of old ones for Miss Betty to flirt with, but Prentiss seemed so personally grateful whenever she made herself agreeable to any of his old fogies, that she came to do it frequently, just to please him. And one evening when there was dancing in

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the large dining-hall, cleared out and waxed for the purpose, she laughingly insisted that the very oldest and shakiest of them all, who had ensconced himself comfortably in a corner to look on, should get up and dance a polka with her, which he finally did with huge enjoyment, and a vim that nearly shook his ancient bones to pieces. Prentiss did not dance himself, being sure he should step on all the toes in the room at once if he tried it; but he stood looking on in a cordial way that seemed to insure the evening's success. Lois danced a great deal, always with the Count, who would dance with no one but her and Betty; but he only smiled at her as at the rest, without an apparent ray of jealousy.

The Count made always one of their party now, as regularly as the day dawned, improving to the uttermost the time that remained to him before his departure. He expected his friends in a day or two, and then — as he informed Betty and Lois severally — the day would be as night to him, the sun would darken, and earth, which had been as heaven for a few short weeks, would become again a dreary desert. Only a few days more, thought Betty; surely he will say something before he goes. Surely it has grown to be something besides flirting to him now, as, as — But she never finished the sentence even to herself. She always went to the daisies to find out; and something had gotten into the daisies; they all said either *un peu* or *pas du tout*, and she was provoked with them for being so stupid.

Prentiss's time for leaving was also drawing near. Only two days more, and he was to bid good-bye to friendly Rippolds Au, and return with freshened energy to his work.

"I see not how you endure such a life," said the Count, as the two walked leisurely up and down the promenade together late in the evening after the dancing; "for me, business would kill me."

"I presume it would," answered Prentiss, tilting his hat comfortably back on his head and stepping the other side of Von Lindenfels to avoid the smoke of his cigar; it was one of his oddities that he never could abide tobacco. "But you and I are different. You were born to possessions. I must create them."

"*Ach, mein Gott, ja*," said the Count. "I was born to a title, that is so. But with the possessions, that is something other. It was forgotten to have me born to them also."

"But you are the eldest son, I believe," said Prentiss, less from curiosity than for something to say. "You are the heir."

"*Ja wohl*," said the Count again. "I get what there is, *freilich*. Were it not so, I would have shot myself. But that is not much, not enough. In America you have big fortunes, very much money always, is it not so?"

Prentiss cast a quick glance toward him; "Sometimes," he answered, laconically.

"So am I told," continued the Count. "I was talking with that admirable scoundrel, that most clever old cheat,— you know him, *ja?* — that inestimable Kreuzner, who travels with all the Americans, and he says they do have so much money they know not what to do with, that it is a sin not to help them to spend it. Oh, if one would know anything, one must ask Kreuzner. This party he is with now, he says they are very nice to travel with, oh, very nice indeed, but they come not from the great cities; they live not in New York, or Philadelphia, or San Francisco. Troy,— it is but a very little town, is it not? Where is Troy?"

"It is where I live," said Prentiss, shortly.

"So have I understood," pursued the Count, calmly. "And you are a good friend of them. You know them long. You desire to marry Miss Lois, as you call her. *Nicht?*"

Prentiss flushed a deep red.

"I do not see that my wishes need enter into our conversation at all, nor the ladies either."

"Very good, very good," said the Count, lighting another cigar. "I will with pleasure leave your wishes one side. But the ladies, they never like that one puts them to one side. And these two demoiselles, this Hebe and this Psyche, they are so *spirituelle*, so charming, it makes my heart to rejoice if I but think of them."

"Then I will leave you to think of them," said Prentiss bluntly, turning away and barely lifting his hat. "I am going in. Good-night."

"Kreuzner is the one for me," said the Count tranquilly to himself, pursuing his walk with an untroubled conscience. "He at least says as much as he knows, while this other one, he knows all, but will say not anything. One more *friedrich d'or* to my friend Kreuzner, and I secure all the facts. But bah! they spend all their money here. They have nothing left when they go home from Europe. It is the way, Kreuzner says, with Americans who live in the little towns. *Schade, schade.* They should be heiresses. That would make it quite worth while. As it is,— *na*,— perhaps it is as well we leave things as they are."

And flinging away his half-burnt cigar, the Count, with a glance up at a certain row of windows, where, however, he failed to see a slender figure kneeling behind the shielding blinds, went in, too, for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

"MISS LOIS," said Prentiss abruptly, the afternoon before his intended departure, as they were all out walking together, and were making one of their customary halts, "you are not tired, are you? Won't you walk on with me a little way? There is something I want to say to you."

"Won't another time do as well?" she asked. "Count von Lindenfels is just going to read us some of Heine's poems, and he reads so beautifully."

"That will amuse them very well, then, while we are gone. They won't miss you. Please come. This may be my last chance to see you alone, for to-morrow we are all going on that drive to Wildsee, you know. Do please come."

"But I don't want to," she replied, flushing. "I am tired."

"That is not your reason. That is only an excuse. I must ask you to come, please."

He took her hand and drew it through his arm. The Count looked up quickly with a meaning glance at her, which made her cheeks burn and her head droop, but Prentiss would not let her go.

"We are going on a little farther," he said simply. "You need not wait for us."

And he marched her off before them all, followed by a low, rather impertinent little laugh from the Count, and a curious look from Betty, who was, however, in no wise averse to the arrangement which left her virtually alone with Von Lindenfels, Aunt Sarah never counting for much of a restraint, especially as any particularly telling speeches between them were carefully interlarded in German, which the good old lady had thoughtfully neglected to learn.

Prentiss did not speak till the winding path had carried them some distance, quite beyond sight or hearing of the rest. Then he dropped her arm and turned toward her.

"Miss Lois, of course you know what I have to say to you, and I am afraid that I know, too, what you will have to answer me. Yet I must say it."

"Don't, don't!" she interrupted him, clasping her hands pleadingly. "Oh, please don't say it. I would rather not."

"I must say it," he answered firmly, but very gently. "You know of course why I came here. It can be no secret to you that I love you. But you have a right to expect that I should tell you in so many words before I go that I came to ask you if some day you could consent to become my wife."

She looked at him with eyes full of tears and shook her head. She could not speak.

"I knew you would not give me any hope," he said. "I loved you too well not to know that you did not love me. But I could not leave you honorably without telling you how I feel toward you, and what my hopes have been. Lois, I love you more than all else in the world."

"Oh, I know it, I know it," she whispered, and hid her face in her hands.

"I do not know how to plead my cause," he went on, a little unsteadily, "because your happiness is so much more to me than my own, that I want you to be happy only in what is the best way for you, not for me. We are as different, I know, as the day is from the night. Don't think that my unlikeness to you prevents my seeing it. I know how I must grate upon you sometimes, with your delicate, high-strung feelings. I am like a bit of ordinary, every-day prose beside you. But, Lois, if truth and honesty, and a will so to use my life as to be one of the real workers and helpers in the world,— a wish to be manly and upright, strong of heart and clean of conscience before God and man,— if these can atone for lack of what you call grace and culture and refinement,—if these have any weight with you, Lois, in choosing whom you will take to yourself for better, for worse, not for a day or a year only, but for all your life to come,— then think a little before you send me quite away. I will not add think, too, of my love; for mine will not be the only love in the world for you, as yours is the only love for me. There will be plenty besides me to love you, but I will not believe that any can love you better than I do, or few as truly."

She hesitated for one instant as he spoke. He was so good, so true, so safe. Could she? Would it be possible? She lifted her face from her hands and looked up at him. He was not very much taller than she. It was not far. But, as she looked, another face came in between them,— a handsomer face; a face with more poetry, more romance, more passion. Prentiss saw her hesitation, her strange, doubting look; it seemed almost to him that he read her thoughts.

"Lois," he said, "do you love me?"

"No," she faltered. "Not as you love me. Not as you deserve to be loved. Not as I ought to love you if I became your wife."

"Do you think you could ever come to love me so?" he asked. "I would not take less than your whole heart, all that you have it in you ever to give; but I would wait patiently, I would wait years, if you thought I might win such love at last. Can you ever come to love me so, Lois?"

Again she hesitated. He stood so quietly before her, she did not guess how wildly the hope

leaped up in his heart that perhaps after all he might still succeed. He did not speak, but watched her almost breathlessly.

"No," she said at last, with great tears rolling slowly over her cheeks, and a look of such trouble on her face that for the instant he forgot the pain she was giving him, in sorrow at the distress he was causing her. "No." And then, as the other face, with all its beauty and its ideality, seemed to stand out more distinctly before her, she again covered her face with her hands, and whispered, "Oh, not ever!"

There was a moment of utter silence between them, though, all around, the woods were full of happy sounds: of birds singing to each other; of leaves rustling in soft whispers; of a brook babbling merrily across the mossy spaces. Prentiss spoke first.

"Will you say good-bye, Lois?"

"You are going away? now?"

"No, not till to-morrow, you know. But this is my real good-bye to you, my real good-bye to all that I came here for, all that I most want in life. Will you not give me your hand in good-bye? And would you mind calling me Ned just this once? I should so like to hear you say it once."

"O Ned, Ned!" she cried, giving him both hands, with a burst of tears. "Forgive me!"

He took her hands gently and folded them closely together in his, looking down at her.

"Forgive you?" he said. "I have nothing to forgive. You did not try to make me love you. You could not help it that I did. You were not to blame. Good-bye, dear."

He let go her hands and drew a long breath, moving away from her a little. Then he came quietly back and offered her his arm.

"We will go back now," he said, quite in his usual voice. "That was all I wanted to say to you."

And she took his arm and went silently home with him, down through the beautiful Black Forest.

CHAPTER XII.

YES, Betty was not at all sorry when Lois and Prentiss disappeared around the bend of the road. She remarked that it was a pity Lois should lose Heine, but she was nevertheless fully prepared for the Count's ready answer, "If *you* listen, is not that enough for Heine and for me?"

Betty smiled back at him brightly, and then she jumped up to see if Aunt Sarah was quite comfortable on the seat they had arranged for her, and whether she had her book and had not lost out the mark; for she was reading "John Inglesant," and never could find the place when that hard-worked guide was missing. And the Count came, too, in extreme of politeness, to arrange a parasol over her head, and did it so cleverly that when Betty and he returned to where she had thrown her shawl on the moss as a rug, all that could be seen of good Aunt Sarah was a huge black silk dome, covering her like a mushroom.

"Now for Heine," said Betty; and threw herself down, half-lying, with both round arms raised and clasped above her head, and her big hat tossed carelessly down beside her: she did not need it in this shady spot, where the bank rose up arbor-like behind them. And so the Count read to her; not in his usual dramatic, vivacious way, but in a low, slow, melodious, almost monotonous voice, though his eloquent glance ever and anon toward the charming little semi-recumbent figure beyond gave all the needed point to the words. It was just the voice and just the place to invite one to slumber, and before long there was no more rustle of turning pages from Aunt Sarah's sheltered nook, and presently, slowly, slowly down came the book, slipping and sliding from her lap to the ground. The Count paused and looked up. Betty knelt forward and peeped in under the umbrella, turning back with a soft laugh, and her finger on her pretty lips.

"She is fast asleep, poor old auntie!"

"Then we must speak low not to waken her," said Von Lindenfels, considerately. "It was a long walk. A good sleep will refresh the dear lady. Sit here,—no, not so far,—sit more near, that we may read from the book together."

Betty obeyed almost timidly, giving him a shy little glance.

"So," said he, opening the volume and placing it in her lap. "Will you read? Or"—and he leaned forward and closed it—"is it not better that we talk instead that we read, when I so soon go away, and we may talk no more?"

"Yes," answered Betty in a low voice. He looked down at her as she sat there by his side, so young and sweet, her child head drooping, and a new curve to her mouth that was more winsome than any smile. How pretty she was!

"*Röslein*," he said (he always called her so now when they were alone, and she thought how much nicer it sounded than prim Mademoiselle!),—"*Röslein*, tell me, have you yet learned what my song means? my

> "'Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
> Röslein auf der Haiden'?"

A quick red dyed Betty's soft cheeks. She looked at him appealingly, and did not an-

swer. Ah, poor little Betty! She was not flirting any more. The play had all ceased to be play with her.

"*Ach*," said the Count. "You have learned it, too; is it not so, my little flower? Your heart has taught you its meaning, has it not, *feines Liebchen?*"

His tone was very low and caressing, and he stooped closer and took one of her little passive hands. She trembled, but did not draw it away.

"But you speak not," he continued, reproachfully. "Do you fear? We will speak so low,—there, I will come more near, so that we wake not the excellent aunt. *Röslein*, tell me that it will grieve you that I go away. Tell me that you will miss me."

He was very near her now, so near that she felt his breath lightly stirring the silky curls on her forehead as he bent over her. The poor child looked up at him helplessly. "You know it," she said simply, all her heart shining out at him undisguisedly in her eyes. Ah, poor, poor little Betty! The pretending had all turned to earnest long since; the mockery had grown to reality, and she could not play any more; she had suddenly forgotten how to be anything but very real. A light shot into the Count's eyes. Was it love, or merely triumph? Was it joy at knowledge of answering love, or only a pleased sense of victory over another yielding heart—a cruel sense of mastery over another weak woman-heart, struggling vainly to free itself from his power?

"Then you will miss me when I go?" he murmured. "Say it only, *Röslein!*"

But, for all answer, two big tears welled over in her eyes and fell on the soft pink of her cheeks.

"You weep?" he said. "*Ach, lieber Gott*, you weep? Is it for me?"

And suddenly he put his arm around her, and drew her close to him.

"*Liebchen*," he whispered, "'*Weil ich denn scheiden muss, so gieb mir einen Kuss!*'" And with the words he bent his handsome face to hers, and kissed her once, twice, three times, in quick, passionate succession.

Startled as she was, she did not cry out or even struggle, but the color all fled from her face, leaving her ashen white.

"Tell me, tell me," she whispered brokenly, as he lifted his head and looked at her, still smiling and holding her fast, "do you mean that you—that you—O Ruprecht, surely you cannot dare to kiss me unless you mean—only unless you mean——"

The stammering words failed her; she could not read what the smile on his face might intend. She trembled violently, and, breaking from him, hid her face in her hands and burst into a storm of tears. He was by her side in a moment, and would have taken her in his arms again, and soothed her as one soothes a child; but she would not let him touch her.

"You frighten me, you frighten me!" she sobbed. "You had no right to kiss me, unless—unless—" And the hot blood crimsoned brow and cheeks and neck.

"*Röslein*," he said softly, and his voice seemed sheer music, "weep not, *Röslein*. Was it wrong? May I, too, not kiss my flower good-bye? *Liebchen, willst du nicht mehr hören?*"

As he spoke, there was a movement beneath the umbrella. Aunt Sarah was waking. In another moment she would see her—Betty—standing there flushed and sobbing, and would ask what could have happened. It was not to be borne; and, with a stifled cry, Betty caught up her hat, and pulling it down closely over her face with both hands as she ran, she fled swiftly from the spot, never once stopping till she reached home, leaving the Count to explain with ready ingenuity to the dazed old lady, when she awakened sufficiently to know that she had been asleep, that Mademoiselle had a bad headache, but was not willing to wake her honored aunt, and so had gone back alone. But he had remained, he said, with the most greatest pleasure, to care for her, and he was very glad she had had so excellent a sleep. He hoped she was well rested, that she might keep strong for their drive to-morrow.

And then he offered his arm to poor old stumbling Aunt Sarah, with her watery eyes and humbly apologetic bearing, as if she were always asking pardon of the world at large for having so unexpectedly found herself in it, and told her, with an air of saying it to a princess of the blood, how proud he was to have the honor of conducting her home. And frightened to death at thinking that a few moments before she had actually been sleeping in his august presence, keeping him waiting all for her, she took his proffered arm with grateful meekness; and so they, too, went slowly and silently down through the beautiful great Black Forest, that hears and that keeps so many and many a secret.

CHAPTER XIII.

BETTY did not appear the next day until just as they were starting for their drive. They were to go to Wildsee, and Prentiss had ordered the little donkey-cart sent on ahead to meet them at the point where they must

leave the carriage, to take Aunt Sarah up the mountain. This was his last day. Lois could not once forget it. But if he thought of it, he appeared quite as usual, frank and cheery, and with a bright word and thoughtful act for every one.

They were all getting into the carriage, and Kreuzner was bustling officiously around with totally unnecessary shawls and umbrellas and water-proofs as a send-off, when Betty came down, very pale and subdued, but blushing vividly as she greeted the Count, who murmured a few words of concern for her headache of yesterday, and held her hand tightly for an instant as he handed her into the carriage. Prentiss was already on the box in the most awkward position possible, trying to command a view of the road and of his party at the same time, and off they started.

It was not a very long drive, but a very beautiful one, following the highway as far as Seebach, and there turning off and climbing up the mountains by a steep but smooth ascent, every turn of the road affording some new glimpse into the picturesque ravine below, or some new grouping of the higher hills beyond. Both girls were very quiet. Betty's heart was full of a vague expectancy and dread. Surely, having said so much, Ruprecht must say more before he went. Surely he would not leave her so. How would he have dared to kiss her unless he loved her? And if he loved her, why did he not tell her so honorably, and ask her to be — to be — no, she could not say it quite out even in thought. Could it be he fancied her only flirting still? She was only flirting at first, and she had flirted horribly, outrageously; she had allowed him — had encouraged him — to go pretty far. But it was different now. He must see how different it was. She was not flirting now at all. She was not one of those girls who can let men kiss them and call that only flirting, too. That is something else. That is either love, or — or it is very wrong indeed. What had he meant by it all? He, too, was only flirting at first because she was; they had both understood it very well; but when she stopped, had he stopped, too, or had he gone on as he had begun? How could she tell?

She thought over one by one all her flirtations of the past, which somehow had always ended with love on the man's side, leaving her heart-free. Had it gone so hard with them then as it had with her now? There was Tom Miller. He had thought she cared for him. He had been sure of it. She remembered how she had said he had no business to misunderstand her so. And Horace Wright. Oh, how angry he had been with her! He said she had led him on, and had trifled with him purposely, only to spoil his life in the end. He had really gone to the bad since, but of course he must always have had it in him, anyway. She couldn't be accountable for that. And Attis Aikman had been worse still; he had just laughed in a horrid way when she refused him, and vowed he should never believe women again, since she had deceived him; all women were vain, weak, faithless coquettes like her; she did not care how many hearts she broke; all that women ever cared for was to count up their victims and make sure that they had twenty where the girl next door had ten, or ten where she had five. Did all girls have such dreadful times with their lovers, and have to listen to such dreadful things? Ah, there was poor Charlie Waterman; he had not blamed her or said one word; but that had been worst of all. She had never thought he would mind it much, he seemed so gentle always, almost too gentle for a man; and it had been so nice to carry on a little with him, sure that whatever she did, he would never go too far. And then, when the end came and she had told him, just as she had told all the rest, that she was so sorry, and that she liked him ever and ever so much, but that — oh, no! — she did not love him at all, he had just looked at her, and she saw that she had hurt him cruelly, right down to his trusting, womanish heart. She had felt really sorry for him, as sorry as she had said she was, and had cried a little about it afterward. Charlie died later of a fever, not, of course, of disappointed love. Only, when he died, she cried again about it a little. And after she had thrown over that great idiot Jake Wryburn, though she knew she could never marry him, — not if he were the only man in the world, — yet she could not help coaxing him back to her side from time to time, just to brighten him up a little, and — well, yes, also just a little bit perhaps for the sake of keeping him from going right off to that odious Mary Poole, who was so dead in love with him, and just the one for him, everybody said, — as if a girl with such preposterously red hair could ever make any one a good wife! But if Mary had really cared for him, why then, when Betty in her foolish play that "didn't mean anything" had kept him from her, poor Mary, in spite of her red hair and her big ears, must have felt something as Betty was feeling now, — not, of course, quite the same, for that stupid Jake was not for a moment to compare with the Count; but still, Betty confessed to herself in her new-born honesty, Mary might not have felt nearly so badly, and have had a very uncomfortably sore heart all the same. Betty's face grew very sober as she thought it all over. Every-

body had always called her a little flirt, and she had not minded it a bit, and had called herself so, too; she always had been honest enough about it, and never had pretended to be anything else; it was only the men that were in love with her who had not believed she was one—till the end. And was it so with the Count now? Was he only a flirt, too, just as she had been, and did not he mean anything more than she had always meant? Oh, it was cruel, cruel! How could men be so heartless, and think only of their own passing amusement, and nothing of other's pain! And then her conscience rose up and stared her in the face, and she felt that she had deserved it all, and had not even the right to cry out at her own distress.

And Lois, too, had her trouble. Ned Prentiss was going away that evening; she was sending him off, and he loved her. He had said his was not the only love she would have, that there would be others to love her, too. Perhaps. Do not most women have many lovers? But all lovers are not alike, and had she chosen wisely in throwing this love away? Was she steeling her heart against the better love, for sake of a less worthy one? Were a tongue skilled in soft speech, and eyes that said what they would, better than truth so true that it sometimes wounded? Was a perfect face always the sign of a perfect heart? Was a love of the beautiful and the ideal all that was needed to help one bear life's burdens? Was not the love that would humbly stoop to pluck out a thorn from one's foot truer than a love that, while noting the least beauties by the way, led one limping over stones and thorns alike? No one would ever love her better than Ned loved her. She did not question that. She only questioned whether she had answered rightly,—whether she was not throwing away as valueless what she might some day find had been a priceless good,—whether she did not, after all, love him perhaps better than she had owned. She watched him all day stealthily. Not a word, not an act, was lost upon her; while he, quite unconscious of her scrutiny, did and said exactly what he would have said and done had she been miles away. It was not Von Lindenfels, but Prentiss, she noticed, who spoke so cheerily to the little peasant children trudging along wearily by the side of their own slow-stepping horses up the hill. Von Lindenfels had pointed out how pretty one child was, and how artistically another's dress—the red skirt, high bodice, white sleeves, and blue neckerchief—blended with the somber roadside coloring; but it was Prentiss who bethought him to make the little ones put their lumbering, heavy pickaxes on the carriage, and rest their aching shoulders till the dividing ways obliged them to resume their load. And when they had left the carriage and were walking up the steep path, it was Prentiss who, no matter with whom he was or what he was saying, never for an instant forgot Aunt Sarah in her little jolty donkey-cart. It was he who always saw the stone to be avoided, or the rut that needed a helping hand to smooth it beneath the wheels, or where the donkey was a trifle nearer the edge of the road than might be pleasant to Aunt Sarah's timid nerves. And then when they came to a tree which had fallen plump across the path, and the Count said they must go back, there being no possibility of getting the cart by with a precipice on one side and a perpendicular bank on the other, Prentiss went silently to work, and somehow or other crushed out a sort of way by the side, along which Von Lindenfels escorted first Betty and then Lois gallantly enough, and stood watching and mocking as the donkey scrambled clumsily after with the tiny, empty wagon. And when Aunt Sarah grew suddenly so foolishly afraid to follow, and was sure she should stumble on the rocks or sprain her foot, and begged them all to go on and leave her, it was Prentiss who hurried back and caught the old lady right up in his strong arms and carried her over, with never a thought of how ridiculous he looked, staggering along the rough path with his tall, thin, remonstrative burden. Then only a little farther up they came to just such another fallen tree still more hopelessly blocking the passage; and this time the Count said they would really have to give up trying to pass on farther with the cart. The donkey could creep under the tree well enough, but not with the wagon, and Aunt Sarah had better sit there and wait for them. She would have the donkey-boy to keep her company. And again it was Prentiss who cheerily insisted that there was no trouble at all, and who had the donkey promptly unharnessed and induced him to crawl under the tree to the other side, and then by pulling and pushing and hauling and cheering, just by main perseverance and will, it seemed to Lois, got the cart safely over the huge trunk too, and helped the boy reharness the donkey, all while the Count stood idly by, a most amused and skeptical observer. Lois wondered why he did not offer to help. With his tall, finely proportioned figure, he looked fully as strong as Ned. Could it be Ned was the more truly gallant of the two?

They reached the Wildsee at last: a wee little sheet of water nestled in closely among the hills as if hiding itself away to sleep.

"A pond! Just a duck-pond!" cried Pren-

tiss. "Not big enough to float a toy-boat! And this they call Wildsee! Well, I declare! Oh, ye shades of the mighty!"

The Count shrugged his shoulders and turned to Lois. "Mademoiselle, *you* are not disappointed in it?"

No, indeed, she was not. She saw the beauty of it all—the great, dark, blue-green trees above, tall and funereal, the fern-tangled banks, the clear sapphire blue of the placid little lake, lying there calm and unruffled, as if in an enchanted dream of floating lights and shadows.

"It is perfect!" she said. "But of course all cannot care for the same things. It is not strange that what one likes another should see no beauty in. It would be a tame world that all eyes saw alike."

"It may be," said Von Lindenfels; "but there is never happiness for me if the heart I love beats not with mine, pulse for pulse. All its pleasures must be my pleasures, its pains my pains. Where there is not true sympathy, there can love be never."

Betty and Prentiss had started a match at skipping stones. Aunt Sarah sat contentedly near by. The Count and Lois were quite alone as they continued their walk around the Wildsee. Lois looked thoughtfully out over the little lake.

"No," she answered, at last; "I suppose there cannot be. There should, of course, be real sympathy before there could be real love. The only question is, what is real sympathy?"

"*Ach*, Mademoiselle, can you ask that? Have you not found it?"

"I do not know," she said slowly. "How can I tell if I have found it, till I know what it is?" And she raised her eyes to his, full of the trouble that she had been so long in solving.

"Real sympathy?" said Von Lindenfels, in the low voice which had so peculiar a charm. "Real sympathy,—is not that what I give you?"

"*Do* you give it to me?" said Lois, searchingly. "In all things? In what is best, as well as in what is beautiful?"

"Yes, in all things."

His whole soul was in his eyes, apparently, as he looked down at her. What was it that she read there besides what he wished her to read? There was no coquetry in her steady gaze. Her eyes were very clear and truthful, and wholly earnest.

"No, not in all things, Count von Lindenfels," she said gently, with a little sad smile that seemed to ask his forgiveness for reading him so truly. "Not in all things. Only in what is beautiful."

"And what is best if not what is beautiful?" he asked triumphantly.

Lois shook her head with a dreary sense of not being able to answer. Had she not spoken just so to Prentiss only a few days since?

"I do not know," she said again. "But what is right does not always seem beautiful, even though it ought to. Duties are often ugly enough."

"Duties?" broke in the Count, with a laugh. "We are not talking of duties, you and I, Mademoiselle. Leave those for old women, who need no prettier words. They fit not lips like yours. We were talking of sympathy, is it not so? And of that which follows so close, so near."

"But sympathy must extend to duties, or there is no real sympathy between any two," Lois persisted; "for life is all made up of duties—duties toward one's self and duties toward others."

"Then you have a duty also toward me, that you confess," said the Count, skillfully drawing her away from the stupid topic. "And your duty to me, I see it very plain. It is to be kind, most kind to-day, because we so soon part, and to tell me some little word that I may shut up warm in my heart to rejoice me when I am far away, and do long for you with all my life and soul. *Mein Kind, mein liebes Kind*, hast thou no such word for me?"

"Yes," she said, after a pause, looking suddenly up at him in a strange way, "I have."

"*Ach*," he exclaimed, springing toward her, "you have? You will make my poor heart glad, even although it later must break in its good-bye? *Mein Kind, spreche nur!*"

Lois drew back. Her eyes were moist and shining.

"I want to ask you just this one thing," she said,—"to be true always, always, in all that you say and do, true in all things, true from your very heart."

The Count looked at her uncertainly. What did she mean?

"I understand not," he said hesitatingly. "Is it that you doubt my truth? Is it you can think that my heart is not true, that it will not always be true, even though I must go?"

"Yes," she said very clearly, though her voice shook a little, "that is what I mean, Count von Lindenfels; that you are not true, that you would not be true to any one woman. You may be all else, but you are not true."

"Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!" he cried hotly, coloring furiously over all his handsome, high-born face, "you say this to me! *Gott in Himmel*, do I hear it! You do mis-

take me. Could you only read in my heart,—could you know ——"

Lois put out her hand to silence him. "Please! please!" she implored, growing pale, but not once faltering. "Do not be angry with me. It hurt me to say it, but I felt I must. And now you will understand that you are not ever to speak so to me again. And perhaps in the future you will not speak so again to any other woman either, except only when you mean it all in earnest, and not in play. Is it not late? Come, we must find the others. It is time we went home."

And she passed him by, and went on.

CHAPTER XIV

THE trip back from the Wildsee was accomplished, as all down-hill journeys are, moral or physical, in a far shorter time than it took for the ascent, and, as by mutual agreement, it was a very quiet one. Betty's heart was full to overflowing. The Count had walked all the way down with her, and there had been a few tenderly ambiguous sentences on his part, and he had called her back just as they were reëntering the carriage, to give her a daisy, with a glance that might mean everything or nothing. But that was all. Could it be he was never going to say more?

It was already late when they reached Rippolds Au, and Prentiss had but a few moments before he was to leave with the stage. A large open traveling-carriage, with luggage piled up behind, and four horses attached, and footmen and liveried servants lounging around in extraordinary multiplicity, stood waiting near their house as they drove up. Kreuzner came hurrying forward to meet them, bristling with impatience.

"Herr Graf, your friends have arrive. They did come just so soon as you were gone. They wait for you upstairs. Herr von Reichel like it not at all that he wait so long, and the ladies, they think you never come."

"So, so, they have come?" exclaimed the Count. "I expected them not till to-morrow. I must seek them immediately. Mr. Prentiss, I will say good-bye, in case I see you not again."

The gentlemen shook hands; the Count disappeared, lifting his hat with his most courteous bow, and Prentiss followed the ladies to their parlor, bringing up the remainder of the shawls that everybody else had overlooked.

"I suppose I must say good-bye now myself," he said, consulting his watch with a scarcely audible sigh. "Thank you all very much for all your kindness to me; I shall not forget it. I hope you will have a pleasant time in Europe, and not get overdone with the shows. I shall see you, of course, when you return."

"How we shall miss you!" said Aunt Sarah, holding his hand affectionately in her weak grasp, with a friendly moisture about her eyes. "I don't know what we shall do without you."

"Oh, you'll get along all right," he answered, in his cheeriest, most matter-of-fact tone. "You'll be starting off on your travels so soon yourselves that you won't have time to be lonely here. Take care of yourself, and don't let Kreuzner cheat your soul out of your body, or let Miss Lois do too many cathedrals. Good-bye, Aunt Sarah. I know you'll not begrudge me a kiss this time. Good-bye, Miss Betty. Good-bye, Miss Lois."

And he was gone.

"Let's come to the balcony and wave him off," said Betty, dragging Lois with her. "There's the stage now at the farther door. How plebeian it looks by the side of this gorgeous turn-out of the Count's friends! Doesn't it? There's the porter with Ned's valise. And there's Ned himself. See!"

There he was, to be sure, shaking hands with half of Rippolds Au, as it seemed, so many crowded up around him in the hearty German fashion to wish him *bon voyage*, all the children flocking up, too, for a vociferous farewell.

"And now he's off," said Betty. "There he is on the top of the stage. He's looking back at us. He's waving his hat. Lois, do you see? Good-bye, good-bye!"

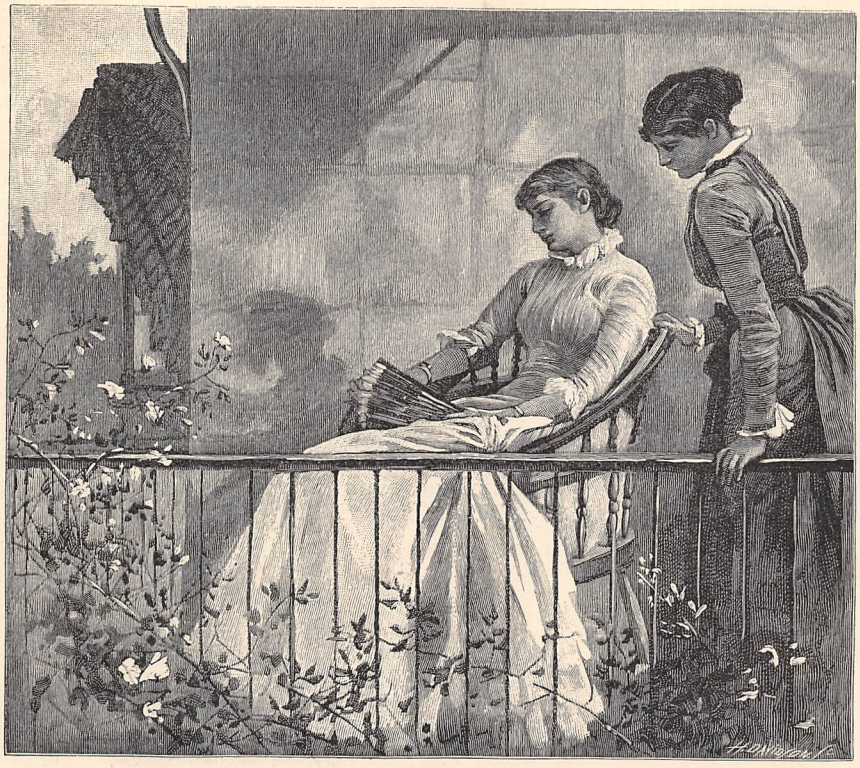
Lois did see, indeed, gazing after him so long as the stage was in sight with swimming eyes, though with head held proudly erect, and a dull pain tugging at her heart, that no one could see or know.

"Dear old Ned, I'm sorry he's gone," said Betty. "You needn't have been so unkind to him, Lois. Oh, look! the carriage is drawing up to the door here, and they're bringing out — oh, can it be? — yes — there's a Von and an L — it must be the Count's things! Lois, they can't be all going away to-night, can they? They can't be going to take away Ruprecht to-night, can they? Lois! Lois!"

The poor child caught her cousin's hand imploringly, turning dark, frightened eyes upon her.

"Hush!" said Lois, closing her hand on Betty's, with an almost passionate tenderness for her in her trouble. "Hush, dear! Here is Kreuzner."

Kreuzner in truth was close upon them, his benevolent countenance radiant with the pleasure of having so much news to tell.



"TRY TO LOOK UP, JUST TILL HE IS GONE!"

"You are out there, ladees! That is goot. I come to tell you to look out and see the fine carriage. Herr von Reichel he travels as a prince. He has so much money he can do just what he likes. I know his waiting-man for many years — Fritz; you see him there with the Herr Graf's luggage. Oh, a fine time we did have this afternoon, packing it up to have it ready till he get back, Herr von Reichel was in such haste to be off. So I did help Fritz. I never refuse when I can help everybody. I am too amiable. It is my fault. And such clothes, ladees! Such fineries I never did see! He is a very extravagant lord, this Graf von Lindenfels, and that is why he must marry rich. Fritz telled me all about it. I always find out everything. And that is why he is to marry with Fräulein Wilhelmina von Reichel. You shall see her soon. She is not handsome at all, no; but she is extraordinary rich, and that is still more better. It was one grand betrothal, such as one never had before nowhere, Fritz say, and they shall be married this November. Oh, these handsome lords they always lucky. They gets all the pretty ladees' smiles and all the ugly ladees' gold. And Fräulein Wilhelmina, she so glad to see her Graf again she not let him go from her side — no, not for a moment; and the Herr Graf, he see me just now as I did accidentally pass the door-crack (I thought I should have one goot look at her before she go), and he called to me, and make believed he settle some bill with me, and give me his card private-like for you all,— there it is, mees, — and did say: 'Tell the ladees that it break my heart that I cannot go to say them good-bye, but the *gnädiges Fräulein* she let me not out of her eyes. But you take them good-bye for me, my goot fellow, my excellent, fine Kreuzner (*ach, der* Graf, he always have a polite word for me; he esteem me always very high!), and tell them I forget them not, never!' *Ach, die Herrschaften!* they come! I must go make my adieux to Fritz."

"Betty, Betty, darling!" whispered Lois in terror. The child was white as a sheet, and shaking from head to foot. "Betty, darling, try not to show it. Try to look up, just till he is gone!"

There was a great hurrying to and fro of officials and servants and hostlers below; a cracking of whips; a shouting and a calling, and a deal of aimless bustle and confusion,

in the midst of which a little, consequential, cross-looking man hurried out of the house and sprang into the carriage, first handing in a rather subdued-looking elderly lady and a younger one, who, even in that quick glance, showed as eminently haughty and aristocratic of bearing as she was plain of feature. The Count followed quickly, with head thrown back and a perfectly expressionless face as he passed through the line of bowing officials, and cast a swift glance around and then up at their balcony, as he took his seat by the Fräulein.

"Betty, Betty!" whispered Lois again.

The Count saw them, and instantly rose to his feet and stood, taking off his hat. There was no lack of expression in his face now. The horses were whipped up; the carriage was moving away.

Little Betty made one supreme effort. The blood rushed back to her face, transforming her into a brilliant, laughing beauty. Was it possible this was the same Betty of a moment ago? She bent over the balcony, nodding her pretty head merrily and waving her little hand to him saucily as he stood up, straight and handsome, with bared head. And then, just as the carriage drove off, she leaned farther forward still, plucked his daisy from her belt, and threw it full at him with a light, ringing laugh. It fell close beside him. He caught it up, kissed it, waved his hat, and was whirled off around the house out of sight.

"He is gone," said Betty, laughing still, but hysterically now, and turning to Lois, who had bowed her good-bye with such graceful indifference. "Lois, he is gone, too, — our knight, our knight!"

"No," answered Lois very softly, and drawing Betty closely to her. "No, dear. This one was false. We will forget him. The other was the knight, Betty. It was Ned Prentiss who was the real knight of the Black Forest."

THE END.

DUTCH PORTRAITURE.

THE school of art which began with Van Eyck and finished with Snyders has been, even more than the Venetian, the "school for painters." In the technical power which culminated in Rubens (though so powerful a genius as Rembrandt may well be allowed to contest the claim to supremacy in some points) there has not been a quality of technical attainment omitted. The realism of Mieris puts to shame the best modern work, in the same vein; Memling and Van Eyck have never been surpassed for the tender fidelity to nature which was their contribution to art; no one has ever equaled Rubens for the expression of power in action, or exceeded him in the poetic treatment of the facts of flesh; Rembrandt rivals Velasquez in the subtlety of character rendering; Teniers has no equal in the movement and elasticity of his personages; and in the diversified nature of the landscape school which gave us Ruysdael, Cuyp, Hobbema, Vandevelde, Backhuysen, and a score of others, we have the foundation of all modern landscape.

We have got a fashion of putting disparagement on the Dutch school, though Rubens and Rembrandt force their way to the front rank by their sheer power of painting; but the truth is that in all that pertains to the power of rendering facts in the most terse and fluent language of art, the great Dutch school is still our university. Ignoble it often is, in all that pertains to thought; vulgar often to indecency, mean and low in its ideals; but in its art it is always masterly and right, avoiding the artificiality of the early French school, while it missed its airy grace, and meeting the ascetic spirit of the North German school with the *bonhomie* of good beer-drinkers and jolly livers.

What it is distinguished above all schools in, is the universal excellence of the training even of its inferior painters, the inculcation of sound methods of training and painting, so that there are thousands of pictures afloat, which, while we dare not accept them as by any of the great Dutchmen, are yet so well painted, so solid and brilliant in color, so true in the sense of harmony of tint, in tonality, that only profound study and careful attention to the most minute qualities of execution and design enable us to assign them to some less known or apocryphal pupil, rather than to the master. Scores of painters whose names have scarcely survived, and whose pictures have, when properly attributed, little commercial value, have played the cuckoo in the greater studios and left their offspring to be cared for as the legitimate children of Teniers, Wouvermans, Backhuysen, and even of Rembrandt and Rubens, though of these latter no one acquainted with art should be long in doubt.

To know what the greatest work of the



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN. AFTER PAINTING BY REMBRANDT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.
ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY OF BERLIN.

school was, and what Teniers, the most widely forged of all the Dutchmen even in his own day, could do, one must go to Amsterdam. There, too, Wouvermans comes to one as a revelation of masterhood in his way, and there still hang the great portraits of Rembrandt, where the master saw them hang, uncleaned and unrestored; and when we see them we can understand that for certain qualities of technique whenever we want a master we must go to Holland.

The occasional sorties from their specialties of the Dutch masters, and in which they carry their mastery as firmly as in their more familiar fields, show how sound and large was their training. The landscape painter rests his eyes in portraiture, and the portraitist goes into the fields with the landscapist, and neither was ever much at a loss. They laughed at the ideal, and stuck to their peasants and beer; but peasants and beer never knew any other masters.

It is in portrait especially that the Dutch school maintains not only its technical excel-

lence, but an amount of dignity which in its pictorial subjects it often fails in. It is here that its wonderful power of large realization is shown to best advantage, for here the severest truth comes nearest the ideal. No portrait that does not render the absolute externality of the subject can ever be a great portrait. The familiar notion that an artist may paint an ideal head, which, differing from what we see of the individual, shall yet represent him more truly or nobly, is one only to be entertained by those who have vague and unsound notions of art. A portrait may insist unduly on the representation of accidental markings and malformations of the face, and miss the necessary fidelity to the essential traits; and it is possible to miss entirely some minor traits and even general accuracy of feature, and yet keep certain elements of intimate likeness; but the true portrait misses neither the one nor the other, but renders to the face all that belongs to it. We know a man by what we see of him, and there is no hidden and mysterious quality in his soul that does not appear in his face; likeness, even of the highest quality, is simply a matter of subtly correct drawing. There is a quality of fidelity in facial execution which becomes highly important in portraiture where it is a question of rendering mobile character, from the sympathy between the fleeting expression and the rapid, subtle touch that expresses it; but the greatest portrait painters in general practice avoid all transitory expression — what they aim at is character, the vital and fundamental elements of the individuality, and not its accidental and mobile quality. A head by Titian is invariably grave and composed, — so of Velasquez, of Rubens Tintoret, Raphael, and, with very few exceptions, of Rembrandt; but his faculty was such, and his sense of character, that the faint dawn of a smile which appears in some of his heads was rather an attribute of character than the record of passing emotion.

Portrait is history painting, — the history of the individual, — and to be writ large it must be the history of all that life has made of the individual, not what he felt or showed in a moment of exceptional being.

This is recognized as law by all the great portrait schools; and the Dutch painters with their intense feeling for the picturesque (which may indeed be called the Dutch Ideal) rendered with a happier fidelity those traits which added to the ruggedness and picturesqueness of the model, and their solid method of painting came in to help the impression due to the substantial character of the Dutch type of individuality. Thus it is that while the greatest Dutch painters scarcely rival in dignity and impressiveness the best portraits of the Venetian school or those of Velasquez, they have a pictorial quality quite their own, that of pictorial rendering of picturesque material. No characteristic head of a Dutch painter misses this.

W. J. Stillman.

TO A DÉBUTANTE.

THE music dwells upon its dying chord,
And thou dost linger trembling at thy start
Across the charméd borderlands of art.
The footlights' arc is like a flaming sword,
To frighten yet defend thee. Every word
Has meaning more than lies within thy part —
Thrilled with the pathos of a fainting heart,
And asking sympathy that none afford.
But wait! and when the fostering years shall bring
Perfection to those fairest gifts of thine,
Its tributes at thy feet a world will fling,
And call thy calm precision fire divine.
All other hearts' emotions thou shalt waken,
While thine amidst the tempest rests unshaken.

Henry Tyrrell.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

IX.

LAPHAM had the pride which comes of self-making, and he would not openly lower his crest to the young fellow he had taken into his business. He was going to be obviously master in his own place to every one; and during the hours of business he did nothing to distinguish Corey from the half-dozen other clerks and book-keepers in the outer office, but he was not silent about the fact that Bromfield Corey's son had taken a fancy to come to him. "Did you notice that fellow at the desk facing my type-writer girl? Well, sir, that's the son of Bromfield Corey — old Phillips Corey's grandson. And I'll say this for him, that there isn't a man in the office that looks after his work better. There isn't anything he's too good for. He's right here at nine every morning, before the clock gets in the word. I guess it's his grandfather coming out in him. He's got charge of the foreign correspondence. We're pushing the paint everywhere." He flattered himself that he did not lug the matter in. He had been warned against that by his wife, but he had the right to do Corey justice, and his brag took the form of illustration. "Talk about training for business — I tell you it's all in the man himself! I used to believe in what old Horace Greeley said about college graduates being the poorest kind of horned cattle; but I've changed my mind a little. You take that fellow Corey. He's been through Harvard, and he's had about every advantage that a fellow could have. Been everywhere, and talks half a dozen languages like English. I suppose he's got money enough to live without lifting a hand, any more than his father does; son of Bromfield Corey, you know. But the thing was in him. He's a natural-born business man; and I've had many a fellow with me that had come up out of the street, and worked hard all his life, without ever losing his original opposition to the thing. But Corey likes it. I believe the fellow would like to stick at that desk of his night and day. I don't know where he got it. I guess it must be his grandfather, old Phillips Corey; it often skips a generation, you know. But what I say is, a thing has got to be born in a man; and if it ain't born in him, all the privations in the world won't put it there, and if it is, all the college training won't take it out."

Sometimes Lapham advanced these ideas at his own table, to a guest whom he had brought to Nantasket for the night. Then he suffered exposure and ridicule at the hands of his wife, when opportunity offered. She would not let him bring Corey down to Nantasket at all.

"No, indeed!" she said. "I am not going to have them think we're running after him. If he wants to see Irene, he can find out ways of doing it for himself."

"Who wants him to see Irene?" retorted the Colonel angrily.

"I do," said Mrs. Lapham. "And I want him to see her without any of your connivance, Silas. I'm not going to have it said that I put my girls *at* anybody. Why don't you invite some of your other clerks?"

"He ain't just like the other clerks. He's going to take charge of a part of the business. It's quite another thing."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Lapham vexatiously. "Then you *are* going to take a partner."

"I shall ask him down if I choose!" returned the Colonel, disdaining her insinuation.

His wife laughed with the fearlessness of a woman who knows her husband.

"But you won't choose when you've thought it over, Si." Then she applied an emollient to his chafed surface. "Don't you suppose I feel as you do about it? I know just how proud you are, and I'm not going to have you do anything that will make you feel meeching afterward. You just let things take their course. If he wants Irene, he's going to find out some way of seeing her; and if he don't, all the plotting and planning in the world isn't going to make him."

"Who's plotting?" again retorted the Colonel, shuddering at the utterance of hopes and ambitions which a man hides with shame, but a woman talks over as freely and coolly as if they were items of a milliner's bill.

"Oh, not *you!*" exulted his wife. "I understand what *you* want. You want to get

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this fellow, who is neither partner nor clerk, down here to talk business with him. Well, now, you just talk business with him at the office."

The only social attention which Lapham succeeded in offering Corey was to take him in his buggy, now and then, for a spin out over the Milldam. He kept the mare in town, and on a pleasant afternoon he liked to knock off early, as he phrased it, and let the mare out a little. Corey understood something about horses, though in a passionless way, and he would have preferred to talk business when obliged to talk horse. But he deferred to his business superior with the sense of discipline which is innate in the apparently insubordinate American nature. If Corey could hardly have helped feeling the social difference between Lapham and himself, in his presence he silenced his traditions, and showed him all the respect that he could have exacted from any of his clerks. He talked horse with him, and when the Colonel wished he talked house. Besides himself and his paint Lapham had not many other topics; and if he had a choice between the mare and the edifice on the water side of Beacon street, it was just now the latter. Sometimes, in driving in or out, he stopped at the house, and made Corey his guest there, if he might not at Nantasket; and one day it happened that the young man met Irene there again. She had come up with her mother alone, and they were in the house, interviewing the carpenter as before, when the Colonel jumped out of his buggy and cast anchor at the pavement. More exactly, Mrs. Lapham was interviewing the carpenter, and Irene was sitting in the bow-window on a trestle, and looking out at the driving. She saw him come up with her father, and bowed and blushed. Her father went on upstairs to find her mother, and Corey pulled up another trestle which he found in the back part of the room. The first floorings had been laid throughout the house, and the partitions had been lathed so that one could realize the shape of the interior.

"I suppose you will sit at this window a good deal," said the young man.

"Yes, I think it will be very nice. There's so much more going on than there is in the Square."

"It must be very interesting to you to see the house grow."

"It is. Only it doesn't seem to grow so fast as I expected."

"Why, I'm amazed at the progress your carpenter has made every time I come."

The girl looked down, and then lifting her eyes she said, with a sort of timorous appeal:

"I've been reading that book since you were down at Nantasket."

"Book?" repeated Corey, while she reddened with disappointment. "Oh, yes. 'Middlemarch.' Did you like it?"

"I haven't got through with it yet. Pen has finished it."

"What does she think of it?"

"Oh, I think she likes it very well. I haven't heard her talk about it much. Do you like it?"

"Yes; I liked it immensely. But it's several years since I read it."

"I didn't know it was so old. It's just got into the Seaside Library," she urged, with a little sense of injury in her tone.

"Oh, it hasn't been out such a very great while," said Corey, politely. "It came a little before 'Daniel Deronda.'"

The girl was again silent. She followed the curl of a shaving on the floor with the point of her parasol.

"Do you like that Rosamond Vincy?" she asked, without looking up.

Corey smiled in his kind way.

"I didn't suppose she was expected to have any friends. I can't say I liked her. But I don't think I disliked her so much as the author does. She's pretty hard on her good-looking" — he was going to say girls, but as if that might have been rather personal, he said — "people."

"Yes, that's what Pen says. She says she doesn't give her any chance to be good. She says she should have been just as bad as Rosamond if she had been in her place."

The young man laughed. "Your sister is very satirical, isn't she?"

"I don't know," said Irene, still intent upon the convolutions of the shaving. "She keeps us laughing. Papa thinks there's nobody that can talk like her." She gave the shaving a little toss from her, and took the parasol up across her lap. The unworldliness of the Lapham girls did not extend to their dress; Irene's costume was very stylish, and she governed her head and shoulders stylishly. "We are going to have the back room upstairs for a music-room and library," she said abruptly.

"Yes?" returned Corey. "I should think that would be charming."

"We expected to have book-cases, but the architect wants to build the shelves in."

The fact seemed to be referred to Corey for his comment.

"It seems to me that would be the best way. They'll look like part of the room then. You can make them low, and hang your pictures above them."

"Yes, that's what he said." The girl looked out of the window in adding, "I presume with nice bindings it will look very well."

"Oh, nothing furnishes a room like books."

"No. There will have to be a good many of them."

"That depends upon the size of your room and the number of your shelves."

"Oh, of course! I presume," said Irene, thoughtfully, "we shall have to have Gibbon."

"If you want to read him," said Corey, with a laugh of sympathy for an imaginable joke.

"We had a great deal about him at school. I believe we had one of his books. Mine's lost, but Pen will remember."

The young man looked at her, and then said, seriously, "You'll want Greene, of course, and Motley, and Parkman."

"Yes. What kind of writers are they?"

"They're historians, too."

"Oh, yes; I remember now. That's what Gibbon was. Is it Gibbon or Gibbons?"

The young man decided the point with apparently superfluous delicacy. "Gibbon, I think."

"There used to be so many of them," said Irene, gayly. "I used to get them mixed up with each other, and I couldn't tell them from the poets. Should you want to have poetry?"

"Yes; I suppose some edition of the English poets."

"We don't any of us like poetry. Do you like it?"

"I'm afraid I don't very much," Corey owned. "But, of course, there was a time when Tennyson was a great deal more to me than he is now."

"We had something about him at school, too. I think I remember the name. I think we ought to have *all* the American poets."

"Well, not all. Five or six of the best: you want Longfellow and Bryant and Whittier and Holmes and Emerson and Lowell."

The girl listened attentively, as if making mental note of the names.

"And Shakspere," she added. "Don't you like Shakspere's plays?"

"Oh, yes, very much."

"I used to be perfectly crazy about his plays. Don't you think 'Hamlet' is splendid? We had ever so much about Shakspere. Weren't you perfectly astonished when you found out how many other plays of his there were? I always thought there was nothing but 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Macbeth' and 'Richard III.' and 'King Lear,' and that one that Robeson and Crane have—oh, yes! 'Comedy of Errors.'"

"Those are the ones they usually play," said Corey.

"I presume we shall have to have Scott's works," said Irene, returning to the question of books.

"Oh, yes."

"One of the girls used to think he was *great.* She was always talking about Scott." Irene made a pretty little, amiably contemptuous mouth. "He isn't American, though?" she suggested.

"No," said Corey; "he's Scotch, I believe."

Irene passed her glove over her forehead. "I always get him mixed up with Cooper. Well, papa has got to get them. If we have a library, we have got to have books in it. Pen says it's perfectly ridiculous having one. But papa thinks whatever the architect says is right. He fought him hard enough at first. I don't see how any one can keep the poets and the historians and novelists separate in their mind. Of course papa will buy them if we say so. But I don't see how I'm ever going to tell him which ones." The joyous light faded out of her face and left it pensive.

"Why, if you like," said the young man, taking out his pencil, "I'll put down the names we've been talking about."

He clapped himself on his breast pockets to detect some lurking scrap of paper.

"Will you?" she cried delightedly. "Here! take one of my cards," and she pulled out her card-case. "The carpenter writes on a three-cornered block and puts it into his pocket, and it's so uncomfortable he can't help remembering it. Pen says she's going to adopt the three-cornered-block plan with papa."

"Thank you," said Corey. "I believe I'll use your card." He crossed over to her, and after a moment sat down on the trestle beside her. She looked over the card as he wrote. "Those are the ones we mentioned, but perhaps I'd better add a few others."

"Oh, thank you," she said, when he had written the card full on both sides. "He has got to get them in the nicest binding, too. I shall tell him about their helping to furnish the room, and then he can't object." She remained with the card, looking at it rather wistfully.

Perhaps Corey divined her trouble of mind. "If he will take that to any book-seller, and tell him what bindings he wants, he will fill the order for him."

"Oh, thank you very much," she said, and put the card back into her card-case with great apparent relief. Then she turned her lovely face toward the young man, beaming with the triumph a woman feels in any bit of successful manœuvring, and began to talk with recovered gayety of other things, as if, having got rid of a matter annoying out of all proportion to its importance, she was now going to indemnify herself.

Corey did not return to his own trestle. She found another shaving within reach of her parasol, and began poking that with it, and trying to follow it through its folds. Corey watched her awhile.

"You seem to have a great passion for playing with shavings," he said. "Is it a new one?"

"New what?"

"Passion."

"I don't know," she said, dropping her eyelids, and keeping on with her effort. She looked shyly aslant at him. "Perhaps you don't approve of playing with shavings?"

"Oh, yes, I do. I admire it very much. But it seems rather difficult. I've a great ambition to put my foot on the shaving's tail and hold it for you."

"Well," said the girl.

"Thank you," said the young man. He did so, and now she ran her parasol point easily through it. They looked at each other and laughed. "That was wonderful. Would you like to try another?" he asked.

"No, I thank you," she replied. "I think one will do."

They both laughed again, for whatever reason or no reason, and then the young girl became sober. To a girl everything a young man does is of significance; and if he holds a shaving down with his foot while she pokes through it with her parasol, she must ask herself what he means by it.

"They seem to be having rather a long interview with the carpenter to-day," said Irene, looking vaguely toward the ceiling. She turned with polite ceremony to Corey. "I'm afraid you're letting them keep you. You mustn't."

"Oh, no. You're letting me stay," he returned.

She bridled, and bit her lip for pleasure. "I presume they will be down before a great while. Don't you like the smell of the wood and the mortar? It's so fresh."

"Yes, it's delicious." He bent forward and picked up from the floor the shaving with which they had been playing, and put it to his nose. "It's like a flower. May I offer it to you?" he asked, as if it had been one.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" She took it from him and put it into her belt, and then they both laughed once more.

Steps were heard descending. When the elder people reached the floor where they were sitting, Corey rose and presently took his leave.

"What makes you so solemn, 'Rene?" asked Mrs. Lapham.

"Solemn?" echoed the girl. "I'm not a *bit* solemn. What *can* you mean?"

Corey dined at home that evening, and as he sat looking across the table at his father, he said, "I wonder what the average literature of non-cultivated people is."

"Ah," said the elder, "I suspect the average is pretty low even with cultivated people. You don't read a great many books yourself, Tom."

"No, I don't," the young man confessed. "I read more books when I was with Stanton, last winter, than I had since I was a boy. But I read them because I must — there was nothing else to do. It wasn't because I was fond of reading. Still, I think I read with some sense of literature and the difference between authors. I don't suppose that people generally do that; I have met people who had read books without troubling themselves to find out even the author's name, much less trying to decide upon his quality. I suppose that's the way the vast majority of people read."

"Yes. If authors were not almost necessarily recluses, and ignorant of the ignorance about them, I don't see how they could endure it. Of course they are fated to be overwhelmed by oblivion at last, poor fellows; but to see it weltering all round them while they are in the very act of achieving immortality must be tremendously discouraging. I don't suppose that we who have the habit of reading, and at least a nodding acquaintance with literature, can imagine the bestial darkness of the great mass of people — even people whose houses are rich, and whose linen is purple and fine. But occasionally we get glimpses of it. I suppose you found the latest publications lying all about in Lapham cottage when you were down there?"

Young Corey laughed. "It wasn't exactly cumbered with them."

"No?"

"To tell the truth, I don't suppose they ever buy books. The young ladies get novels that they hear talked of out of the circulating library."

"Had they knowledge enough to be ashamed of their ignorance?"

"Yes, in certain ways — to a certain degree."

"It's a curious thing, this thing we call civilization," said the elder, musingly. "We think it is an affair of epochs and of nations. It's really an affair of individuals. One brother will be civilized and the other a barbarian. I've occasionally met young girls who were so brutally, insolently, willfully indifferent to the arts which make civilization that they ought to have been clothed in the skins of wild beasts and gone about barefoot with clubs over their shoulders. Yet they were of

polite origin, and their parents were at least respectful of the things that these young animals despised."

"I don't think that is exactly the case with the Lapham family," said the son, smiling. "The father and mother rather apologized about not getting time to read, and the young ladies by no means scorned it."

"They are quite advanced!"

"They are going to have a library in their Beacon street house."

"Oh, poor things! How are they ever going to get the books together?"

"Well, sir," said the son, coloring a little, "*I* have been indirectly applied to for help."

"You, Tom!" His father dropped back in his chair and laughed.

"I recommended the standard authors," said the son.

"Oh, I never supposed your *prudence* would be at fault, Tom!"

"But seriously," said the young man, generously smiling in sympathy with his father's enjoyment, "they're not unintelligent people. They are very quick, and they are shrewd and sensible."

"I have no doubt that some of the Sioux are so. But that is not saying that they are civilized. All civilization comes through literature now, especially in our country. A Greek got his civilization by talking and looking, and in some measure a Parisian may still do it. But we, who live remote from history and monuments, we must read or we must barbarize. Once we were softened, if not polished, by religion; but I suspect that the pulpit counts for much less now in civilizing."

"They're enormous devourers of newspapers, and theater-goers; and they go a great deal to lectures. The Colonel prefers them with the stereopticon."

"They might get a something in that way," said the elder, thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose one must take those things into account — especially the newspapers and the lectures. I doubt if the theater is a factor in civilization among us. I dare say it doesn't deprave a great deal, but from what I've seen of it I should say that it was intellectually degrading. Perhaps they might get some sort of lift from it; I don't know. Tom!" he added, after a moment's reflection. "I really think I ought to see this patron of yours. Don't you think it would be rather decent in me to make his acquaintance?"

"Well, if you have the fancy, sir," said the young man. "But there's no sort of obligation. Colonel Lapham would be the last man in the world to want to give our relation any sort of social character. The meeting will come about in the natural course of things."

"Ah, I didn't intend to propose anything immediate," said the father. "One can't do anything in the summer, and I should prefer your mother's superintendence. Still, I can't rid myself of the idea of a dinner. It appears to me that there ought to be a dinner."

"Oh, pray don't feel that there's any necessity."

"Well," said the elder, with easy resignation, "there's at least no hurry."

"THERE is one thing I don't like," said Lapham, in the course of one of those talks which came up between his wife and himself concerning Corey, "or at least I don't understand it; and that's the way his father behaves. I don't want to force myself on any man; but it seems to me pretty queer the way he holds off. I should think he would take enough interest in his son to want to know something about his business. What is he afraid of?" demanded Lapham angrily. "Does he think I'm going to jump at a chance to get in with him, if he gives me one? He's mightily mistaken if he does. *I* don't want to know him."

"Silas," said his wife, making a wife's free version of her husband's words, and replying to their spirit rather than their letter, "I hope you never said a word to Mr. Corey to let him know the way you feel."

"I never mentioned his father to him!" roared the Colonel. "That's the way I feel about it!"

"Because it would spoil everything. I wouldn't have them think we cared the least thing in the world for their acquaintance. We shouldn't be a bit better off. We don't know the same people they do, and we don't care for the same kind of things."

Lapham was breathless with resentment of his wife's implication. "Don't I tell you," he gasped, "that I don't want to know them? Who began it? They're friends of yours if they're anybody's."

"They're distant acquaintances of mine," returned Mrs. Lapham quietly; "and this young Corey is a clerk of yours. And I want we should hold ourselves so that when they get ready to make the advances we can meet them half-way or not, just as we choose."

"That's what grinds me," cried her husband. "Why should we wait for them to make the advances? Why shouldn't we make 'em? Are they any better than we are? My note of hand would be worth ten times what Bromfield Corey's is on the street to-day. And I made *my* money. I haven't loafed my life away."

"Oh, it isn't what you've got, and it isn't what you've done exactly. It's what you are."

"Well, then, what's the difference?"

"None that really amounts to anything, or that need give you any trouble, if you don't think of it. But he's been all his life in society, and he knows just what to say and what to do, and he can talk about the things that society people like to talk about, and you — can't."

Lapham gave a furious snort. "And does that make him any better?"

"No. But it puts him where he can make the advances without demeaning himself, and it puts you where you can't. Now, look here, Silas Lapham! You understand this thing as well as I do. You know that I appreciate you, and that I'd sooner die than have you humble yourself to a living soul. But I'm not going to have you coming to me, and pretending that you can meet Bromfield Corey as an equal on his own ground. You can't. He's got a better education than you, and if he hasn't got more brains than you, he's got different. And he and his wife, and their fathers and grandfathers before 'em, have always had a high position, and you can't help it. If you want to know them, you've got to let them make the advances. If you don't, all well and good."

"I guess," said the chafed and vanquished Colonel, after a moment for swallowing the pill, "that they'd have been in a pretty fix if you'd waited to let them make the advances last summer."

"That was a different thing altogether. I didn't know who they were, or may be I should have waited. But all I say now is that if you've got young Corey into business with you, in hopes of our getting into society with his father, you better ship him at once. For I ain't going to have it on that basis."

"Who wants to have it on that basis?" retorted her husband.

"Nobody, if you don't," said Mrs. Lapham tranquilly.

Irene had come home with the shaving in her belt, unnoticed by her father, and unquestioned by her mother. But her sister saw it at once, and asked her what she was doing with it.

"Oh, nothing," said Irene, with a joyful smile of self-betrayal, taking the shaving carefully out, and laying it among the laces and ribbons in her drawer.

"Hadn't you better put it in water, 'Rene? It'll be all wilted by morning," said Pen.

"You mean thing!" cried the happy girl. "It isn't a flower!"

"Oh, I thought it was a whole bouquet. Who gave it to you?"

"I sha'n't tell you," said Irene saucily.

"Oh, well, never mind. Did you know Mr. Corey had been down here this afternoon, walking on the beach with me?"

"He wasn't — he wasn't at all! He was at the house with *me*. There! I've caught you fairly."

"Is that so?" drawled Penelope. "Then I never could guess who gave you that precious shaving."

"No, you couldn't!" said Irene, flushing beautifully. "And you may guess, and you may guess, and you may guess!" With her lovely eyes she coaxed her sister to keep on teasing her, and Penelope continued the comedy with the patience that women have for such things.

"Well, I'm not going to try, if it's no use. But I didn't know it had got to be the fashion to give shavings instead of flowers. But there's some sense in it. They can be used for kindlings when they get old, and you can't do anything with old flowers. Perhaps he'll get to sending 'em by the barrel."

Irene laughed for pleasure in this tormenting. "Oh, Pen, I want to tell you how it all happened."

"Oh, he *did* give it to you, then? Well, I guess I don't care to hear."

"You shall, and you've got to!" Irene ran and caught her sister, who feigned to be going out of the room, and pushed her into a chair. "There, now!" She pulled up another chair, and hemmed her in with it. "He came over, and sat down on the trestle alongside of me ——"

"What? As close as you are to me now?"

"You wretch! I will *give* it to you! No, at a proper distance. And here was this shaving on the floor, that I'd been poking with my parasol ——"

"To hide your embarrassment."

"Pshaw! I wasn't a bit embarrassed. I was just as much at my ease! And then he asked me to let him hold the shaving down with his foot, while I went on with my poking. And I said yes he might ——"

"What a bold girl! You said he might hold a shaving down for you?"

"And then — and then —" continued Irene, lifting her eyes absently, and losing herself in the beatific recollection, "and then — Oh, yes! Then I asked him if he didn't like the smell of pine shavings. And then he picked it up, and said it smelt like a flower. And then he asked if he might offer it to me — just for a joke, you know. And I took it, and stuck it in my belt. And we had such a laugh! We got into a regular gale. And oh, Pen, what do you suppose he meant by it?" She suddenly caught herself to her sister's breast, and hid her burning face on her shoulder.

"Well, there used to be a book about the language of flowers. But I never knew much about the language of shavings, and I can't say exactly ——"

"Oh, don't—*don't*, Pen!" and here Irene gave over laughing, and began to sob in her sister's arms.

"Why, 'Rene!" cried the elder girl.

"You *know* he didn't mean anything. He doesn't care a bit about me. He hates me! He despises me! Oh, what shall I do?"

A trouble passed over the face of the sister as she silently comforted the child in her arms; then the drolling light came back into her eyes. "Well, 'Rene, *you* haven't got to do *any*thing. That's one advantage girls have got — if it *is* an advantage. I'm not always sure."

Irene's tears turned to laughing again. When she lifted her head it was to look into the mirror confronting them, where her beauty showed all the more brilliant for the shower that had passed over it. She seemed to gather courage from the sight.

"It must be awful to have to *do*," she said, smiling into her own face. "I don't see how they ever can."

"Some of 'em can't — especially when there's such a tearing beauty around."

"Oh, pshaw, Pen! You know that isn't so. You've got a real pretty mouth, Pen," she added thoughtfully, surveying the feature in the glass, and then pouting her own lips for the sake of that effect on them.

"It's a useful mouth," Penelope admitted; "I don't believe I could get along without it now, I've had it so long."

"It's got such a funny expression — just the mate of the look in your eyes; as if you were just going to say something ridiculous. He said, the very first time he saw you, that he knew you were humorous."

"Is it possible? It must be so, if the Grand Mogul said it. Why didn't you tell me so before, and not let me keep on going round just like a common person?"

Irene laughed as if she liked to have her sister take his praises in that way rather than another. "I've got such a stiff, prim kind of mouth," she said, drawing it down, and then looking anxiously at it.

"I hope you didn't put on that expression when he offered you the shaving. If you did, I don't believe he'll ever give you another splinter."

The severe mouth broke into a lovely laugh, and then pressed itself in a kiss against Penelope's cheek.

"There! Be done, you silly thing! I'm not going to have you accepting *me* before I've offered myself, *anyway*." She freed herself from her sister's embrace, and ran from her round the room.

Irene pursued her, in the need of hiding her face against her shoulder again. "Oh, Pen! Oh, Pen!" she cried.

THE next day, at the first moment of finding herself alone with her eldest daughter, Mrs. Lapham asked, as if knowing that Penelope must have already made it subject of inquiry: "What was Irene doing with that shaving in her belt yesterday?"

"Oh, just some nonsense of hers with Mr. Corey. He gave it to her at the new house." Penelope did not choose to look up and meet her mother's grave glance.

"What do you think he meant by it?"

Penelope repeated Irene's account of the affair, and her mother listened without seeming to derive much encouragement from it.

"He doesn't seem like one to flirt with her," she said at last. Then, after a thoughtful pause: "Irene is as good a girl as ever breathed, and she's a perfect beauty. But I should hate the day when a daughter of mine was married for her beauty."

"You're safe as far as I'm concerned, mother."

Mrs. Lapham smiled ruefully. "She isn't really equal to him, Pen. I misdoubted that from the first, and it's been borne in upon me more and more ever since. She hasn't mind enough."

"I didn't know that a man fell in love with a girl's intellect," said Penelope quietly.

"Oh, no. He hasn't fallen in love with Irene at all. If he had, it wouldn't matter about the intellect."

Penelope let the self-contradiction pass.

"Perhaps he has, after all."

"No," said Mrs. Lapham. "She pleases him when he sees her. But he doesn't try to see her."

"He has no chance. You won't let father bring him here."

"He would find excuses to come without being brought, if he wished to come," said the mother. "But she isn't in his mind enough to make him. He goes away and doesn't think anything more about her. She's a child. She's a good child, and I shall always say it; but she's nothing but a child. No, she's got to forget him."

"Perhaps that won't be so easy."

"No, I presume not. And now your father has got the notion in his head, and he will move heaven and earth to bring it to pass. I can see that he's always thinking about it."

"The Colonel has a will of his own," observed the girl, rocking to and fro where she sat looking at her mother.

"I wish we had never met them!" cried Mrs. Lapham. "I wish we had never thought of building! I wish he had kept away from your father's business!"

"Well, it's too late now, mother," said the girl. "Perhaps it isn't so bad as you think."

"Well, we must stand it, anyway," said Mrs. Lapham, with the grim antique Yankee submission.

"Oh, yes, we've got to stand it," said Penelope, with the quaint modern American fatalism.

X.

It was late June, almost July, when Corey took up his life in Boston again, where the summer slips away so easily. If you go out of town early, it seems a very long summer when you come back in October; but if you stay, it passes swiftly, and, seen foreshortened in its flight, seems scarcely a month's length. It has its days of heat, when it is very hot, but for the most part it is cool, with baths of the east wind that seem to saturate the soul with delicious freshness. Then there are stretches of gray, westerly weather, when the air is full of the sentiment of early autumn, and the frying of the grasshopper in the blossomed weed of the vacant lots on the Back Bay is intershot with the carol of crickets; and the yellowing leaf on the long slope of Mt. Vernon street smites the sauntering observer with tender melancholy. The caterpillar, gorged with the spoil of the lindens on Chestnut, and weaving his own shroud about him in his lodgment on the brickwork, records the passing of summer by mid-July; and if after that comes August, its breath is thick and short, and September is upon the sojourner before he has fairly had time to philosophize the character of the town out of season.

But it must have appeared that its most characteristic feature was the absence of everybody he knew. This was one of the things that commended Boston to Bromfield Corey during the summer; and if his son had any qualms about the life he had entered upon with such vigor, it must have been a relief to him that there was scarcely a soul left to wonder or pity. By the time people got back to town the fact of his connection with the mineral paint man would be an old story, heard afar off with different degrees of surprise, and considered with different degrees of indifference. A man has not reached the age of twenty-six in any community where he was born and reared without having had his capacity pretty well ascertained; and in Boston the analysis is conducted with an unsparing thoroughness which may fitly impress the un-Bostonian mind, darkened by the popular superstition that the Bostonians blindly admire one another. A man's qualities are sifted as closely in Boston as they doubtless were in Florence or Athens; and, if final mercy was shown in those cities because a man was, with all his limitations, an Athenian or Florentine, some abatement might as justly be made in Boston for like reason. Corey's powers had been gauged in college, and he had not given his world reason to think very differently of him since he came out of college. He was rated as an energetic fellow, a little indefinite in aim, with the smallest amount of inspiration that can save a man from being commonplace. If he was not commonplace, it was through nothing remarkable in his mind, which was simply clear and practical, but through some combination of qualities of the heart that made men trust him, and women call him sweet — a word of theirs which conveys otherwise indefinable excellences. Some of the more nervous and excitable said that Tom Corey was as sweet as he could live; but this perhaps meant no more than the word alone. No man ever had a son less like him than Bromfield Corey. If Tom Corey had ever said a witty thing, no one could remember it; and yet the father had never said a witty thing to a more sympathetic listener than his own son. The clear mind which produced nothing but practical results reflected everything with charming lucidity; and it must have been this which endeared Tom Corey to every one who spoke ten words with him. In a city where people have good reason for liking to shine, a man who did not care to shine must be little short of universally acceptable without any other effort for popularity; and those who admired and enjoyed Bromfield Corey loved his son. Yet, when it came to accounting for Tom Corey, as it often did in a community where every one's generation is known to the remotest degrees of cousinship, they could not trace his sweetness to his mother, for neither Anna Bellingham nor any of her family, though they were so many blocks of Wenham ice for purity and rectangularity, had ever had any such savor; and, in fact, it was to his father, whose habit of talk wronged it in himself, that they had to turn for this quality of the son's. They traced to the mother the traits of practicality and common sense in which he bordered upon the commonplace, and which, when they had dwelt upon them, made him seem hardly worth the close inquiry they had given him.

While the summer wore away he came and went methodically about his business, as if it had been the business of his life, sharing his

father's bachelor liberty and solitude, and expecting with equal patience the return of his mother and sisters in the autumn. Once or twice he found time to run down to Mt. Desert and see them; and then he heard how the Philadelphia and New York people were getting in everywhere, and was given reason to regret the house at Nahant which he had urged to be sold. He came back and applied himself to his desk with a devotion that was exemplary rather than necessary; for Lapham made no difficulty about the brief absences which he asked, and set no term to the apprenticeship that Corey was serving in the office before setting off upon that mission to South America in the early winter, for which no date had yet been fixed.

The summer was a dull season for the paint as well as for everything else. Till things should brisk up, as Lapham said, in the fall, he was letting the new house take a great deal of his time. Æsthetic ideas had never been intelligibly presented to him before, and he found a delight in apprehending them that was very grateful to his imaginative architect. At the beginning, the architect had foreboded a series of mortifying defeats and disastrous victories in his encounters with his client; but he had never had a client who could be more reasonably led on from one outlay to another. It appeared that Lapham required but to understand or feel the beautiful effect intended, and he was ready to pay for it. His bull-headed pride was concerned in a thing which the architect made him see, and then he believed that he had seen it himself, perhaps conceived it. In some measure the architect seemed to share his delusion, and freely said that Lapham was very suggestive. Together they blocked out windows here, and bricked them up there; they changed doors and passages; pulled down cornices and replaced them with others of different design; experimented with costly devices of decoration, and went to extravagant lengths in novelties of finish. Mrs. Lapham, beginning with a woman's adventurousness in the unknown region, took fright at the reckless outlay at last, and refused to let her husband pass a certain limit. He tried to make her believe that a far-seeing economy dictated the expense; and that if he put the money into the house, he could get it out any time by selling it. She would not be persuaded.

"I don't want you should sell it. And you've put more money into it now than you'll ever get out again, unless you can find as big a goose to buy it, and that isn't likely. No, sir! You just stop at a hundred thousand, and don't you let him get you a cent beyond. Why, you're perfectly bewitched with that fellow! You've lost your head, Silas Lapham, and if you don't look out you'll lose your money too."

The Colonel laughed; he liked her to talk that way, and promised he would hold up awhile.

"But there's no call to feel anxious, Pert. It's only a question what to do with the money. I can reinvest it; but I never had so much of it to spend before."

"Spend it, then," said his wife; "don't throw it away! And how came you to have so much more money than you know what to do with, Silas Lapham?" she added.

"Oh, I've made a very good thing in stocks lately."

"In stocks? When did you take up gambling for a living?"

"Gambling? Stuff! What gambling? Who said it was gambling?"

"You have; many a time."

"Oh, yes, buying and selling on a margin. But this was a *bona fide* transaction. I bought at forty-three for an investment, and I sold at a hundred and seven; and the money passed both times."

"Well, you better let stocks alone," said his wife, with the conservatism of her sex. "Next time you'll buy at a hundred and seven and sell at forty-three. Then where'll you be?"

"Left," admitted the Colonel.

"You better stick to paint awhile yet."

The Colonel enjoyed this, too, and laughed again with the ease of a man who knows what he is about. A few days after that he came down to Nantasket with the radiant air which he wore when he had done a good thing in business and wanted his wife's sympathy. He did not say anything of what had happened till he was alone with her in their own room; but he was very gay the whole evening, and made several jokes which Penelope said nothing but very great prosperity could excuse: they all understood these moods of his.

"Well, what is it, Silas?" asked his wife when the time came. "Any more big-bugs wanting to go into the mineral paint business with you?"

"Something better than that."

"I could think of a good many better things," said his wife, with a sigh of latent bitterness. "What's this one?"

"I've had a visitor."

"Who?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I don't want to try. Who was it?"

"Rogers."

Mrs. Lapham sat down with her hands in her lap, and stared at the smile on her husband's face, where he sat facing her.

"I guess you wouldn't want to joke on that subject, Si," she said, a little hoarsely, "and you wouldn't grin about it unless you had some good news. I don't know what the miracle is, but if you could tell quick ——"

She stopped like one who can say no more.

"I will, Persis," said her husband, and with that awed tone in which he rarely spoke of anything but the virtues of his paint. "He came to borrow money of me, and I lent him it. That's the short of it. The long ——"

"Go on," said his wife, with gentle patience.

"Well, Pert, I was never so much astonished in my life as I was to see that man come into my office. You might have knocked me down with — I don't know what."

"I don't wonder. Go on!"

"And he was as much embarrassed as I was. There we stood, gaping at each other, and I hadn't hardly sense enough to ask him to take a chair. I don't know just how we got at it. And I don't remember just how it was that he said he came to come to me. But he had got hold of a patent right that he wanted to go into on a large scale, and there he was wanting me to supply him the funds."

"Go on!" said Mrs. Lapham, with her voice further in her throat.

"I never felt the way you did about Rogers, but I know how you always did feel, and I guess I surprised him with my answer. He had brought along a lot of stock as security——"

"You didn't take it, Silas!" his wife flashed out.

"Yes, I did, though," said Lapham. "You wait. We settled our business, and then we went into the old thing, from the very start. And we talked it all over. And when we got through we shook hands. Well, I don't know when it's done me so much good to shake hands with anybody."

"And you told him — you owned up to him that you were in the wrong, Silas?"

"No, I didn't," returned the Colonel, promptly; "for I wasn't. And before we got through, I guess he saw it the same as I did."

"Oh, no matter! so you had the chance to show how you felt."

"But I never felt that way," persisted the Colonel. "I've lent him the money, and I've kept his stocks. And he got what he wanted out of me."

"Give him back his stocks!"

"No, I sha'n't. Rogers came to borrow. He didn't come to beg. You needn't be troubled about his stocks. They're going to come up in time; but just now they're so low down that no bank would take them as security, and I've got to hold them till they do rise. I hope you're satisfied now, Persis," said her husband; and he looked at her with the willingness to receive the reward of a good action which we all feel when we have performed one. "I lent him the money you kept me from spending on the house."

"Truly, Si? Well, I'm satisfied," said Mrs. Lapham, with a deep, tremulous breath. "The Lord has been good to you, Silas," she continued, solemnly. "You may laugh if you choose, and I don't know as *I* believe in his interfering a great deal; but I believe he's interfered this time; and I tell you, Silas, it ain't always he gives people a chance to make it up to others in this life. I've been afraid you'd die, Silas, before you got the chance; but he's let you live to make it up to Rogers."

"I'm glad to be let live," said Lapham, stubbornly; "but I hadn't anything to make up to Milton K. Rogers. And if God has let me live for that ——"

"Oh, say what you please, Si! Say what you please, now you've done it! I sha'n't stop you. You've taken the one spot — the one *speck* — off you that was ever there, and I'm satisfied."

"There wa'n't ever any speck there," Lapham held out, lapsing more and more into his vernacular; "and what I done, I done for you, Persis."

"And I thank you for your own soul's sake, Silas."

"I guess my soul's all right," said Lapham.

"And I want you should promise me one thing more."

"Thought you said you were satisfied?"

"I am. But I want you should promise me this: that you won't let anything tempt you — anything! — to ever trouble Rogers for that money you lent him. No matter what happens — no matter if you lose it all. Do you promise?"

"Why, I don't ever *expect* to press him for it. That's what I said to myself when I lent it. And of course I'm glad to have that old trouble healed up. I don't *think* I ever did Rogers any wrong, and I never did think so; but if I *did* do it — *if* I did — I'm willing to call it square, if I never see a cent of my money back again."

"Well, that's all," said his wife.

They did not celebrate his reconciliation with his old enemy — for such they had always felt him to be since he ceased to be an ally — by any show of joy or affection. It was not in their tradition, as stoical for the woman as for the man, that they should kiss or embrace each other at such a moment. She was content to have told him that he had done his duty, and he was content with her saying that. But before she slept she found words to add

that she always feared the selfish part he had acted toward Rogers had weakened him, and left him less able to overcome any temptation that might beset him; and that was one reason why she could never be easy about it. Now she should never fear for him again.

This time he did not explicitly deny her forgiving impeachment.

"Well, it's all past and gone now, anyway; and I don't want you should think anything more about it."

He was man enough to take advantage of the high favor in which he stood when he went up to town, and to abuse it by bringing Corey down to supper. His wife could not help condoning the sin of disobedience in him at such a time. Penelope said that between the admiration she felt for the Colonel's boldness and her mother's forbearance, she was hardly in a state to entertain company that evening; but she did what she could.

Irene liked being talked to better than talking, and when her sister was by she was always, tacitly or explicitly, referring to her for confirmation of what she said. She was content to sit and look pretty as she looked at the young man and listened to her sister's drolling. She laughed, and kept glancing at Corey to make sure that he was understanding her. When they went out on the veranda to see the moon on the water, Penelope led the way and Irene followed.

They did not look at the moonlight long. The young man perched on the rail of the veranda, and Irene took one of the red-painted rocking-chairs where she could conveniently look at him and at her sister, who sat leaning forward lazily and running on, as the phrase is. That low, crooning note of hers was delicious; her face, glimpsed now and then in the moonlight as she turned it or lifted it a little, had a fascination which kept his eye. Her talk was very unliterary, and its effect seemed hardly conscious. She was far from epigram in her funning. She told of this trifle and that; she sketched the characters and looks of people who had interested her, and nothing seemed to have escaped her notice; she mimicked a little, but not much; she suggested, and then the affair represented itself as if without her agency. She did not laugh; when Corey stopped, she made a soft cluck in her throat, as if she liked his being amused, and went on again.

The Colonel, left alone with his wife for the first time since he had come from town, made haste to take the word. "Well, Pert, I've arranged the whole thing with Rogers, and I hope you'll be satisfied to know that he owes me twenty thousand dollars, and that I've got security from him to the amount of a fourth of that, if I was to force his stocks to a sale."

"How came he to come down with you?" asked Mrs. Lapham.

"Who? Rogers?"

"Mr. Corey."

"Corey? Oh!" said Lapham, affecting not to have thought she could mean Corey. "He proposed it."

"Likely!" jeered his wife, but with perfect amiability.

"It's so," protested the Colonel. "We got talking about a matter just before I left, and he walked down to the boat with me; and then he said if I didn't mind he guessed he'd come along down and go back on the return boat. Of course I couldn't let him do that."

"It's well for you you couldn't."

"And I couldn't do less than bring him here to tea."

"Oh, certainly not."

"But he ain't going to stay the night — unless," faltered Lapham, "you want him to."

"Oh, of course, *I* want him to! I guess he'll stay, probably."

"Well, you know how crowded that last boat always is, and he can't get any other now."

Mrs. Lapham laughed at the simple wile. "I hope you'll be just as well satisfied, Si, if it turns out he doesn't want Irene after all."

"Pshaw, Persis! What are you always bringing that up for?" pleaded the Colonel. Then he fell silent, and presently his rude, strong face was clouded with an unconscious frown.

"There!" cried his wife, startling him from his abstraction. "I see how you'd feel; and I hope that you'll remember who you've got to blame."

"I'll risk it," said Lapham, with the confidence of a man used to success.

From the veranda the sound of Penelope's lazy tone came through the closed windows, with joyous laughter from Irene and peals from Corey.

"Listen to that!" said her father within, swelling up with inexpressible satisfaction. "That girl can talk for twenty, right straight along. She's better than a circus any day. I wonder what she's up to now."

"Oh, she's probably getting off some of those yarns of hers, or telling about some people. She can't step out of the house without coming back with more things to talk about than most folks would bring back from Japan. There ain't a ridiculous person she's ever seen but what she's got something from them to make you laugh at; and I don't believe we've ever had anybody in the house since the girl could talk that she hain't got some

saying from, or some trick that'll pint 'em out so't you can see 'em and hear 'em. Sometimes I want to stop her; but when she gets into one of her gales there ain't any standing up against her. I guess it's lucky for Irene that she's got Pen there to help entertain her company. I can't ever feel down where Pen is."

"That's so," said the Colonel. "And I guess she's got about as much culture as any of them. Don't you?"

"She reads a great deal," admitted her mother. "She seems to be at it the whole while. I don't want she should injure her health, and sometimes I feel like snatchin' the books away from her. I don't know as it's good for a girl to read so much, anyway, especially novels. I don't want she should get notions."

"Oh, I guess Pen'll know how to take care of herself," said Lapham.

"She's got sense enough. But she ain't so practical as Irene. She's more up in the clouds — more of what you may call a dreamer. Irene's wide-awake every minute; and I declare, any one to see these two together when there's anything to be done, or any lead to be taken, would say Irene was the oldest, nine times out of ten. It's only when they get to talking that you can see Pen's got twice as much brains."

"Well," said Lapham, tacitly granting this point, and leaning back in his chair in supreme content. "Did you ever see much nicer girls anywhere?"

His wife laughed at his pride. "I presume they're as much swans as anybody's geese."

"No; but honestly, now!"

"Oh, they'll do; but don't you be silly, if you can help it, Si."

The young people came in, and Corey said it was time for his boat. Mrs. Lapham pressed him to stay, but he persisted, and he would not let the Colonel send him to the boat; he said he would rather walk. Outside, he pushed along toward the boat, which presently he could see lying at her landing in the bay, across the sandy tract to the left of the hotels. From time to time he almost stopped in his rapid walk, as a man does whose mind is in a pleasant tumult; and then he went forward at a swifter pace.

"She's charming!" he said, and he thought he had spoken aloud. He found himself floundering about in the deep sand, wide of the path; he got back to it, and reached the boat just before she started. The clerk came to take his fare, and Corey looked radiantly up at him in his lantern-light, with a smile that he must have been wearing a long time; his cheek was stiff with it. Once some people who stood near him edged suddenly and fearfully away, and then he suspected himself of having laughed outright.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

LONGFELLOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

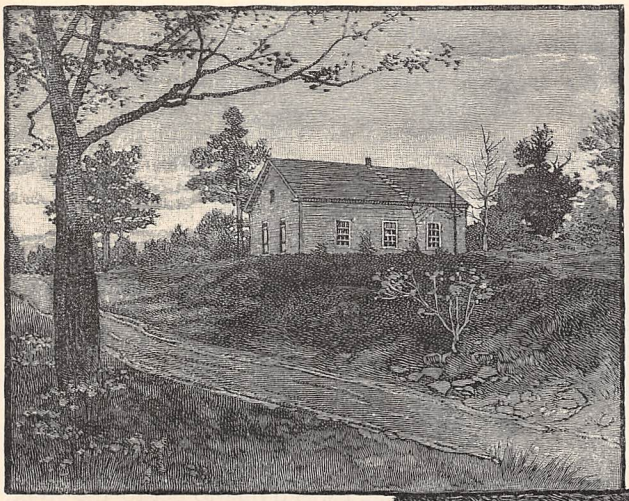
ERELONG I paced those cloisteral aisles, erelong
I moved where pale memorial shapes convene,
Where poet, warrior, statesman, king or queen
In one great elegy of sculpture throng,
When suddenly, with heart-beats glad and strong,
I saw the face of that lost friend serene
Who robed Hiawatha and Evangeline
In such benign simplicity of song!

Then, swiftly as light mists on morning leas,
All history, legend, England, backward drawn,
Vanished like vision to incorporate air.
And in one sweet colonial home o'er seas
I saw the lamp shine out across the lawn,
I heard the old clock ticking on the stair!

Edgar Fawcett.

LONDON, Sept., 1884.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

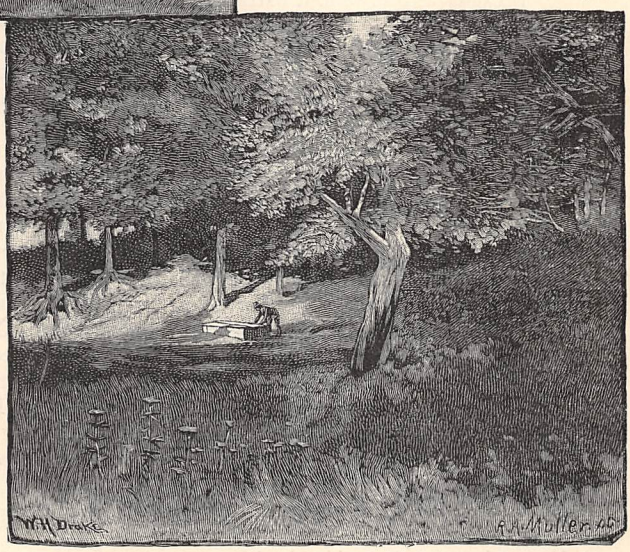


NEW SHILOH CHURCH, ON THE SITE OF THE LOG CHAPEL DESTROYED AFTER THE BATTLE.

[This is the Corinth road, looking south toward Corinth. Sherman's first line of battle was formed in the background above the ravine, in which is the Shiloh spring.]

THE battle of Shiloh, fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, is perhaps less understood, or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement between National and so-called Confederate troops during the entire rebellion. Correct reports of the battle have been published, notably by Sherman, Badeau, and, in a speech before a meeting of veterans, by General Prentiss; but all of these appeared long subsequent to the close of the rebellion, and after public opinion had been most erroneously formed.

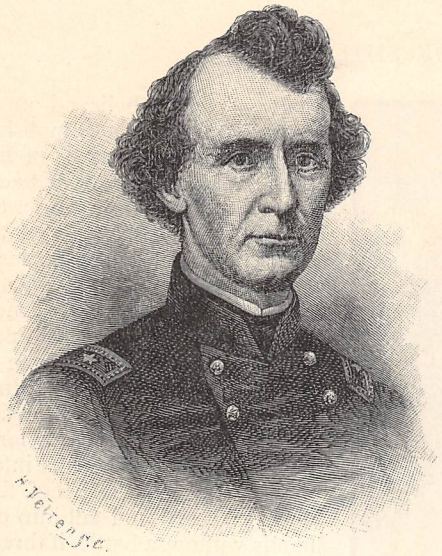
Events had occurred before the battle, and others subsequent to it, which determined me to make no report to my then chief, General Halleck, further than was contained in a letter, written immediately after the battle, informing him that an engagement had been fought, and announcing the result. The occurrences alluded to are these: after the capture of Fort Donelson, with over fifteen thousand effective men and all their munitions of war, I believed much more could be accomplished without further sacrifice of life. Clarksville, a town between Donelson and Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, and on the east bank of the Cumberland, was garrisoned by the enemy. Nashville was also garrisoned, and was probably the best provisioned depot at the time in the Confederacy. Albert Sidney Johnston occupied Bowling Green, Kentucky, with a large force. I believed, and my information justified the belief, that these places would fall into our hands without a battle, if threatened promptly. I determined not to miss this chance. But being only a district commander, and under the immediate orders of the department commander, General Halleck, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, it was my duty to communicate to him all I proposed to do, and to get his approval, if possible. I did so communicate, and receiving no reply, acted upon my own judgment. The result proved that my information was correct, and



SHILOH SPRING, IN RAVINE SOUTH OF THE CHAPEL.

[The spring is on the Confederate side of the ravine, the chapel being opposite on the left. Hard fighting took place here, in the early morning of Sunday, between Sherman's troops and Hardee's.]

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE.

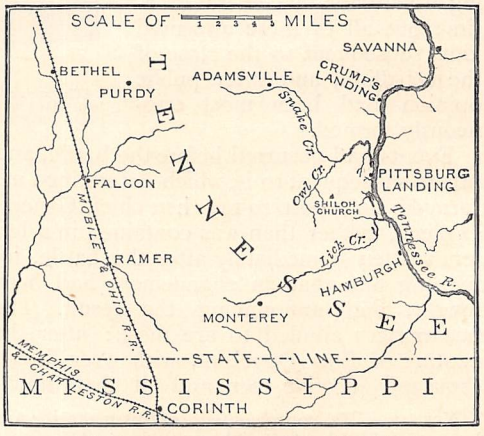
sustained my judgment. What, then, was my surprise, after so much had been accomplished by the troops under my immediate command, between the time of leaving Cairo, early in February, and the 4th of March, to receive from my chief a dispatch of the latter date, saying: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position of your command?" I was left virtually in arrest on board a steamer, without even a guard, for about a week, when I was released and ordered to resume my command.

Again: Shortly after the battle of Shiloh had been fought, General Halleck moved his headquarters to Pittsburg Landing, and assumed command of the troops in the field. Although next to him in rank, and nominally in command of my old district and army, I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory within my jurisdiction; and although I was in command of all the troops engaged at Shiloh, I was not permitted to see one of the reports of General Buell or his subordinates in that battle, until they were published by the War Department, long after the event. In consequence, I never myself made a full report of this engagement.

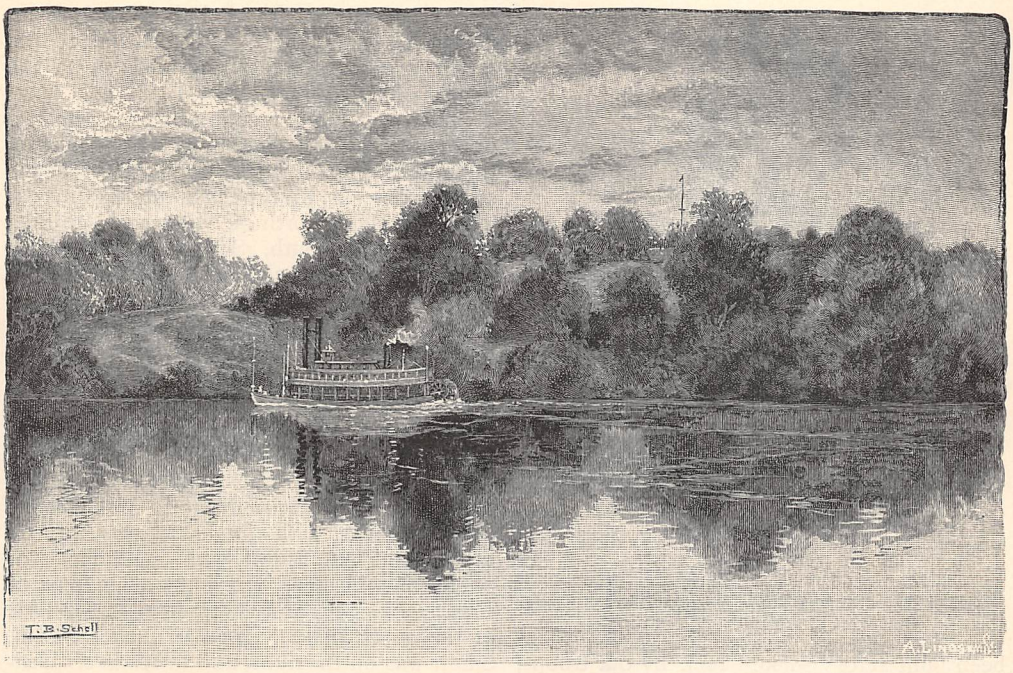
WHEN I was restored to my command, on the 13th of March, I found it on the Tennessee River, part at Savanna and part at Pittsburg Landing, nine miles above, and on the opposite or western bank. I generally spent the day at Pittsburg, and returned by boat to Savanna in the evening. I was intending to remove my headquarters to Pittsburg, where I had sent all the troops immediately on my reassuming command; but Buell, with the Army of the Ohio, had been ordered to reenforce me from Columbia, Tennessee. He was expected daily, and would come in at Savanna. I remained, therefore, a few days longer than I otherwise should have done, for the purpose of meeting him on his arrival.

General Lew Wallace, with a division, had been placed by General Smith at Crump's Landing, about five miles farther down the river than Pittsburg, and also on the west bank. His position I regarded as so well chosen that he was not moved from it until the Confederate attack in force at Shiloh.

The skirmishing in our front had been so continuous from about the 3d of April up to the determined attack, that I remained on the field each night until an hour when I felt there would be no further danger before morning. In fact, on Friday, the 4th, I was very much injured by my horse falling with me and on me while I was trying to get to the front, where firing had been heard. The night was one of impenetrable darkness, with rain pouring down in torrents; nothing was visible to the eye except as revealed by the frequent flashes of lightning. Under these circumstances I had to trust to the horse, without guidance, to keep the road. I had not gone far, however, when I met General W. H. L. Wallace and General (then Colonel) McPherson coming from the direction of the front. They said all was quiet so far as the enemy was concerned. On the way back to the boat my horse's feet slipped from under him, and he fell with my leg under his body. The extreme softness of the ground, from the excessive rains of the few preceding days, no doubt saved me from a severe injury and protracted lameness.



OUTLINE MAP OF THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.



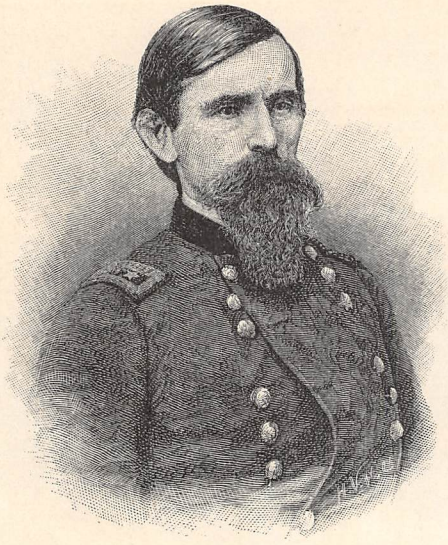
PRESENT ASPECT OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

[The central or main landing is here shown. On the hill to the right is seen the flag-staff of the National Cemetery; in the rear and to the left of the cemetery is the steamboat store and post-office, where the roads from the landings meet.]

As it was, my ankle was very much injured; so much so, that my boot had to be cut off. During the battle, and for two or three days after, I was unable to walk except with crutches.

On the 5th General Nelson, with a division of Buell's army, arrived at Savanna, and I ordered him to move up the east bank of the river, to be in a position where he could be ferried over to Crump's Landing or Pittsburg Landing, as occasion required. I had learned that General Buell himself would be at Savanna the next day, and desired to meet me on his arrival. Affairs at Pittsburg Landing had been such for several days that I did not want to be away during the day. I determined, therefore, to take a very early breakfast and ride out to meet Buell, and thus save time. He had arrived on the evening of the 5th, but had not advised me of the fact, and I was not aware of it until some time after. While I was at breakfast, however, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, and I hastened there, sending a hurried note to Buell, informing him of the reason why I could not meet him at Savanna. On the way up the river I directed the dispatch-boat to run in close to Crump's Landing, so that I could communicate with General Lew Wallace. I found him waiting on a boat, apparently expecting to see me, and I directed him to get his troops in line ready to execute any orders he might receive. He replied that his troops were already under arms and prepared to move.

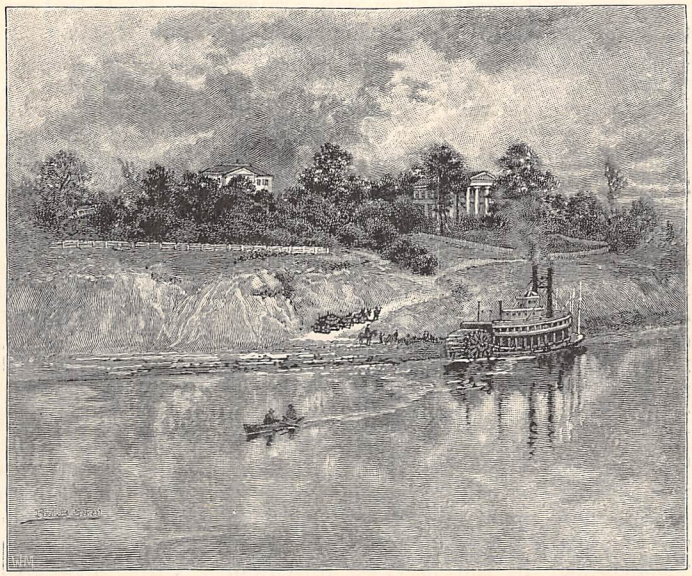
Up to that time I had felt by no means certain that Crump's Landing might not be the point of attack. On reaching the front, however, about 8 A. M., I found that the attack on Shiloh was unmistakable, and that nothing more than a small guard, to protect our transports and stores, at Crump's was needed. Captain Baxter, a quartermaster on my staff, was accordingly directed to go back and order General Wallace to march immediately to Pittsburg, by the road nearest the river. Captain Baxter made a memorandum of his order. About 1 P. M., not hearing from Wallace, and being much in need of reënforcements, I sent two more of my staff, Colonel McPherson and Captain Rowley, to bring him up with his division. They reported finding him marching toward Purdy, Bethel, or some point west from the river, and farther from Pittsburg by several miles than when he started. I never could see, and do not now see, why any order was necessary further than to direct him to come to Pittsburg Landing, without specifying by what route. The road was direct, and near the river. Between the two points a bridge had



MAJOR-GENERAL LEW WALLACE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

been built across Snake Creek by our troops, at which Wallace's command had assisted, expressly to enable the troops at the two places to support each other in case of need. Wallace did not arrive in time to take part in the first day's fight. General Wallace has since claimed that the order delivered to him by Captain Baxter was simply to join the right of the army, and that the road over which he marched would have taken him to the road from Pittsburg to Purdy, where it crosses Owl Creek, on the right of Sherman; but this is not where I had ordered him nor where I wanted him to go. Even if he were correct as to the wording of the order, it was still a very unmilitary proceeding to join the right of the army from the flank instead of from the base. His was one of three veteran divisions that had been in battle, and its absence was severely felt. Later in the war, General Wallace would never have made the mistake that he committed on the 6th of April, 1862. I presume his idea was that by taking the route he did, he would be able to come around on the flank or rear of the enemy, and thus perform an act of heroism that would redound to the credit of his command, as well as to the benefit of his country.

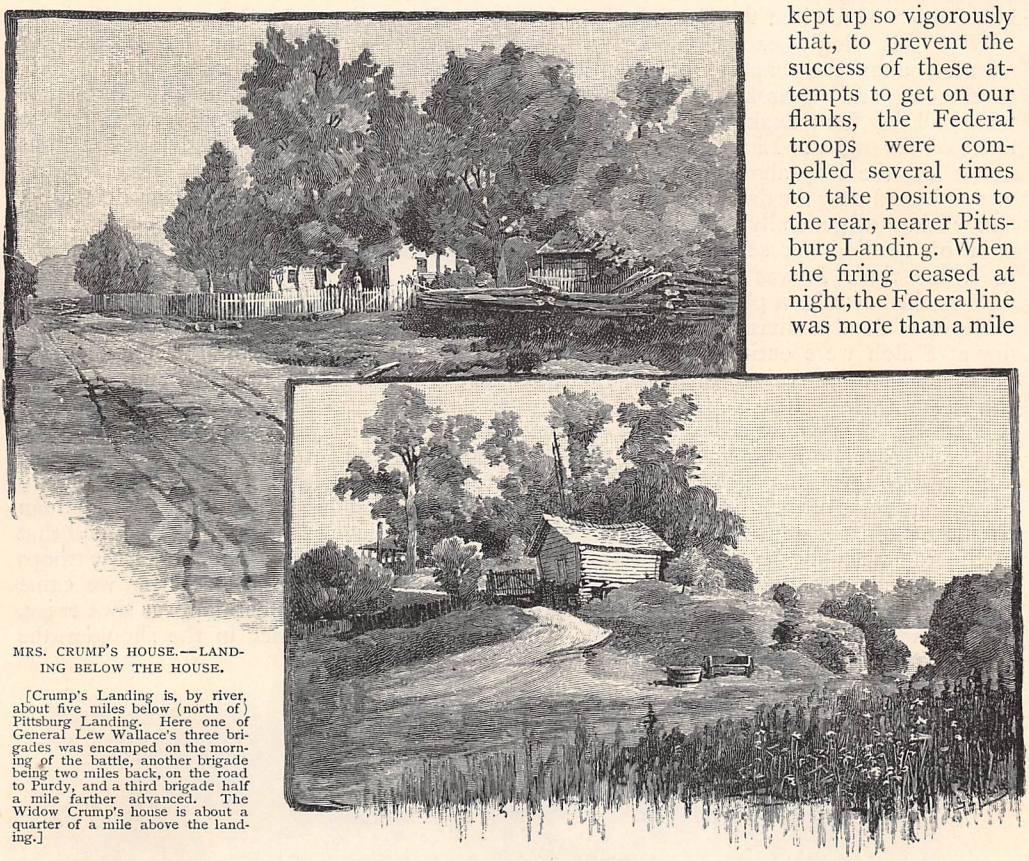
Shiloh was a log meeting-house, some two or three miles from Pittsburg Landing, and on the ridge which divides the waters of Snake and Lick creeks, the former emptying into the Tennessee just north of Pittsburg Landing, and the latter south. Shiloh was the key to our position, and was held by Sherman. His division was at that time wholly raw, no part of it ever having been in an engagement; but I thought this deficiency was more than made up by the superiority of the commander. McClernand was on Sherman's left, with troops that had been engaged at Forts Henry and Donelson, and were therefore veterans so far as Western troops had become such at that stage of the war. Next to McClernand came Prentiss, with a raw division, and on the extreme left, Stuart, with one brigade of Sherman's division. Hurlbut was in rear of Prentiss, massed, and in reserve at the time of the onset. The division of General C. F. Smith was on the right, and in reserve. General Smith was sick in bed at Savanna, some nine miles below, but in hearing of our guns. His services on those two eventful days would no doubt have been of inestimable value had his health permitted his presence. The command of his division devolved upon Brigadier-General W. H. L. Wallace, a most estimable



THE LANDING AT SAVANNA, NINE MILES BELOW (NORTH OF) PITTSBURG LANDING.

[General Grant's headquarters were in the Cherry mansion, on the right; the portico has since been added. The building on the left is a new hotel. The town lies about a quarter of a mile back from the bluff, and is much changed since the war.]

and able officer,—a veteran, too, for he had served a year in the Mexican war, and had been with his command at Henry and Donelson. Wallace was mortally wounded in the first day's engagement, and with the change of commanders thus necessarily effected in the heat of battle, the efficiency of his division was much weakened.



MRS. CRUMP'S HOUSE.—LANDING BELOW THE HOUSE.

[Crump's Landing is, by river, about five miles below (north of) Pittsburg Landing. Here one of General Lew Wallace's three brigades was encamped on the morning of the battle, another brigade being two miles back, on the road to Purdy, and a third brigade half a mile farther advanced. The Widow Crump's house is about a quarter of a mile above the landing.]

The position of our troops, as here described, made a continuous line from Lick Creek, on the left, to Owl Creek, a branch of Snake Creek, on the right, facing nearly south, and possibly a little west. The water in all these streams was very high at the time, and contributed to protect our flanks. The enemy was compelled, therefore, to attack directly in front. This he did with great vigor, inflicting heavy losses on the Federal side, but suffering much heavier on his own.

The Confederate assaults were made with such disregard of losses on their own side, that our line of tents soon fell into their hands. The ground on which the battle was fought was undulating, heavily timbered, with scattered clearings, the woods giving some protection to the troops on both sides. There was also considerable underbrush. A number of attempts were made by the enemy to turn our right flank, where Sherman was posted, but every effort was repulsed with heavy loss. But the front attack was kept up so vigorously that, to prevent the success of these attempts to get on our flanks, the Federal troops were compelled several times to take positions to the rear, nearer Pittsburg Landing. When the firing ceased at night, the Federal line was more than a mile in rear of the position it had occupied in the morning.

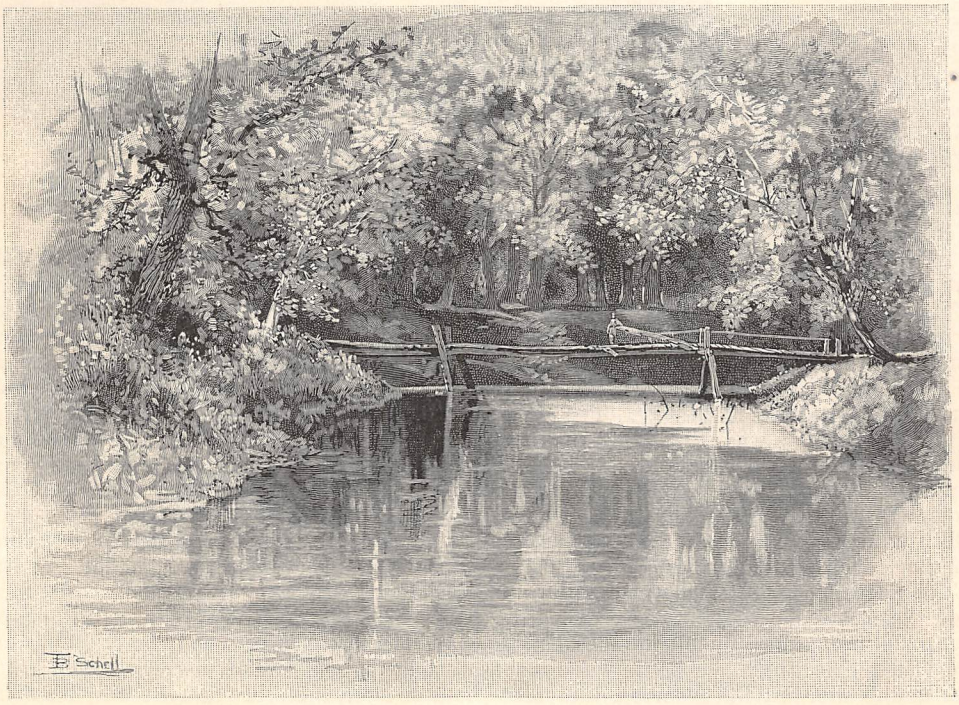
In one of the backward moves, on the 6th, the division commanded by General Prentiss did not fall back with the others. This left his flanks exposed, which enabled the enemy to capture him, with about 2200 of his officers and men. General Badeau gives four o'clock of the 6th as about the time this capture took place. He may be right as to the time, but my recollection is that the hour was later. General Prentiss himself gave the hour as 5:30. I was with him, as I was with each of the division commanders that day, several times, and my recollection is that the last time I was with him was about half-past four, when his division was standing up firmly, and the general was as cool as if he had been expecting victory. But no matter whether it was four or later, the story that he and his command were surprised and captured in their camps is without any foundation whatever.

If it had been true, as currently reported at the time, and yet believed by thousands of people, that Prentiss and his division had been captured in their beds, there would not have been an all-day struggle, with the loss of thousands killed and wounded on the Confederate side.

With this single exception, for a few minutes, after the capture of Prentiss, a continuous and unbroken line was maintained all day from Snake Creek or its tributaries on the right to Lick Creek or the Tennessee on the left, above Pittsburg. There was no hour during the day when there was not heavy firing and generally hard fighting at some point on the line, but seldom at all points at the same time. It was a case of Southern dash against Northern pluck and endurance.

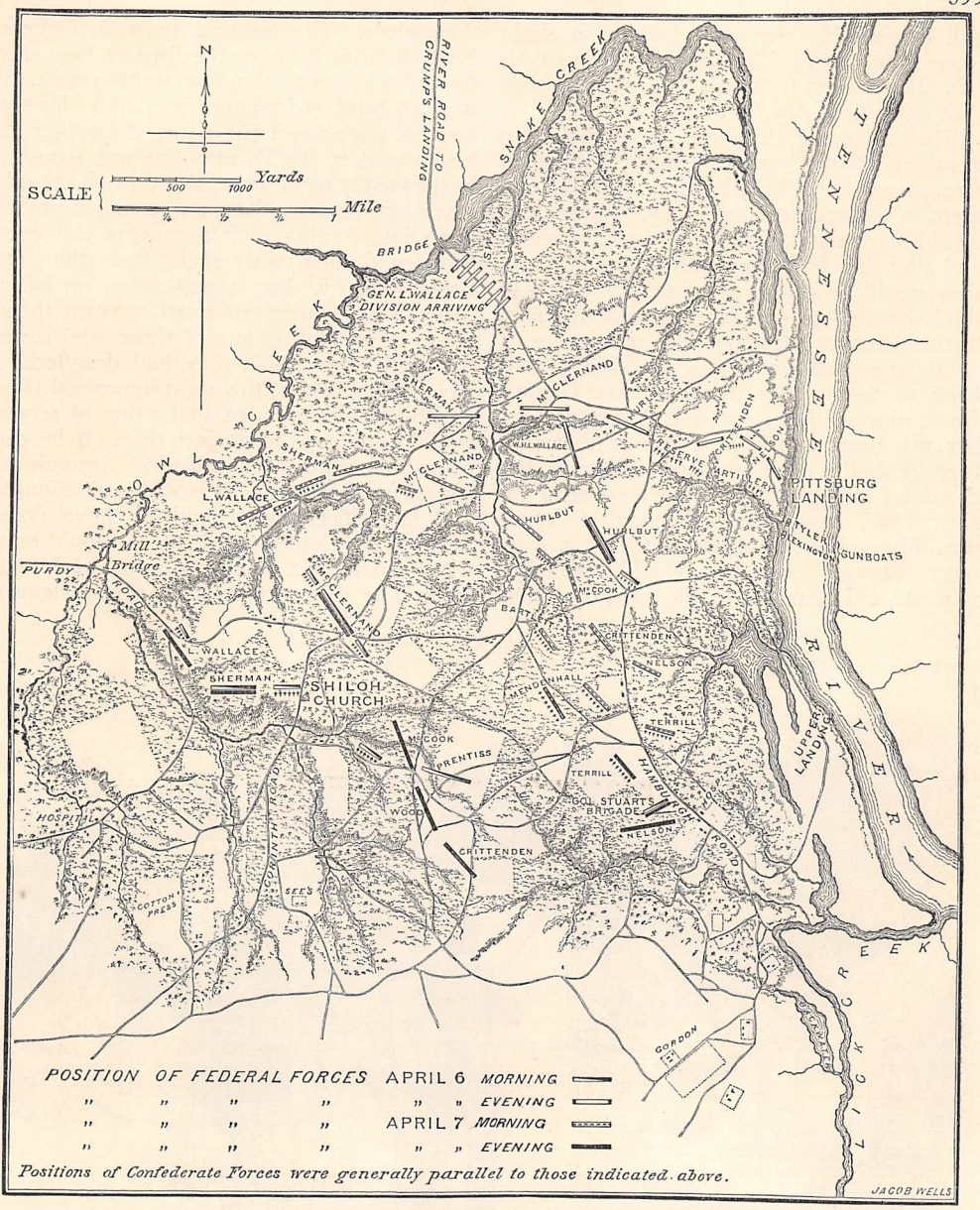
Three of the five divisions engaged the first day at Shiloh were entirely raw, and many of them had only received their arms on the way from their States to the field. Many of them had arrived but a day or two before, and were hardly able to load their muskets according to the manual. Their officers were equally ignorant of their duties. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that many of the regiments broke at the first fire. In two cases, as I now remember, the colonels led their regiments from the field on first hearing the whistle of the enemy's bullets. In these cases the colonels were constitutional cowards, unfit for any military position. But not so the officers and men led out of danger by them. Better troops never went upon a battle-field than many of these officers and men afterward proved themselves to be, who fled, panic-stricken, at the first whistle of bullets and shell at Shiloh.

During the whole of the first day I was continuously engaged in passing from one part of the field to another, giving directions to division commanders. In thus moving along the line, however, I never deemed it important to stay long with Sherman. Although his troops were then under fire for the first time, their commander, by his constant presence with them, inspired a confidence in officers and men that enabled them to render services on that bloody battle-field worthy of the best of veterans. McClernand was next to Sherman, and the hardest fighting was in front of these two divisions. McClernand told me himself on that day, the 6th, that he profited much by having so able a commander supporting him. A casualty to Sherman that would have taken him from the field that day would have been a sad one for the troops engaged at Shiloh. And how near we came to this! On the 6th Sherman was shot twice, once in the hand, once in the shoulder, the



BRIDGE OVER SNAKE CREEK BY WHICH GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S TROOPS REACHED THE FIELD SUNDAY EVENING.

[Pittsburg Landing is nearly two miles to the left. Owl Creek empties from the left into Snake Creek, a short distance above the bridge.]



TOPOGRAPHICAL PLAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD, FROM THE OFFICIAL MAP.

[The original of this map was made immediately after the battle from surveys and information obtained by Chief of Topographical Engineers George Thom (of Halleck's staff) and his assistants, while the troops were still encamped on, and near, the battle-field. The positions of the troops were indicated in accordance with information furnished at that time by Generals Grant, Buell, and Sherman.

The Confederates moved to the attack in three lines of battle: (1.) Hardee's three brigades and Gladden's brigade of Bragg's corps forming the advance line, reaching from Sherman's right to beyond Prentiss's left; (2.) Bragg's remaining five brigades about eight hundred yards in rear of Hardee's line, and bearing off more to the right, as far as Stuart; (3.) Polk's four brigades and Breckenridge's three brigades disposed left and right as reserves,— Polk's, first to be drawn upon.

Hardee's line carried the first Federal position, and, with the assistance of Bragg's line, fought the Federals back nearly a mile, where, at 10:30 o'clock, the Federal line extended, in general, from what is indicated as McCook's position on the morning of the second day, across to what was Sherman's position the morning of the second day. This Federal line was maintained until after four o'clock in the afternoon. Attacking that line, Polk's brigades were, for the most part, on the right of Hardee, who was then commanding the Confederate left; Bragg directed the attack on Polk's right; and two of Breckenridge's three brigades were in the main hotly engaged on the Confederate right.

Toward evening the Confederates were arrayed opposite the Federal line, as indicated for the evening of April 6.

The center of the Federal left on the middle line of defense (which was held from 10:30 till after four o'clock) was called by the Confederates "The Hornets' Nest." (See page 625.) It was, approximately, the ground indicated as having been held by McCook on the morning of April 7; on April 6 it was defended by Prentiss, assisted on his right by W. H. L. Wallace, and on his left by Hurlbut. Prentiss was not far from the Hornets' Nest when he was captured.

General Johnston was killed at 2:30, Sunday afternoon, on the ground indicated as having been held by Crittenden on the morning of April 7.— ED.]

ball cutting his coat and making a slight wound, and a third ball passed through his hat. In addition to this he had several horses shot during the day.

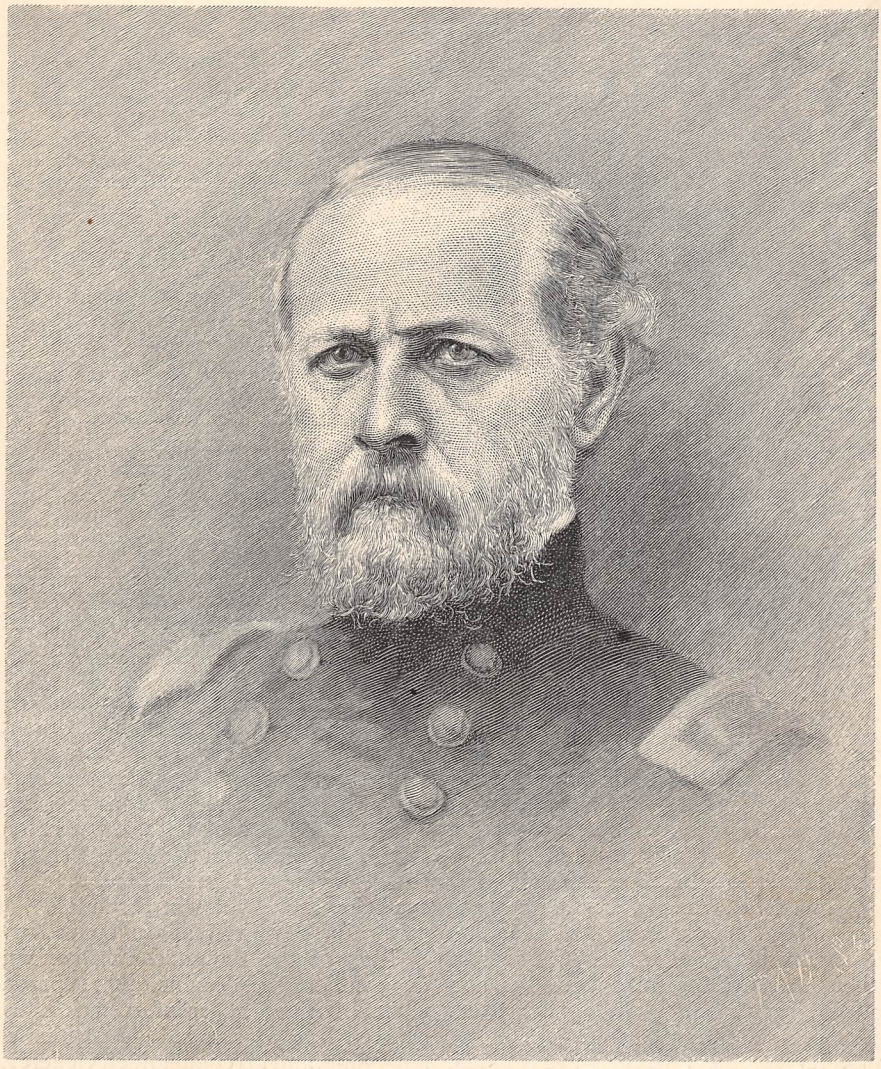
The nature of this battle was such that cavalry could not be used in front; I therefore formed ours into line, in rear, to stop stragglers, of whom there were many. When there would be enough of them to make a show, and after they had recovered from their fright, they would be sent to reënforce some part of the line which needed support, without regard to their companies, regiments, or brigades.

On one occasion during the day, I rode back as far as the river and met General Buell, who had just arrived; I do not remember the hour of the day, but at that time there probably were as many as four or five thousand stragglers lying under cover of the river bluff, panic-stricken, most of whom would have been shot where they lay, without resistance, before they would have taken muskets and marched to the front to protect themselves. The meeting between General Buell and myself was on the dispatch-boat used to run between the landing and Savanna. It was but brief, and related specially to his getting his troops over the river. As we left the boat together, Buell's attention was attracted by the men lying under cover of the river bank. I saw him berating them and trying to shame them into joining their regiments. He even threatened them with shells from the gunboats near by. But it was all to no effect. Most of these men afterward proved themselves as gallant as any of those who saved the battle from which they had deserted. I have no doubt that this sight impressed General Buell with the idea that a line of retreat would be a good thing just then. If he had come in by the front instead of through the stragglers in the rear, he would have thought and felt differently. Could he have come through the Confederate rear, he would have witnessed there a scene similar to that at our own. The distant rear of an army engaged



CONFEDERATE CHARGE UPON PRENTISS'S CAMP ON SUNDAY MORNING.

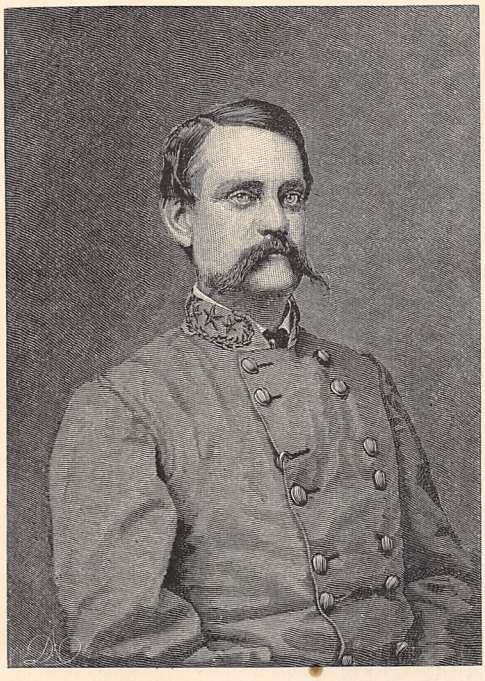
[Of the capture of General Prentiss's camp, Colonel Francis Quinn (Twelfth Michigan Infantry) says in his official report dated April 9: "About daylight the dead and wounded began to be brought in. The firing grew closer and closer, till it became manifest a heavy force of the enemy was upon us. The division was ordered into line of battle by General Prentiss, and immediately advanced in line about one-quarter of a mile from the tents, where the enemy were met in short-firing distance. Volley after volley was given and returned, and many fell on both sides, but their numbers were too heavy for our forces. I could see to the right and left. They were visible in line, and every hill-top in the rear was covered with them. It was manifest they were advancing, in not only one, but several lines of battle. The whole division fell back to their tents and again rallied, and, although no regular line was formed, yet from behind every tree a deadly fire was poured out upon the enemy, which held them in check for about one half-hour, when reënforcements coming to their assistance, they advanced furiously upon our camp, and we were forced again to give way. At this time we lost four pieces of artillery. The division fell back about one half-mile, very much scattered and broken. Here we were posted, being drawn up in line behind a dense clump of bushes."—ED.]



D. C. Buell

in battle is not the best place from which to judge correctly what is going on in front. In fact, later in the war, while occupying the country between the Tennessee and the Mississippi, I learned that the panic in the Confederate lines had not differed much from that within our own. Some of the country people estimated the stragglers from Johnston's army as high as 20,000. Of course, this was an exaggeration.

The situation at the close of the first day was as follows: Extending from the top of the bluff just south of the log-house which stood at Pittsburg Landing, Colonel J. D. Webster, of my staff, had arranged twenty or more pieces of artillery facing south, or up the river. This line of artillery was on the crest of a hill overlooking a deep ravine opening into the Tennessee. Hurlbut, with his division intact, was on the right of this artillery, extending west and possibly a little north. McClernand came next in the general line, looking more to the west. His division was complete in its organization and ready for any duty. Sherman came



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. S. COOK.)

next, his right extending to Snake Creek. His command, like the other two, was complete in its organization and ready, like its chief, for any service it might be called upon to render. All three divisions were, as a matter of course, more or less shattered and depleted in numbers from the terrible battle of the day. The division of W. H. L. Wallace, as much from the disorder arising from changes of division and brigade commanders, under heavy fire, as from any other cause, had lost its organization, and did not occupy a place in the line as a division. Prentiss's command was gone as a division, many of its members having been killed, wounded, or captured. But it had rendered valiant service before its final dispersal, and had contributed a good share to the defense of Shiloh.

There was, I have said, a deep ravine in front of our left. The Tennessee River was very high at that time, and there was water to a considerable depth in the ravine. Here the enemy made a last desperate effort to turn our flank, but were repelled. The gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Gwin and Shirk commanding, with the artillery under Webster, aided the army and effectually checked their further progress. Before any of Buell's troops had reached the west bank of the Tennessee, firing had almost entirely ceased; anything like an attempt on the part of the enemy to advance had absolutely ceased. There was some artillery firing from an unseen enemy, some of his shells passing beyond us; but I do not remember that there was the whistle of a single musket-ball heard. As Buell's troops arrived in the dusk, General Buell marched several of his regiments part way down the face of the hill, where they fired briskly for some minutes, but I do not think a single man engaged in this firing received an injury; the attack had spent its force.

General Lew Wallace arrived after firing had ceased for the day, and was placed on the right. Thus night came, Wallace came, and the advance of Nelson's division came, but none — except night — in time to be of material service to the gallant men who saved Shiloh on that first day, against large odds. Buell's loss on the first day was two men killed and one wounded, all members of the Thirty-sixth Indiana infantry. The presence of two or three regiments of his army on the west bank before firing ceased had not the slightest effect in preventing the capture of Pittsburg Landing.

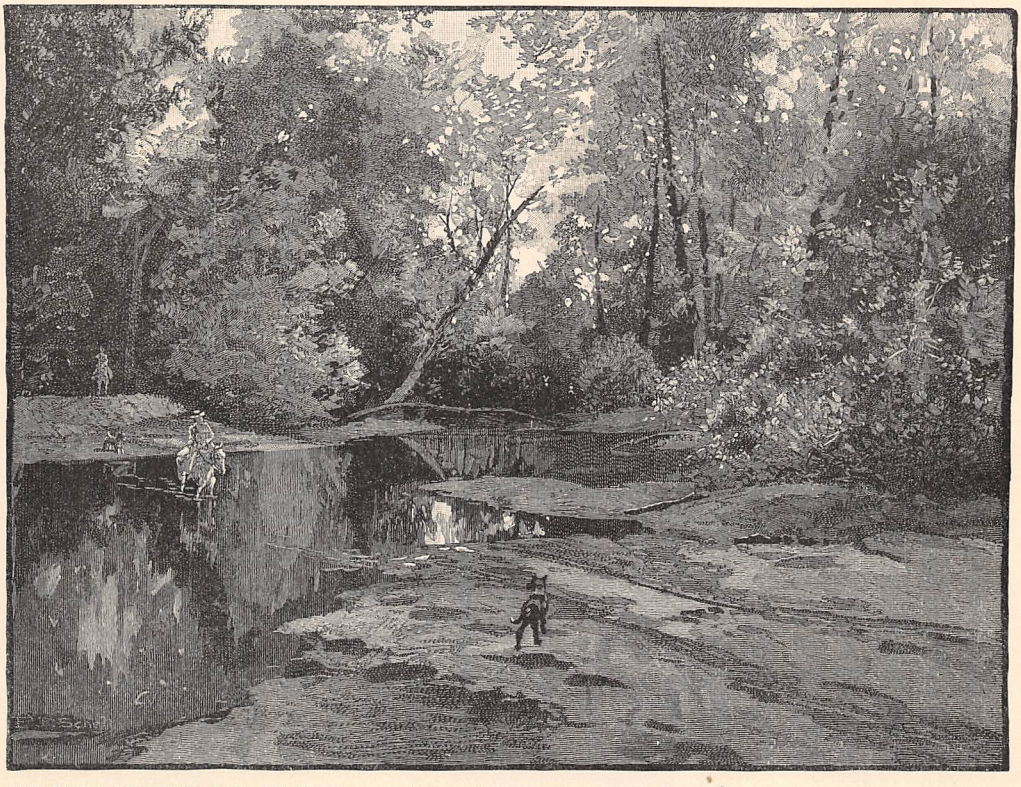
So confident was I before firing had ceased on the 6th that the next day would bring victory to our arms if we could only take the initiative, that I visited each division commander in person before any reënforcements had reached the field. I directed them to throw out heavy lines of skirmishers in the morning as soon as they could see, and push them forward until they found the enemy, following with their entire divisions in supporting distance, and to engage the enemy as soon as found. To Sherman I told the story of the assault at Fort Donelson, and said that the same tactics would win at Shiloh. Victory was assured when Wallace arrived with his division of five thousand effective veterans, even if there had been no other support. The enemy received no reënforcements. He had suffered heavy losses in killed, wounded, and straggling, and his commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston, was dead. I was glad, however, to see the reënforcements of Buell and credit them with doing all there was for them to do. During the night of the 6th the remainder of Nelson's division, Buell's army, crossed the river, and were ready to advance in the morning, forming the left wing. Two other divisions, Crittenden's and McCook's, came up the river from Savanna in the transports, and were on the west bank early on the 7th. Buell commanded them in person. My command was thus nearly doubled in numbers and efficiency.

During the night rain fell in torrents, and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of

my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep, without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house on the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or an arm amputated, as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the rebel fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

The advance on the morning of the 7th developed the enemy in the camps occupied by our troops before the battle began, more than a mile back from the most advanced position of the Confederates on the day before. It is known now that the enemy had not yet become informed of the arrival of Buell's command. Possibly they fell back to get the shelter of our tents during the rain, and also to get away from the shells that were dropped upon them by the gun-boats every fifteen minutes during the night.

The position of the Federal troops on the morning of the 7th was as follows: General Lew Wallace on the right, Sherman to his left; then McClernand, and then Hurlbut. Nelson, of Buell's army, was on our extreme left, next to the river; Crittenden was next in line after Nelson, and on his right; McCook followed, and formed the extreme right of Buell's command. My old command thus formed the right wing, while the troops directly under Buell constituted the left wing of the army. These relative positions were retained during the entire day, or until the enemy was driven from the field.



FORD WHERE THE HAMBURGH ROAD CROSSES LICK CREEK, LOOKING FROM COLONEL STUART'S POSITION ON THE FEDERAL LEFT.

[Lick Creek at this point was fordable on the first day of the battle, but the rains on Sunday night rendered it impassable on the second day.]

In a very short time the battle became general all along the line. This day everything was favorable to the Federal side. We now had become the attacking party. The enemy was driven back all day, as we had been the day before, until finally he beat a precipitate retreat. The last point held by him was near the road from the landing to Corinth, on the left of Sherman and right of McClernand. About three o'clock,

being near that point, and seeing that the enemy was giving way everywhere else, I gathered up a couple of regiments, or parts of regiments, from troops near by, formed them in line of battle and marched them forward, going in front myself to prevent premature or long-range firing. At this point there was a clearing between us and the enemy favorable for charging, although exposed. I knew the enemy were ready to break, and only wanted a little encouragement from us to go quickly and join their friends who had started earlier. After marching to within musket-range, I stopped and let the troops pass. The command, *Charge*, was given, and was executed with loud cheers, and with a run, when the last of the enemy broke.

During this second day I had been moving from right to left and back, to see for myself the progress made. In the early part of the afternoon, while riding with Colonel McPherson and Major Hawkins, then my chief commissary, we got beyond the left of our troops. We were moving along the northern edge of a clearing, very leisurely, toward the river above the landing. There did not appear to be an enemy to our right, until suddenly a battery with musketry opened upon us from the edge of the woods on the other side of the clearing. The shells and balls whistled about our ears very fast for about a minute. I do not think it took us longer than that to get out of range and out of sight. In the sudden start we made, Major Hawkins lost his hat. He did not stop to pick it up. When we arrived at a perfectly safe position we halted to take an account of damages. McPherson's horse was panting as if ready to drop. On examination it was found that a ball had struck him forward of the flank just back of the saddle, and had gone entirely through. In a few minutes the poor beast dropped dead; he had given no sign of injury until we came to a stop. A ball had struck the metal scabbard of my sword, just below the hilt, and broken it nearly off; before the battle was over, it had broken off entirely. There were three of us: one had lost a horse, killed, one a hat, and one a sword-scabbard. All were thankful that it was no worse.



A FEDERAL BATTERY SURPRISED WHILE RETIRING IN GOOD ORDER. (SEE PAGE 633.)



PRESENT ASPECT OF THE OLD HAMBURGH ROAD (TO THE LEFT OF THE NEW ROAD) WHICH LED UP TO "THE HORNETS' NEST."— SEE NOTE UNDER MAP, PAGE 599; ALSO SEE PAGE 625.

After the rain of the night before and the frequent and heavy rains for some days previous, the roads were almost impassable. The enemy, carrying his artillery and supply trains over them in his retreat, made them still worse for troops following. I wanted to pursue, but had not the heart to order the men who had fought desperately for two days, lying in the mud and rain whenever not fighting, and I did not feel disposed to positively order Buell, or any part of his command, to pursue. Although the senior in rank at the time, I had been so only a few weeks. Buell was, and had been for some time past, a department commander, while I only commanded a district. I did not meet Buell in person until too late to get troops ready and pursue with effect; but had I seen him at the moment of the last charge, I should have at least requested him to follow.

The enemy had hardly started in retreat from his last position, when, looking back toward the river, I saw a division of troops coming up in beautiful order, as if going on parade or review. The commander was at the head of the column, and the staff seemed to be disposed about as they would have been had they been going on parade. When the head of the column came near where I was standing, it was halted, and the commanding officer, General A. McD. McCook, rode up to where I was and appealed to me not to send his division any farther, saying that they were worn out with marching and fighting. This division had marched on the 6th from a point ten or twelve miles east of Savanna, over bad roads. The men had also lost rest during the night while crossing the Tennessee, and had been engaged in the battle of the 7th. It was not, however, the rank and file or the junior officers who asked to be excused, but the division commander. I rode forward several miles the day after the battle, and found that the enemy had dropped much, if not all, of their provisions, some ammunition, and the extra wheels of their caissons, lightening their loads to enable them to get off their guns. About five miles out we found their field hospital abandoned. An immediate pursuit must have resulted in the cap-

ture of a considerable number of prisoners and probably some guns.

Shiloh was the most severe battle fought at the West during the war, and but few in the East equaled it for hard, determined fighting. I saw an open field, in our possession on the second day, over which the Confederates had made repeated charges the day before, so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across the clearing, in any direction, stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground. On our side Federal and Confederate were mingled together in about equal proportions; but on the remainder of the field nearly all were Confederates. On one part, which had evidently not been plowed for several years, probably because the land was poor, bushes had grown up, some to the height of eight or ten feet. There was not one of these left standing unpierced by bullets. The smaller ones were all cut down.

Contrary to all my experience up to that time, and to the experience of the army I was then commanding, we were on the defensive. We were without intrenchments or defensive advantages of any sort, and more than half the army engaged the first day was without experience or even drill as soldiers. The officers with them, except the division commanders, and possibly two or three of the brigade commanders, were equally inexperienced in war. The result was a Union victory that gave the men who achieved it great confidence in themselves ever after.

The enemy fought bravely, but they had started out to defeat and destroy an army and capture a position. They failed in both, with very heavy loss in killed and wounded, and must have gone back discouraged and convinced that the "Yankee" was not an enemy to be despised.

After the battle I gave verbal instructions to division commanders to let the regiments send out parties to bury their own dead, and to detail parties, under commissioned officers from each division, to bury the Confederate dead in their respective fronts, and to report the numbers so buried. The latter part of these instructions was not carried out by all; but they were by those sent from Sherman's division, and by some of the parties sent out



STRAGGLERS ON THE WAY TO THE LANDING, AND AMMUNITION WAGONS GOING TO THE FRONT.



CHECKING THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE ON THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

[Above this ravine, near the Landing, the Federal reserve artillery was posted, and it was on this line the Confederate advance was checked, about sunset, Sunday evening. The Confederates then fell back, and bivouacked in the Federal camps.— See page 601.]

by McClernand. The heaviest loss sustained by the enemy was in front of these two divisions.

The criticism has often been made that the Union troops should have been intrenched at Shiloh. But up to that time the pick and spade had been but little resorted to at the West. I had, however, taken this subject under consideration soon after reassuming command in the field. McPherson, my only military engineer, had been directed to lay out a line to intrench. He did so, but reported that it would have to be made in rear of the line of encampment as it then ran. The new line, while it would be nearer the river, was yet too far away from the Tennessee, or even from the creeks, to be easily supplied with water from them; and in case of attack, these creeks would be in the hands of the enemy. But, besides this, the troops with me, officers and men, needed discipline and drill more than they did experience with the pick, shovel, and axe. Reënforcements were arriving almost daily, composed of troops that had been hastily thrown together into companies and regiments — fragments of incomplete organizations, the men and officers strangers to each other. Under all these circumstances I concluded that drill and discipline were worth more to our men than fortifications.

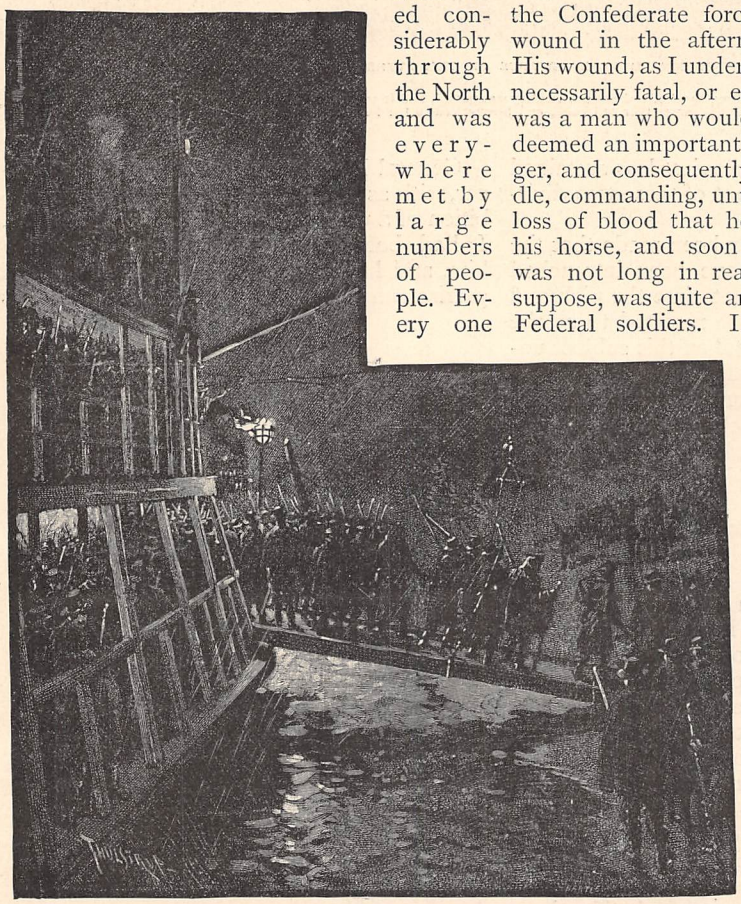
General Buell was a brave, intelligent officer, with as much professional pride and ambition of a commendable sort as I ever knew. I had been two years at West Point with him, and had served with him afterward, in garrison and in the Mexican war, several years



MAJOR-GENERAL W. J. HARDEE.

more. He was not given in early life or in mature years to forming intimate acquaintances. He was studious by habit, and commanded the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and perhaps did not distinguish sufficiently the difference between the volunteer who "enlisted for the war" and the soldier who serves in time of peace. One system embraced men who risked life for a principle, and often men of social standing, competence, or wealth, and independence of character. The other includes, as a rule, only men who could not do as well in any other occupation. General Buell became an object of harsh criticism later, some going so far as to challenge his loyalty. No one who knew him ever believed him capable of a dishonorable act, and nothing could be more dishonorable than to accept high rank and command in war and then betray his trust. When I came into command of the army, in 1864, I requested the Secretary of War to restore General Buell to duty.

After the war, during the summer of 1865, I traveled considerably through the North and was everywhere met by large numbers of people. Every one had his opinion about the manner in which the war had been conducted; who among the generals had failed, how, and why. Correspondents of the press were ever on hand to hear every word dropped, and were not always disposed to report correctly what did not confirm their preconceived notions, either about the conduct of the war or the individuals concerned in it. The opportunity frequently occurred for me to defend General Buell against what I believed to be most unjust charges. On one occasion a correspondent put in my mouth the very charge I had so often refuted — of disloyalty. This brought from General Buell a very severe retort, which I saw in the New York "World" some time before I received the letter itself. I could very well understand his grievance at seeing untrue and disgraceful charges apparently sustained by an officer who, at the time, was at the head of the army. I replied to him, but not through the press. I kept no copy of my letter, nor did I ever see it in print, neither did I receive an answer.



BUELL'S TROOPS DEBARKING AT PITTSBURG LANDING, SUNDAY NIGHT.

General Albert Sidney Johnston commanded the Confederate forces until disabled by a wound in the afternoon of the first day. His wound, as I understood afterward, was not necessarily fatal, or even dangerous. But he was a man who would not abandon what he deemed an important trust in the face of danger, and consequently continued in the saddle, commanding, until so exhausted by the loss of blood that he had to be taken from his horse, and soon after died. The news was not long in reaching our side, and, I suppose, was quite an encouragement to the Federal soldiers. I had known Johnston slightly in the Mexican war, and later as an officer in the regular army. He was a man of high character and ability. His contemporaries at West Point, and officers generally who came to know him personally later, and who remained on our side, expected him to prove the most formidable man to meet, that the Confederacy would produce. Nothing occurred in his brief command of an army to prove or disprove the high estimate that had been placed upon his military ability.

General Beauregard was next in rank to Johnston, and succeeded to the command, which he retained to the close of the battle and during the subsequent retreat on Corinth, as well as in the siege of that place. His tactics have been severely criticised by Confederate writers, but I do not believe his fallen chief could have done any better under the circumstances. Some of these critics claim that Shiloh was won when Johnston fell, and that if he had not fallen the army under me would have been annihilated or captured. *Ifs* defeated the Confederates at Shiloh. There is little doubt that we should have been disgracefully beaten *if* all the shells and bullets fired by us had passed harmlessly over the enemy, and *if* all of theirs had taken effect. Commanding generals are liable to be killed during engagements; and the fact that when he was shot Johnston was leading a brigade to induce it to make a charge which had been repeatedly ordered, is evidence that there was neither the universal demoralization on our side nor the unbounded confidence on theirs which has been claimed. There was, in fact, no hour during the day when I doubted the eventual defeat of the enemy, although I was disappointed that reënforcements so near at hand did not arrive at an earlier hour.

The Confederates fought with courage at Shiloh, but the particular skill claimed I could not, and still cannot, see; though there is nothing to criticise except the claims put forward for it since. But the Confederate claimants for superiority in strategy, superiority in generalship, and superiority in dash and prowess are not so unjust to the Federal troops engaged at Shiloh as are many Northern writers. The troops on both sides were American, and united they need not fear any foreign foe. It is possible that the Southern man started in with a little more dash than his Northern brother; but he was correspondingly less enduring.

The endeavor of the enemy on the first day was simply to hurl their men against ours — first at one point, then at another, sometimes at several points at once. This they did with daring and energy, until at night the rebel troops were worn out. Our effort during the same time was to be prepared to resist assaults wherever made. The object of the Confederates on the second day was to get away with



BIVOUAC OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS SUNDAY NIGHT.

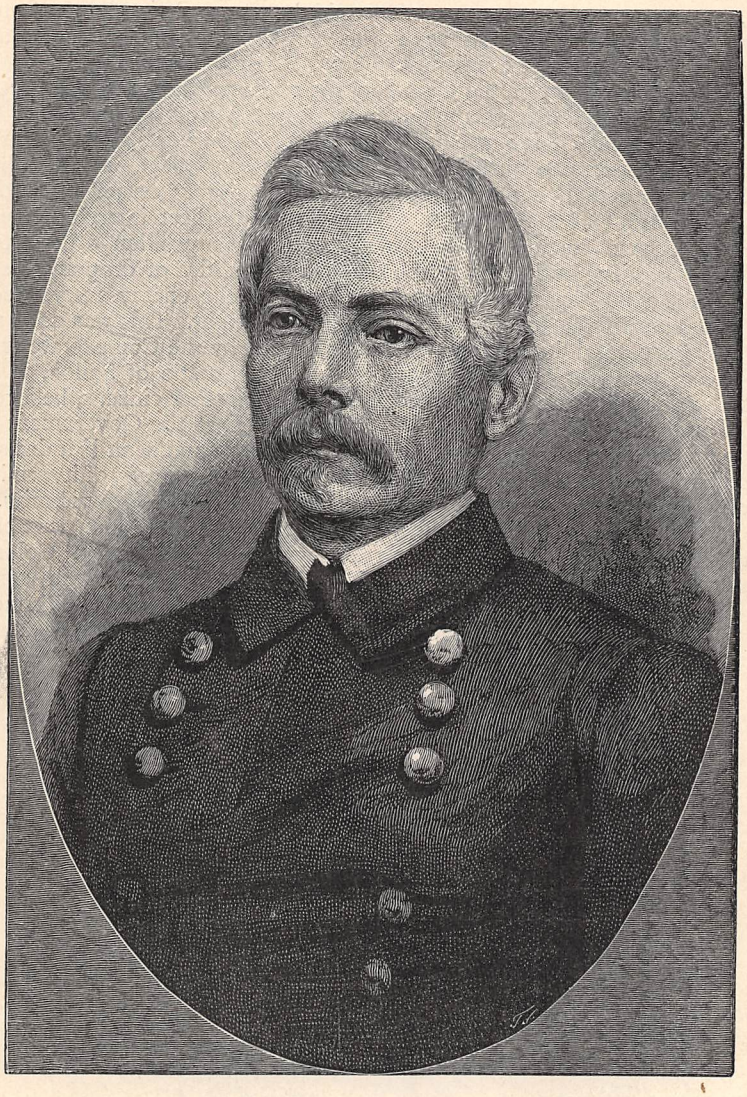


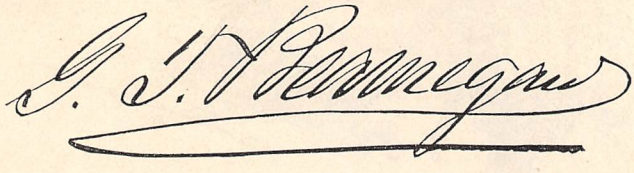
THE LAST STAND MADE BY THE CONFEDERATE LINE.

[General Beauregard at Shiloh Chapel sending his aides to the corps commanders with orders to begin the retreat. This was at two o'clock on Monday (see page 633). The tents are part of Sherman's camp which was reoccupied by him Monday evening.]

as much of their army and material as possible. Ours then was to drive them from our front, and to capture or destroy as great a part as possible of their men and material. We were successful in driving them back, but not so successful in captures as if further pursuit could have been made. But as it was, we captured or recaptured on the second day about as much artillery as we lost on the first; and, leaving out the one great capture of Prentiss, we took more prisoners on Monday than the enemy gained from us on Sunday. On the 6th Sherman lost seven pieces of artillery, McClernand six, Prentiss eight, and Hurlbut two batteries. On the 7th Sherman captured seven guns, McClernand three, and the Army of the Ohio twenty.

The effective strength of the Union force on the morning of the 6th was 33,000 at Shiloh. Lew Wallace brought 5000 more after nightfall. Beauregard reported the enemy's strength at 40,955. According to the custom





(FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY GEORGE S. COOK, 1863.)

of enumeration in the South, this number probably excluded every man enlisted as musician, or detailed as guard or nurse, and all commissioned officers,— everybody who did not carry a musket or serve a cannon. With us everybody in the field receiving pay from the Government is counted. Excluding the troops who fled, panic-stricken, before they had fired a shot, there was not a time during the 6th when we had more than 25,000 men in line. On the 7th Buell brought 20,000 more. Of his remaining two divisions, Thomas's did not reach the field during the engagement; Wood's arrived before

firing had ceased, but not in time to be of much service.

Our loss in the two-days' fight was 1754 killed, 8408 wounded, and 2885 missing. Of these, 2103 were in the army of the Ohio. Beauregard reported a total loss of 10,699, of whom 1728 were killed, 8012 wounded and 957 missing. This estimate must be incorrect. We buried, by actual count, more of the enemy's dead in front of the divisions of McClernand and Sherman alone than here reported, and 4000 was the estimate of the burial parties for the whole field. Beauregard reports the Confederate force on the 6th at over 40,000, and their total loss during the two days at 10,699; and at the same time declares that he could put only 20,000 men in battle on the morning of the 7th.

The navy gave a hearty support to the army at Shiloh, as indeed it always did, both before and subsequently, when I was in command. The nature of the ground was such, however, that on this occasion it could do nothing in aid of the troops until sundown on the first day. The country was broken and heavily timbered, cutting off all view of the battle from the river, so that friends would be as much in danger from fire from the gun-boats as the foe. But about sundown, when the Federal troops were back in their last position, the right of the enemy was near the river and exposed to the fire of the two gun-boats, which was delivered with vigor and effect. After nightfall, when firing had entirely ceased on land, the commander of the fleet informed himself, proximately, of the position of our troops, and suggested the idea of dropping a shell within the lines of the enemy every fifteen minutes during the night. This was done with effect, as is proved by the Confederate reports.

Up to the battle of Shiloh, I, as well as thousands of other citizens, believed that the rebellion against the Government would collapse suddenly and soon if a decisive victory could be gained over any of its armies. Donelson and Henry were such victories. An army of more than 25,000 men was captured or destroyed. Bowling Green, Columbus, and Hickman, Kentucky, fell in consequence; Clarkesville and Nashville, Tennessee, with an immense amount of stores, also fell into



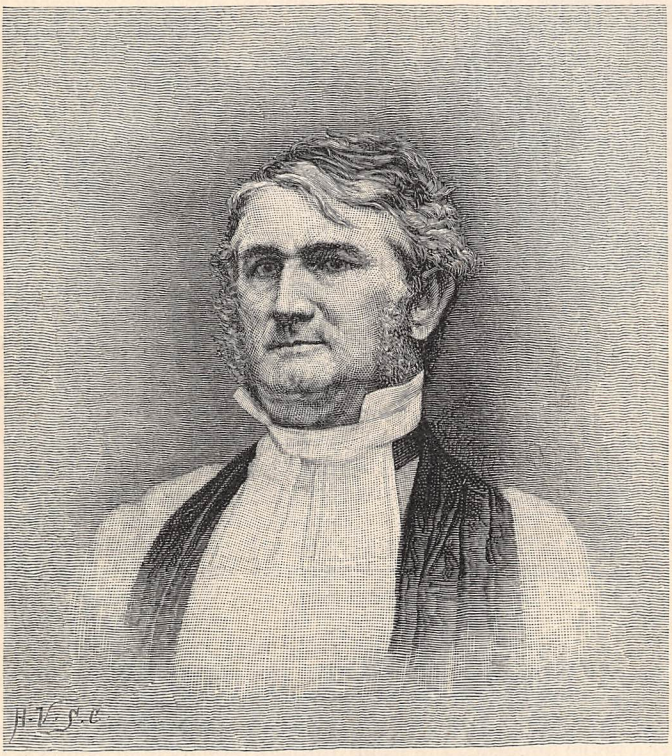
CAPTURE OF A CONFEDERATE BATTERY.

Colonel Robert H. Sturgess (Eighth Illinois Infantry) says in his official report that while awaiting orders on the Purdy road, during the morning of the second day's fight, "General Crittenden ordered the Eighth and Eighteenth (Illinois) to take a rebel battery which some regiment had endeavored to capture, but had been driven back with heavy loss. The men received the order with a cheer, and charged on a double-quick. The enemy, after firing a few shots, abandoned his guns and retreated to the woods. My color-bearer rushed up and planted his colors on one of the guns, and the color-bearer of the Eighteenth took possession of another."

our hands. The Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, from their mouths to the head of navigation, were secured. But when Confederate armies were collected which not only attempted to hold a line farther south, from Memphis to Chattanooga, and Knoxville, and on to the Atlantic, but assumed the offensive, and made such a gallant effort to regain what had been lost, then, indeed, I gave up all idea of saving the Union except by complete conquest. Up to that time it had been the policy of our army, certainly of that portion commanded by me, to protect the property of the citizens whose territory was invaded, without regard to their sentiments, whether Union or Secession. After this, however, I regarded it as humane to both sides to protect the persons of those found at their homes, but to consume everything that could be used to support or supply armies. Protection was still continued over such supplies as were within lines held by us, and which we expected to continue to hold. But such supplies within the reach of Confederate armies I regarded as much contraband as arms or ordnance stores. Their destruction was accomplished without bloodshed, and tended to the same result as the destruction of armies. I continued this policy to the close of the war. Promiscuous pillaging, however, was discouraged and punished. Instructions were always given to take provisions and forage under the direction of commissioned officers, who should give receipts to owners, if at home, and turn the property over to officers of the quartermaster or commissary departments; to be issued as if furnished from our Northern depots. But much was destroyed without receipts to owners, which could not be brought within our lines, and would otherwise have gone to the support of secession and rebellion.

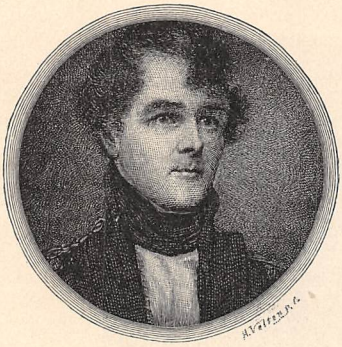
This policy, I believe, exercised a material influence in hastening the end.

U. S. Grant.



GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP OF LOUISIANA — KILLED NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN, IN JUNE, 1864.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORSE.)

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AND THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.*



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AT THE AGE OF 35.

FROM A MINIATURE BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, PAINTED IN LOUISVILLE, KY., IN 1838 OR 1839.

THE appearance of General Johnston before the war is described as both commanding and attractive. In some respects the bust of Alexander Hamilton is the best extant likeness of him, a resemblance very frequently remarked. His cheek-bones were rather high, and his nose gave him a Scotch look. His chin was delicate and handsome; his teeth white and regular; and his mouth square and firm. In the portrait by Bush taken about this time, his lips seem rather full, but as they are best remembered, they were somewhat thin and very firmly set. Light-brown hair clustered over a noble forehead, and from under heavy brows his deep-set but clear, steady eyes looked straight at you with a regard kind and sincere, yet penetrating. In repose his eyes were as blue as the sky, but in excitement they flashed to a steel-gray, and exerted a remarkable power over men. He was six feet and an inch in height, of about one hundred and eighty pounds weight, straight as an arrow, with broad, square shoulders and a massive chest. He was strong and active, and his bearing was essentially military.

During the angry political strife which preceded the contest of arms, General Johnston remained silent, stern, and sorrowful. He determined to stand at his post in San Francisco, performing his full duty as an officer of the United States, until events should require a decision as to his course. When Texas — his adopted State — passed the ordinance of secession from the Union, the alternative was presented, and, on the day he heard the news, he resigned his commission in the army He kept the fact concealed, however, lest it might stir up disaffection among the turbulent population of the Pacific coast. He said, "I shall do my duty to the last, and when absolved, shall take my course." All honest and competent witnesses now accord that he carried out this purpose in letter and spirit. General Sumner, who relieved him, reported that he found him "carrying out the orders of the Government."

Mr. Lincoln's administration treated General Johnston with a distrust which wounded his pride to the quick, but afterward made such amends as it could, by sending him a major-general's commission. He was also assured through confidential sources that he would receive the highest command in the Federal army. (See p. 634.— ED.). But he declined to take part against his own people, and retired to Los Angeles with the intention of farming. There he was subjected to an irritating surveillance; while at the

* 1. General Johnston was of New England descent, though both he and his mother were of pioneer stock, and natives of Kentucky. His father was the village physician. He was born February 3d, 1803, in Mason County, Kentucky. He was "a handsome, proud, manly, earnest, and self-reliant boy," "grave and thoughtful." His early education was desultory, but was continued at Transylvania and at West Point, where he evinced superior talents for mathematics, and was graduated in 1826. He was a lieutenant of the Sixth Infantry from 1827 to 1834, when he resigned. His only active service during this period was in the Black Hawk war, where he won considerable distinction. In 1829 he married Miss Henrietta Preston, who died in 1835. In 1836 he joined the army of the young republic of Texas, and rapidly rose to the chief command. In 1839 he was secretary of war, and expelled the intruding United States Indians, after two battles on the River Neches. He served one campaign in Mexico under General Taylor, and was recommended by that commander as a brigadier-general for his conduct at Monterey, but was allowed no command by the Administration. In 1843 he married Miss Eliza Griffin, and retired to a plantation in Brazoria County, Texas, where he spent three years in seclusion and straitened circumstances. In 1849 he was appointed a paymaster by President Taylor, and served in Texas until 1855, when he was made Colonel of the Second Cavalry by President Pierce. In 1857 he conducted the remarkable expedition to Utah, in which he saved the American army there from a frightful disaster by his prudence and executive ability. He remained in command in Utah until the summer of 1860, which he passed with his family in Kentucky. In December of that year, he was assigned to the command of the Pacific Coast.

2. For more extended treatment of this subject, see "The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston," by William Preston Johnston (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. Pp. 755.), upon which Colonel Johnston has drawn freely in the preparation of this paper. The map on page 621 is reprinted from the same work.

same time there came across mountain and desert the voice of the Southern people calling to him for help in their extremity. His heart and intellect both recognized their claim upon his services, and he obeyed. At this time he wrote, "No one could feel more sensibly the calamitous condition of our country than myself, and whatever part I may take hereafter, it will always be a subject of gratulation with me that no act of mine ever contributed to bring it about. I suppose the difficulties now will only be adjusted by the sword. In my humble judgment, that was not the remedy."

When he arrived in the new Confederacy, his coming was welcomed with a spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm, and deputations from the West preceded him to Richmond, entreating his assignment to that department. President Davis said that he regarded his coming as of more worth than the accession of an army of 10,000 men; and on the 10th of September, 1861, he was entrusted with the defense of that part of the Confederate States which lay west of the Alleghany Mountains, except the Gulf Coast. His command was imperial in extent, and his powers and discretion as large as the theory of the Confederate Government permitted. He lacked nothing except men, munitions of war, and the means of obtaining them. He had the right to ask for anything, and the State Executives had the power to withhold everything.

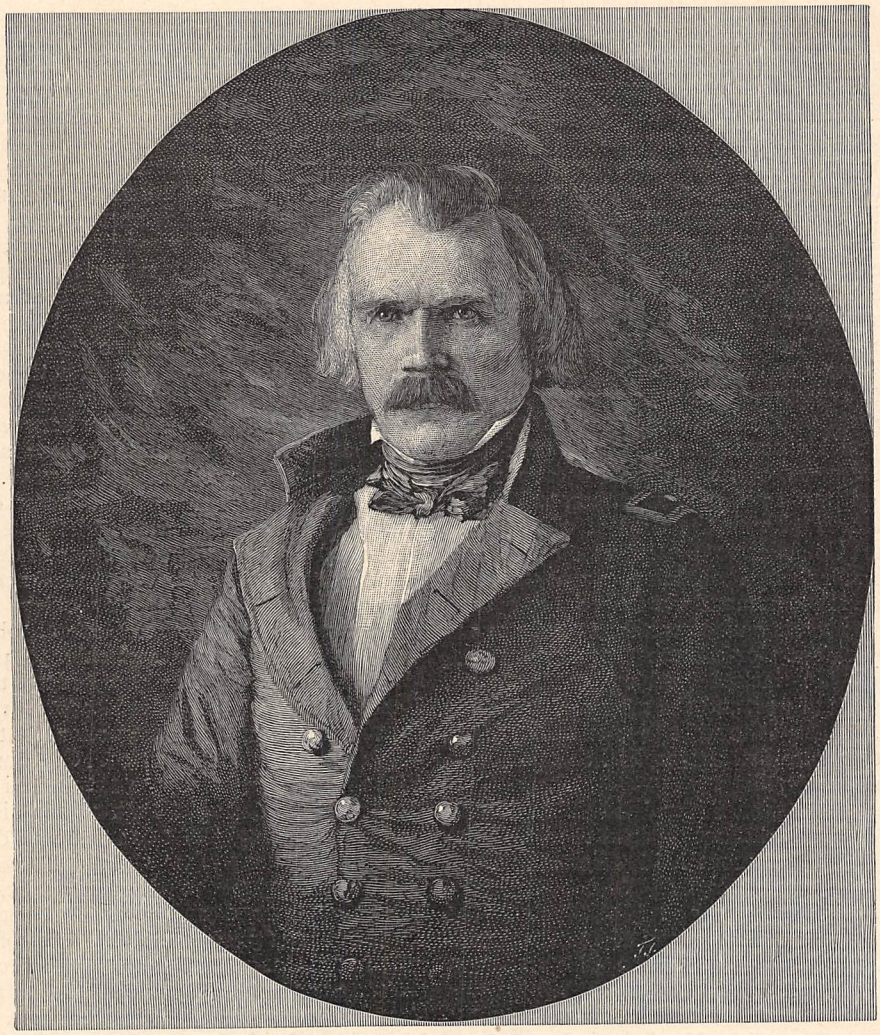
The Mississippi River divided his department into two distinct theaters of war. West of the river, Fremont held Missouri with a force of from 60,000 to 80,000 Federals, confronted by Price and McCulloch in the extreme south-west corner of the State with 6000 men, and by Hardee in north-eastern Arkansas, with about as many raw recruits down with camp disease and unable to move. East of the Mississippi, the northern boundary of Tennessee was barely in his possession,* and was held under sufferance from an enemy who, for various reasons, hesitated to advance. The Mississippi opened the way to a ruinous naval invasion unless it could be defended and held. Grant was at Cairo and Paducah with 20,000 men; and Polk had seized Columbus, Ky., with about 11,000 Confederates, and fortified it to oppose his invasion. Tennessee was twice divided: first by the Tennessee River and then by the Cumberland, both of which invited the advance of a hostile force. Some small pretense of fortifications had been made on both rivers at Forts Henry and Donelson, near the boundary line, but practically there was nothing to prevent the Federal army from capturing Nashville, then the most important depot of supplies west of the Alleghanies. Hence the immediate and pressing question for General Johnston was the defense of the Tennessee border. The mock neutrality of Kentucky, which had served as a paper barrier, was terminated, on the 13th of September, by a formal defiance from the Union Legislature of Kentucky. The United States Government had about 34,000 volunteers and about 6000 Kentucky Home Guards assembled in the State under General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, who had with him such enterprising corps commanders as Sherman, Thomas, and Nelson.

The Confederacy had some 4000 ill-armed and ill-equipped troops at Cumberland Gap under General Zollicoffer, guarding the only line of railroad communication between Virginia and Tennessee, and overawing the Union population of East Tennessee. This hostile section penetrated the heart of the Confederacy like a wedge and flanked and weakened General Johnston's line of defense, requiring, as it did, constant vigilance and repression.

Besides Zollicoffer's force, General Johnston found only 4000 men available to protect his whole line against 40,000 Federal troops. There were, it is true, some 4000 more raw recruits in camps of instruction, but they were sick and not half armed. Of course he might have abandoned the Mississippi River to Grant and brought Polk to his aid, but he had no thought of this; that would have been all that the Federals could have asked. The boldest policy seemed to him the best, and he resolved on a daring step. On September 17th he threw forward his whole force of 4000 men under General Buckner by rail into Kentucky and seized Bowling Green. It was a mere skirmish line to mask his own weakness. But if he could maintain it, even temporarily, it gave him immense strategic and political advantages, and, most of all, time,— a prime factor in the problem,— time to collect or create an army. And then (in spite of some dilettante criticism) it gave him a formidable line, with Cumberland Gap and Columbus as the extremities and Bowling Green as the salient.

The result more than answered his expectations. Buckner's advance produced the wildest consternation in the Federal lines. Even Sherman, writing thirteen years later, speaks of a picket which burned a bridge thirty miles from Louisville as a "division." As late as November 10, 1861, he said: "If Johnston chooses, he could march into Louisville any day." The effect of the movement

* See map on page 618.



A S Johnston
3d April 62
en avant

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH AT THE AGE OF 57, TAKEN IN SALT LAKE CITY IN 1860. THE AUTOGRAPH WAS WRITTEN INSIDE THE COVER OF GENERAL JOHNSTON'S POCKET-MAP OF TENNESSEE, THREE DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SHILOH. THIS WAS PROBABLY HIS LAST AUTOGRAPH.]

was for a time to paralyze the Federal army and put it on the defensive.

General Johnston had made the opportunity required by the South, if it meant seriously to maintain its independence. He had secured time for preparation; but it neglected the chance, and never recovered it. He at once strongly fortified Bowling Green, and used every measure to stir up and rally the Kentuckians to his standard. He brought Hardee with 4000 men from Arkansas, and kept his little force in such constant motion as to produce the impression of a large army menacing an attack. Even before Buckner advanced, General Johnston had sent to the Southern governors an appeal for arms and a call for 50,000 men. Harris, of Tennessee, alone responded heartily, and the Government at Richmond seemed unable to reënforce him or to arm the troops he had. Many difficulties embarrassed it, and not half his men were armed that winter; while up to the middle of November he received only three new regiments. General Johnston realized the magnitude of the struggle, but the people of the South only awoke to it when it was too late. Calamity then stirred them to an ineffectual resistance, the heroism of which removed the reproach of their early vainglory and apathy. General Johnston never was able to assemble more than 22,000 men at Bowling Green, to confront the 100,000 troops opposed to him on that line.

The only battle of note that occurred that fall was at Belmont, opposite Columbus, in which Polk scored a victory over Grant. General Johnston wrote as follows to the Secretary of War, on Christmas-day, from Bowling Green: "The position of General Zollicoffer on the Cumberland holds in check the meditated invasion and hoped-for revolt in East Tennessee; but I can neither order Zollicoffer to join me here nor withdraw any more force from Columbus without imperiling our communications toward Richmond or endangering Tennessee and the Mississippi Valley. This I have resolved not to do, but have chosen, on the contrary, to post my inadequate force in such a manner as to hold the enemy in check, guard the frontier, and hold the Barren [River] till the winter terminates the campaign; or, if any fault in his movements is committed, or his line becomes exposed when his force is developed, to attack him as opportunity offers." This sums the situation.

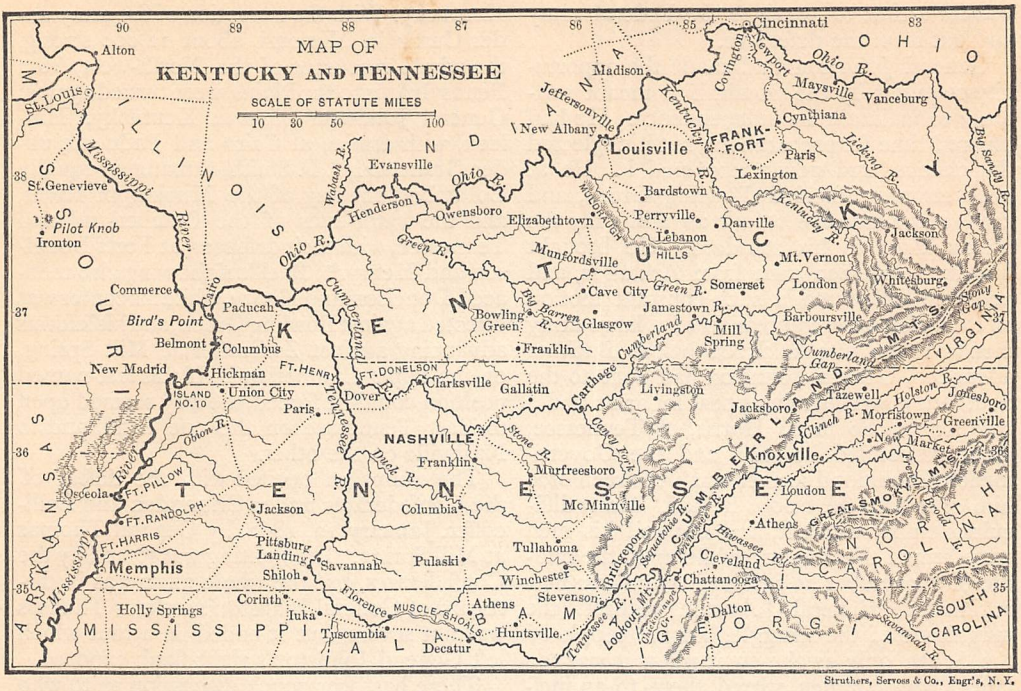
In January, 1862, General Johnston found himself confronted by Halleck in the West, and by Buell, who had succeeded Anderson, in Kentucky. With the exception of the army under Curtis in Missouri, about 12,000 strong, the whole resources of the North-west, from Pennsylvania to the Plains, were turned against General Johnston's lines in Kentucky. Halleck, with armies at Cairo and Paducah, under Grant and C. F. Smith, threatened equally Columbus, the key of the Mississippi River, and the water-lines of the Cumberland and Tennessee, with their defenses, at Forts Donelson and Henry.* Buell's right wing also menaced Donelson and Henry, while his center was directed against Bowling Green, and his left was advancing against Zollicoffer at Mill Spring, on the upper Cumberland. If this last-named position could be forced, the way seemed open to East Tennessee on the one hand, and to Nashville on the other.

The campaign opened with the defeat of the Confederates under Crittenden and Zollicoffer, January 19, 1862, by General Thomas at Mill Spring. The fighting was forced by the Confederates, but the whole affair was in disregard of General Johnston's orders. The loss was not severe, but it ended in a rout which left General Johnston's right flank exposed.

There has been much discussion as to who originated the movement up the Tennessee River. Grant *made* it, and it made Grant. It was obvious enough to all the leaders on both sides. Great efforts were made to guard against it, but the popular fatuity and apathy prevented adequate preparations. It was only one of a number of possible and equally fatal movements, which could not have been properly met and resisted except by a larger force than was to be had.

As soon as General Johnston learned of the movement against Fort Henry he resolved to fall back to the line of the Cumberland, and make the defense of Nashville at Donelson. Buell was in his front with 90,000 men, and to save Nashville—Buell's objective point—he had to fall back upon it with part of his army. He kept for this purpose 14,000 men, including his sick,—only 8500 effectives in all,—to confront Buell's 90,000 men, and concentrated at Fort Donelson 17,000 men under Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, his three most experienced generals, to meet Grant, who had 28,000 troops, but was reported as having only 12,000. He certainly reserved for himself the more difficult task, the place of greater hazard, leaving the chance of glory to others. The proposition that he should have left Nashville open to capture by Buell, and should have taken all his troops to Donelson, could not have been seriously considered

* For descriptions of the military and naval engagements which opened these three rivers, see "The Capture of Fort Donelson," by Major-General Lew Wallace, and "Operations of the Western Flotilla," by Rear-Admiral Henry Walke, in THE CENTURY for December, 1884, and January, 1885, respectively.— ED.



MAP OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE, INCLUDING FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.

by any general of even moderate military capacity. The answer to any criticism as to the loss of the army at Donelson is *that it ought not to have been lost.* That is all there is of it.

At midnight of February 15–16 General Johnston received a telegram announcing a great victory at Donelson, and before daylight information that it would be surrendered. His last troops were then arriving at Nashville from Bowling Green. His first words were: "I must save this army." He at once determined to abandon the line of the Cumberland, and concentrate all available forces at Corinth, Mississippi, for a renewed struggle. He had indicated this as a probable event to several distinguished officers some time previous. It was now to be carried into effect. He had remaining only his little army from Bowling Green, together with the fragments of Crittenden's army, and the fugitives from Donelson. These he reorganized at Murfreesboro within a week. He saved the most of his valuable stores and munitions, which fully absorbed his railroad transportation to Stevenson, Alabama, and moved his men over the mud roads to Corinth, Mississippi, by way of Decatur, in a wet and stormy season. Nevertheless, he assembled his army—20,000 effectives—at Corinth, on the 25th day of March, full of enthusiasm and the spirit of combat. In the mean time the Confederate Government lent him all the aid in its power, reënforcing him with an army 10,000 strong, from the Southern coast, under General Braxton Bragg, and with such arms as could be procured.

When the capture of Fort Henry separated Tennessee into two distinct theaters of war, General Johnston assigned the district west of the Tennessee River to General Beauregard, who had been sent to him for duty. This officer had suddenly acquired a high reputation by the battle of Bull Run, and General Johnston naturally intrusted him with a large discretion. He sent him with instructions to concentrate all available forces near Corinth, a movement previously begun. His own plan was to defend Columbus to the last extremity with a reduced garrison, and withdraw Polk and his army for active movements. Beauregard made the mistake, however, of evacuating Columbus, and making his defense of the Mississippi River at Island Number Ten, which proved untenable and soon surrendered with a garrison of 6000 or 7000 men. He was ill most of the time and intrusted the actual command to Bragg, but did what he could from his sick-bed.

Besides the reënforcements brought by Bragg, General Beauregard found in the western district 17,500 effectives under Polk, and at or near Corinth 5000 men under Pope Walker and Chalmers, and 3000 under Ruggles, sent from Louisiana by Lovell. He made eloquent appeals, which brought him several regiments more. Thus he had nearly 40,000 men collected for him, 10,000 of whom

he disposed for river defenses, and the remainder to protect the railroads from Grant's force which was concentrating at Pittsburg Landing. General Johnston's arrival increased the force at Corinth to about 50,000 men, nearly 40,000 of whom were effectives.

After the surrender at Donelson, the South, but especially the important State of Tennessee, was in a delirium of rage and terror. As the retreat from Nashville to the Tennessee River went on, the popular fury rose to a storm everywhere. The people who had refused to listen to his warnings, or answer his appeals for aid, now denounced General Johnston as an idiot, coward, and traitor. Demagogues joined in the wild hunt for a victim, and deputations waited on President Davis to demand his removal. To such a committee of Congressmen he replied: "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have none." General Johnston was too calm, too just, and too magnanimous to misapprehend so natural a manifestation. His whole life had been a training for this occasion. To encounter suddenly and endure calmly the obloquy of a whole nation is, to any man, a great burden. To do this with a serenity that shall not only not falter in duty, but restore confidence and organize victory, is conclusive proof of greatness of soul.

But while the storm of execration raged around him, the men who came into immediate contact with General Johnston never for a moment doubted his ability to perform all that was possible to man. To a friend who urged him to publish an explanation of his course he replied: "I cannot correspond with the people. What the people want is a battle and a victory. That is the best explanation I can make. I require no vindication. I trust that to the future." In his much quoted letter of March 18th to President Davis, written at Decatur, he said, in regard to the loss of Donelson:

> "I observed silence, as it seemed to me to be the best way to serve the cause and the country. The facts were not fully known, discontent prevailed, and criticism or condemnation was more likely to augment than to cure the evil. I refrained, well knowing that heavy censures would fall upon me, but convinced that it was better to endure them for the present, and defer for a more propitious time an investigation of the conduct of the generals; for in the mean time their services were required, and their influence was useful. . . . The test of merit in my profession with the people is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it is right. If I join this corps to the forces of Beauregard (I confess a hazardous experiment), then those who are now declaiming against me will be without an argument."

General Johnston's plan of campaign may be summed up in a phrase. It was to concentrate at Corinth and interpose his whole force in front of the great bend of the Tennessee, the natural base of the Federal army: this effected, to crush Grant in battle before the arrival of Buell. This meant immediate and decisive action. The army he had brought from Nashville was ready for the contest, but Generals Beauregard and Bragg represented to him that the troops collected by them were unable to move without thorough reorganization. Ten days were consumed in this work of reorganization. Moments were precious, but there was the hope of reënforcement by Van Dorn's army, which might arrive before Buell joined Grant, and which did arrive only a day or two later. But Buell's movements were closely watched, and, hearing of his approach on the 2d of April, General Johnston resolved to delay no longer, but strike at once a decisive blow.

In the reorganization of the army, he assigned General Bragg as chief of staff, with command of a corps. To Beauregard he tendered the immediate command of the army in the impending battle. Though General Beauregard declined the offer, he evidently misinterpreted its spirit and intention. He imagined it was a confession of inadequacy for the duty, in which case he ought to have accepted it. The truth was that, coming into this district which he had assigned to Beauregard, Johnston felt disinclined to deprive him of any reputation he might acquire from a victory. He had not the slightest idea, however, of abdicating the supreme command, and said to friends who remonstrated with him: "I will be there to see that all goes right." He was willing to yield to another the glory, if thereby anything was added to the chance of victory. The offer was rather quixotic, but characteristic. He then gave General Beauregard the position of second in command, without special assignment. Indeed, as is shown by his own frequent statements, General Beauregard was, from severe and protracted ill-health, inadequate to any more serious duty.

General Grant's army had been moved up the Tennessee River by boat, and had taken position on its left bank at Pittsburg Landing. It had been landed by divisions, and Bragg had proposed to Beauregard to attack Grant before he assembled his whole force. Beauregard forbade this, intending to await events, and attack him away from his base if possible. Grant's first object was to destroy the railroads which centered at Corinth, and, indeed, to capture that place if he could. But his advance was only part of a grand plan for a combined movement of his own and Buell's army. With Pittsburg Landing as a base, this army was to occupy North Mississippi and Alabama, command the entire railroad system of that section, and take Memphis in the rear, while Halleck forced his way down

the Mississippi River. General Johnston divined the movement before it was begun, and was there to frustrate it. Indeed, Grant was at Pittsburg Landing only one week before Johnston completed the concentration.

Grant has been severely criticised for placing his army with the river at its back. But he was there to take the initiative. He had the larger army, under cover, too, of his gunboats; he was expecting Buell daily; and the ground was admirable for defense. Indeed, his position was a natural stronghold. Flanked by Owl and Lick creeks, with their marshy margins, and with his front protected by a swampy valley, he occupied a quadrilateral of great strength. His troops were stationed on wooded heights, generally screened by heavy undergrowth and approached across boggy ravines or open fields. Each camp was a fortress in itself, and the line of retreat afforded at each step some like point to rally on. He did not fortify his camps, it is true; but he was not there for defense, but for attack. It must be admitted that he undervalued his enemy's daring and celerity; but he was a young general, exultant in his overwhelming victory at Donelson; and his generals and army shared his sense of security. He had an army of 58,000 men in camp, nearly 50,000 of whom were effectives. Buell was near at hand with 37,000 more, and Mitchel was moving against the railroad at Florence, Alabama, not far distant, with an additional force of 18,000. In all Grant had 105,000 effectives. Opposed to him were 50,000 Confederate troops, less than 40,000 of whom were available for combat. General Johnston's aggregate was 60,000 men, opposed to about 200,000 Federals in all, but the effective forces were as above.

Such was the position on April 2d, when General Johnston, learning that Buell was rapidly approaching, resolved to advance next day, and attack Grant before his arrival. His general plan was very simple in outline. It seems to have been to march out and attack the Federals by columns of corps, to make the battle a decisive test, and to crush Grant utterly or lose all in the attempt; this effected, to contend with Buell for the possession of Tennessee, Kentucky, and possibly the North-west.

General Beauregard also, it seems, had a plan, which, however, must have differed widely from that of General Johnston, as it was evidently tentative in its nature,—"a reconnaissance in force," with a retreat on Corinth as one of its features,—and which admitted the possibility of finishing on Monday a battle which had to be won on Sunday or never. This was not in any sense General Johnston's plan, and much useless discussion has arisen from a confusion of the two. But, as General Johnston intended to fight, and did fight, on his own plan as long as he lived, the battle may be considered his until Beauregard's order of retreat, about five o'clock Sunday evening, substituted "the reconnaissance in force" in place of the decisive test of victory or defeat.

General Beauregard had been on the ground some six weeks, and his prestige as an engineer and as the victor of Bull Run warranted General Johnston in committing to him the elaboration of the details of the march and order of battle. Unfortunately he changed what seems evidently General Johnston's original purpose of an assault by columns of corps into an array in three parallel lines of battle, which produced extreme confusion when the second and third lines advanced to support the first and intermingled with it. General Johnston's plan is summed up in the following dispatch to President Davis:

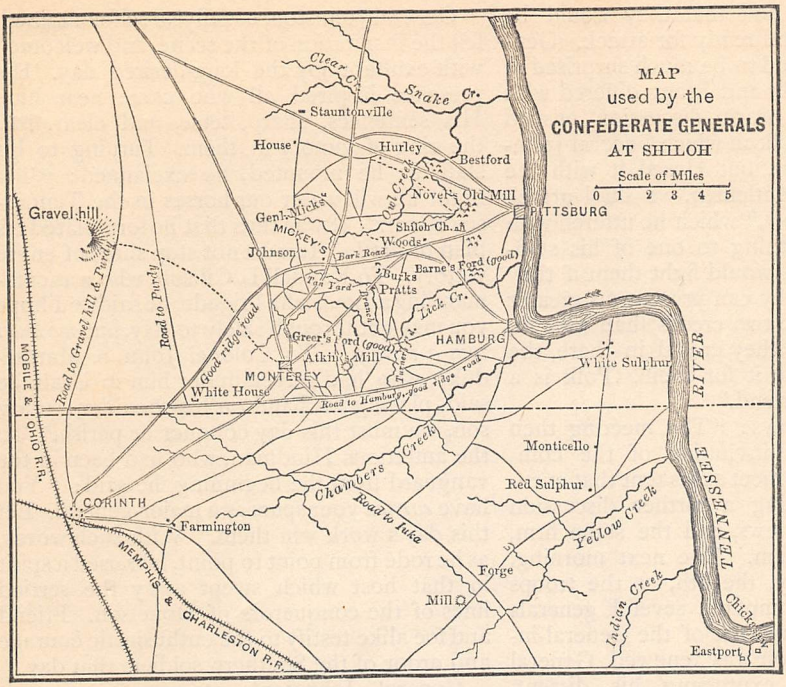
"CORINTH, April 3, 1862.

"General Buell in motion 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah. Mitchel behind him with 10,000. Confederate forces —40,000— ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg. Division from Bethel, main body from Corinth, reserve from Burnsville, converging to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command, Polk the left, Bragg the center, Hardee the right wing, Breckenridge the reserve. *Hope engagement before Buell can form junction.*"

In the original dispatch, the words italicized are in General Johnston's own handwriting. Moreover, owing to ignorance of the country, the march was so ordered that the corps interfered with each other in their advance, and by a detention the battle was delayed an entire day, an almost fatal loss of time.

If it be asked why General Johnston accepted and issued an order of march and battle which he had not contemplated, the reply is that it had been prepared by his second in command, who was presumably more familiar with the country and the roads than himself, and hence with the necessities of the case. But the overruling reason was the question of *time*. Buell was at hand, and Johnston's plan was not to manœuvre, but to attack; and *any* plan which put him front to front with Grant was better than the best two days later.

He did not undervalue the importance of details. No man regarded more closely all the details subsidiary to a great result than General Johnston. But important as were the preliminaries,— the maps, the roads, the methods of putting his army face to face with the enemy, which General Johnston had to take on trust,— he knew that the chief *strategy* of the battle was in the decision to fight. Once in the presence of the enemy, he knew that the re-



sult would depend *on the way in which his troops were handled.* This was his part of the work, and he felt full confidence in his own ability to carry it out successfully. He issued the order as presented by Beauregard, and moved his army against the enemy, April 3d, 1862. General Bragg, commenting on these facts, says:

"The details of that plan, arranged after General Sidney Johnston decided on delivering battle, and had given his instructions, were made up and published in full from the adjutant-general's office. My first knowledge of them was derived from this general order, the authorship of which has been claimed by General Beauregard. . . . In this case, as I understood then, and still believe, Johnston gave verbal instructions for the general movement. . . . Over Colonel Jordan's (the adjutant-general) signature, they reached the army. The general plan (General Johnston's) was admirable — *the elaboration simply execrable.*

"When the time arrived for execution, you know what occurred. In spite of opposition and prediction of failure, Johnston firmly and decidedly ordered and led the attack in the execution of his general plan, and, notwithstanding the faulty arrangement of the troops, was eminently successful up to the moment of his fall. *The victory was won.* How it was lost, the official reports will show, and history has recorded."

General Johnston gave orders about one o'clock on the night of Wednesday, the 2d of April, for the advance. But their elaboration seems to have required some time, and the troops did not receive them from the adjutant-general's office until the next afternoon. When the soldiers learned that they were going out to fight, the long-restrained ardor burst into a blaze of enthusiasm, and they did all that was possible for inexperienced troops in both marching and fighting. Some of the arms were distributed that afternoon. With hasty preparations the movement began, and Hardee's corps was at Mickey's, within four or five miles of Pittsburg, next morning. But some of the troops did not move until the morning of Saturday, the 5th, owing to a still further delay in the delivery of orders by the adjutant-general's office, and all were impeded by the heavy condition of the roads, through a dense forest, and across sloughs and marshes.

The order was to attack at three o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 5th; but the troops were not in position until late that afternoon. All day Friday the advancing columns had pushed on over the tangled, miry roads, hindered and embarrassed by a pelting rain. After midnight a violent storm broke upon them as they stood under arms in the pitch darkness, with no shelter but the trees. From detention by the rain, ignorance of the roads, and a confusion produced by the order of march, some divisions failed to get into line, and the day was wasted.

As they were waiting the disposition of troops late Saturday afternoon, a council of war occurred, in which Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Polk, and Breckenridge took part, and which added greatly to General Johnston's responsibilities, and the heavy burden he had already incurred by his experiment of concentration and his resolve to fight a pitched battle. The Confederate army was in full battle array, within two miles of Shiloh Church and Grant's line, when General Beauregard suddenly proposed that the army should be withdrawn and retreat to Corinth. He maintained that the delay and noise must have given

the enemy notice, and that they would be found intrenched and ready for attack. General Johnston seemed to be much surprised at the suggestion. Polk and Bragg differed with Beauregard, and a warm discussion ensued between him and Polk, in which General Johnston took little part, but closed it with the simple remark, "Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight to-morrow," which he uttered with great decision. Turning to one of his staff-officers, he said: "I would fight them if they were a million. They can present no greater front between these two creeks than we can, and the more men they crowd in there, the worse we can make it for them. Polk is a true soldier and a friend."

General Bragg says: "The meeting then dispersed upon an invitation of the commanding general to meet at his tent that evening. At that meeting a further discussion elicited the same views, and the same firm, decided determination. The next morning, about dawn of day, the 6th, as the troops were being put in motion, several generals again met at the camp-fire of the general-in-chief. The discussion was renewed, General Beauregard again expressing his dissent, when, rapid firing in the front indicating that the attack had commenced, General Johnston closed the discussion by remarking, 'The battle has opened, gentlemen; it is too late to change our dispositions.' He proposed to move to the front, and his subordinates promptly joined their respective commands, inspired by his coolness, confidence, and determination. Few men have equaled him in the possession and display at the proper time of these great qualities of the soldier."

It will readily be perceived how much General Beauregard's urgent opposition to fighting must have added to the weight of General Johnston's responsibility. Beauregard was in the full tide of popular favor, while Johnston was laboring under the load of public obloquy and odium. Nothing short of complete and overwhelming victory would vindicate him in differing with so famous a general. A reverse, even a merely partial success, would leave him under condemnation. Nevertheless, without a moment's hesitation, he resolved to fight.

The sun set on Saturday evening in a cloudless sky, and night fell calm, clear, and beautiful. Long before dawn the forest was alive with silent preparations for the ensuing contest, and day broke upon a scene so fair that it left its memory on thousands of hearts. The sky was clear overhead, the air fresh, and when the sun rose in full splendor, the advancing host passed the word from lip to lip that it was the "sun of Austerlitz."

General Johnston, usually so self-contained, felt the inspiration of the scene, and welcomed with exultant joy the long-desired day. His presence inspired all who came near him. His sentences, sharp, terse, and clear, had the ring of victory in them. Turning to his staff, as he mounted, he exclaimed: "To-night we will water our horses in the Tennessee River." It was thus that he formulated his plan of battle. It must not stop short of entire victory. To Randall L. Gibson, who was commanding a Louisiana brigade, he said: "I hope you may get through safely to-day, but *we must win a victory*." To Colonel John S. Marmaduke, who had served under him in Utah, he said, placing his hand on his shoulder: "My son, we must this day conquer or perish." To the ambitious Hindman, who had been in the vanguard from the beginning, he said: "You have *earned* your spurs as a major-general. Let this day's work win them." With such words, as he rode from point to point, he raised a spirit in that host which swept away the serried lines of the conquerors of Donelson. Friend and foe alike testify to the enthusiastic courage and ardor of the Southern soldiers that day.

General Johnston's strategy was completed. He was face to face with his foe, and that foe all unaware of his coming. His front line, composed of the Third Corps and Gladden's brigade, was under Hardee, and extended from Owl Creek to Lick Creek, more than three miles. (See maps.) Hindman's division of two brigades occupied the center, Cleburne's brigade had the left, and Gladden's the right wing — an effective total in the front line of 9024. Bragg commanded the second line. He had two divisions: Withers's, of two brigades, on the right, and Ruggles's, of three brigades, on the left. The brigades were, in order from right to left, as follows: Chalmers, Jackson, Gibson, Anderson, Pond. This second line was 10,731 strong. The third line, or reserve, was composed of the First Corps, under Polk, and three brigades under Breckenridge. Polk's command was massed in columns of brigades on the Bark road near Mickey's, and Breckenridge's on the road from Monterey toward the same point. Polk was to advance on the left of the Bark road, at an interval of about eight hundred paces from Bragg's line; and Breckenridge, to the right of that road, was to give support wherever it should become necessary. Polk's corps, 9136 strong in infantry and artillery, was composed of two divisions: Cheatham's on the left, made up of Bushrod R. Johnson's and Stephens' brigades, and Clark's on his right, formed of A. P. Stewart's and Russell's brigades. It followed Bragg's line at about eight hundred yards distance.

Breckenridge's reserve was composed of Trabue's, Bowen's, and Statham's brigades, with a total, infantry and artillery, of 6439. The cavalry, about 4300 strong, guarded the flanks or was detached on outpost duty; but, both from the newness and imperfections of their organization, equipment, and drill, and from the rough and wooded character of the ground, they could do little service that day. The effectives of all arms that marched out to battle were 38,773, or, exclusive of cavalry, 35,330.

The Federal army numbered present 49,232, and present for duty 41,543. But at Crump's Landing, five or six miles distant, was General Lew Wallace's division with 8820 present, and 7771 men present for duty. General Nelson's division of Buell's army had arrived at Savannah on Saturday morning, and was now about five miles distant; Crittenden's division also had arrived on the morning of the 6th. So that Grant, with these three divisions, may be considered as having about 22,000 men in immediate reserve, without counting the remainder of Buell's army, which was near by.

As General Johnston and his staff were taking their coffee, the first gun of the battle sounded. "Note the hour, if you please, gentlemen," said General Johnston. It was fourteen minutes past five. They immediately mounted and galloped to the front.

Some skirmishing on Friday between the Confederate cavalry and the Federal outposts, in which a few men were killed, wounded, and captured on both sides, had aroused the vigilance of the Northern commanders to some extent. Sherman reported on the 5th to Grant that two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were in his front, and added: "I have no doubt that nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. . . . I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." In his "Memoirs" he says: "I did not believe they designed anything but a strong demonstration." He said to Major Ricker that an advance of Beauregard's army "could not be possible. Beauregard was not such a fool as to leave his base of operations and attack us in ours, —*mere reconnaissance in force.*" This shows a curious coincidence with the actual state of General Beauregard's mind on that day. And Grant telegraphed Halleck on Saturday night: "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth. . . . One division of Buell's column arrived yesterday. . . . I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us."

Nevertheless, some apprehension was felt among the officers and men of the Federal army, and General Prentiss had thrown forward Colonel Moore, with the Twenty-first Missouri Regiment, on the Corinth road. Moore, feeling his way cautiously, encountered Hardee's skirmish-line under Major Hardcastle, and, thinking it an outpost, assailed it vigorously. Thus really the Federals began the fight. The struggle was brief, but spirited. The Eighth and Ninth Arkansas came up. Moore fell wounded. The Missourians gave way, and Shaver's brigade pursued them. Hindman's whole division moved on, following the ridge and drifting to the right, and drove in the grand guards and outposts until they struck Prentiss's camps. Into these they burst, overthrowing all before them.

To appreciate the suddenness and violence of the blow, one must read the testimony of eye-witnesses. General Bragg says, in a sketch of Shiloh made for the writer: "Contrary to the views of such as urged an abandonment of the attack, the enemy was found utterly unprepared, many being surprised and captured in their tents, and others, though on the outside, in costumes better fitted to the bedchamber than to the battle-field." General Preston says: "General Johnston then went to the camp assailed, which was carried between 7 and 8 o'clock. The enemy were evidently surprised. The breakfasts were on the mess tables, the baggage unpacked, the knapsacks, stores, colors, and ammunition abandoned."

The essential feature of General Johnston's strategy had been to get at his enemy as quickly as possible, and in as good order. In this he had succeeded. His plan of battle was as simple as his strategy. It had been made known in his order of battle, and was thoroughly understood by every brigade commander. The orders of the 3d of April were, that "every effort should be made to turn the *left flank of the enemy*, so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River and *throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be obliged to surrender.*" It is seen that, from the first, these orders were carried out in letter and spirit; and, as long as General Johnston lived, the success of this movement was complete. *The battle was fought precisely as it was planned.* The instructions delivered to General Johnston's subordinates on the previous day were found sufficient for their conduct on the battle-field. But, to accomplish this, his own personal presence and inspiration and direction were often necessary with these enthusiastic but raw troops. He had personal conference on the field with most of his generals, and led several brigades into battle. The criticism upon this conduct, that he exposed himself unnecessarily, is absurd to those who know how important rapid decision and instantaneous action are in the crisis of conflict.

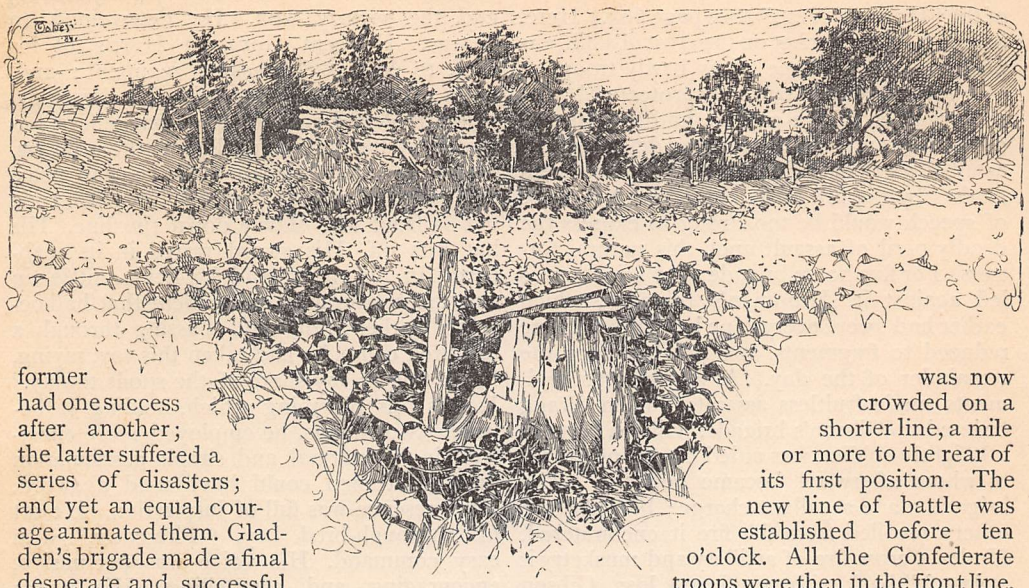
His lines of battle were pushed rapidly to the front, and as gaps widened in the first lines, they were filled by brigades of the second and third. One of Breckenridge's brigades was sent to the left to support Cleburne, and the other two were led to the extreme right, only Chalmers being beyond them. Gladden, who was on Hindman's right, and had a longer distance to traverse to strike some of Prentiss's brigades further to the left, found them better prepared, but, after a sanguinary resistance, drove them from their camps. In this bitter struggle Gladden fell mortally wounded. Chalmers's brigade, of Bragg's line, came in on Gladden's right, and his Mississippians drove the enemy with the bayonet half a mile. He was about to charge again, when General Johnston came up, and moved him to the right, and brought John K. Jackson's brigade into the interval. Prentiss's left retreated sullenly, not routed, but badly hammered.

With Hindman as a pivot, the turning movement began from the moment of the overthrow of Prentiss's camps. While the front attacks were made all along the line with a desperate courage which would have swept any ordinary resistance from the field, and with a loss which told fearfully on the assailants, they were seconded by assaults in flank which invariably resulted in crushing the Federal line with destructive force and strewing the field with the wounded and the dead. The Federal reports complain that they were flanked and outnumbered, which is true; for, though fewer, the Confederates were probably stronger at every given point throughout the day except at the Hornets' Nest, where the Federals eventually massed nearly two divisions. The iron flail of war beat upon the Federal front and right flank with the regular and ponderous pulsations of some great engine, and these assaults resulted in a crumbling process which was continually but slowly going on, as regiment and brigade and division yielded to the continuous and successive blows. There has been criticism that there were no grand assaults by divisions and corps. The fact is that there were but few lulls in the contest. The fighting was a grapple and a death-struggle all day long, and, as one brigade after another wilted before the deadly fire of the stubborn Federals, still another was pushed into the combat and kept up the fierce assault. A breathing-spell, and the shattered command would gather itself up and resume its work of destruction. These were the general aspects of the battle.

When the battle began Hindman, following the ridge, had easy ground to traverse; but Cleburne's large brigade, on his left, with its supports, moving over a more difficult country, was slower in getting upon Sherman's front. That general and his command, aroused by the long roll, the advancing musketry, and the rush of troops to his left, got his division in line of battle and was ready for the assault of Cleburne, which was made about eight o'clock. General Johnston, who had followed close after Hindman, urging on his attack, saw Cleburne's brigade begin its advance, and then returned to where Hindman was gathering his force for another assault. Hardee said of Cleburne that he "moved quickly through the fields, and, though far outflanked by the enemy on our left, rushed forward under a terrific fire from the serried ranks drawn up in front of the camp. A morass covered his front, and, being difficult to pass, caused a break in this brigade. Deadly volleys were poured upon the men from behind bales of hay and other defenses, as they advanced; and after a series of desperate charges, they were compelled to fall back. . . . Supported by the arrival of the second line, Cleburne with the remainder of his troops again advanced, and entered the enemy's encampment, which had been forced on the center and right by the dashing charges of Gladden's, Wood's, and Hindman's brigades."

While Sherman was repelling Cleburne's attack, McClernand sent up three Illinois regiments to reënforce his left. But General Polk led forward Bushrod R. Johnson's brigade, and Major-General Clark Russell's brigade, against Sherman's left, while General Johnston himself put A. P. Stewart's brigade in position on their right. Supported by part of Cleburne's line, they attacked Sherman and McClernand fiercely. Polk said: "The resistance at this point was as stubborn as at any other point on the field." Clark and Bushrod R. Johnson fell badly wounded. Hildebrand's Federal brigade was swept from the field, losing in the onslaught 300 killed and wounded, and 94 missing.

Wood's brigade, of Hindman's division, joined in this charge on the right. As they hesitated at the crest of a hill, General Johnston came to the front and urged them to the attack. They rushed forward with the inspiring "Rebel yell," and with Stewart's brigade enveloped the Illinois troops. In ten minutes the latter melted away under the fire, and were forced from the field. In this engagement John A. McDowell's and Veatch's Federal brigades, as well as Hildebrand's, were demolished and heard of no more. Buckland retreated and took position with McClernand. In these attacks Anderson's and Pond's Confederate brigades joined with great vigor and severe loss, but with unequal fortune. The



SCENE OF GEN. JOHNSTON'S DEATH.

former had one success after another; the latter suffered a series of disasters; and yet an equal courage animated them. Gladden's brigade made a final desperate and successful charge on Prentiss's line. The whole Federal front, which had been broken here and there, and was getting ragged, gave way under this hammering process on front and flank, and fell back across a ravine to another strong position behind the Hamburg and Purdy road in rear of Shiloh. Sherman's route of retreat was marked by the thick-strewn corpses of his soldiers. At last, pressed back toward both Owl Creek and the river, Sherman and McClernand found safety by the interposition on their left flank of W. H. L. Wallace's fresh division. Hurlbut and Wallace had advanced about eight o'clock, so that Prentiss's command found a refuge in the intervals of the new and formidable Federal line, with Stuart on the left and Sherman's shattered division on the right.

General Johnston had pushed Chalmers to the right and front, sweeping down the left bank of Lick Creek, driving in pickets, until he encountered Stuart's Federal brigade on the Pittsburg and Hamburg road. Stuart was strongly posted on a steep hill near the river, covered with thick undergrowth, and with an open field in front. McArthur was to his right and rear in the woods. Jackson attacked McArthur, who fell back; and Chalmers went at Stuart's brigade. This command reserved its fire until Chalmers's men were within forty yards, and then delivered a heavy and destructive volley; but, after a hard fight, the Federals were driven back. Chalmers's right rested on the Tennessee River bottom-lands, and he fought down the bank toward Pittsburg Landing. The enemy's left was completely turned, and the Federal army was now crowded on a shorter line, a mile or more to the rear of its first position. The new line of battle was established before ten o'clock. All the Confederate troops were then in the front line, except two of Breckenridge's brigades, Bowen and Statham, which were moving to the Confederate right, and soon occupied the interval between Chalmers and Jackson. Hardee, with Cleburne and Pond, was pressing Sherman slowly but steadily back. Bragg and Polk met about half-past ten o'clock, and by agreement Polk led his troops against McClernand, while Bragg directed the operations against the Federal center. A gigantic contest now began which lasted more than five hours. In the impetuous rush forward of regiments to fill the gaps in the front line, even the brigade organization was broken; but, though there was dislocation of commands, there was little loss of effective force. The Confederate assaults were made by rapid and often unconnected charges along the line. They were repeatedly checked, and often repulsed. Sometimes counter-charges drove them back for short distances; but, whether in assault or recoil, both sides saw their bravest soldiers fall in frightful numbers. The Confederates came on in motley garb, varying from the favorite gray and domestic "butternut" to the blue of certain Louisiana regiments, which paid dearly the penalty of doubtful colors. Over them waved flags and pennons as various as their uniforms. At each charge there went up a wild yell, heard above the roar of artillery; only the Kentuckians, advancing with measured step, sang in chorus their war-song: "Cheer, boys, cheer; we'll march away to battle."

On the Federal left center W. H. L. Wallace and Hurlbut were massed, with Prentiss's fragments, in a position so impregnable, and thronged with such fierce defenders, that it

won from the Confederates the memorable title of the "Hornets' Nest." (See page 605.) Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground, and by logs and other rude and hastily prepared defenses. To assail it an open field had to be passed, enfiladed by the fire of its batteries. No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault upon this natural fortress. For five hours brigade after brigade was led against it. Hindman's brigades, which earlier had swept everything before them, were reduced to fragments, and paralyzed for the remainder of the day. A. P. Stewart's regiments made fruitless assaults. Then Bragg ordered up Gibson's brigade. Gibson himself, a knightly soldier, was aided by colonels three of whom afterward became generals. The brigade made a gallant charge; but, like the others, recoiled from the fire it encountered. Under a cross-fire of artillery and musketry it at last fell back with very heavy loss. Gibson asked for artillery to be sent him; but it was not at hand, and Bragg sent orders to charge again. The colonels thought it hopeless; but Gibson led them again to the attack, and again they suffered a bloody repulse.

The brigade was four times repulsed, but maintained its ground steadily, until W. H. L. Wallace's position was turned, when, renewing its forward movement in conjunction with Cheatham's command, it helped to drive back its stout opponents. Cheatham, charging on Gibson's right, across an open field, was caught under a murderous cross-fire, but fell back in good order, and, later in the day, came in on Breckenridge's left in the last assault when Prentiss was captured. This bloody fray lasted till nearly four o'clock, without making any visible impression on the Federal center. But when its flanks were turned, these assaulting columns, crowding in on its front, aided in its capture.

General Johnston was with Statham's brigade, confronting Hurlbut's left, which was behind the crest of a hill, with a depression filled with chaparral in its front. The Confederates held the parallel ridge in easy musket-range; and "as heavy fire as I ever saw during the war," says Governor Harris, was kept up on both sides for an hour or more. It was necessary to cross the valley raked by this deadly ambuscade and assail the opposite ridge in order to drive the enemy from his stronghold. When General Johnston came up and saw the situation, he said to his staff: "They are offering stubborn resistance here. I shall have to put the bayonet to them." It was the crisis of the conflict. The Federal key was in his front. If his assault were successful, their left would be completely turned, and the victory won. He determined to charge. He sent Governor Harris, of his staff, to lead a Tennessee regiment; and, after a brief conference with Breckenridge, whom he loved and admired, that officer, followed by his staff, appealed to the soldiers. As he encouraged them with his fine voice and manly bearing, General Johnston rode out in front and slowly down the line. His hat was off. His sword rested in its scabbard. In his right hand he held a little tin cup, the memorial of an incident that had occurred earlier in the day. Passing through a captured camp, he had taken this toy, saying, "Let this be my share of the spoils to-day." It was this plaything which, holding it between two fingers, he employed more effectively in his natural and simple gesticulation than most men could have used a sword. His presence was full of inspiration. He sat his thorough-bred bay, "Fire-eater," with easy command. His voice was persuasive, encouraging, and compelling. His words were few; he said: "Men! they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet." When he reached the center of the line, he turned. "I will lead you!" he cried, and moved toward the enemy. The line was already thrilling and trembling with that irresistible ardor which in battle decides the day. With a mighty shout the line moved forward at a charge. A sheet of flame and a mighty roar burst from the Federal stronghold. The Confederate line withered; but there was not an instant's pause. The crest was gained. The enemy were in flight.

General Johnston had passed through the ordeal seemingly unhurt. His horse was shot in four places; his clothes were pierced by missiles; his boot-sole was cut and torn by a minie; but if he himself had received any severe wound, he did not know it. At this moment Governor Harris rode up from the right. After a few words, General Johnston sent him with an order to Colonel Statham, which having delivered, he speedily returned. In the mean time, knots and groups of Federal soldiers kept up a desultory fire as they retreated upon their supports, and their last line, now yielding, delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired. By the chance of war, a minie-ball from one of these did its fatal work. As he sat there, after his wound, Captain Wickham says that Colonel O'Hara, of his staff, rode up, and General Johnston said to him, "We must go to the left, where the firing is heaviest," and then gave him an order, which O'Hara rode off to obey. Governor Harris returned, and, finding him very pale, asked him, "General, are you wounded?" He answered, in a very deliberate and em-

phatic tone: "Yes, and, I fear, seriously." These were his last words. Harris and Wickham led his horse back under cover of the hill, and lifted him from it. They searched at random for the wound, which had cut an artery in his leg, the blood flowing into his boot. When his brother-in-law, Preston, lifted his head, and addressed him with passionate grief, he smiled faintly, but uttered no word. His life rapidly ebbed away, and in a few moments he was dead.

His wound was not necessarily fatal. General Johnston's own knowledge of military surgery was adequate for its control by an extemporized tourniquet, had he been aware or regardful of its nature. Dr. D. W. Yandell, his surgeon, had attended his person during most of the morning; but, finding a large number of wounded men, including many Federals, at one point, General Johnston ordered Yandell to stop there, establish a hospital, and give them his services. He said to Yandell: "These men were our enemies a moment ago; they are prisoners now. Take care of them." Yandell remonstrated against leaving him, but he was peremptory. Had Yandell remained with him, he would have had little difficulty with the wound.

Governor Harris, and others of General Johnston's staff, promptly informed General Beauregard of his death, and General Beauregard assumed command, remaining at Shiloh Church, awaiting the issue of events.

Up to the moment of the death of the commander-in-chief, in spite of the dislocation of the commands, there was the most perfect regularity in the development of the plan of battle. In all the seeming confusion there was the predominance of intelligent design; a master mind, keeping in clear view its purpose, sought the weak point in the defense, and, finding it on the enemy's left, kept turning that flank. With the disadvantage of inferior numbers, General Johnston brought to bear a superior force on each particular point, and, by a series of rapid and powerful blows, broke the Federal army to pieces.

Now was the time for the Confederates to push their advantage, and, closing in on the rear of Prentiss and Wallace, to finish the battle. But, on the contrary, there came a lull in the conflict on the right, lasting more than an hour from half-past two, the time at which General Johnston fell. It is true that the Federals fell back and left the field, and the Confederates went forward deliberately, occupying their positions, and thus helping to envelop the Federal center. But there was no further general direction or concerted movement. The determinate purpose to capture Grant that day was lost sight of. The strong arm was withdrawn, and the bow remained unbent. Elsewhere there were bloody desultory combats, but they tended to nothing.

About half-past three the contest, which had throbbed with fitful violence for five hours, was renewed with the utmost fury. While an ineffectual struggle was going on at the center, a number of batteries opened upon Prentiss's right flank, the center of what remained of the Federals. The opening of so heavy a fire, and the simultaneous though unconcerted advance of the whole Confederate line, resulted at first in the confusion of the enemy, and then in the death of W. H. L. Wallace and the surrender of Prentiss.

These generals have received scant justice for their stubborn defense. They agreed to hold their position at all odds, and did so until Wallace received his fatal wound and Prentiss was surrounded and captured with nearly 3000 men. This delay was the salvation of Grant's army.

Breckenridge's command closed in on the Federal left and rear; Polk crushed their right by the violence of his assault, and in person, with Marshall J. Smith's Crescent regiment, received the surrender of many troops. Prentiss gave up his sword to Colonel Russell. Bragg's troops, wrestling at the front, poured in over the Hornets' Nest, and shared in the triumph. Polk ordered his cavalry to charge the fleeing enemy, and Colonel Miller rode down and captured a six-gun battery. His men "watered their horses in the Tennessee River." All now felt that the victory was won. Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Breckenridge, all the corps commanders, were at the front, and in communication. Their generals were around them. The hand that had launched the thunder-bolt of war was cold, but its influence still nerved this host and its commanders. A line of battle was formed, and all was ready for the last fell swoop, to compel an "unconditional surrender" by General Grant.

The only position on the high grounds left to the Federals was held by Colonel Webster, of Grant's staff, who had collected some twenty guns and manned them with volunteers. Soon after four o'clock Chalmers and Jackson, proceeding down the river-bank while Prentiss's surrender was going on, came upon this position. The approaches were bad from that direction; nevertheless, they attacked resolutely, and, though repeatedly repulsed, kept up their assaults till nightfall. At one time they drove some gunners from their guns, and their attack has been generally mistaken by Federal writers for the final assault of the Confederate army—*which was never made.* The Federal generals and writers attribute their salvation to the repulse of Chalmers, and the honor is claimed respectively for Webster's artillery and for Ammen's brigade of Buell's

army, which came up at the last moment. But neither they nor all that was left of the Federal army could have withstood five minutes the united advance of the Confederate line, which was at hand and ready to deal the death-stroke. Their salvation came from a different quarter. General Bragg gives the following account of the close of the battle: "Concurring testimony, especially that of the prisoners on both sides,—our captured being present and witnesses to the demoralization of the enemy, and their eagerness to escape or avoid further slaughter by surrender,—left no doubt but that a persistent, energetic assault would soon have been crowned by a general yielding of his whole force. About one hour of daylight was left to us. The enemy's gun-boats, his last hope, took position opposite us in the river, and commenced a furious cannonade at our supposed position. From the elevation necessary to reach the high bluff on which we were operating, this proved 'all sound and fury signifying nothing,' and did not in the slightest degree mar our prospects or our progress. Not so, however, in our rear, where these heavy shells fell among the reserves and stragglers; and, to the utter dismay of the commanders on the field, the troops were seen to abandon their inspiring work, and to retire sullenly from the contest when danger was almost past, and victory, so dearly purchased, was almost certain." Polk, Hardee, Breckenridge, Withers, Gibson, Gilmer, and all who were there confirm this statement. General Buell says of Grant's army that there were "not more than 5000 men in ranks and available on the battle-field at nightfall. . . . The rest were either killed, wounded, captured, or scattered in inextricable and hopeless confusion for miles along the banks of the river." General Nelson describes them as "cowering under the river-bank, . . . frantic with fright and utterly demoralized."

At this crisis came from General Beauregard an order for the withdrawal of the troops, of which his chief of staff says: "General Beauregard, in the mean time, observing the exhausted, widely scattered condition of his army, directed it to be brought out of battle, collected, and restored to order as far as practicable, and to occupy for the night the captured encampments of the enemy. This, however, had been done in chief part by the officers in immediate command of the troops before the order was generally distributed." For this last allegation, or that the army was exhausted, there is not the slightest warrant.

The concurrent testimony of the generals and soldiers *at the front* is at one on all essential points. General Beauregard at Shiloh, two miles in the rear, with the *débris* of the army surging back upon him, the shells bursting around him, sick with his two months' previous malady, pictured in his imagination a wreck at the front, totally different from the actual condition there. Had this officer been with Bragg, and not greatly prostrated and suffering from severe sickness, I firmly believe his order would have been to advance, not to retire. And this in spite of his theory of his plan of battle, which he sums up as follows, and which is so different from General Johnston's: "By a rapid and vigorous attack on General Grant, it was expected he would be beaten back into his transports and the river, or captured in time to enable us to profit by the victory, and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions that would fall into our hands in such an event before the arrival of General Buell's army on the scene. It was never contemplated, however, to retain the position thus gained and abandon *Corinth, the strategic point of the campaign.*" Why, then, did General Beauregard stop short in his career? Sunday evening it was not a question of retaining, but of gaining, Pittsburg Landing. Complete victory was in his grasp, and he threw it away. General Gibson says: "General Johnston's death was a tremendous catastrophe. There are no words adequate to express my own conception of the immensity of the loss to our country. Sometimes the hopes of millions of people depend upon one head and one arm. The West perished with Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Southern country followed."

Monday was General Beauregard's battle, and it was well fought. But in recalling his troops from the heights which commanded the enemy's landing, he gave away a position which during the night was occupied by Buell's 20,000 fresh troops, who thus regained the high grounds that had been won at such a cost. Lew Wallace, too, had come up 6500 strong. Moreover, the orders had been conveyed by Beauregard's staff to brigades and even regiments to withdraw, and the troops wandered back over the field, without coherence, direction, or purpose, and encamped where chance provided for them. All array was lost, and, in the morning, they met the attack of nearly 30,000 fresh and organized troops, with no hope of success except from their native valor and the indomitable purpose roused by the triumph of Sunday. Their fortitude, their courage, and the free offering of their lives were equal to the day before. But it was a retreat, not an assault. They retired slowly and sullenly, shattered, but not overthrown, to Corinth, *the strategic point of General Beauregard's campaign.*

William Preston Johnston.

NOTES OF A CONFEDERATE STAFF-OFFICER AT SHILOH.



AFTER ten o'clock at night, on the 2d of April, 1862, while in my office as adjutant-general of the Confederate army assembled at Corinth, a telegram was brought to me from General Cheatham, commanding an outpost on our left flank at Bethel, on the Mobile and Ohio railway, some twenty odd miles northward of Corinth. General Cheatham had addressed it to General Polk, his corps commander, informing him that a Federal division, under General Lew Wallace, had been manœuvring in his proximity during the day. General Polk had in due course sent the message to General Beauregard, from whom it came to me with his signed indorsement, and addressed to General A. S. Johnston, the substance of the indorsement being: "Now is the time to advance upon Pittsburg Landing." And below were these words, in effect, if not literally: "Colonel Jordan had better carry this in person to General Johnston and explain the military situation.—G. T. B."

At the time Colonel Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior of the United States, was in my office as my guest. I read the telegram aloud to him and immediately thereafter repaired to General Johnston's quarters, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, where I found him surrounded by his personal staff, in the room which the latter habitually occupied. I handed him the open dispatch, and he read it and the indorsements without comment; asked me several questions about matters wholly irrelevant to the dispatch or what might naturally grow out of it, and rose, saying that he would cross the street to see General Bragg. I asked if I should accompany him. "Certainly," was his answer. We found that General Bragg had already gone to bed, but he received us in dishabille, General Johnston handing him the dispatch at once, without remark. Bragg, having read it, immediately expressed his agreement with Beauregard's advisement. General Johnston thereupon very clearly stated some strong objections, chiefly to the effect that as yet our troops were too raw and incompletely equipped for an offensive enterprise, such as an onset upon the Federal army in a position of their own choosing, and also that he did not see from what quarter a proper reserve could be assembled in time.

As General Beauregard had discussed with me repeatedly within a week the details of such an offensive operation in all its features, and the necessity for it before the Federal army was itself ready to take the offensive, I was able to answer satisfactorily the objections raised by General Johnston, including the supposed difficulty about a reserve—for which use I pointed out that the Confederate forces posted under General Breckenridge at several points along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, to the eastward of Corinth, could be quickly concentrated at Burnsville, and be moved thence direct to Monterey, and there effect a junction with our main force. General Johnston at last assented to the undertaking. Whereupon I turned to a table in General Bragg's chamber, and wrote a circular order to the three corps commanders, Major-Generals Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, directing that each should hold his corps under arms by 12 Meridian on the 3d of April, ready to march, with forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes, and sixty rounds for each man to be carried as a reserve; three days' cooked provisions per man in their haversacks, with three more to be transported in wagons. This circular also prescribed the ammunition for the artillery, and the number of wagons each regiment would be provided with; all of which was approved by General Johnston when I read the rough draught of it. Afterward the copies were made by an aid-de-camp on the staff of General Bragg.

These orders were delivered to Generals Polk and Hardee at 1:40 A. M., as shown by their receipts, which I required to be taken. The orders to General Breckenridge were given by telegraph, he having been called by me to the military telegraph office nearest his headquarters to receive them and to answer queries regarding his command.* Thus did it happen that the Confederate army was brought to undertake the offensive against General Grant upon Pittsburg Landing.

*As I find from a paper officially signed by me April 21, 1862, this reserve consisted of 6436 rank and file effectives. ("Official Record War of the Rebellion," Series I., volume X., page 396.)

II.

UPON quitting General Bragg's quarters I proceeded immediately to the tent of Colonel A. R. Chisholm, aid-de-camp to General Beauregard, separated from my office by some thirty or forty yards, roused him from sleep, and asked him to inform the general at daylight that the order to advance at midday had been issued.

Soon after sunrise I was called to the quarters of General Beauregard, whom I found with the notes of the plan of operations and orders of engagement. These, I may add, had just been copied by Colonel Chisholm from the backs of telegrams and envelopes upon which the general had made them during the night while in bed. Taking these notes and the general's sketch-map of the roads leading from all surrounding quarters to Monterey and thence upon Pittsburg Landing, I returned and began to draw up the order, which will be found in the "Records of the War of the Rebellion," Series I., volume X., pages 392–395.*

Called to my breakfast before the order could be framed, I met General Johnston en route for General Beauregard's quarters, where I said I would meet him as quickly as possible, and where I did soon join him. General Beauregard was explaining the details as to the roads by which the several corps would have to move through the somewhat difficult, heavily wooded country, both before and after leaving Monterey; and to make this clear, as I had from General Beauregard the only sketch extant, General Beauregard drew a rough sketch on his camp-table top. Meanwhile, first General Bragg and afterward Generals Polk and Hardee had joined the conference. As I remarked that it would take me some time to formulate the order and issue all the requisite copies, General Beauregard explained orally to the three generals their routes of march for the first day, so that they might not wait for receipt of the written orders, which would be in all proper hands before night. Accordingly, these explanations were carefully made, and the corps commanders went away with distinct instructions to begin the movement at midday, as prescribed in the written orders subsequently issued. Pursuant to the terms of the circular order which I had written and issued from General Bragg's headquarters the night before, the troops were brought under arms before noon, by which time the streets and all approaches to the railway station, as well as the roads leading from Corinth, were densely packed with troops, wagons, and field-batteries ready for the march. But no movement was made; General Polk's corps in some way blocked the line of march. This having been reported to General Beauregard at a late hour in the afternoon by General Hardee in person, an aid-de-camp was sent to General Polk, when, to the surprise of all, General Polk explained that he had kept his corps at a stand awaiting the written order. Thus it was so late before the movement actually began, that it really cost the Confederate army a whole day and their arrival in the near presence of their adversary twenty-four hours later than was intended, as, by reason of this tardiness, it was not until the late afternoon of the 5th of April that the head of the Confederate column reached a point within less than two miles of the Federal lines instead of on the 4th, in which case the battle would have been fought with General Grant alone, or without the material and moral help derived from the advent of Buell on the field, as on the night of the 6th and the morning of the 7th of April.

III.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD with his staff left Corinth the afternoon of the 4th of April, and reaching Monterey, eleven miles distant, found the Confederate corps massed in that quarter. He was hardly encouraged, however, by the manner in which they had been handled to that stage in the operation. General Johnston and his staff were already at the same point, in occupation of a house at which we dismounted just as some cavalry brought from the front a soldierly young Federal volunteer officer, Major Crockett, of the Seventy-ninth Ohio, who had just been captured a few hours before in a skirmish in close proximity to the Federal lines brought on by a Confederate reconnoitering force pressed most indiscreetly from General Bragg's corps almost upon the Federal front line. As this officer rode beside his captors through the mass of Confederate infantry and batteries, and his eyes rested intelligently on the warlike spectacle, he exclaimed, "This means a battle"; and he involuntarily added, "They don't expect anything of this kind back yonder." He was taken in charge by myself, and, assisted by Major Gilmer, chief engineer on the staff, I interrogated him with the least possible semblance of so doing, with the result of satisfying me, as I reported to Generals Johnston and Beauregard, that we

* As I framed this order, I had before me Napoleon's order for the battle of Waterloo, and, in attention to ante-battle details, took those of such soldiers as Napoleon and Soult for model — a fact which I here mention because the ante-Shiloh order has been hypercriticised.

should have no earth-works to encounter, and an enemy wholly unaware of what was so near at hand.

IV.

IT has been more than once represented with pencil as well as with pen, that there was a somewhat dramatic conference of the Confederate generals around the camp-fire the night before the battle of the 6th of April. The simple fact is this: Hardee, whose corps was to be in the advance in the attack, having reached a point known to be somewhat less than two miles from our adversary, was halted and deployed in line of battle across the Pittsburg road to await the arrival and formation in his rear of the rest of the army as prescribed in the battle order. As this was not effected until after three o'clock, it was too late to make the attack that day. As a matter of course in such a contingency, the corps commanders were called to meet Generals Johnston and Beauregard, who, having gone from Monterey together with the general staff and their respective personal staffs, had taken a position, dismounted, on the Pittsburg road, somewhat to the rear of Hardee's corps. The meeting took place about four o'clock. General Polk now reported that his men were almost destitute of provisions, having either already consumed or thrown them away. General Bragg reported that his own men had been more provident, and therefore could spare enough for the emergency. Deeply dissatisfied with the inexplicable manner in which both Bragg's and Polk's corps had been delayed, both before reaching and after leaving Monterey, as well as by the injudicious manner in which a reconnaissance had been made with such aggressiveness and use of artillery as ought to have apprised any sharp-sighted enemy than an offensive army was not far distant, General Beauregard — though it had been upon his urgent instance that the advance had been made — did not hesitate to say that, inasmuch as it was scarcely possible for the enemy to be unaware of our presence and purpose, should we attack next morning we should find the Federals intrenched to the eyes and ready for us; that the whole success of the movement had depended on our ability to assail our enemy unexpectedly and unprepared. Therefore, he advised the return of the Confederate army to Corinth, as it assuredly was not in a condition to attack an army superior in numbers and behind the intrenchments that would be now thrown up in expectation of an onset.

General Johnston listened attentively to what General Beauregard said, and at length replied in substance that he recognized its weight; nevertheless, as he hoped the enemy was not suspecting our proximity, he felt bound, as he had put the army in motion for a battle, to venture the hazard. Whereupon the officers rapidly dispersed to their respective commands for that venture. As I have seen it intimated, among others by General Bragg, that this conference was a mere casual or "partly accidental meeting of general officers," it may not be amiss to recall that such a conference was the inevitable consequence of the arrival of the Confederate army at the point from which it was to spring upon the enemy, as it were from an ambush. Naturally, moreover, by a conference with their corps commanders, Johnston and Beauregard could best ascertain the condition of all the troops and determine the best course to be pursued. It was after the reports thus made and the mutual blame of each other of two of the corps commanders for the delay, that Beauregard had been confirmed in his apprehension that the campaign had miscarried, and therefore its objective should be given up,— much as Wellington once, in Spain, after taking the field to attack Massena, finding the latter more strongly posted and prepared than he had been misled to believe, had not hesitated to retire without fighting.

V.

THAT night, soon after supper, an aid-de-camp from General Johnston informed me of the general's desire to see me, and guided me to where he was bivouacking in the open air. I was wanted to issue the order for the immediate transfer of Maney's regiment of Tennessee infantry from a brigade in Bragg's corps to a certain brigade in Polk's corps, of which Colonel Maney would have the command as senior officer, which order I wrote, in the absence of any table or other convenience, outstretched upon General Johnston's blankets, which were spread at the foot of a tree. After this was done, and the order dispatched by a special courier so that the transfer might be made in time to place Colonel Maney at the head of the brigade in the coming battle, something led us to talk of the Pacific coast, in which quarter I had served eight years. Having been at Washington during the momentous winter of 1860–61, I spoke of the fact that when Colonel Sumner had been sent *via* the Isthmus of Panama to supersede him (Johnston) in the command of the Department of the Pacific in April, 1861, Sumner's berth in the steamer had been taken under an assumed name, so that the newspapers might not get

and divulge the fact of his departure on that errand in time for intelligence of it to reach the Pacific coast by the overland route, and lead General Johnston to act with a supposed powerful disunion party in California in a revolt against the Federal authority before Sumner's arrival. "Yes," answered the general, with much quiet feeling in his manner, "while distrusting me sufficiently to act thus toward me, my former adjutant-general, Fitz John Porter, was induced to write me of their great confidence in me, and to say that it was their purpose to place me in command of the Federal army, immediately next to General Scott." He had evidently been deeply hurt that his personal character had not shielded him from the suspicion of doing aught while holding a commission that could lead his superiors to suppose it necessary to undertake his supersedure by stealth. (See p. 634.)

VI.

THE next morning, as the Confederate army, deployed in the three lines prescribed in the order of march and battle, moved before sunrise down the gentle wooded slope toward Shiloh Chapel, Generals Johnston and Beauregard, with the general staff as well as aids-de-camp, stood upon a slight eminence, delighted with the evident alacrity, animated faces, and elastic gait with which all moved forward into action. Hardly had the last line passed them before the rattle of musketry announced that Hardee's corps was engaged. General Johnston now informed General Beauregard that he would go to the front with the troops engaged, leaving General Beauregard to take the proper central position from which to direct the movement as the exigencies of the battle might require. Then General Johnston rode off with his personal staff exclusively, except possibly Major Gilmer, the chief engineer. Soon the sound of the battle became general; and as during the battle of Manassas I had been left at headquarters to send reënforcements into action as they came up by rail, I reminded General Beauregard of the fact, and requested to be dispatched to join General Johnston. He assented, and I set off, accompanied by my friend Colonel Jacob Thompson. In a little time I found that the corps commanders were ahead of or separated from a material part of their troops, whom I repeatedly found halted for want of orders. In all such cases, assuming the authority of my position, I gave the orders in the name of General Johnston. At one time I had with me the chiefs-of-staff of Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, Colonel David Urquhart, the chief aid-de-camp of Bragg, and Colonel William Preston, the chief aid-de-camp of General Johnston, all of whom I employed in assisting to press the Confederate troops toward the heaviest firing, and to keep the batteries advancing. Colonels Preston and Urquhart remained with me the longer time and assisted greatly. Finally, however, Urquhart, learning from some of the troops encountered that he was in proximity to his chief, General Bragg, left me to join him, while I, accompanied by Colonel Preston, rode to the right wing in the direction of sharp battle. Soon we came in near view of a deserted Federal encampment in an open field, with a Federal battery of four or six guns unlimbered and horseless, while in advance of it were to be seen a brigade of Confederate troops at a halt. Urquhart now galloped up and informed me that, having found Bragg, that officer had sent him with the request that I should find some troops, and employ them to turn and capture some batteries just in his front which obstructed his advance. I at once pushed across a deep ravine with Urquhart and Preston to the troops in view, which proved to be Statham's brigade of the reserve under General Breckenridge; but because it belonged to the reserve, I hesitated to take the responsibility to employ it, and said so; however, asking Colonel Preston — the brother-in-law as well as aid-de-camp of General Johnston — the hour, he replied, from his watch, twenty minutes after two o'clock. I then said the battle ought to be won by that time, and "I think the reserve should be used." Colonel Preston expressed his agreement with me, and I rode at once to General Breckenridge, who was not far to the rear of his troops, surrounded by a number of officers. Accosting him, I said, "General, it is General Johnston's order that you advance and turn and take those batteries," pointing in the direction indicated by Urquhart, and where was to be heard the din of their discharges. As the order was given, General Breckenridge, clad in a well-fitting blouse of dark-colored Kentucky jeans, straightened himself in his stirrups. His dark eyes seemed to illuminate his swarthy, regular features, and as he sat in his saddle he seemed to me altogether the most impressive-looking man I ever saw.

I then turned, accompanied both by Urquhart and Preston, with the purpose of going to the camp and battery previously mentioned, and from that point to observe the movement. On reaching the ravine, which we had crossed, Colonel Preston, who possibly had just heard from some of the officers of the command just set in motion of General Johnston's recent presence with them, said to me, "I believe I will make another

attempt to find General Johnston," and rode down the ravine to the leftward, and as it so happened, did find General Johnston, but already unconscious, if not dead. He had received his death-wound with the very troops I had found standing at ordered arms, but who were unaware of it, and therefore were not, as has been written, brought to a stand-still by reason of it, and who were put in effective forward movement by me within twenty minutes after his wounding.

A striking incident of the first day's battle may be here mentioned for its novelty on battle-fields. A completely equipped Federal battery was so suddenly turned and environed by the Confederates, that it was captured with all the guns limbered up *en règle* for movement as upon drill, before its officers could possibly unlimber and use its guns in self-defense. The drivers were in their saddles, the gunners seated side by side in their places upon the ammunition-boxes of the caissons, grinning over the situation, and the officers with their swords drawn mounted on their horses. Not a horse had been disabled.

VII.

At the time of the reception of the order given late in the afternoon of the 6th of April by General Beauregard for his greatly disorganized advanced troops to withdraw from action and reorganize for the next day's operation, I had reached a point very close to the Tennessee River where it was densely wooded. The large ordnance of the gun-boats were raking this position with their heavy projectiles, creating more noise, however, than harm to the Confederates, as they tore and crashed in all directions through the heavy forest. Riding slowly backward to the point at which I understood I should find General Beauregard, it was after sunset when I dismounted at the tent of a Federal officer, before which the general was standing with some of his staff and an officer in the uniform of a Federal general, to whom I was introduced. It was General Prentiss. Several hours previously a telegraphic dispatch addressed by Colonel Helm to General Johnston, as well as I now remember, from the direction of Athens, in Tennessee, was brought me from Corinth by a courier, reporting that scouts employed in observing General Buell's movements reported him to be marching not toward a junction with Grant, but in the direction of Decatur, North Alabama. This assuring dispatch I handed to General Beauregard, and then, at his order, I wrote a telegraphic report to the Confederate adjutant-general, Cooper, at Richmond, announcing the results of the day, including the death of General Johnston.

Meanwhile, it had become so dark that I could barely see to write, and it was quite dark by the time that Generals Hardee and Breckenridge came to see General Beauregard for orders for the next day's operations. General Bragg, who had also come from the front, had taken up his quarters for the night in a tent which General Sherman had previously occupied near the Shiloh Chapel. This chapel was a rude log-hut of one story, only two or three hundred yards distant from the spot at which I had found General Beauregard. Leaving General Prentiss in my charge, General Beauregard soon after dark took up his quarters for the night with General Bragg. The corps commanders had meanwhile been personally directed to assemble their respective commands at the earliest possible moment in the morning to be ready for the final stroke.

Colonel Thompson and myself shared, with General Prentiss sandwiched between us, a rough makeshift of a bed made up of tents and captured blankets. Prentiss and Thompson had been old acquaintances, and the former talked freely of the battle, as also of the war, with a good deal of intelligence and good temper. With a laugh, he said: "You gentlemen have had your way to-day, but it will be very different to-morrow. You'll see! Buell will effect a junction with Grant to-night, and we'll turn the tables on you in the morning."

This was said evidently with sincerity, and was answered in the same spirit of good temper. I showed him the dispatch that had reached me on the field. He insisted, however, that it was a mistake, as we would see. Tired as we were with the day's work, sleep soon overtook and held us all until early dawn, when the firing first of musketry and then of field artillery roused us, and General Prentiss exclaimed: "Ah! Didn't I tell you so! That is Buell, you'll find!" And so it proved.

VIII.

Up to half-past two o'clock on the 7th of April, or second day's conflict, General Beauregard had his headquarters at the Shiloh Chapel or immediately at Sherman's former headquarters. The Confederate troops, now hardly 20,000 men, were all either directly in advance of that position or, on right and left of it, somewhat in advance, hotly engaged, only having receded from the places occupied during the night sufficiently to be better massed and organized for fighting. But our losses were swelling, and the straggling was growing more difficult to restrain. A little

after two o'clock, Governor Harris of Tennessee, who, after the death of General Johnston, had joined the staff of Beauregard in action, taking me aside, asked if I did not regard the day as going against us irremediably, and whether there was not danger in tarrying so long in the field as to be unable to withdraw in good order. I answered that I thought it would soon be our proper course to retreat. Having an opportunity a moment later to speak to General Beauregard in private, I brought the subject before him in almost these words:

"General, do you not think our troops are very much in the condition of a lump of sugar thoroughly soaked with water, but yet preserving its original shape, though ready to dissolve? Would it not be judicious to get away with what we have?"

"I intend to withdraw in a few moments," was his reply.

Calling upon his aids-de-camp present, he dispatched them with orders to the several corps commanders to begin the rearward movement. He also directed me to collect as many of the broken organizations as I could,—both of infantry and artillery,—post them in the best position I might find, and hold it until the whole army had passed rearward of it. Such a position I quickly found on an elevated ridge in full view of the chapel and the ground to the right and left of it, and also somewhat more elevated, rising abruptly toward the enemy and receding gently toward Corinth. There I collected and posted some two thousand infantry, making them lie down and rest. I also placed in battery some twelve or fifteen guns, so as to sweep the approach from the direction of the enemy. There also I remained until after four o'clock, or until all the Confederate forces had retired, General Breckenridge's troops being the last, and without seeing a single Federal soldier. I then retired, carrying from the field the caissons loaded down with muskets and rifles picked from the field.

Thomas Jordan.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Offer of Union Command to General A. S. Johnston.

[THE following statement was written in response to an inquiry by us as to the details of the offer of high command referred to in the two foregoing papers.— ED.]

The circumstances which gave rise to the expressed desire of the administration in 1861 to retain General Albert Sidney Johnston in the Federal army were as follows:

Early in April, 1861, while on duty in the adjutant-general's office in Washington, I learned that Colonel Sumner had been dispatched *incog.* to California, with secret orders to assume command of the department of the Pacific, and that this unusual course had been prompted by the fear that the forts and arsenals and garrisons on that coast would be placed in the hands of the secessionists by General Johnston, the then commander, who was reported to be arranging to do so.

I had just received a letter from General Johnston expressing his pleasure at the large and handsome parade of State troops in San Francisco, on February 22d, and at the undoubted loyalty to the Union cause of the whole Pacific coast, and also his earnest hope that the patriotic spirit manifested in California existed as strongly in all other States, and would as surely be maintained by them as it would be in the Pacific States in case of attempted secession.

Fearing the effect of the superseding orders upon a high-toned and sensitive officer, one whom I esteemed as a brother, and earnestly desired to be secured to our cause, I induced Major McDowell to show the letter to Secretary Cameron, and to urge every effort to keep General Johnston from leaving the service. His superior qualifications, his influence among prominent citizens at the South, and especially among his relatives in his native State, Kentucky,—which it was exceedingly desirable to keep in the Union,—were strong inducements to these efforts. My desire was met as cordially and earnestly as it existed, and I was authorized to send, as I did through my friend "Ben Holliday," in New York, for transmission by telegraph to St. Louis, and thence by his "pony express" to San Francisco, the following message: "I take the greatest pleasure in assuring you, for the Secretary of War, that he has the utmost confidence in you, and will give you the most important command and trust on your arrival here. Sidney is appointed to the Military Academy." This message reached General Johnston after the arrival of Colonel Sumner.

In response to the above, and by the same channel of communication, I received this message: "I thank you and my friends for efforts in my behalf. I have resigned and resolved to follow the fortunes of my State." His letter of resignation was soon received, and put an end to all hope, especially as Texas—which had then seceded—was his adopted State.

I felt in 1861, as I now know, that the assertion that General Johnston intended to turn over to the secessionists the defenses of California, or any part of the regular army, was false and absurd. Under no circumstances, even if intended, could such a plan have succeeded, especially with the regular army. But no such breach of trust was intended, nor would any graduate of West Point in the army have committed or permitted it. It had no better foundation than the statement of Senator Conness of California, who three years later urged and secured the assignment of Gen-

eral McDowell to command on the Pacific coast, on the ground that after the war for the Union should have ended there would be in California a more powerful rebellion than that then existing among the Southern States.

Fitz John Porter.

NEW YORK, December 8, 1884.

General Robert Patterson and the Battle of Bull Run.

APPENDED to General Beauregard's paper in the November CENTURY, on "The Battle of Bull Run," is the following foot-note:

"It was Patterson upon whom the Government at Washington depended to neutralize Johnston as an element in McDowell's contest with Beauregard. But, whether from the faultiness of Scott's instructions or of Patterson's understanding of them, or from his failure or inability to execute them,— all of which is matter of controversy,— Patterson neither held Johnston nor reënforced McDowell.—ED."

General Patterson's duty was to assist in carrying out the plans of the general-in-chief when they were made known to him. There is no official record that General Scott gave any order to General Patterson to reënforce General McDowell.

Some nineteen years ago General Patterson, having sought justice in vain through every official channel, published his "Narrative of the Campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah in 1861," in which he thus summarizes his defense:

"(1) That I have already courted an investigation of any charge that could be brought against me; (2) that my whole course was entirely approved by the officers attached to my command, whom I was instructed to consult; (3) that I complied with every order issued to me; (4) that I kept Johnston from joining Beauregard, not only on the day I was directed to do so, but for five days afterward; (5) that I was never informed that the battle had not been fought, at the time indicated, though within reach of a telegraph, but on the contrary, the only dispatch received convinced me that the battle had been fought; (6) that for the delay in fighting it I was in no wise responsible; (7) that the general-in-chief, when I told him I was not strong enough, in my opinion, to attack Johnston, could have ordered me to do so, if he differed from me, as I told him all the circumstances, and asked, 'Shall I attack?' (8) that I informed him that Johnston had gone to General Beauregard, and he himself, in his comments on my testimony (see page 241, vol. II., 'Conduct of the War'), admits that he knew it before delivering battle on the 21st of July."

After a long and useful life, wherein he never hesitated to obey his country's call, General Patterson has passed away. His son now speaks for him.

Robert E. Patterson.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10, 1884.

[While we gladly give place to the above communication, it is proper to say that the object of the foot-note was to make clear to the reader the importance of certain events in the campaign of Bull Run, and not to assign responsibility for those events; and it was to guard against such an inference that we expressly stated this responsibility to be matter of controversy.—ED.]

Uniform of the Highlanders at Bull Run.

IN a foot-note to the "Recollections of a Private" in the November CENTURY, it is said that the Seventy-ninth New York wore the Highland dress at the battle of Bull Run. If by that is meant the "kilts," it is an error. It is true that all the officers and many of the men did wear that uniform when we left the city in June, 1861, and on dress-parade occasions in Washington. But when we went into Virginia, it was laid aside, together with the plaid trowsers worn by all the men on ordinary occasions, and we donned the ordinary blue. Captain ——— was the only one who insisted on wearing the kilts on the march to Bull Run, claiming that as the Highlanders wore that dress in India, it would be quite as comfortable in Virginia; but while chasing a pig, the day before we reached Centreville, the kilts were the cause of his drawing upon himself the ridicule of the whole regiment. When we started for the battle-field on that Sunday morning he, also, appeared in ordinary blue uniform.

William Todd,
Company B, Seventy-ninth New York (Highlanders).

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Some Practicable Reforms.

THE experience of the recent Presidential campaign illuminates the path of political reform with respect to two or three matters of great importance, concerning which there should be no difference of opinion.

The first is the separation, in a few of the States, of the State and Congressional elections from the Presidential election. Twenty years ago the State elections were held separately in many of the States; but the number of these separate elections has been gradually reduced, until the only Northern States now holding elections before November are Vermont, Maine, and Ohio. Pennsylvania was once the "Keystone State" of the political arch, but its citizens grew weary of that distinction, and transferred their State contest to November. Indiana was a "pivotal" State four years ago, but the experience of that campaign sufficed for Indiana, and the October election was abolished. In West Virginia the same change was made at the last election. The remaining States may well follow the good example. The fewer these preliminary elections become, the greater will be the injury suffered by the States that retain them. The people of these States

can do themselves and the whole country a great service by simply changing the date of their State elections. These remarks will apply to all the States, North and South, that still maintain the separate contest; but they are especially applicable to Ohio, which, from its central position, its large population, and the evenly matched strength of the two political parties, has now become the battle-ground of the politicians. The Valley of Jezreel in the early ages was no more the arena of the fighting nations than are the broad and fertile fields of the great central State, the scene of the fiercest political struggles of the nation. This is the fact already, and it is destined to be more and more true with every succeeding year. No sooner are the issues between the two parties joined than the eyes of the leaders are concentrated upon Ohio, and the campaign opens with activity and even fierceness.

Indeed, the strife begins before the national conventions assemble; for, in the choice of delegates to these conventions, the action of the "pivotal" State assumes a factitious importance, and is discussed with disproportionate zeal. Practically, therefore, Ohio devotes fully six months of every Presidential year to the excitements of political campaigning. The effect of this protracted diversion of the energies of the people from their regular pursuits is injurious in the extreme. Business is paralyzed; workmen are listless or irregular; the schools are invaded by the frenzy; the churches are hindered in their work. The additional cost of the October election to the people of Ohio must be very large. The merchants and professional men of both parties complain bitterly of the tribute exacted of them for campaign purposes; and one who observes the amount of money expended in every city and town for bands and torches and fireworks and uniforms, and all the various campaign devices, can easily believe that these levies must be severe.

But these are the smallest of the evils entailed upon the October States by the October elections. The needless protraction of the excitement must affect injuriously the health of multitudes. The young men who spend so many weeks in almost nightly parades, exposing themselves to all kinds of weather, depriving themselves of needful rest, and keeping their nerves in constant tension, must suffer serious and, in many cases, permanent physical injury. The bitterness engendered by these fierce and long-continued contests even disturbs the pleasant relations of neighbors, and mars the peace of society. Above all, the occurrence of these early elections affords to the partisans and the corruptionists of both parties their opportunity. All the political rascality of the country stands ready to contribute its services and its resources to carry the principal October State. Arrangements are made for colonizing voters from the neighboring States; money in large amounts is poured into the State for the corruption of the franchise. If Ohio is a "pivotal" State, it will be the opinion of the average political machinist that the pivot must be well lubricated. Thus, upon the October States, and especially upon Ohio, are concentrated the worst political influences of the whole country. And although the injurious effect is chiefly felt in Ohio, the whole country suffers to a considerable extent from the disturbance of business interests and the uncertainty and anxiety occasioned by the early elections.

If the States in which the local elections are now separate from the Presidential election would amend their constitutions so that hereafter all the elections should occur in November, a great and valuable reform would be secured. There would still be close and heated contests, and the ills of which mention has been made would be cured but in part; but it is perfectly evident that a very large part of them would be abated by this simple remedy. We are not aware of any reasons for continuing the present order in these States that could have any force when compared with the obvious reasons which have been suggested for the change. It is gratifying to hear that the people of Ohio are fully awake to the importance of this reform, and that a movement to secure it is receiving the support of the best men of both parties. It is to be hoped that Ohio will spare itself and the nation the curse of another October election in the Presidential year.

In most of the large cities, and notably in the city of New York, it would be well to separate the municipal elections from both the State and the national elections, in order to prevent the trading which is always practiced in the interest of local candidates. There is no good reason why party lines should not be ignored in municipal contests. It makes not the slightest difference whether the mayor of New York is a Democrat or a Republican, if he is only a man of sound character, clever judgment, and firm will. The complete divorce of municipal affairs from party politics, and the hearty coöperation of all good citizens to secure clean and economical government, are greatly to be desired.

Another perfectly feasible reform is the postponement of the nominating conventions of the political parties. The time now occurring between the nominations and the election is much longer than is necessary for a fair canvass of the questions at issue and a thorough investigation of the merits of candidates. If the conventions were not held before the first of August, the campaign would be quite long enough for all practical purposes. If the elections occur once in four years, and if the campaign be protracted through five or six months of the year, the time devoted to these contests is certainly excessive. A strain so frequent and so long-continued upon the industrial and the moral interests of the nation is intolerable. If we cannot have the Presidential term extended, the next best thing to do is to shorten the campaign. And this will be done if the business men of the country resolutely demand it at the hands of the politicians.

Still another most salutary reform would be the holding of the nominating conventions in halls barely large enough to contain the delegates and the representatives of the press. The conventions could then be, what none of them has been of late, deliberative bodies, and could exercise some judgment in the choice of candidates. The presence in the convention of a mob of heelers and strikers, from all parts of the country, to shout for their favorite candidates and to overpower the assembly by sheer brute force, is a most discreditable spectacle, and it has proved to be a mischievous appendage to our political machinery. The gentlemen of the national committees can put an end to this if they will; and it is to be hoped that a clear expression of public opinion will make plain to them the path of duty.

Three Comments on the Stage.

By a mere accident, three interesting comments on the modern stage have been made by contributors to The Century within a very brief period. In January Dr. Gladden and Mr. Towse made some severe criticisms; in this number of The Century one of Mr. Howells's characters speaks his mind on the subject. The general tone of these three utterances is neither complimentary nor reassuring. Dr. Gladden merely suggests an offset to the lower influences of the stage, while Mr. Howells's man expresses a passing, but very positive opinion. Mr. Towse alone goes into the question of direct remedies, and his remarks are worthy of serious consideration, for he is, especially, a "friend of the stage," and by profession a student and critic of it.

We have often thought that if the habitual denouncers of the stage and its associations really knew their subject, they could prepare a much more telling bill of indictment against it than any we have yet seen from such sources. In proportion as they do know their subject, are their criticisms effective and useful. But the usual perfunctory "attack upon the theater" is apt to be a vague, rather ignorant and indiscriminating essay, which offends persons of knowledge and common sense, and naturally infuriates the actors of every grade and standing.

The fact is that the modern stage is probably a little worse and certainly much better than its customary condemners have any idea of. The mistake they make is to suppose that the whole thing is corrupt, objectionable, and removable. Acting may be called the oldest art, as it is the most popular — and, at its best, one of the most useful and commendable. It came a great while ago, and will doubtless stay as long as this globe is habitable. It is, moreover, a very trying profession,— we are inclined to think the most trying. Some of the worst people in the world are on the stage, or in some way or other connected with it,— some of the most ignorant, vicious, and pernicious,— and also, we verily believe, some of the best.

We heartily wish that literature were better, *all the way through*, than it is. There are many very good books and periodicals in the world; but there are a great many abominable ones, and their number increases year by year; they are sold cheap, circulate widely, and do no end of harm. We heartily wish that the stage were better than it is, *all the way through;* but we know of no medicine that is sure to work its perfect cure. Every one in any way associated with it, whether behind or in front of the foot-lights, should do his part toward "improving its condition," for its condition, as reflected in the three comments we have printed, is evidently in great need of improvement. The present tendency of some of our best writers of fiction to write plays for actual presentation is a hopeful sign of the times. As for ourselves, if sticking pins in here and there, and speaking an encouraging word now and then, in the future as in the past, will do any good, the stage is welcome to our services!

In suggesting, as above, a comparison between literature and the stage, we do not mean to imply that the theater and general literature are in every way comparable. The theater should rather be compared with the literature of amusement — say with fiction. Even as thus compared we fear that it would be at a disadvantage. While there may be more that is degrading in current fiction, there is perhaps less that is elevating in the stage of to-day. In other words, take together the bad and the good of current fiction,— while the bad may sink lower than anything one is likely to see on the stage, the average of fictional literature would probably be found to be better and more elevating than the average of theatrical entertainment. One cause of the vulgarizing tendency of much of the amusement offered in our theaters may be found in the double nature of dramatic representation. The stage is compounded of two arts — that of the author and that of the actor. Even when the author does worthy and refined work, ten chances to one his characters will be debased by actors without culture of mind, soul, or manners.

Authors, actors, and managers are alike under obligation to the public to give better entertainment than is now the rule; as Mr. Towse has shown, they cannot throw their own personal responsibility upon the public shoulders, for there is no "art, profession, or business in which public credulity, ignorance, or folly is accepted as a valid excuse for non-performance of duty." But neither can the public rest blameless if it accepts without protest an inferior article.

After all, the surest way to "elevate the stage" is to elevate the audience. The stage, like the press and like literature generally, will be apt to take its tone from the community to which its appeal is made. If the community will demand a better class of theatrical representation it will get it.

Overmuch Wisdom.

A story is told of a conservative clergyman who was present at a woman-suffrage convention when a terrible thunder-storm arose, and who made haste to interpret the storm as an expression of the wrath of God against the "infamous work" in which the reformers were engaged. Thereupon the aged negress known as Sojourner Truth is said to have retorted: "*You* ain't acquainted with God." The parson was silenced, of course; what reply could be made to such a challenge? "Answer a fool according to his folly," says the wise man. The reply of Sojourner was a good specimen of this style of controversy. Does the wise man mean that none but a fool can effectually answer a fool? Certainly we do encounter, now and then, examples of unreason so gross that it seems useless to attempt any rational response. The clerical expounder of the thunder-storm furnishes a specimen of this stupidity. None but a densely ignorant person would have ventured thus to declare the final cause of a natural phenomenon of this nature. A "Master in Israel" who knows no more than to assign moral reasons for particular meteorological changes has not yet learned the alphabet of Christ's religion. Such reasons there may be; but the power to discover and reveal them does not belong to man, and he who undertakes to exercise such power makes an enormous assumption. Knowledge of this kind could only be derived from an immediate prophetic revelation. Respecting the general course of nature, we may be able to affirm confidently that it is under divine guidance, and that the outcome of all its forces is good. Strauss himself asserts that "order and law, reason and goodness" are the soul of the universe; and Matthew Arnold declares

the statement that all things work together for moral ends to be a verifiable statement. But although as much as this may be said concerning the divine Providence, considered in its larger relations and in its ultimate results, it is impossible to explain any single natural phenomenon or any particular event of history. The great results which we confidently predict are produced by the interworking of a vast number of causes; the process is one that no man can understand; the relation of any given fact to the grand result no man can explain; nothing short of omniscience can discern the moral meanings of particular events, as they are combined in the divine purpose, and he who undertakes, as the clergyman in question did, to declare the intent of Providence in any particular occurrence assumes omniscience.

The readiness to expound Providence is a sure mark of mental obtuseness. Those who know the least are the readiest to undertake it. The barbarian always judges that an unexpected calamity or a violent or unusual death is a proof of the displeasure of the gods. That was the opinion of Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite, enforced at great length in the Book of Job. "Who ever perished being innocent, or when were the righteous cut off?" Against this judgment the good Sheik sturdily remonstrates, and the argument of the book vindicates his protest.

When the boiler of a ferry-boat exploded on a Sunday in New York harbor, those were not wanting who expounded the accident as a divine testimony against Sabbath-breaking. The fact that a score or more of innocent children suffered in the catastrophe caused these expounders no trouble; the God whom they worship would seem to be a being who deals out his penalties without much discrimination. When a theater was burned in Brooklyn, these interpreters made haste to announce that it was a sign of God's displeasure against theater-going. But when casualties of the same description have occurred in churches, they have not been so swift with their explanations. A good woman in the West was killed by lightning while praying with her children during a thunder-storm. If she had been playing some innocent game with them, certain good people who disapprove of diversion would have regarded her death as a testimony against that particular game. Occurring as it did, they would be slow to assert that it was a testimony against prayer. The simple truth is, that providential evils, like providential benefits, are visited on the just and on the unjust, and they are wise who refuse to expound them. It is singular that any man who reads the daily newspapers should venture on such an exposition.

"Let us Have Peace!"

As THIS magazine has not hesitated to bring to the notice of the country whatever social and political evils were supposed to exist in any part of it, and as it has especially given attention to the condition of the freedmen in the Southern States, we will not now be regarded as writing in a partisan spirit when we deprecate and denounce the narrow, sectional, and embittered tone of comment which still lingers in certain quarters of the North. That this tone is less frequent than it was a few years ago is a token of the mellowing of feeling which takes place as the Civil War, with its animosities, moves farther and farther back into history; it is a sign, also, of the improved condition and spirit of the South, and of the new era of common interests and mutual sympathy and respect.

It is something worthy of remark that at the present moment, whenever the old note of sectional hatred is struck, it has a jarring and unwelcome sound in the North itself. The true lover of the whole country — undivided and indivisible — is shocked and pained when this note is sounded,— a note that was not sounded by Lincoln or by Grant even in the thick of the fight. It is further noticeable that it is to "the fury of the non-combatant" that we generally owe this note of discord; while the men who did the fighting did it "with malice toward none, with charity for all." Our men of war have proved indeed the true friends of peace, and not its enemies. "Both read the same Bible," said Lincoln, "and pray to the same God, . . let us judge not that we be not judged." It was Grant who stipulated that not one sword should be handed to the conquerors at Appomattox.

While the questions of slavery and secession are forever settled, there are still to be approached grave and delicate problems growing out of changed social and political relations. These require the most conscientious, cool, wise, and brave consideration. This is the time not for the demagogue, not for the reckless agitator, but for the philanthropist and statesman. In our day the politician who wears the "bloody shirt" will be buried with it.

NOTE.—In justice to the author, we should mention that an accidental omission in the January installment of "The Knight of the Black Forest" was not discovered until the present installment had gone to press. We mention this to explain the abruptness of the beginning of chapter IX. In the omitted portion are elaborated the points of difference between Lois and Prentiss. Prentiss's *gaucheries* of manner and lack of æsthetic appreciation are made more evident, as well as his genuine kindness of heart; while the essential rudeness of the more polished Von Lindenfels is shown by his compliments to Lois during a walk taken by the party in the neighboring woods.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THERE are people who will argue with you half an hour to prove that two and two make four.

ALL majorities are of the nature of a mob; when mankind gets into a tight place it always looks to the minority for relief.

RHUBARB and sugar is just as good physic as rhubarb and salt, and it is a heap more pleasant to take.

THE top round of the ladder is an imaginary one; no man ever reached it yet.

I NEVER judge a man by the length of his creed, but by the breadth of it.

Uncle Esek.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

1st Traveler to 2d Traveler (in a great hurry): "Which is the train for Minneapolis?"
2d Traveler: "Just what I want to know myself! The fellow told me to take the train to the left; but which the dickens is the left depends on which way you stand!"

Two Valentines.

RONDEL.

AWAKE, awake, O gracious heart,
  There's some one knocking at the door:
The chilling breezes make him smart;
  His little feet are tired and sore.

Arise, and welcome him before
  Adown his cheeks the big tears start:
  Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
There's some one knocking at the door!

'Tis Cupid come with loving art
  To honor, worship, and implore;
And lest, unwelcomed, he depart
  With all his wise, mysterious lore,
Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
  There's some one knocking at the door!

FOR SAYNTE VALENTYNE, HIS DAYE.

Goe, little Rhyme, & greete Her,
  Goe, tel Her yt I thinke
Things infinitely sweeter
  Yn I maie putt in Inke:
Ye Musick of ye meter
  Shal linger on ye Aire
Ye whiles She turns ye Leaves & learns
  Ye Secrett hidden there.

Flye, little Leafe of Paper,
  Flye, merrie-hearted Bird,
& lett your Fancie shape Her
  Some dear & simple Word,
Soe sweete it sha'n't escape Her
  & if a Blushe you see
Steale upp & chase across Her face,
  Return & counsell me.

Haste, little God! I send Her,
  Bye You, ys MS,
Wch hopefull Love has penned Her
  Withe quill in Honie dipt;
Haste; bidd Her Heart be tender
  Unto ye lightesome Line
Where I in maske have come to aske
  To be Her Valentyne!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

LIGHT cotton-bale mighty often take mo' baggin' dan de heavy one.

LONG ha'r don't hide de brand on de horse.

NEW-GROUNDS take de toughness out de beefsteak.

IT'S was'in' time to cook de batter-cake on bofe sides.

MUDDY road calls de mile-pos' a liar.

'TIS hard to make clo'es fit a miserbul man.

COAXIN' some folks is like coolin' quicklime wid a cup o' water.

DE stopper gits de longes' res' in de empty jug.

HORSESHOE ober de do' don't dribe orf de tax collector.

DE church-bells sometimes do better wuk dan de sermon.

SOME o' de wus lookin' animals at de county fa'r got to pay to git in.

DE cleanes' paf is de wus one to lay down in.

DE wus skeered man is ap' to miss de safes' place.

TALKIN' to some folks is same as warmin' your fingers by a piece o' fox-fire.

J. A. Macon.

Plantation Memories.

I.

OH, JULY — DIS LONG TIME!

(Putnam County, Georgia, 1858.)

MR. COON, Mr. Coon, he rack mighty fas',
Mr. Coon, Mr. Coon, he slip froo de grass—
En yit Mr. Coon gits kotch at las'!
  Oh, July! Dis long time!
  Dis long time! Oh, July!
  Oh, July! Dis strong time!
  Dis strong time! Oh, July! *

Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Rabbit, he run en squot,
He lif' he foot lak de groun' mighty hot—
En yit Mr. Rabbit lan's safe in de pot!
  Oh, July! Dis strong time!
  Dis strong time! Oh, July!
  Oh, July! Mighty long time!
  Mighty long time! Oh, July!

Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, he git over groun',
He run cross-ways en he run all 'roun'—
En yit Mr. Fox will be run down!
  Oh, July! Dis long time!
  Dis long time! Oh, July!
  Oh, July! Dis wrong time!
  Dis wrong time! Oh, July!

Mr. Mink, Mr. Mink, he slicker dan sin,
He make 'im a hole en den he slip in—
En yit Mr. Mink will lose he skin!
  Oh, July! Mighty wrong time!
  Mighty wrong time! Oh, July!
  Oh, July! Mighty long time!
  Mighty long time! Oh, July!

II.

WALK-A CHALK.

(In and around Sapelo, Georgia Coast.)

'E WALK-A CHALK, da honkry man,
'E eat um rice, 'e sop um pan;
'E sop um pan, 'e lick um dry,
'E smack 'e mout', 'e roll 'e y-eye:
  Ki! Walk-a Chalk!

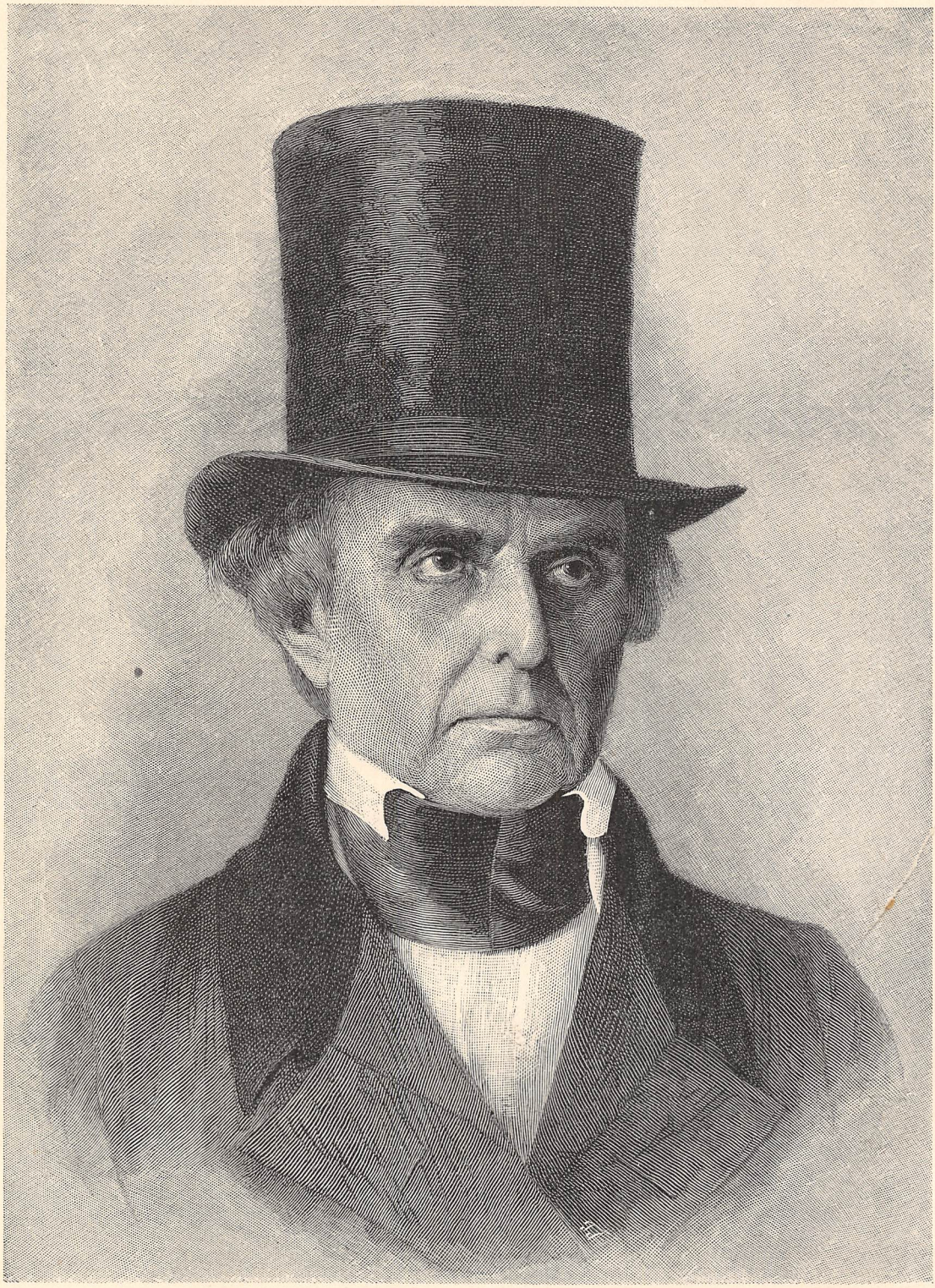
Da' honkry man, 'e Walk-a Chalk,
'E mout' so full 'e no kin talk,
'E shed 'e y-eye, 'e wuk um jaw,
'E no kin talk, 'e chaw um chaw:
  Hi! Walk-a Chalk!

'E wipe 'e mout', 'e shed 'e y-eye,
'E 'tretch um out, lak gwan fer die,
'E flup 'e head smack in da pan,
'E dream 'e yerry da buckra-man! †
  'E Walk-a Chalk!

Joel Chandler Harris.

* This refrain chorus belongs to a dozen different songs. Its meaning must be taken literally. July is a long time, a hot time, and a strong time to those who work in the sun.

† The white man; the overseer, or boss.



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THE LAND OF THE FALSE PROPHET.*

IN this paper I have endeavored to describe the Nile route which the British have selected for their line of advance, the country in which their operations must be carried on, and the warlike race they have to encounter. The Soudan, as any one may see by referring to the map, is an immense region extending on both sides of the equator and across the entire continent of Africa. Its name is derived from the Arabic *aswad*, plural *suda*, black, and *Beled-es-Soudan*, as the Arabs call it, means literally the Land of the Blacks. On the east of the Nile it extends to the Red Sea, and on the west it embraces Kordofan and Darfour. Its capital is Khartoum, at the junction of the White with the Blue Nile. South of Khartoum is Sennaar, bounded on the west by the White Nile and on the east by Abyssinia. When General Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan in 1873–78, a chain of Egyptian garrisons, of which Gondokoro was the principal, reached as far as the great lakes. Egypt proper extends only from the Mediterranean to the first cataract.

The Nile, issuing from the lakes near the equator, is the only source of life for the entire region. No wonder the ancient Egyptians worshiped the Nile as a god, for without it their country would have been a desolate, sandy waste, like the deserts to the east and west of it. After a course of 3300 miles (the last 1700 without a single affluent or tributary) the Nile separates into two main branches at the head of the Delta, finally discharging the greatly diminished volume of its waters into the Mediterranean through the Rosetta and Damietta mouths.

Let us imagine ourselves ascending the stream when it is at its full, in early September. Twelve miles above the apex of the Delta we arrive in sight of the city of Cairo. On the eastern bank, on a plain extending three miles back to the Mokattan hills, stands the vast Arab city of nearly half a million of people, with the thousand minarets of its four hundred mosques, its palaces, and its gardens of waving palm-trees. On one of the first spurs of the Mokattan, three hundred feet above the plain, rises the great citadel founded by Saladin. On the west bank tower those wonders of the world, the great pyramids of Gizeh, and beyond them the Libyan desert stretches without limits until it merges into the Great Sahara. As we advance, the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of the Nile unfolds itself before our eyes. We pass the site of ancient Memphis and the eleven pyramids of Sakkara. In the narrow valley, rarely three miles in width, and generally much less, is contained all the cultivable land of Egypt. Excepting a few oases, all the rest is the desert. At many points the utterly barren hills of the Arabian and the Libyan chains come down to the river's edge, and nothing is seen but the rugged red and yellow cliffs, with the heated air visibly quivering under the fierce African sun. Then again, as the hills recede for a mile or less, sometimes on one shore alone, sometimes on both, are rich harvests, whitening cotton, green sugar-cane, date-

* The reader will be interested in knowing that General Colston writes out of his knowledge of the Soudan gained while he was an officer on the general staff of the Egyptian army, in the service of which he commanded two expeditions of exploration in the Soudan, traveling on all the principal caravan routes, and spending two years in the towns and among the tribes which are frequently mentioned in connection with El Mahdi's rebellion.— ED.

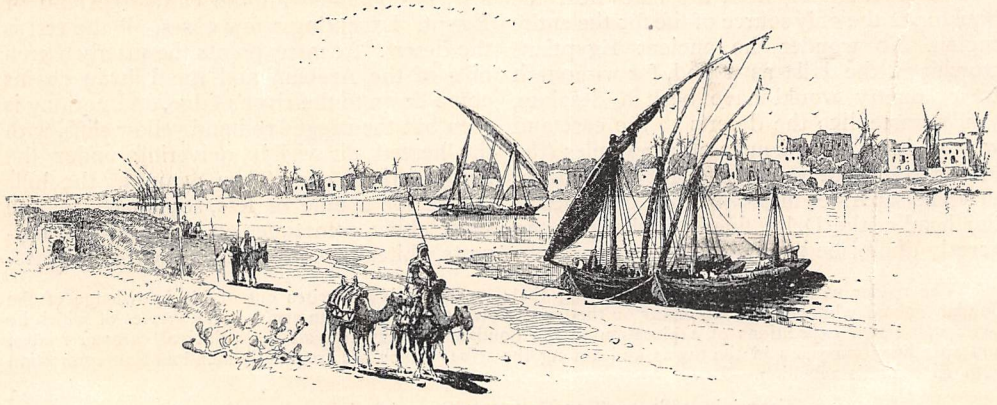
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laden palms, and native villages with their quaint pigeon-houses and solitary minarets; while here and there under the orange and fig trees may be seen the white dome over the tomb of some Mussulman saint. At sunrise and sunset long files of veiled women in loose blue robes come down from the villages to the river's brim; then, with their water-jars carefully poised on their heads, walk away with stately stride. We pass Denderah, Karnak, Luxor, Thebes, with their temples, sphinxes, obelisks, and majestic ruins, before we reach the first cataract. Our boat, towed by some five hundred naked Nubians, yelling like so many black demons, is dragged up above the rapids between great rocks of glistening basalt, and resumes its course up the river. Passing the island of Elephantiné and the great Ptolemaic temple of Isis at Philæ, the most picturesque ruin in Egypt, two hundred miles more of uninterrupted navigation brings us to the wonderful cliff-excavated temple of Abou-Simbel and to the second cataract at Wady Halfa.

Here we must leave our boat, which has carried us nine hundred miles from the sea. Five great cataracts and many rapids several miles in length make navigation impracticable, if not quite impossible, to Berber, a further distance of seven hundred and fifty miles by water. It is at and beyond Wady Halfa that the river expedition will encounter its greatest difficulties; yet there is nothing within the limits of possibility that British gold, skill, and pluck may not accomplish. But too much time has been lost, for the Nile is as regular as the course of the seasons. It begins to rise at Khartoum about June 21st, is at its fullest by September 1st, and decreases steadily and regularly from October 1st until the next summer solstice. Instead of wasting months in vacillating about impossible desert routes, the British authorities should have understood from the first that the expedition *must* follow the Nile, which alone can save it from perishing of thirst. The army should have left Cairo in August, and have reached Khartoum in December. Now it is impeded by low water — the hot season begins in March, and a summer in the Soudan will cost more lives than the enemy.

At Wady Halfa ordinary expeditions mount the desert-ship — the camel — and follow the western bank of the river. As we ascend the Nile, the complexions of the natives shade toward black. The fellah of Lower Egypt, no darker than a creole, becomes of a deeper hue with every day's journey. The Nubians above the first cataract are chocolate in color, but with straight hair and profile. Next, the Dongolawee, more or less mixed; and after them, the endless variety of Central African types begins to prevail, the complexion growing darker, the profile more prognathous, and the hair more kinky, yet altogether unlike the woolly headed negro of the Guinea coast, the parent-stock of America's colored population. Ruins of great temples bear witness in these far regions to the extent of the dominion of ancient Egypt.

At Hannek, near the third cataract, numerous islands of basaltic rock rise to the height of two or three hundred feet above the bed of the river. Most of these are crowned with the ruins of large and imposing castles with lofty towers and battlements, erected nine or ten hundred years ago by the dwellers of the Nile Valley as a refuge against the *razzias* of the robber tribes. These ruins, especially at Sarras, are strikingly like those of the feudal castles on the Rhine. Above the third cataract we pass the large and fertile island of Argo on our way to New Dongola, the place so frequently mentioned in the daily dispatches. It is the center of a turbulent and adventurous population, in great part descended from the old Memlooks who escaped Mohammed Ali's massacre in 1811 and fled here for refuge. Among these people,



KHARTOUM.



A CAMEL-DRIVER.

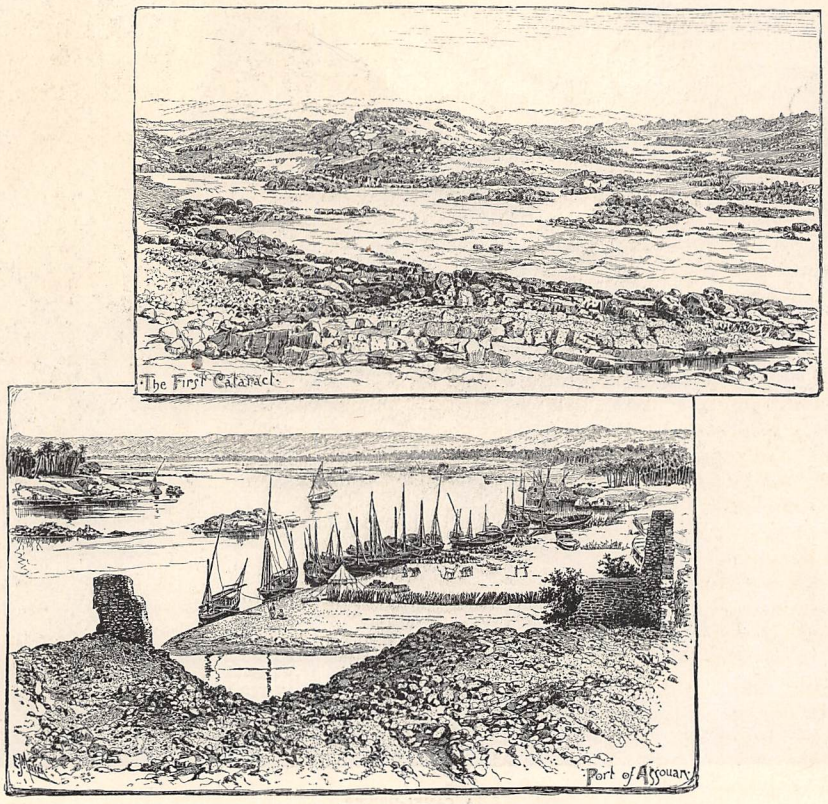
slave-hunters always find an abundance of willing recruits.

Passing Old Dongola, an almost abandoned town on the eastern bank, we reach Debbeh just at the elbow where the Nile resumes its northern course after its sharp bend to the south-west at Abou-Hamed, nearly two hundred miles above. At Debbeh the great caravan route to El Obeid and Darfour leaves the Nile and strikes off to the south-west through desolate deserts.* Halfway between Debbeh and Abou-Hamed is

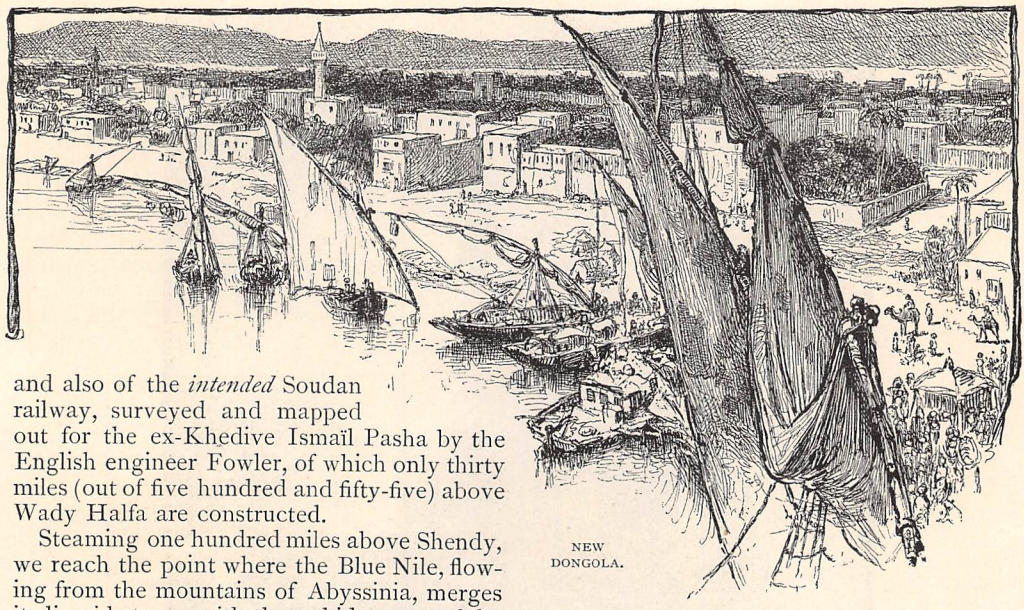
* A short distance above Debbeh are Ambukol and Korti, which the British will make their second base if they abandon the river route in consequence of the increasing difficulties due to the regular fall of the Nile at this season. From Ambukol a trail leads across the Bahiouda desert to Shendy, and another to Khartoum (220 and 240 miles); but this route presents the same difficulty explained in the September CENTURY as common to desert routes, *i. e.*, the impossibility of marching several thousand men with their immense trains through a waterless tract in which the wells, few and far apart, can never supply more than 500 men at one time.

the fourth cataract, near Merawi, which acquired a tragic celebrity as the scene of the massacre of Colonel Stewart and his party in October last. Abou-Hamed is a miserable Nile town, memorable for the destruction of a body of eight hundred Turkish Bashi-Bazouks (irregular cavalry), who were surprised by the Bishareens, in 1820. All who escaped from Bedouin swords and spears were driven into the river and drowned in the cataracts below. It derives its only importance from being the southern terminus of the great Korosko caravan route. On the way between Abou-Hamed and Berber is the fifth cataract, one of the most picturesque as well as difficult on the Nile. From several days' observation at two different times, I believe this cataract to be quite impassable for ascending boats on account of the rocks and the extreme velocity of the water. The crocodile and hippopotamus abound there, and aquatic birds are found in great numbers. One hundred and thirty-three miles above Abou-Hamed is Berber, a town of ten thousand people, recently shelled and temporarily recaptured by General Gordon. It owes its importance to its position, being the great *entrepôt* of almost all the Soudan export trade, which here leaves the no longer navigable upper river and finds its way by the great caravan route to Suakim on the Red Sea.

Here the ascending traveler may take to the river once more, embarking on one of the small side-wheel steamers brought in sections on camel's-back many years ago and put together at this point. Not over seventy feet in length, drawing very little water, yet frequently getting aground on sand-banks, they seem to have been Gordon's chief reliance. Thirty miles above Berber we pass the mouth of the Atbara, the last affluent of the Nile, coming down from Abyssinia and flowing only during the rainy season. In the peninsula formed by the Nile and the Atbara, called by Strabo the island of Méroé, and just above the sixth cataract, are wonderful vestiges of Ethiopian civilization. Besides sphinxes and ruined temples, I counted no less than forty-two pyramids, which, though far smaller than those of Gizeh, would be considered gigantic in any other land.



A few miles above these ruins is Shendy, an important market-town, the terminus of the caravan route from Kassala and Abyssinia,



NEW DONGOLA.

and also of the *intended* Soudan railway, surveyed and mapped out for the ex-Khedive Ismaïl Pasha by the English engineer Fowler, of which only thirty miles (out of five hundred and fifty-five) above Wady Halfa are constructed.

Steaming one hundred miles above Shendy, we reach the point where the Blue Nile, flowing from the mountains of Abyssinia, merges its limpid stream with the turbid waters of the White Nile. Just above the angle formed by the two rivers lies the city of Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan. It was founded by Mohammed Ali, a man of great genius and iron will, who originated all those reforms, both civil and military, that placed Egypt far ahead of all other Mussulman countries. When he had completed the conquest of Kordofan and the submission of the Bedouin tribes in 1820, he at once recognized the importance of the commercial and strategic position of Khartoum. A palace for the governor, barracks for a garrison, an arsenal and a shipyard were constructed in substantial style, and the new city soon became the center of a vast trade in ivory, ostrich feathers, gum arabic, grain, cattle, and last, though far from least, slaves. In fact, it always was the point where slave-traders fitted out their expeditions, obtained their recruits, and found a market for their human cattle. I was there while Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan. He had received from the Khedive Ismaïl Pasha the most stringent orders to suppress the slave-trade by the sternest exercise of military power, and the native governors dared not show any remissness in seconding him; but the trade was so interwoven with the ideas and customs of the people, that very little effect was produced beyond forcing it to seek concealment by going around the city instead of through it. The Austrian consul, Mr. Rossett, a very intelligent gentleman, told me at the time that the slave-bazaars were closed, it was true; but if any one wanted one hundred boys or girls, they could be procured quietly, within two hours, at the rate of thirty-five to fifty dollars a head.

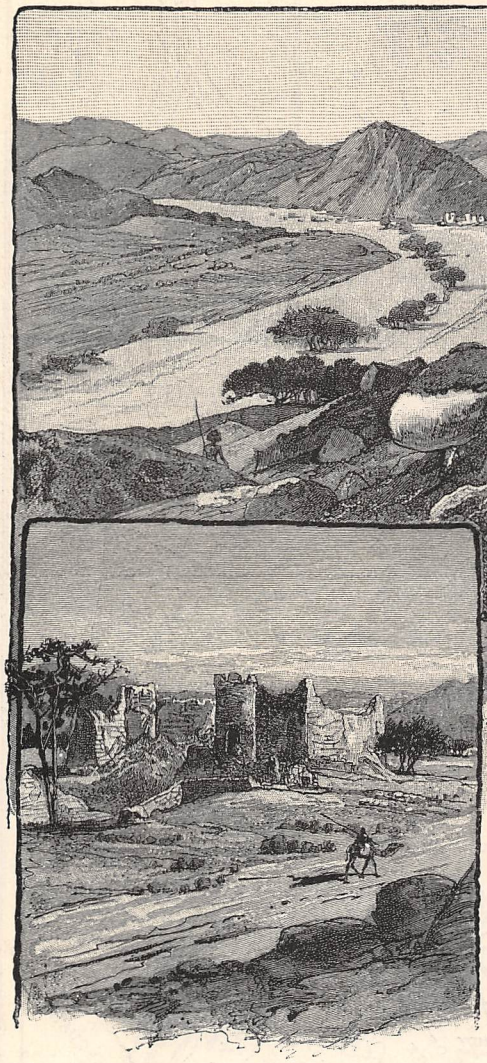
Khartoum is a city numbering between fifty and sixty thousand people. Several European consuls reside there. The American consul was Azar Abd-el-Melek, a Christian Copt from Esneh, and one of the principal merchants. The European colony is small and continually changing; for Khartoum is a perfect grave-yard for Europeans, and in the rainy season for natives also, the mortality averaging then from thirty to forty per day, which implies three thousand to four thousand for the season. Khartoum is the commercial center of the Soudan trade, amounting altogether to sixty-five million dollars a year, and carried on by one thousand European and three thousand Egyptian commercial houses. Drafts and bills of exchange upon Khartoum are as good as gold in Cairo and Alexandria, and *vice versa*. From official sources I learned that the city contained three thousand and sixty houses, many of them two-storied, each having from ten to one hundred and fifty occupants. Stone and lime are found in abundance, and the buildings are, after a fashion, substantial, the houses belonging to rich merchants being very spacious and comfortable. There are large bazaars, in which is found a much greater variety of European and Asiatic goods than would be expected in such distant regions. In the spacious market-place a brisk trade is carried on in cattle, horses, camels, asses, and sheep, as well as grain, fruit, and other agricultural produce. Many years ago an Austrian Ro-



A DONGOLA GIRL.

man Catholic mission was established and liberally supported by the Emperor of Austria and by contributions from the entire Catholic world. It occupies a large parallelogram surrounded by a solid wall. Within this inclosure, in beautiful gardens of palm, fig, pomegranate, orange, and banana, stand a massive cathedral, a hospital, and other substantial buildings. Before the people of Egypt and the Soudan had been irritated by foreign interference, such was their perfect toleration and good temper that the priests and nuns, in their distinctive costumes, were always safe from molestation, not only at Khartoum, but even at El Obeid and the neighborhood, where the majority are Mussulmans and the rest heathens. It was stated some months ago that Gordon had abandoned the Governor's palace and transformed the Catholic mission into a fortress, its surrounding wall and massive buildings rendering it capable of strong resistance.

From Khartoum the Nile is navigable nearly to the great lakes. Sennaar on the east and Kordofan on the west of the White Nile are the most southern provinces of the Egyptian Soudan, and extend to about the twelfth degree of latitude, which is also the limit of Moslem predominance. Beyond are the heathen tribes known as Shillooks, Denkas, Doowairs, etc. A little south of the tenth degree the Sobat falls into the Nile on the east and the Bahr-el-Gazal on the west. A few miles above, the Nile Valley expands into an immense net-work of almost inextricable marshes, over one hundred miles in breadth. There is no river that presents more sudden and enormous variations than the Nile. On one of the little steamers which have been doing Gordon such good service, I passed through a gorge of basaltic cliffs, at Jebel Rowyan, about fifty miles below Khartoum. There the whole volume of the Nile flows through a cañon just forty yards in width, but the stream is one hundred and fifty feet deep at low water. A mile below, the river is three miles wide, full of islands, and becomes so shallow that my steamer grounded five or six times in one day.



WADY OLLAKEE.— ANCIENT ARAB CASTLE.

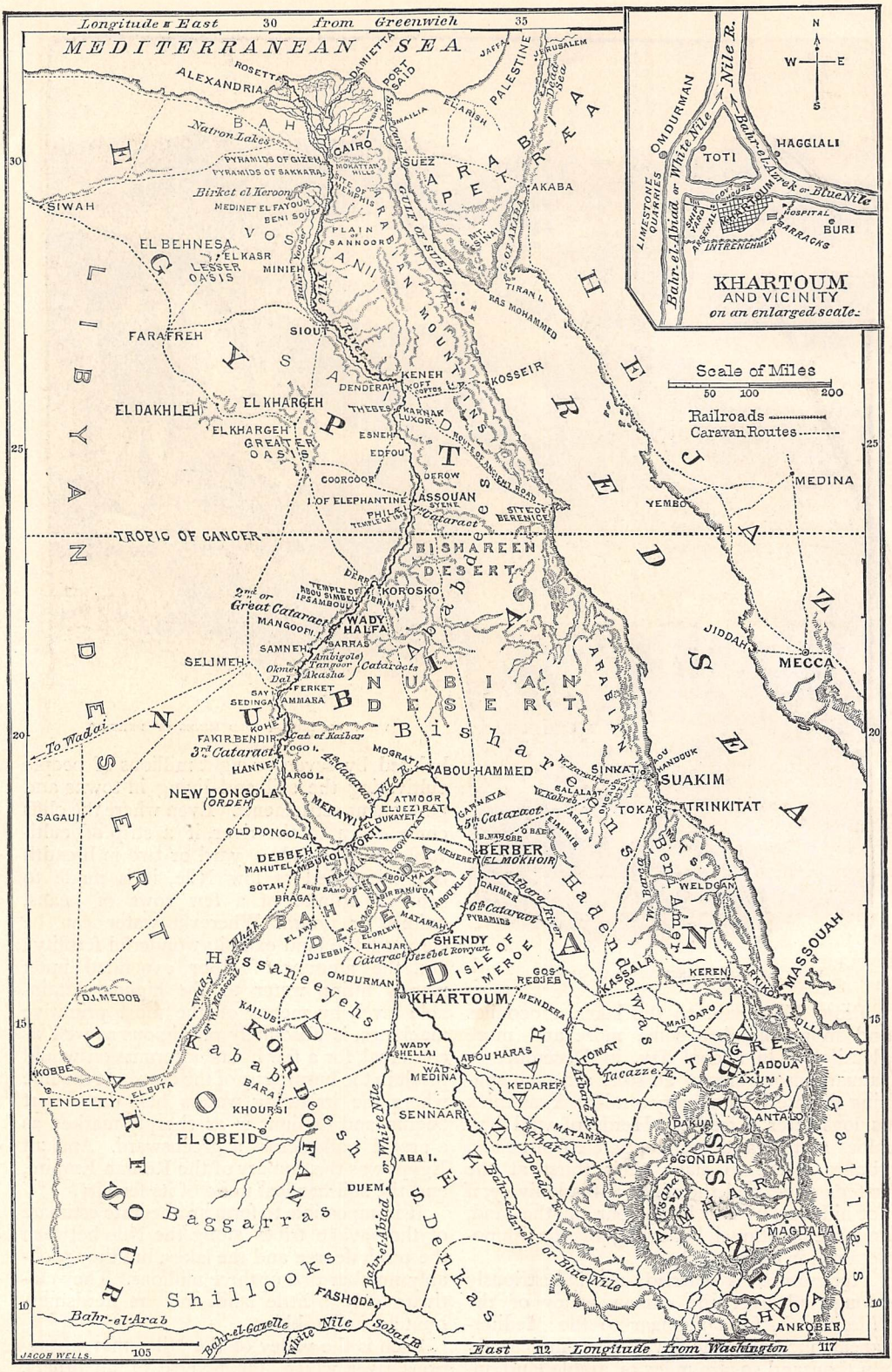
WADY OLLAKEE.— GOLD MINES OF DEREHIB.

From Khartoum to the lakes, crocodiles and hippopotami become more and more plentiful. On a cool day, in December or January, crocodiles of all sizes are seen sunning themselves on every sand-bank, as thick as logs after a freshet. Herds of wild buffaloes and gigantic antelopes, elephants, and giraffes come to slake their thirst at the water's edge, and the night is made lively, if not hideous, by the lion's roar on the land, and the continual bellowing of the hippopotamus in every pool.

Agriculture is carried on industriously enough all over the narrow valley of the Nile, which, from Sennaar to the Mediterranean, including the few oases, contains only ten thousand square miles of arable land, inhabited by seven or eight millions of people cultivating the soil and living in towns and permanent settlements. Even where the cliffs come down to the river, if a strip of cultivable ground only a yard or two in breadth is left exposed at low Nile, it is made to bear its tribute of a few rows of beans, onions, or doura. Wherever water can be elevated, the land exhibits wonderful fertility; and the amount of labor expended upon merely lifting water to the highest attainable level, by means of the most primitive machines, is absolutely prodigious as well as continual, for a few hours' intermission would result in the burning up of the crop. At the line where the irrigating waters halt the desert begins, and its limit is as sharply marked as a gravel walk across a greensward. Ancient Egypt was the granary of the Roman Empire, and the soil has lost none of its fertility.

It is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the savage tribes along the Nile between the tenth degree and the lakes, but they probably number two or three millions. They cultivate only a little land, and are herdsmen, hunters, and robbers.

Such is the valley of the Nile, that mysterious river which, the reverse of all others,


Longitude East 30 from Greenwich 35
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ALEXANDRIA
ROSETTA
DAMIETTA
PORT SAID
JAFFA
JERUSALEM
PALESTINE
Dead Sea
Natron Lakes
CAIRO
SUEZ
AKABA
PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH
PYRAMIDS OF SAKKARA
SITE OF MEMPHIS
Birket el Keroon
MEDINET EL FAYOUM
BENI SOUEF
SIWAH
EL BEHNESA
EL KASR
LESSER OASIS
MINIEH
PLAIN of SANNOORD
Gulf of Suez
Gulf of Akaba
TIRAN I.
RAS MOHAMMED
FARAFREH
SIOUT
KENEH
KOSSEIR
DENDERAH
THEBES
KARNAK
LUXOR
ESNEH
EDFOU
EL DAKHLEH
EL KHARGEH
EL KHARGEH GREATER OASIS
COOROOR
DEROW
I. OF ELEPHANTINE
ASSOUAN
SYENE
PHILÆ
1st Cataract
SITE OF BERENICE
MEDINA
YEMBO
TROPIC OF CANCER
BISHAREEN DESERT
2nd or Great Cataract
TEMPLE OF ABOU SIMBEL
ISAMBOUL
KOROSKO
WADY HALFA
MANGOOFI
SARRAS
SAMNEH
SELIMEH
Ambigole
Tangour
Okmeh
Dal
Aleasha
Cataracts
FERKET
SAY I.
SEDINGA
AMMARA
JIDDAH
MECCA
ARABIAN DESERT
NUBIAN DESERT
KOHE
FAKIR BENDIR
Cat. of Kaibar
3rd Cataract
TOGO I.
To Wadai
HANNEK
ARGO I.
MOGRAT
ABOU-HAMMED
SINKAT
HANDUK
SUAKIM
NEW DONGOLA (ORDEH)
MERAWI
4th Cataract
Nile R.
ATMOOR
ELJEZIRAT
GARNATA
5th Cataract
ELAMMIS
EL BAEK
TOKAR
TRINKITAT
SAGAUI
OLD DONGOLA
EL DUKAYETA
B. MAHOBE
DEBBER
MAHUTEL
AMBUKOL
BERBER (EL MOKHOIR)
SOTAH
ABOU SAMOUD
BRAGA
ABOU HAMED
ABOU KLEA
CARMER
Atbara River
WELDGAN
6th Cataract
PYRAMIDS
MATAMAH
SHENDY
ELJAHAR
ELJEBBIA
Jezebel Rowyan
Cataract
ISLE OF MEROE
GOS REDJEB
KASSALA
KERENA
ARKIKO
MASSOUAH
OMDURMAN
KHARTOUM
MENDERA
MAI OARO
ULLA
DJ. MEDOB
KAILUB
KORDOFAN
Kababeesh
Hassaneeyehs
Wady Melik
Wady el Mosmar
WADY SHELLAI
ABOU HARAS
TOMAT
Tacazze R.
ADDUA
AXUM
KOBBE
TENDELTY
EL BUTA
BARA
KHOURSI
KEDAREF
Atbara R.
SENNAAR
DAKUA
ANTALO
EL OBEID
ABA I.
Rahat R.
GONDAR
DUEM
Dender R.
Bahr-el-Abiad or White Nile
Bahr-el-Azrek or Blue Nile
Baggarras
Shillooks
Denkas
FASHODA
MAGDALA
Bahr-el-Arab
Bahr-el-Gazelle
White Nile
Sobat R.
ANKOBER
JACOB WELLS.
105
East 112 Longitude from Washington 117
KHARTOUM
AND VICINITY
on an enlarged scale.
N
W
E
S
OMDURMAN
Nile R.
Bahr-el-Abiad or White Nile R.
Bahr-el-Azrek or Blue Nile
HAGGIALI
TOTI
LIMESTONE QUARRIES
KHARTOUM
GOVERNOR'S HOUSE
HOSPITAL
BURI
BARRACKS
ARSENAL
SHIPYARD
INTRENCHMENT
Scale of Miles
50 100 200
Railroads
Caravan Routes

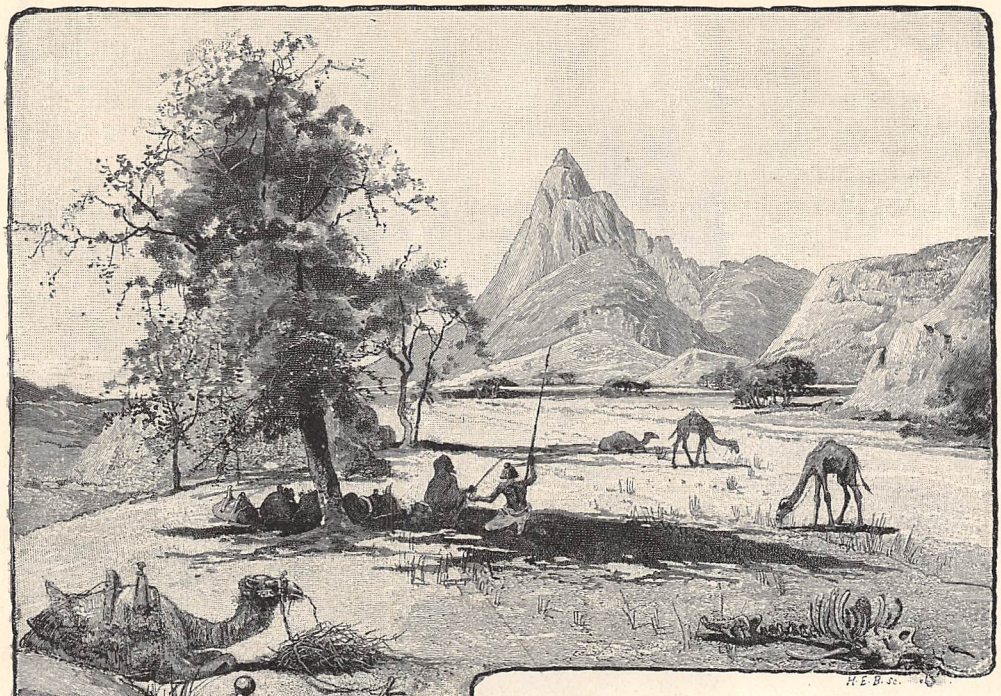
steadily decreases in volume by irrigation and enormous evaporation for the last 1700 miles of its course, and whose fountain-heads south of the great lakes have never yet been ascertained.



THE SECOND CATARACT.

THE DESERT.

ALL the vast spaces east and west of the Nile Valley between the fourteenth degree and the Mediterranean (over eight hundred thousand square miles) are The Desert. It would seem at the first glance to be absolutely unfitted for the habitation of man; but as he continues to live and multiply amid the ice-floes of the arctic circle, so he does here in this rainless, barren, and torrid zone. He who has never traveled through the desert cannot form a just idea of that strange and marvelous region, in which all the ordinary conditions of life are completely changed. It is essentially a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets, or springs. Once away from the Nile, the only supply of water is derived from deep wells, few, scanty, and far apart. Long droughts are frequent. When I explored the great Arabian Desert between the Nile and the Red Sea, it had not rained for three years; and when I traveled over the Suakim route and through Kordofan, no rain had fallen for two years. Between the twenty-ninth and the nineteenth degree of latitude it never rains at all. Water becomes precious to a degree beyond the conception of those who have never known its scarcity. Members of the Catholic mission at El Obeid, where water is much more plentiful than in the deserts, assured me that, the summer before, water had been sold as high as half a dollar a gallon by the proprietors of the few wells that had not dried up. When long droughts occur, the always scanty crop of doura fails away from the Nile, and the greater part of the flocks and herds perish, as well as a considerable part of the population. It follows naturally that when undertaking a journey through the desert, the paramount question is water. A supply must be carried sufficient to last to the next well, be it one or five days distant. It is usually carried in goat and ox skins suspended from the camels' pack-saddles. These are the water-bottles of Scripture, which become leaky from wear, and always lose a considerable portion of their contents by evaporation. The first thing after reaching a well is to ascertain the quantity and quality of its water. As to the former, it may have been exhausted by a pre-



GEBEL AND WADY HEGATT.

ceding caravan, and hours may be required for a new supply to ooze in again. As to the quality, desert water is generally bad, the exception being when it is worse, though long custom enables the Bedouins to drink water so brackish as to be intolerable to all except themselves and their flocks. Well do I remember how at each well the first skinful was tasted all around as epicures sip rare wines. Great was the joy if it was pronounced "*moya helwa*," sweet water; but if the Bedouins said "*moosh tayib*," not good, we might be sure it was a solution of Epsom salts. The best water is found in natural rocky reservoirs in deep narrow gorges where the sun never shines. As to "live springs," I never saw more than half a dozen in six thousand miles' travel.

The desert would be absolutely impassable without the camel. He was created for it, and thrives better there than anywhere else. His broad, soft foot enables him to traverse deep sands where the horse would sink nearly to his knees, and would promptly perish. He lives on almost nothing, the scanty herbage of the desert and the twigs of the thorny mimosa being his favorite food; but his most precious quality is his ability to travel five days without drinking during the fiercest heat of summer, and much longer at other seasons. For this reason wells are very rarely more than five days apart. The African camel comes from Arabia, and has only one hump. The best breeds are reared by the Ababdehs and Bishareens between the Nile and the great Arabian chain. They are distinguished by small head, slender neck and limbs, and short hair. The camel and the dromedary differ only in breed, just as the dray horse differs from the racer. The burden camel, called *gamal* by the Arabs, never changes his regular walk of two and a half miles an hour under a load, which should never exceed three hundred pounds for a long journey, for his strength must be estimated by what he can carry when exhausted by hardship and privation. The dromedary, or riding camel, called *hageen*, is much swifter. With no other load than his rider, a bag of bread or dates, and a skin of water, he can travel a hundred miles in one

day on an emergency. The walk of the dromedary (as of the camel) is the most excruciating, back-breaking, skin-abrading mode of locomotion conceivable; but when pressed into a pace of five or six miles an hour, which is his natural gait, a good, high-bred dromedary is as comfortable a mount as can be desired; and I can aver, from personal experience, that a fairly good horseman will find himself perfectly at home on camel's-back and squatty Bongo, about two feet shorter, and presenting every type of feature and every variety of color from a dark olive to the brightest copper and the deepest black.

The natives divide their deserts into two classes. To the first they apply two names, *el jebel*, the mountain, or *el barriyeh*, the wilderness. This is the kind of desert spoken of in Scripture, where John the Baptist preached to the multitude who went out to hear him, and



CAMELS DRINKING.

after two days' practice. One of the most interesting and picturesque sights of the desert is a caravan of several hundred camels just from Central Africa. The sheikhs and chief merchants wear turbans and flowing robes of various colors; the camel-drivers and common people are bare-headed, and with only a few yards of coarse white cotton around the loins, but all armed with swords or lances. The animals are loaded with great bags and bales of ostrich feathers, gum arabic, hides, and senna, the chief productions of the Soudan; while not a few carry four or six elephants' tusks wrapped in raw hides, and looking like gigantic scythe-blades. On foot is a motley crowd of almost naked savages from all the tribes of the Upper Nile, from the lanky Dinka, nearly seven feet in height, to the fat

found supplies of locusts and wild honey. I never found wild honey, but of the living locusts, which are sometimes eaten by the Bedouins, great abundance at times, as well as of the pods of a species of the locust-tree, which are edible and are thought by some commentators to be the locust used as food by St. John. The wilderness is diversified by mountains always absolutely bare of all vegetation. A Bedouin can hardly believe that in other lands the mountains are clothed to their summits with green and luxuriant forests, and that from their flanks dash down cascades and rivers of "living waters." Such things he has never seen or even dreamed of, unless as a vision of the Moslem paradise. But the valleys, or *wadies* (pronounced *waddies*), and some portions of the plains are often com-

paratively well supplied with vegetation. After every shower of the brief rainy season, the dry beds in the wadies are converted for a few hours into furious torrents. The water disappears, quickly absorbed by the thirsty soil; but where an impenetrable stratum lies parallel and close to the surface, the water is kept from sinking too deep, and in such spots will be found trees and herbage, the latter springing up with magic rapidity after the first showers. Many kinds of grasses afford camels, sheep, and goats abundant pasture for a portion of the year. Wild flowers are seen in great variety: on the slopes of the Arabian chain, acres upon acres of heliotrope; on the plains, a bush called merk, resembling the Scotch broom, and bearing small five-pointed yellow stars of sweetest fragrance. In Sennaar and Kordofan are hundreds of square miles covered with the plant which takes its name from the former province and supplies the world with senna. After the first rain the trees which drop their leaves during the intense heat of summer are swiftly clad in living green. Numerous species are found: the heglik *(Balanites Ægyptiaca)*, and several kinds of acacia, among which are the seyal, of considerable size; the sount, used for saddles and various utensils, and its bark for tanning; the small *Acacia mimosa*, with its huge thorns, the favorite food of camels; and in Sennaar and Kordofan the hashab *(Acacia gummifera)*, which produces the gum arabic of the world. It bears a small orange-colored button of intense and delightful odor, identical with the "poppinack" of Carolina and Georgia. The proximity of a thicket of these trees (the favorite resort of



MODE OF WEARING HAIR BY A DANDY OF SUAKIM.

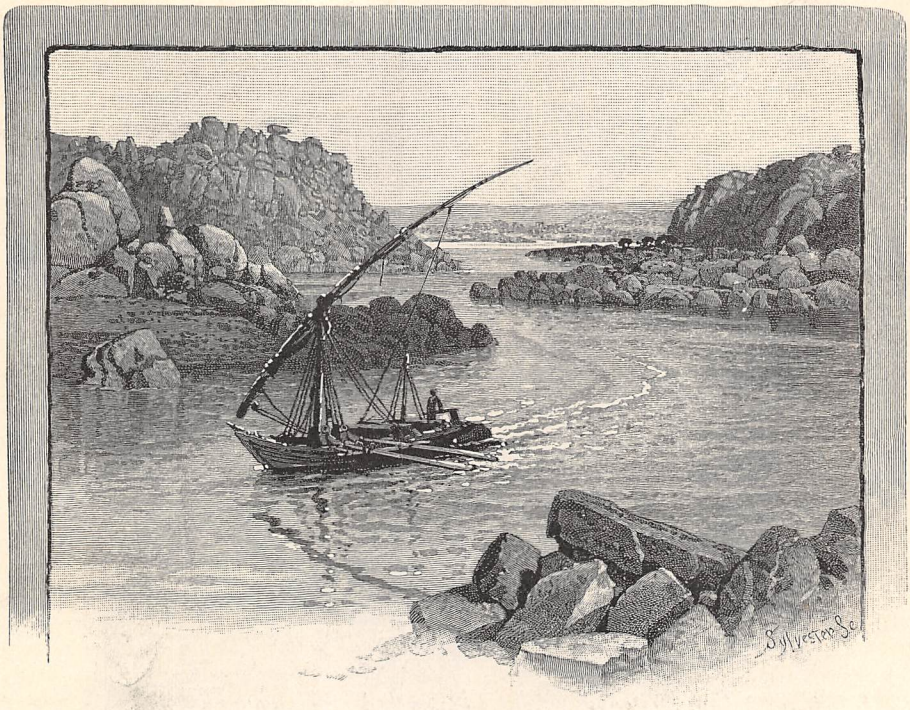
monkeys and guinea-fowl) is revealed hundreds of yards off by the sweet perfume wafted upon the breeze; and at the proper season lumps of the gum are seen glistening like icicles all over the limbs. South of the thirteenth degree the huge baobab *(Adansonia digitata)* flourishes across the entire African continent. This is the elephant of the vegetable kingdom, thin-foliaged, unsightly, from sixty to seventy feet in circumference, but not



SON OF EX-SULTAN OF THE KOUNGURAS.

over fifty in height. Its trunk, always hollow, is used in Kordofan and Darfour as a reservoir for water, holding from fifteen to twenty thousand gallons.

From November to February, just after a good rainy season, the climate is perfection, just like the brightest and warmest October days in Virginia. Though the thermometer occasionally rises into the nineties, and sometimes higher, the air is perfectly dry, and the mornings and nights are pleasantly cool. Game is found in proportion to the vegetation: on the plains, ostriches and countless gazelles and antelopes; in the wadies, rock-partridge and grouse, guinea-fowls and hares; on the high ridges, capricorns and wild asses. Among the fauna of the wilderness are some unwelcome specimens, locusts, serpents, and scorpions, the latter quite numerous, and altogether too fond of nestling on one's blankets of a cold night, but quite unaggressive if let alone. Add to these the vultures, which stalk familiarly about the camp, picking up what they can find, and the jackals and hyenas, whose howls are heard in the night. Traveling at this season is perfectly charming. Everybody is in fine spirits, for water and pasture are plentiful; laughter and endless chaff are heard from one end of the column to the other. A caravan of five hundred camels covers more ground than a large cavalry regiment, marching with a front of about one hundred yards where the wadies are broad, and reducing to single file when crossing narrow defiles between gates of granite and basaltic cliffs. When evening comes, camp is pitched in some pleasant wady, and quickly dozens of fires illuminate the valley. The large Soudan sheep, which follow the caravan, grazing as they go, supply a delicious roast added to the game killed during the day's march, and the canned soups, meats, and vegetables we used to carry in abundance. After dinner comes the unequaled coffee, straight from Mocha, then pipes and pleasant chat, while all around we hear the laughter and gabble of the good-natured soldiers and Bedouins mingled with wild and barbaric songs, accompanied by the viol, called *kemengeh*. Occasion-



ROCKS OF KONOSSOO.

ally, of a moonlight night, the Bedouins perform their national war-dance, with sword, lance, and shield, in mock attack and defense, and even their great sheikh, the princely Mohammed Khalifa, condescends to take part; while the beating of the *darabukas* wakes the echoes of the wady and the answering yells of the astonished jackals and hyenas.

If the "wilderness" in winter offers many attractions, it is quite the reverse with the *atmoor*, as the Arabs call the utterly barren kind of desert. This is truly the ideal desert, consisting mainly of hard gravel plains diversified by zones of deep sand, rocky ridges, sometimes of considerable altitude, and rugged defiles. It is absolutely destitute of all vegetation, and consequently of animal life. Only the ostrich and hyena cross it swiftly by night, and the vulture hovers over the caravans by day. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass relieves the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow sand. No one can resist the solemn impression of deep silence and infinite space produced by the desert. When night has come, and the soldiers and Bedouins are asleep in their bivouacs, walk away under the unequaled African moon beyond the first ridge of sand or rocks. Around you stretches a boundless sea-like horizon. The sand gleams almost as white as snow. Not a sound falls upon the ear, not the murmur of a breeze, not the rustle of leaf or grass, not the hum of the smallest insect. Silence — only silence — as profound as death, unless it is broken by the howl of a prowling hyena or the distant roar of the king of beasts.

Within the limits of Egypt and the Soudan these desolate atmoors extend over three-quarters of a million of square miles, never trodden by the foot of man. Only a few caravan trails cross them in their narrowest parts, with scanty wells at long intervals; and the necessities of trade can alone account for their being penetrated at all. They are like oceans, where caravans pass each other in haste, like vessels at sea. The marches are perfectly terrible, and yet it is worse to halt during the day than to keep in motion, for the heat makes sleep or rest impossible, even under canvas. With the burning sand under your feet and the vertical sun over your head, you are as between the lids of an oven. In summer the thermometer rises to 150 and 160 degrees. The air that blows feels as if it had just passed through a furnace or a brick-kiln. Over the plains it quivers visibly in the sun, as if rising from a red-hot stove, while the mirage mocks your senses with the most life-like image of lakes, ponds, and rippling waters. No more laughter or merriment along the column now. Soldiers and camp-followers protect themselves as best they can with

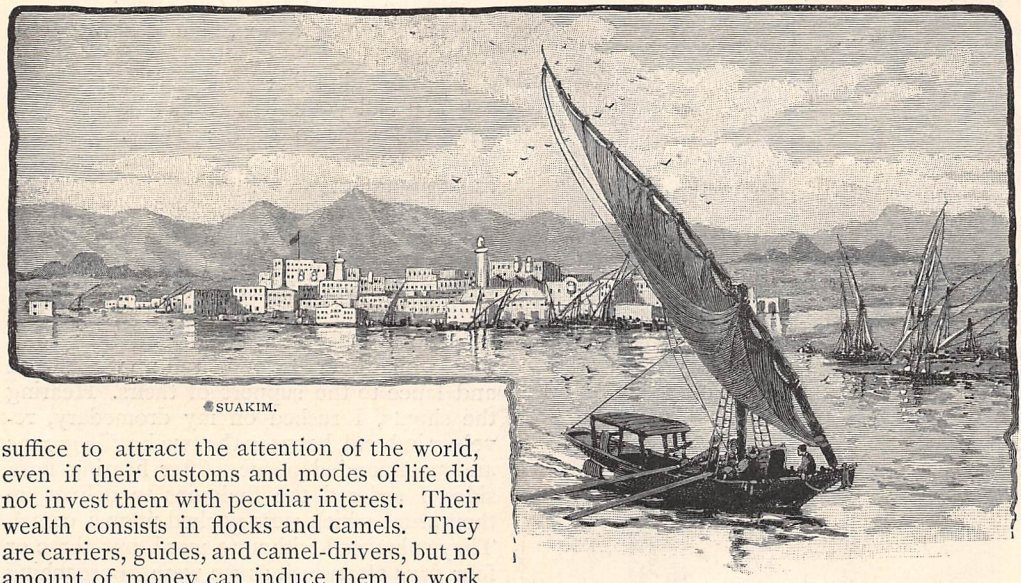


THE DAHABIEH.

turbans and blankets, bringing over all the hoods of their cloth *capotes*, leaving only a narrow aperture just enough to see; while, strange to say, the Bedouins stride along on foot, *bare-headed* and almost naked, without appearing to suffer any great discomfort. Were not the nights comparatively cool (80° in summer), neither men nor animals could endure the terrible ordeal.

THE BEDOUINS.

THE small area, not exceeding five or six thousand square miles, coming under the description given above of the "wilderness," is the wandering-ground of those tribes of nomads called Bedouins. Their total number is probably about half a million. They all claim to be of Arab descent, their ancestors having crossed the Red Sea from the Hejaz (Northern Arabia) centuries before the Christian era; but some of them have become very much mixed since that time. In fact, in the Arabic language, whose plurals are so strangely formed, Arab is the plural of Bedáwee, and is the name of the inhabitants of Arabia proper, though very improperly applied to all the people of Egypt, who speak Arabic, it is true, but belong to an entirely different race. The nomads of the desert are always called Bedaween'. The principal tribes between the Nile and the Red Sea are the Ababdehs, Bishareens, and Hadendawas; west of the Nile are the Hassaneeyehs, the Kababeesh, and the Beggáras. All these, divided into numerous sub-tribes, have almost identical customs, and differ chiefly in their dialects and the mode of wearing their hair. They constitute the great bulk of the Mahdi's forces, and are the most formidable adversaries the British have to encounter, as the latter learned from their experience at Tamaï, where a British square of two thousand men was broken, driven back half a mile, and its artillery captured by these naked sons of the desert, armed with only swords and spears. This alone would

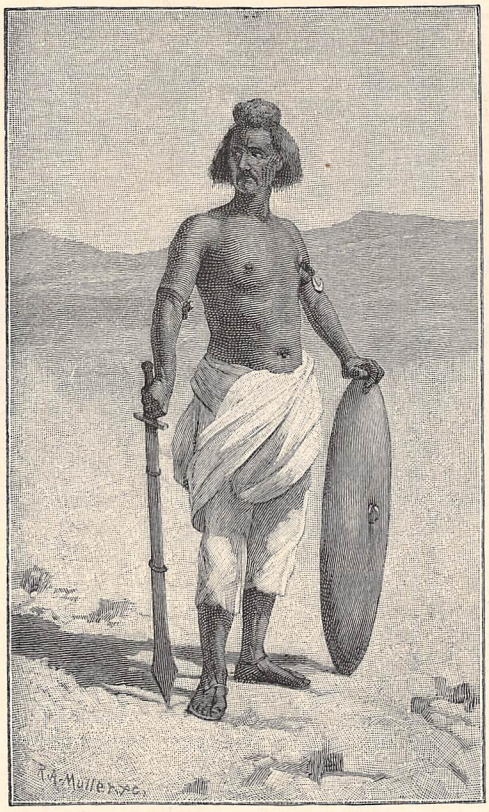


SUAKIM.

suffice to attract the attention of the world, even if their customs and modes of life did not invest them with peculiar interest. Their wealth consists in flocks and camels. They are carriers, guides, and camel-drivers, but no amount of money can induce them to work the ground, and they look with infinite contempt upon the fellaheen and the inhabitants of towns, whom they scornfully term "dwellers among bricks." On my first expedition, a large sum in Austrian silver dollars (the money they prefer) was given me by the Government to hire my camel-drivers to dig out the Roman reservoirs on the ancient military road between Keneh on the Nile and Berenice on the Red Sea. In reply to my offers of extra pay, the sheikhs assured me that not one of their men would degrade himself by such labor for any price, even a guinea per day. They are governed in an absolutely patriarchal way by their great sheikhs, and their condition is very much like that of their ancestors in the days of Abraham and Lot and Ishmael. They have no individual possession in the land, but the territorial limits of each tribe are well defined, and the encroachments of one tribe upon the range and wells of another are the most frequent cause of their feuds.

The great Bedouin tribes were not reduced to obedience to the Egyptian Government without long and fierce struggles. Mohammed Ali's iron hand forced them to submit when he conquered Kordofan in 1820. But it was a very limited submission. The Government never interferes with their internal affairs or wars, leaving them to the rule of their sheikhs, and well satisfied when able to collect their taxes more or less irregularly. Much less does it undertake to enforce conscription among them, though, being of a warlike disposition, they would make the best of soldiers if they could be disciplined; but this is impossible, for their ruling passion is independence and the free life of the desert. Yet, until recent foreign interference broke the prestige and power of the Khedive, he held their great sheikhs responsible for the safety of trade and travel on the deserts, and both were most effectually protected. They are a fine-looking race, of medium height and very well formed, with small hands and feet, and the arched instep of the Arab. In color they range from dark olive to deep chocolate, but their features are equal to the best European types, with aquiline nose, more delicate in shape than the Hebrew, thin lips and splendid teeth, and their hair is long and frizzled. The girls and young women often have really beautiful faces and graceful forms, but they lose their beauty early and become hideous hags. They wear no veils, like the Mohammedan women of Egypt, and their only dress is a few yards of cotton, once white, wound around the waist, hanging to the knees, and leaving the bust and shoulders exposed.

The Bedouin is the most abstemious of men. His food is a little doura obtained from the settlements in exchange for the surplus of his flocks and the skins and charcoal that he prepares for sale. His camels yield him an abundance of excellent milk, and he could live on that alone and its various preparations. He needs but little meat, which is supplied by his sheep and goats, with an occasional camel for some great feast. Those who live in more favored regions breed horses and cattle also. The desert grasses supply him with mats for his tents, and the trees with pack-saddles, ropes, and tan-bark. His water and milk are carried in goat-skins; his drinking-vessels are gourds and grass-woven bowls, which hold water perfectly. Civilized enough to appre-



MOHAMMED IBRAHIM, A KARABEESH GUIDE.

ciate the value of money and a few articles of European manufacture, he wants little else than long, straight, and broad double-edged sword-blades of German or Spanish make, to which he adapts handles and scabbards of his own contrivance. A few possess flint-lock muskets and double-barrel guns. All carry lances made in the country, whose iron or copper heads are generally barbed with such cruel ingenuity that it is impossible to extract them from a wound without the most horrible laceration. Fastened above the left elbow is a curved pruning-knife used to cut twigs of the mimosa for camels. On the right upper arm are one or two small morocco cases containing texts of the Koran as amulets against the "evil eye" and other dangers. Most of them carry round or oval shields of hippopotamus or giraffe hide, and it is a point of honor with them to go always armed, as the following incident illustrates.

On the march, an Egyptian soldier, having let fall the halter of his camel, ordered roughly the Bedouin guide walking in front to give it back to him. The latter replied:

"Am I thy father's camel-driver to be thus spoken to?"

Said the soldier, raising his stick:

"Thou son of a hog, give it here, or I'll strike thee!"

The Bedouin said:

"You call yourself a soldier because you wear the uniform of the Turks. You are nothing but an earth-digger; I am a warrior, as all my fathers were!"

The soldier struck him. In a moment the Bedouin's huge saber flashed out of the scabbard. The other soldiers (whose arms were packed on their camels, for we were in a perfectly peaceful region) jumped from their camels to gather stones to defend their comrade, while other Bedouins ran up with sword and lance to the support of theirs. Hearing the shouts, I rushed on my dromedary, revolver in hand, between the two hostile groups and commanded peace. After hearing both sides, I ordered the Bedouins to deliver up their arms, which were packed upon a camel. They submitted without a word, but three or four days afterward, as we were approaching some wells where they expected to find other Bedouins, they sent me a deputation earnestly praying the return of their arms, saying they would be forever disgraced if forced to appear without them. Their petition was granted upon promise of good behavior, which was faithfully kept.

Their warlike disposition is nurtured by the frequent feuds between neighboring tribes, generally arising about water and the theft of cattle. The unwritten law of the desert forbids any settlements around the wells, which are common to all. But two parties arrive at the same time at a well which is insufficient for both. A dispute arises as to precedence; they come to blows and a man is killed. The murderer flees to his tribe and sends to offer the *price of blood;* for the avenging of blood as practiced by the ancient Hebrews exists in full force here, except that there are no "cities of refuge." If the family of the dead refuse compensation, war begins, and it may last for years, each murder by one side demanding retaliation by the other. Hence it is that even when peace prevails in the desert, if two parties meet, both halt and send out a man or two to reconnoiter and ascertain *if there is blood* between them. When a caravan arrives unexpectedly in the neighborhood of a Bedouin camp, the first impulse of the natives is to vanish instantly, especially if soldiers are seen among the new-comers. The sheep and goats, driven off by the women and children, disappear in a twinkling beyond the next ridge. Having no other encumbrance than a few skins and gourds, their migrations are exceedingly prompt and easy. The tents and other baggage are loaded upon camels, and in

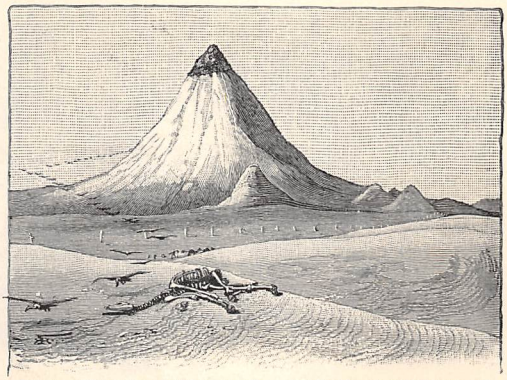


A GIRL FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

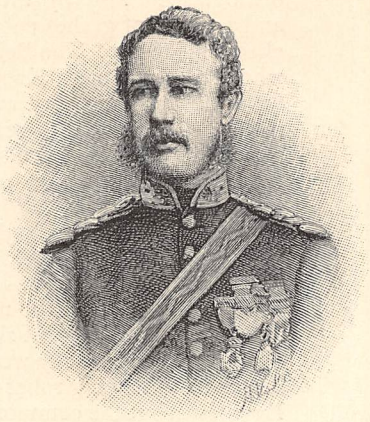
a few minutes a whole encampment disappears. After this precaution is taken, one or two men return, and when they have ascertained the peaceful intentions of the strangers, the others approach to trade and to learn news, of which they are very greedy.

They are all Mohammedans, but their mode of life prevents their giving much attention to the minor practices of their religion. Their women are much more free than those who live in settled habitations, and in some of the tribes this freedom is carried to the most extreme license, while in others great strictness prevails. The customs of marriage and divorce differ but little from those prevailing in all Moslem countries. The Bedouins always go bare-headed, even in the fiercest heat of summer, and, strange to say, some tribes, like the Beggáras, shave their heads. The Ababdehs twist their hair into plaits the size of a quill, thrown straight back from front to rear, while the Bishareens comb all the hair from the forehead to the crown of the head straight up to the height of five or six inches, the rest hanging in braids nearly down to the shoulders. They plaster their heads with suet and camel's tallow, or any other grease they can procure, letting it trickle down upon their naked breasts and shoulders. The tribes are distinguished also by the form and position of gashes cut in the cheeks in infancy. The Beggáras who inhabit southern Kordofan, near the Nile, are very warlike, and when beyond the reach of Egyptian garrisons are addicted to brigandage. They possess great numbers of splendid oxen, mounted upon which both men and women, riding alike, and all armed with four or five lances, come in hundreds to the market at El Obeid. The great sheikhs of all the tribes usually wear the turbans and flowing robes of the Egyptians, but the common people are satisfied with a few yards of cotton around the waist, and sandals upon their feet.

The Bedouins have a strong feeling of personal dignity, and are quick to resent insults. Duels of a peculiar kind are not uncommon, always supervised by the elders of the tribe, who never permit them to come to a fatal termination. Sometimes the two adversaries, separated by two parallel ropes about a yard apart, are armed with courbashes (a fearful whip, made of hippopotamus hide, which brings the blood with every cut), and they are encouraged to slash each other until their wrath is cooled. In more serious cases the combatants are seated flat on the ground, face to face, and as close as they can get. One single knife is given to the one who wins the first cut, after which he passes it to his adversary, who strikes the second blow, and so on alternately. They are forbidden to strike at a vital part, and while they are slashing each other's arms, legs, thighs, and shoulders,—not without a



JEBEL ARRAWAK, UPPER NUBIA. GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE ATMOOR.



COLONEL GORDON, 1867. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN EGYPT.)

sort of chivalrous courtesy,—the judges of the combat watch each stroke that is given, and when in their opinion enough blood has been shed, they rise and separate the adversaries, who proclaim themselves satisfied, and return quietly to their tents to have their wounds dressed.

A brief sketch of the foremost Bedouin sheikh of the Soudan will illustrate the character of those tribes. Mohammed Hussein Khalifa, the great chief of the Ababdehs and Bishareens, is the patriarchal yet almost absolute ruler of over seventy thousand people. His ancestors were princes for generations, perhaps before the days of the Prophet. He is now about sixty years of age, nearly six feet high, and of dignified presence. His color is dark chocolate. He has excellent features, large black eyes, curved aquiline nose, thin lips, and a fine beard. He is extremely wealthy in silver and gold, jewels and precious arms, camels, horses, and slaves. The Khedive requires him to reside on the banks of the Nile, where he possesses a princely estate of rich alluvial lands, at El Hoar, near Berber. He is held responsible for the security of trade and travel through the eastern deserts, and receives a large royalty upon the moneys paid his people as guides, carriers, and camel-drivers; for it is one of the privileges claimed by them that no one—not even government expeditions—shall pass through their country without hiring them and their camels. He escorted me for seven months in my explorations of his deserts, having with him ten or twelve dromedaries of his own, and as many burden camels, a large retinue, and five or six large tents furnished for his accommodation. Whenever we came across encampments of his people, they hastened to do him homage as their prince, kissing his hand and the hem of his garment, and submitting their suits for his decision; while he, seated under a tree or at his tent door, administered justice precisely as the kings of Israel are described as doing; and no king or emperor could have a more noble and commanding manner. His father was the Sheikh Kralif. When the Memlooks were exterminated by Mohammed Ali, in 1811, those that escaped the massacre fled to these deserts, and Kralif gave them refuge and hospitality; and when the dreaded Ibrahim Pasha followed in pursuit, Kralif alone was bold enough to avow what he had done, and to vindicate his course. Soon afterward he was murdered by a Turkish governor, and was succeeded by his brother Baráca. The latter waited for an opportunity, and retaliated by assassinating the Turk, and some years later he was murdered by the latter's relatives. Mohammed Khalifa succeeded his uncle, and took up the avenging of blood, and the vendetta did not cease until one or two of the Turks had been killed, and the



HEADQUARTERS OF THE MAHDI AT EL OBEID.

rest fled the country. When, after seven months' wanderings through the eastern deserts, we reached the banks of the Nile, he gave a great feast at his residence to the entire expedition. Many sheep were slaughtered and numberless fowls. The officers had their banquet apart, fifty or more dishes, in the Arab fashion, a sheep roasted whole crowning the feast. The soldiers, camel-drivers, and servants all had theirs seated on the ground and attended by the sheikh's slaves. He, with a courtesy and grace that any prince might envy, commencing with us, went from group to group, breaking bread and eating just one mouthful with each, accompanying the act with some graceful oriental compliment. He reminded me of Abraham, only he is a much more powerful sheikh than Abraham ever was. He has remained faithful in his allegiance to the Khedive, and he is the present Mudeer of Berber, so often mentioned in the dispatches. He has been made a pasha and decorated with the order of the Osmanieh, and is spoken of as the future Governor-General of the Soudan. His alliance is worth as much as an army to the British.

When I was in the Soudan the Mahdi was in obscurity, secluded in a cave in the island of Aba above Duem, transforming himself into a prophet by meditation, prayer, and pretended visions and revelations. What is most striking about him is his pertinacity and his power of holding his followers in spite of defeat. It is nearly four years since he first raised the standard of revolt, and during that time he has suffered nine or ten serious defeats with barely an equal number of successes. After every defeat he has returned to the attack stronger than before. Three times he was repulsed with heavy losses while besieging El Obeid, but he finally captured it. Hicks Pasha inflicted a terrible defeat upon him, but he subsequently destroyed Hicks Pasha and his entire army. It would be a dangerous mistake to suppose that his power is broken. His inaction during the summer is explained by the fact that his followers, many of whom live in Kordofan, had to go home to plant and secure the scanty crop of dokn (an inferior kind of doura, which is the only grain that matures during the brief rainy season from June 15th to September 15th), on which their families depend for the next year. Like all commanders of barbarians, who have no regular commissariat, he may have only a couple of thousand men with him to-day and fifty thousand next month. It is certain that he had fully that number or more when he exterminated Hicks Pasha. If all the Bedouin tribes and the people from Kordofan to Dongola were to unite under his flag, he could muster more than a hundred thousand men. But this is not to be expected, and the British, profiting by the division existing among the tribes, may secure some more or less valuable allies whose fidelity will depend entirely upon success. But in any case the Mahdi is not a foe to be despised.

El Obeid is the present center of his power. I was forced to remain there for six months, having been disabled in the deserts by insolation produced by excessive heat, and I was transported back to Suakim in the winter, nearly a thousand miles across two deserts, in a litter swung between two camels; but during my convalescence I had time and opportunity to observe everything worthy of note in El Obeid. This city is about four hundred miles from the Nile, two hundred of which are through desolate atmoors. It is built on an immense plain, studded with enormous baobabs, which always grow singly one or two hundred yards apart. It is a place of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, almost hidden in thickets of hegliks and mimosas, which give it a pleasing appearance from a distance. There are a few substantial, well-built houses belonging to Greek and Egyptian merchants. The telegraph, on iron posts brought from England, connecting it with Khartoum and Cairo, was completed while I was there; and before three days, such is the civilizing influence of commerce, the local traders were using it to ascertain the quotations of gum arabic and ostrich feathers at Cairo and Alexandria. The native dwellings are generally circular, with an earthen wall four or five feet high, surmounted with a conical roof made of dokn stalks in regular layers, and quite rainproof. These habitations, called *tokles*, about twenty feet in diameter, are comfortable enough. A slender pole projects several feet above the roof, and when ornamented with a glass bottle between two ostrich eggs it is considered the height of architectural luxury. Each family possesses a sufficient number of these tokles for its use, and the group is surrounded with a thorn-hedge. This inclosure, shaded by hegliks, is often planted as a vegetable garden. The sight of the natives seated around their dwellings at sundown, the men chatting and smoking, the women attending to household duties, and the children playing and rolling about in primitive nakedness, is both curious and picturesque. The market of El Obeid is held daily on a spacious square in front of the Governor's quarters—the main building of which, now the Mahdi's residence, is three hundred feet front with a large square tower in the center. Some three or four thousand people come to this market from all the surrounding villages. Cattle, horses,

camels, sheep, grain, and the identical peanut of Virginia and Carolina are the staples of trade. Near by are covered bazaars containing European goods, and also large warehouses full of gum arabic, hides, and ostrich feathers.

It is very interesting to watch about sunset the groups returning from market. One sees hundreds of people clad in blue or white cotton robes and turbans, riding on donkeys; men and women on camels'-back; Beggáras mounted on bullocks, with their hands full of lances; Kababeesh and Hadendawa Bedouins; soldiers in white uniforms, recruited among the slaves from Central Africa, taken from the traders in order to break up their traffic, and drafted into the black Soudanese regiments. Mingled with all these are Greeks and Egyptians in their national costumes, Bashi-bazouks from Albania and Asia Minor, some on foot, others mounted on their Syrian horses, and Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity in their peculiar dress. Last, not least, hundreds of women venders of merissa (native beer), fruits, and vegetables, with jars, hampers, and baskets piled up on their heads, in impossible structures, apparently defying all the laws of gravitation, yet held up by that astonishing gift of equilibrium common to all African women. They go laughing, chatting, running, leaping, without ever touching the burden with their hands, and yet nothing falls to the ground. The crowd gradually disappear; the tropical moon rises above the horizon; the voice of the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer; and the drums and bugles of the garrison (all Central African negroes) perform very creditably the airs of the French retreat. Then everything is quiet for an hour, after which the merry sound of the darabukas and native flutes announces the *fantasias*, which follow the day's labors. This picture of El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, would apply with slight variations to all the large towns of Egypt and the Soudan.

One sight, however, I beheld there, the most peculiar and ghastly that ever shocked my senses. It was the burying-ground, situated almost within the town, and some six or eight acres in extent. The gravelly soil was literally covered with shreds of the white and blue cotton robes in which the dead are wrapped for burial. The graves, never more than two feet deep, are lightly covered with stones and thorns. Every night the hyenas come in and dig up the bodies that have been buried during the day, leaving exposed to view the remnants of their feast. No imagination can realize the horror of this Golgotha. It follows of course that the mortality is fearful. During the sickly season (that of the rains) the deaths averaged ten a day in a garrison of two thousand men, and the proportion was nearly as great among the population.

It is apparently the purpose of the British Government to abandon the Soudan. But if the expedition to bring out Gordon and the garrisons meets with brilliant success, England may determine to occupy Khartoum permanently, as has been so ably and forcibly urged by Sir Samuel Baker. Otherwise, all that country will relapse into barbarism; its vast trade will be lost to the world; and to the comparatively strong and civilized government which enforced good order under Ismaïl Pasha, will succeed anarchy and the redoubled horrors of unrestrained slave-hunting and slave-trading.

R. E. Colston.



THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XI.

COREY put off his set smile with the help of a frown, of which he first became aware after reaching home, when his father asked:

"Anything gone wrong with your department of the fine arts to-day, Tom?"

"Oh, no—no, sir," said the son, instantly relieving his brows from the strain upon them, and beaming again. "But I was thinking whether you were not perhaps right in your impression that it might be well for you to make Colonel Lapham's acquaintance before a great while."

"Has he been suggesting it in any way?" asked Bromfield Corey, laying aside his book and taking his lean knee between his clasped hands.

"Oh, not at all!" the young man hastened to reply. "I was merely thinking whether it might not begin to seem intentional, your not doing it."

"Well, Tom, you know I have been leaving it altogether to you ——"

"Oh, I understand, of course, and I didn't mean to urge anything of the kind ——"

"You are so very much more of a Bostonian than I am, you know, that I've been waiting your motion in entire confidence that you would know just what to do, and when to do it. If I had been left quite to my own lawless impulses, I think I should have called upon your *padrone* at once. It seems to me that *my* father would have found some way of showing that he expected as much as that from people placed in the relation to him that we hold to Colonel Lapham."

"Do you think so?" asked the young man.

"Yes. But you know I don't pretend to be an authority in such matters. As far as they go, I am always in the hands of your mother and you children."

"I'm very sorry, sir. I had no idea I was overruling your judgment. I only wanted to spare you a formality that didn't seem quite a necessity yet. I'm very sorry," he said again, and this time with more comprehensive regret. "I shouldn't like to have seemed remiss with a man who has been so considerate of me. They are all very good-natured."

"I dare say," said Bromfield Corey, with the satisfaction which no elder can help feeling in disabling the judgment of a younger man, "that it won't be too late if I go down to your office with you to-morrow."

"No, no. I didn't imagine your doing it at once, sir."

"Ah, but nothing can prevent me from doing a thing when once I take the bit in my teeth," said the father, with the pleasure which men of weak will sometimes take in recognizing their weakness. "How does their new house get on?"

"I believe they expect to be in it before New Year's."

"Will they be a great addition to society?" asked Bromfield Corey, with unimpeachable seriousness.

"I don't quite know what you mean," returned the son, a little uneasily.

"Ah, I see that you do, Tom."

"No one can help feeling that they are all people of good sense and—right ideas."

"Oh, that won't do. If society took in all the people of right ideas and good sense, it would expand beyond the calling capacity of its most active members. Even your mother's social conscientiousness could not compass it. Society is a very different sort of thing from good sense and right ideas. It is based upon them, of course, but the airy, graceful, winning superstructure which we all know demands different qualities. Have your friends got these qualities,—which may be felt, but not defined?"

The son laughed. "To tell you the truth, sir, I don't think they have the most elemental ideas of society, as we understand it. I don't believe Mrs. Lapham ever gave a dinner."

"And with all that money!" sighed the father.

"I don't believe they have the habit of wine at table. I suspect that when they don't drink tea and coffee with their dinner, they drink ice-water."

"Horrible!" said Bromfield Corey.

"It appears to me that this defines them."

"Oh, yes. There are people who give dinners, and who are not cognoscible. But people who have never yet given a dinner, how is society to assimilate them?"

"It digests a great many people," suggested the young man.

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"Yes; but they have always brought some sort of sauce piquante with them. Now, as I understand you, these friends of yours have no such sauce."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" cried the son.

"Oh, rude, native flavors, I dare say. But that isn't what I mean. Well, then, they must spend. There is no other way for them to win their way to general regard. We must have the Colonel elected to the Ten O'clock Club, and he must put himself down in the list of those willing to entertain. Any one can manage a large supper. Yes, I see a gleam of hope for him in that direction."

In the morning Bromfield Corey asked his son whether he should find Lapham at his place as early as eleven.

"I think you might find him even earlier. I've never been there before him. I doubt if the porter is there much sooner."

"Well, suppose I go with you, then?"

"Why, if you like, sir," said the son, with some deprecation.

"Oh, the question is, will *he* like?"

"I think he will, sir"; and the father could see that his son was very much pleased.

Lapham was rending an impatient course through the morning's news when they appeared at the door of his inner room. He looked up from the newspaper spread on the desk before him, and then he stood up, making an indifferent feint of not knowing that he knew Bromfield Corey by sight.

"Good-morning, Colonel Lapham," said the son, and Lapham waited for him to say further, "I wish to introduce my father."

Then he answered "Good-morning," and added rather sternly for the elder Corey, "How do you do, sir? Will you take a chair?" and he pushed him one.

They shook hands and sat down, and Lapham said to his subordinate, "Have a seat"; but young Corey remained standing, watching them in their observance of each other with an amusement which was a little uneasy. Lapham made his visitor speak first by waiting for him to do so.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Colonel Lapham, and I ought to have come sooner to do so. My father in your place would have expected it of a man in my place at once, I believe. But I can't feel myself altogether a stranger as it is. I hope Mrs. Lapham is well? And your daughter?"

"Thank you," said Lapham, "they're quite well."

"They were very kind to my wife ——"

"Oh, that was nothing!" cried Lapham. "There's nothing Mrs. Lapham likes better than a chance of that sort. Mrs. Corey and the young ladies well?"

"Very well, when I heard from them. They're out of town."

"Yes, so I understood," said Lapham, with a nod toward the son. "I believe Mr. Corey, here, told Mrs. Lapham." He leaned back in his chair, stiffly resolute to show that he was not incommoded by the exchange of these civilities.

"Yes," said Bromfield Corey. "Tom has had the pleasure which I hope for of seeing you all. I hope you're able to make him useful to you here?" Corey looked round Lapham's room vaguely, and then out at the clerks in their railed inclosure, where his eye finally rested on an extremely pretty girl, who was operating a type-writer.

"Well, sir," replied Lapham, softening for the first time with this approach to business, "I guess it will be our own fault if we don't. By the way, Corey," he added, to the younger man, as he gathered up some letters from his desk, "here's something in your line. Spanish or French, I guess."

"I'll run them over," said Corey, taking them to his desk.

His father made an offer to rise.

"Don't go," said Lapham, gesturing him down again. "I just wanted to get him away a minute. I don't care to say it to his face,— I don't like the principle,— but since you ask me about it, I'd just as lief say that I've never had any young man take hold here equal to your son. I don't know as you care ——"

"You make me very happy," said Bromfield Corey. "Very happy indeed. I've always had the idea that there was something in my son, if he could only find the way to work it out. And he seems to have gone into your business for the love of it."

"He went to work in the right way, sir! He told me about it. He looked into it. And that paint is a thing that will bear looking into."

"Oh, yes. You might think he had invented it, if you heard him celebrating it."

"Is that so?" demanded Lapham, pleased through and through. "Well, there ain't any other way. You've got to believe in a thing before you can put any heart in it. Why, I had a partner in this thing once, along back just after the war, and he used to be always wanting to tinker with something else. 'Why,' says I, 'you've got the best thing in God's universe now. Why ain't you satisfied?' I had to get rid of him at last. I stuck to my paint, and that fellow's drifted round pretty much all over the whole country, whittling his capital down all the while, till here the other day I had to lend him some money to start him new. No, sir, you've got to believe in a thing. And I believe in your son. And I don't mind telling you that, so far as he's gone, he's a success."

"That's very kind of you."

"No kindness about it. As I was saying the other day to a friend of mine, I've had many a fellow right out of the street that had to work hard all his life, and didn't begin to take hold like this son of yours."

Lapham expanded with profound self-satisfaction. As he probably conceived it, he had succeeded in praising, in a perfectly casual way, the supreme excellence of his paint, and his own sagacity and benevolence; and here he was sitting face to face with Bromfield Corey, praising his son to him, and receiving his grateful acknowledgments as if he were the father of some office-boy whom Lapham had given a place half out of charity.

"Yes, sir, when your son proposed to take hold here, I didn't have much faith in his ideas, that's the truth. But I had faith in him, and I saw that he meant business from the start. I could see it was born in him. Any one could."

"I'm afraid he didn't inherit it directly from me," said Bromfield Corey; "but it's in the blood, on both sides."

"Well, sir, we can't help those things," said Lapham, compassionately. "Some of us have got it, and some of us haven't. The idea is to make the most of what we *have* got."

"Oh, yes; that is the idea. By all means."

"And you can't ever tell what's in you till you try. Why, when I started this thing, I didn't more than half understand my own strength. I wouldn't have said, looking back, that I could have stood the wear and tear of what I've been through. But I developed as I went along. It's just like exercising your muscles in a gymnasium. You can lift twice or three times as much after you've been in training a month as you could before. And I can see that it's going to be just so with your son. His going through college won't hurt him, — he'll soon slough all that off, — and his bringing up won't; don't be anxious about it. I noticed in the army that some of the fellows that had the most go-ahead were fellows that hadn't ever had much more to do than girls before the war broke out. Your son will get along."

"Thank you," said Bromfield Corey, and smiled — whether because his spirit was safe in the humility he sometimes boasted, or because it was triply armed in pride against anything the Colonel's kindness could do.

"He'll get along. He's a good business man and he's a fine fellow. *Must* you go?" asked Lapham, as Bromfield Corey now rose more resolutely. "Well, glad to see you. It was natural you should want to come and see what he was about, and I'm glad you did. I should have felt just so about it. Here is some of our stuff," he said, pointing out the various packages in his office, including the Persis Brand.

"Ah, that's very nice, very nice indeed," said his visitor. "That color through the jar — very rich — delicious. Is Persis Brand a name?"

Lapham blushed.

"Well, Persis is. I don't know as you saw an interview that fellow published in the 'Events' awhile back?"

"What is the 'Events'?"

"Well, it's that new paper Witherby's started."

"No," said Bromfield Corey, "I haven't seen it. I read 'The Daily,'" he explained; by which he meant "The Daily Advertiser," the only daily there is in the old-fashioned Bostonian sense.

"He put a lot of stuff in my mouth that I never said," resumed Lapham; "but that's neither here nor there, so long as you haven't seen it. Here's the department your son's in," and he showed him the foreign labels. Then he took him out into the warehouse to see the large packages. At the head of the stairs, where his guest stopped to nod to his son and say "Good-bye, Tom," Lapham insisted upon going down to the lower door with him. "Well, call again," he said in hospitable dismissal. "I shall always be glad to see you. There ain't a great deal doing at this season." Bromfield Corey thanked him, and let his hand remain perforce in Lapham's lingering grasp. "If you ever like to ride after a good horse——" the Colonel began.

"Oh, no, no, no; thank you! The better the horse, the more I should be scared. Tom has told me of your driving!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Colonel. "Well! every one to his taste. Well, good-morning, sir!" and he suffered him to go.

"Who is the old man blowing to this morning?" asked Walker, the book-keeper, making an errand to Corey's desk.

"My father."

"Oh! That your father? I thought he must be one of your Italian correspondents that you'd been showing round, or Spanish."

In fact, as Bromfield Corey found his way at his leisurely pace up through the streets on which the prosperity of his native city was founded, hardly any figure could have looked more alien to its life. He glanced up and down the façades and through the crooked vistas like a stranger, and the swarthy fruiterer of whom he bought an apple, apparently for the pleasure of holding it in his hand, was not surprised that the purchase should be transacted in his own tongue.

Lapham walked back through the outer office to his own room without looking at Corey, and during the day he spoke to him only of business matters. That must have been his way of letting Corey see that he was not overcome by the honor of his father's

visit. But he presented himself at Nantasket with the event so perceptibly on his mind that his wife asked: "Well, Silas, has Rogers been borrowing any more money of you? I don't want you should let that thing go too far. You've done enough."

"You needn't be afraid. I've seen the last of Rogers for one while." He hesitated, to give the fact an effect of no importance. "Corey's father called this morning."

"Did he?" said Mrs. Lapham, willing to humor his feint of indifference. "Did *he* want to borrow some money too?"

"Not as I understood." Lapham was smoking at great ease, and his wife had some crocheting on the other side of the lamp from him.

The girls were on the piazza looking at the moon on the water again. "There's no man in it to-night," Penelope said, and Irene laughed forlornly.

"What *did* he want. then?" asked Mrs. Lapham.

"Oh, I don't know. Seemed to be just a friendly call. Said he ought to have come before."

Mrs. Lapham was silent awhile. Then she said: "Well, I hope you're satisfied now."

Lapham rejected the sympathy too openly offered. "I don't know about being satisfied. I wa'n't in any hurry to see him."

His wife permitted him this pretense also. "What sort of a person is he, anyway?"

"Well, not much like his son. There's no sort of business about him. I don't know just how you'd describe him. He's tall; and he's got white hair and a mustache; and his fingers are very long and limber. I couldn't help noticing them as he sat there with his hands on the top of his cane. Didn't seem to be dressed very much, and acted just like anybody. Didn't talk much. Guess I did most of the talking. Said he was glad I seemed to be getting along so well with his son. He asked after you and Irene; and he said he couldn't feel just like a stranger. Said you had been very kind to his wife. Of course I turned it off. Yes," said Lapham thoughtfully, with his hands resting on his knees, and his cigar between the fingers of his left hand, "I guess he meant to do the right thing, every way. Don't know as I ever saw a much pleasanter man. Dunno but what he's about the pleasantest man I ever did see." He was not letting his wife see in his averted face the struggle that revealed itself there — the struggle of stalwart achievement not to feel flattered at the notice of sterile elegance, not to be sneakingly glad of its amiability, but to stand up and look at it with eyes on the same level. God, who made us so much like himself, but out of the dust, alone knows when that struggle will end. The time had been when Lapham could not have imagined any worldly splendor which his dollars could not buy if he chose to spend them for it; but his wife's half discoveries, taking form again in his ignorance of the world, filled him with helpless misgiving. A cloudy vision of something unpurchasable, where he had supposed there was nothing, had cowed him in spite of the burly resistance of his pride.

"I don't see why he shouldn't be pleasant," said Mrs. Lapham. "He's never done anything else."

Lapham looked up consciously, with an uneasy laugh. "Pshaw, Persis! you never forget anything!"

"Oh, I've got more than that to remember. I suppose you asked him to ride after the mare?"

"Well," said Lapham, reddening guiltily, "he said he was afraid of a good horse."

"Then, of course, you hadn't asked him." Mrs. Lapham crocheted in silence, and her husband leaned back in his chair and smoked.

At last he said, "I'm going to push that house forward. They're loafing on it. There's no reason why we shouldn't be in it by Thanksgiving. I don't believe in moving in the dead of winter."

"We can wait till spring. We're very comfortable in the old place," answered his wife. Then she broke out on him: "What are you in such a hurry to get into that house for? Do you want to invite the Coreys to a house-warming?"

Lapham looked at her without speaking.

"Don't you suppose I can see through you? I declare, Silas Lapham, if I didn't know different, I should say you *were* about the biggest fool! Don't you know *any*thing? Don't you know that it wouldn't do to ask those people to our house before they've asked us to theirs? They'd laugh in our faces!"

"I don't believe they'd laugh in our faces. What's the difference between our asking them and their asking us?" demanded the Colonel, sulkily.

"Oh, well! If you don't see!"

"Well, I *don't* see. But *I* don't want to ask them to the house. I suppose, if I want to, I can invite him down to a fish dinner at Taft's."

Mrs. Lapham fell back in her chair, and let her work drop in her lap with that "Tckk!" in which her sex knows how to express utter contempt and despair.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, if you *do* such a thing, Silas, I'll never speak to you again! It's no *use!* It's *no* use! I did think, after you'd behaved so well about Rogers, I might trust you a little. But I see I can't. I presume as long as you live you'll have to be nosed about like a perfect— *I* don't know what!"

"What are you making such a fuss about?" demanded Lapham, terribly crest-fallen, but trying to pluck up a spirit. "I haven't done anything yet. I can't ask your advice about anything any more without having you fly out. Confound it! I shall do as I please after this."

But as if he could not endure that contemptuous atmosphere, he got up, and his wife heard him in the dining-room pouring himself out a glass of ice-water, and then heard him mount the stairs to their room, and slam its door after him.

"Do you know what your father's wanting to do now?" Mrs. Lapham asked her eldest daughter, who lounged into the parlor a moment with her wrap stringing from her arm, while the younger went straight to bed. "He wants to invite Mr. Corey's father to a fish dinner at Taft's!"

Penelope was yawning with her hand on her mouth; she stopped, and, with a laugh of amused expectance, sank into a chair, her shoulders shrugged forward.

"Why! what in the world has put the Colonel up to that?"

"Put him up to it! There's that fellow, who ought have come to see him long ago, drops into his office this morning, and talks five minutes with him, and your father is flattered out of his five senses. He's crazy to get in with those people, and I shall have a perfect battle to keep him within bounds."

"Well, Persis, ma'am, you can't say but what you began it," said Penelope.

"Oh, yes, I began it," confessed Mrs. Lapham. "Pen," she broke out, "what do you suppose he means by it?"

"Who? Mr. Corey's father? What does the Colonel think?"

"Oh, the Colonel!" cried Mrs. Lapham. She added tremulously: "Perhaps he *is* right. He *did* seem to take a fancy to her last summer, and now if he's called in that way —" She left her daughter to distribute the pronouns aright, and resumed: "Of course, I should have said once that there wasn't any question about it. I should have said so last year; and I don't know what it is keeps me from saying so now. I suppose I know a little more about things than I did; and your father's being so bent on it sets me all in a twitter. He thinks his money can do everything. Well, I don't say but what it can, a good many. And 'Rene is as good a child as ever there was; and I don't see but what she's pretty-appearing enough to suit any one. She's pretty-behaved, too; and she *is* the most capable girl. I presume young men don't care very much for such things nowadays; but there ain't a great many girls can go right into the kitchen, and make such a custard as she did yesterday. And look at the way she does, through the whole house! She can't seem to go into a room without the things fly right into their places. And if she had to do it to-morrow, she could make all her own dresses a great deal better than them we pay to do it. I don't say but what he's about as nice a fellow as ever stepped. But there! I'm ashamed of going on so."

"Well, mother," said the girl after a pause, in which she looked as if a little weary of the subject, "why do you worry about it? If it's to be it'll be, and if it isn't ——"

"Yes, that's what I tell your father. But when it comes to myself, I see how hard it is for him to rest quiet. I'm afraid we shall all do something we'll repent of afterwards."

"Well, ma'am," said Penelope, "*I* don't intend to do anything wrong; but if I do, I promise not to be sorry for it. I'll go that far. And I think I wouldn't be sorry for it beforehand, if I were in your place, mother. Let the Colonel go on! He likes to manœuvre, and he isn't going to hurt any one. The Corey family can take care of themselves, I guess."

She laughed in her throat, drawing down the corners of her mouth, and enjoying the resolution with which her mother tried to fling off the burden of her anxieties. "Pen! I believe you're right. You always do see things in such a light! There! I don't care if he brings him down every day."

"Well, ma'am," said Pen, "I don't believe 'Rene would, either. She's just so indifferent!"

The Colonel slept badly that night, and in the morning Mrs. Lapham came to breakfast without him.

"Your father ain't well," she reported. "He's had one of his turns."

"*I* should have thought he had two or three of them," said Penelope, "by the stamping round I heard. Isn't he coming to breakfast?"

"Not just yet," said her mother. "He's asleep, and he'll be all right if he gets his nap out. I don't want you girls should make any great noise."

"Oh, we'll be quiet enough," returned Penelope. "Well, I'm glad the Colonel isn't sojering. At first I thought he might be sojering." She broke into a laugh, and, struggling indolently with it, looked at her sister. "You don't think it'll be necessary for anybody to come down from the office and take orders from him while he's laid up, do you, mother?" she inquired.

"Pen!" cried Irene. "He'll be well enough to go up on the ten o'clock boat," said the mother, sharply.

"I think papa works too hard all through the summer. Why don't you make him take a rest, mamma?" asked Irene.

"Oh, take a rest! The man slaves harder every year. It used to be so that he'd take a little time off now and then; but I declare, he

hardly ever seems to breathe now away from his office. And this year he says he doesn't intend to go down to Lapham, except to see after the works for a few days. *I* don't know what to do with the man any more! Seems as if the more money he got, the more he wanted to get. It scares me to think what would happen to him if he lost it. I know one thing," concluded Mrs. Lapham. "He shall not go back to the office to-day."

"Then he won't go up on the ten o'clock boat," Pen reminded her.

"No, he won't. You can just drive over to the hotel as soon as you're through, girls, and telegraph that he's not well, and won't be at the office till to-morrow. I'm not going to have them send anybody down here to bother him."

"That's a blow," said Pen. "I didn't know but they might send——" she looked demurely at her sister — "Dennis!"

"Mamma!" cried Irene.

"Well, I declare, there's no living with this family any more," said Penelope.

"There, Pen, be done!" commanded her mother. But perhaps she did not intend to forbid her teasing. It gave a pleasant sort of reality to the affair that was in her mind, and made what she wished appear not only possible but probable.

Lapham got up and lounged about, fretting and rebelling as each boat departed without him, through the day; before night he became very cross, in spite of the efforts of the family to soothe him, and grumbled that he had been kept from going up to town. "I might as well have gone as not," he repeated, till his wife lost her patience.

"Well, you shall go to-morrow, Silas, if you have to be carried to the boat."

"I declare," said Penelope, "the Colonel don't pet worth a cent."

The six o'clock boat brought Corey. The girls were sitting on the piazza, and Irene saw him first.

"Oh, Pen!" she whispered, with her heart in her face; and Penelope had no time for mockery before he was at the steps.

"I hope Colonel Lapham isn't ill," he said, and they could hear their mother engaged in a moral contest with their father indoors.

"Go and put on your coat! I say you shall! It don't matter *how* he sees you at the office, shirt-sleeves or not. You're in a gentleman's house now — or you ought to be — and you sha'n't see company in your dressing-gown."

Penelope hurried in to subdue her mother's anger.

"Oh, he's very much better, thank you!" said Irene, speaking up loudly to drown the noise of the controversy.

"I'm glad of that," said Corey, and when she led him indoors the vanquished Colonel met his visitor in a double-breasted frock-coat, which he was still buttoning up. He could not persuade himself at once that Corey had not come upon some urgent business matter, and when he was clear that he had come out of civility, surprise mingled with his gratification that he should be the object of solicitude to the young man. In Lapham's circle of acquaintance they complained when they were sick, but they made no womanish inquiries after one another's health, and certainly paid no visits of sympathy till matters were serious. He would have enlarged upon the particulars of his indisposition if he had been allowed to do so; and after tea, which Corey took with them, he would have remained to entertain him if his wife had not sent him to bed. She followed him to see that he took some medicine she had prescribed for him, but she went first to Penelope's room, where she found the girl with a book in her hand, which she was not reading.

"You better go down," said the mother. "I've got to go to your father, and Irene is all alone with Mr. Corey; and I know she'll be on pins and needles without you're there to help make it go off."

"She'd better try to get along without me, mother," said Penelope soberly. "I can't always be with them."

"Well," replied Mrs. Lapham, "then *I* must. There'll be a perfect Quaker meeting down there."

"Oh, I guess 'Rene will find something to say if you leave her to herself. Or if she don't, *he* must. It'll be all right for you to go down when you get ready; but I sha'n't go till toward the last. If he's coming here to see Irene — and I don't believe he's come on father's account — he wants to see her and not me. If she can't interest him alone, perhaps he'd as well find it out now as any time. At any rate, I guess you'd better make the experiment. You'll know whether it's a success if he comes again."

"Well," said the mother, "may be you're right. I'll go down directly. It does seem as if he did mean something, after all."

Mrs. Lapham did not hasten to return to her guest. In her own girlhood it was supposed that if a young man seemed to be coming to see a girl, it was only common sense to suppose that he wished to see her alone; and her life in town had left Mrs. Lapham's simple traditions in this respect unchanged. She did with her daughter as her mother would have done with her.

Where Penelope sat with her book, she heard the continuous murmur of voices below, and after a long interval she heard her mother

descend. She did not read the open book that lay in her lap, though she kept her eyes fast on the print. Once she rose and almost shut the door, so that she could scarcely hear; then she opened it wide again with a self-disdainful air, and resolutely went back to her book, which again she did not read. But she remained in her room till it was nearly time for Corey to return to his boat.

When they were alone again, Irene made a feint of scolding her for leaving her to entertain Mr. Corey.

"Why! didn't you have a pleasant call?" asked Penelope.

Irene threw her arms round her. "Oh, it was a *splendid* call! I didn't suppose I could make it go off so well. We talked nearly the whole time about you!"

"I don't think *that* was a very interesting subject."

"He kept asking about you. He asked everything. You don't know how much he thinks of you, Pen. Oh, Pen! what do you think made him come? Do you think he really did come to see how papa was?" Irene buried her face in her sister's neck.

Penelope stood with her arms at her side, submitting. "Well," she said, "I don't think he did, altogether."

Irene, all glowing, released her. "Don't you — don't you *really?* Oh! Pen, don't you think he *is* nice? Don't you think he's handsome? Don't you think I behaved horridly when we first met him this evening, not thanking him for coming? I know he thinks I've no manners. But it seemed as if it would be thanking him for coming to see me. Ought I to have asked him to come again, when he said good-night? I didn't; I couldn't. Do you believe he'll think I don't want him to? You don't believe he would keep coming if he didn't — want to ——"

"He hasn't kept coming a great deal, yet," suggested Penelope.

"No; I know he hasn't. But if he — if he should?"

"Then I should think he wanted to."

"Oh, would you — *would* you? Oh, how good you always are, Pen! And you always say what you think. I wish there was some one coming to see you too. That's all that I don't like about it. Perhaps —— He was telling about his friend there in Texas ——"

"Well," said Penelope, "his friend couldn't call often from Texas. You needn't ask Mr. Corey to trouble about me, 'Rene. I think I can manage to worry along, if you're satisfied."

"Oh, I *am*, Pen. When do you suppose he'll come again?" Irene pushed some of Penelope's things aside on the dressing-case, to rest her elbow and talk at ease. Penelope came up and put them back.

"Well, not to-night," she said; "and if that's what you're sitting up for ——"

Irene caught her round the neck again, and ran out of the room.

The Colonel was packed off on the eight o'clock boat the next morning; but his recovery did not prevent Corey from repeating his visit in a week. This time Irene came radiantly up to Penelope's room, where she had again withdrawn herself. "You must come down, Pen," she said. "He's asked if you're not well, and mamma says you've got to come."

After that Penelope helped Irene through with her calls, and talked them over with her far into the night after Corey was gone. But when the impatient curiosity of her mother pressed her for some opinion of the affair, she said, "You know as much as I do, mother."

"Don't he ever say anything to you about her — praise her up, any?"

"He's never mentioned Irene to me."

"He hasn't to me, either," said Mrs. Lapham, with a sigh of trouble. "Then what makes him keep coming?"

"I can't tell you. One thing, he says there isn't a house open in Boston where he's acquainted. Wait till some of his friends get back, and then if he keeps coming, it'll be time to inquire."

"Well!" said the mother; but as the weeks passed she was less and less able to attribute Corey's visits to his loneliness in town, and turned to her husband for comfort.

"Silas, I don't know as we ought to let young Corey keep coming so. I don't quite like it, with all his family away."

"He's of age," said the Colonel. "He can go where he pleases. It don't matter whether his family's here or not."

"Yes, but if they don't want he should come? Should you feel just right about letting him?"

"How're you going to stop him? I swear, Persis, I don't know what's got over you! What is it? You didn't use to be so. But to hear you talk, you'd think those Coreys were too good for this world, and we wa'n't fit for 'em to walk on."

"I'm not going to have 'em say we took an advantage of their being away and tolled him on."

"I should like to *hear* 'em say it!" cried Lapham. "Or anybody!"

"Well," said his wife, relinquishing this point of anxiety, "I can't make out whether he cares anything for her or not. And Pen can't tell either; or else she won't."

"Oh, I guess he cares for her, fast enough," said the Colonel.

"I can't make out that he's said or done the first thing to show it."

"Well, I was better than a year getting *my* courage up."

"Oh, that was different," said Mrs. Lapham, in contemptuous dismissal of the comparison, and yet with a certain fondness. "I guess, if he cared for her, a fellow in his position wouldn't be long getting up his courage to speak to Irene."

Lapham brought his fist down on the table between them.

"Look here, Persis! Once for all, now, don't you ever let me hear you say anything like that again! I'm worth nigh on to a million, and I've made it every cent myself; and my girls are the equals of anybody, I don't care who it is. He ain't the fellow to take on any airs; but if he ever tries it with me, I'll send him to the right about mighty quick. I'll have a talk with him, if——"

"No, no; don't do that!" implored his wife. "I didn't mean anything. I don't know as I meant *any*thing. He's just as unassuming as he can be, and I think Irene's a match for anybody. You just let things go on. It'll be all right. You never can tell how it is with young people. Perhaps *she's* offish. Now you ain't — you ain't going to say anything?"

Lapham suffered himself to be persuaded, the more easily, no doubt, because after his explosion he must have perceived that his pride itself stood in the way of what his pride had threatened. He contented himself with his wife's promise that she would never again present that offensive view of the case, and she did not remain without a certain support in his sturdy self-assertion.

XII.

Mrs. Corey returned with her daughters in the early days of October, having passed three or four weeks at Intervale after leaving Bar Harbor. They were somewhat browner than they were when they left town in June, but they were not otherwise changed. Lily, the elder of the girls, had brought back a number of studies of kelp and toadstools, with accessory rocks and rotten logs, which she would never finish up and never show any one, knowing the slightness of their merit. Nanny, the younger, had read a great many novels with a keen sense of their inaccuracy as representations of life, and had seen a great deal of life with a sad regret for its difference from fiction. They were both nice girls, accomplished, well dressed of course, and well-enough looking; but they had met no one at the seaside or the mountains whom their taste would allow to influence their fate, and they had come home to the occupations they had left, with no hopes and no fears to distract them.

In the absence of these they were fitted to take the more vivid interest in their brother's affairs, which they could see weighed upon their mother's mind after the first hours of greeting.

"Oh, it seems to have been going on, and your father has never written a word about it," she said, shaking her head.

"What good would it have done?" asked Nanny, who was little and fair, with rings of light hair that filled a bonnet-front very prettily; she looked best in a bonnet. "It would only have worried you. He could not have stopped Tom; you couldn't, when you came home to do it."

"I dare say papa didn't know much about it," suggested Lily. She was a tall, lean, dark girl, who looked as if she were not quite warm enough, and whom you always associated with wraps of different æsthetic effect after you had once seen her.

It is a serious matter always to the women of his family when a young man gives them cause to suspect that he is interested in some other woman. A son-in-law or brother-in-law does not enter the family; he need not be caressed or made anything of; but the son's or brother's wife has a claim upon his mother and sisters which they cannot deny. Some convention of their sex obliges them to show her affection, to like or to seem to like her, to take her to their intimacy, however odious she may be to them. With the Coreys it was something more than an affair of sentiment. They were by no means poor, and they were not dependent money-wise upon Tom Corey; but the mother had come, without knowing it, to rely upon his sense, his advice in everything, and the sisters, seeing him hitherto so indifferent to girls, had insensibly grown to regard him as altogether their own till he should be released, not by his marriage, but by theirs, an event which had not approached with the lapse of time. Some kinds of girls — they believed that they could readily have chosen a kind — might have taken him without taking him from them; but this generosity could not be hoped for in such a girl as Miss Lapham.

"Perhaps," urged their mother, "it would not be so bad. She seemed an affectionate little thing with her mother, without a great deal of character, though she was so capable about some things."

"Oh, she'll be an affectionate little thing with Tom too, you may be sure," said Nanny. "And that characterless capability becomes the most intense narrow-mindedness. She'll think we were against her from the beginning."

"She has no cause for that," Lily interposed, "and we shall not give her any."

"Yes, we shall," retorted Nanny. "We can't help it; and if we can't, her own ignorance would be cause enough."

"I can't feel that she's altogether ignorant," said Mrs. Corey, justly.

"Of course she can read and write," admitted Nanny.

"I can't imagine what he finds to talk about with her," said Lily.

"Oh, *that's* very simple," returned her sister. "They talk about themselves, with occasional references to each other. I have heard people 'going on' on the hotel piazzas. She's embroidering, or knitting, or tatting, or something of that kind; and he says she seems quite devoted to needle-work; and she says, yes, she has a perfect passion for it, and everybody laughs at her for it; but she can't help it, she always was so from a child, and supposes she always shall be,—with remote and minute particulars. And she ends by saying that perhaps he does not like people to tat, or knit, or embroider, or whatever. And he says, oh, yes, he does; what could make her think such a thing? but for his part he likes boating rather better, or if you're in the woods camping. Then she lets him take up one corner of her work, and perhaps touch her fingers; and that encourages him to say that he supposes nothing could induce her to drop her work long enough to go down on the rocks, or out among the huckleberry bushes; and she puts her head on one side, and says she doesn't know really. And then they go, and he lies at her feet on the rocks, or picks huckleberries and drops them in her lap, and they go on talking about themselves, and comparing notes to see how they differ from each other. And——"

"That will do, Nanny," said her mother.

Lily smiled autumnally. "Oh, disgusting!"

"Disgusting? Not at all!" protested her sister. "It's very amusing when you see it, and when you do it——"

"It's always a mystery what people see in each other," observed Mrs. Corey, severely.

"Yes," Nanny admitted, "but I don't know that there is much comfort for us in the application."

"No, there isn't," said her mother.

"The most that we can do is to hope for the best till we know the worst. Of course we shall make the best of the worst when it comes."

"Yes, and perhaps it would not be so very bad. I was saying to your father when I was here in July that those things can always be managed. You must face them as if they were nothing out of the way, and try not to give any cause for bitterness among ourselves."

"That's true. But I don't believe in too much resignation beforehand. It amounts to concession," said Nanny.

"Of course we should oppose it in all proper ways," returned her mother.

Lily had ceased to discuss the matter. In virtue of her artistic temperament, she was expected not to be very practical. It was her mother and her sister who managed, submitting to the advice and consent of Corey what they intended to do.

"Your father wrote me that he had called on Colonel Lapham at his place of business," said Mrs. Corey, seizing her first chance of approaching the subject with her son.

"Yes," said Corey. "A dinner was father's idea, but he came down to a call, at my suggestion."

"Oh," said Mrs. Corey, in a tone of relief, as if the statement threw a new light on the fact that Corey had suggested the visit. "He said so little about it in his letter that I didn't know just how it came about."

"I thought it was right they should meet," explained the son, "and so did father. I was glad that I suggested it, afterward; it was extremely gratifying to Colonel Lapham."

"Oh, it was quite right in every way. I suppose you have seen something of the family during the summer."

"Yes, a good deal. I've been down at Nantasket rather often."

Mrs. Corey let her eyes droop. Then she asked: "Are they well?"

"Yes, except Lapham himself, now and then. I went down once or twice to see him. He hasn't given himself any vacation this summer; he has such a passion for his business that I fancy he finds it hard being away from it at any time, and he's made his new house an excuse for staying——"

"Oh, yes, his house! Is it to be something fine?"

"Yes; it's a beautiful house. Seymour is doing it."

"Then, of course, it will be very handsome. I suppose the young ladies are very much taken up with it; and Mrs. Lapham."

"Mrs. Lapham, yes. I don't think the young ladies care so much about it."

"It must be for them. Aren't they ambitious?" asked Mrs. Corey, delicately feeling her way.

Her son thought awhile. Then he answered with a smile:

"No, I don't really think they are. They are unambitious, I should say." Mrs. Corey permitted herself a long breath. But her son added, "It's the parents who are ambitious for them," and her respiration became shorter again.

"Yes," she said.

"They're very simple, nice girls," pursued Corey. "I think you'll like the elder, when you come to know her."

When you come to know her. The words implied an expectation that the two families were to be better acquainted.

"Then she is more intellectual than her sister?" Mrs. Corey ventured.

"Intellectual?" repeated her son. "No; that isn't the word, quite. Though she certainly has more mind."

"The younger seemed very sensible."

"Oh, sensible, yes. And as practical as she's pretty. She can do all sorts of things, and likes to be doing them. Don't you think she's an extraordinary beauty?"

"Yes—yes, she is," said Mrs. Corey, at some cost.

"She's good, too," said Corey, "and perfectly innocent and transparent. I think you will like her the better the more you know her."

"I thought her very nice from the beginning," said the mother, heroically; and then nature asserted itself in her. "But I should be afraid that she might perhaps be a little bit tiresome at last; her range of ideas seemed so extremely limited."

"Yes, that's what I was afraid of. But, as a matter of fact, she isn't. She interests you by her very limitations. You can see the working of her mind, like that of a child. She isn't at all conscious even of her beauty."

"I don't believe young men can tell whether girls are conscious or not," said Mrs. Corey. "But I am not saying the Miss Laphams are not—" Her son sat musing, with an inattentive smile on his face. "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing. I was thinking of Miss Lapham and something she was saying. She's very droll, you know."

"The elder sister? Yes, you told me that. Can you see the workings of her mind too?"

"No; she's everything that's unexpected." Corey fell into another revery, and smiled again; but he did not offer to explain what amused him, and his mother would not ask.

"I don't know what to make of his admiring the girl so frankly," she said afterward to her husband. "That couldn't come naturally till after he had spoken to her, and I feel sure that he hasn't yet."

"You women haven't risen yet—it's an evidence of the backwardness of your sex—to a conception of the Bismarck idea in diplomacy. If a man praises one woman, you still think he's in love with another. Do you mean that because Tom didn't praise the elder sister so much, he *has* spoken to *her?*"

Mrs. Corey refused the consequence, saying that it did not follow. "Besides, he did praise her."

"You ought to be glad that matters are in such good shape, then. At any rate, you can do absolutely nothing."

"Oh! I know it," sighed Mrs. Corey. "I wish Tom would be a little opener with me."

"He's as open as it's in the nature of an American-born son to be with his parents. I dare say if you'd ask him plumply what he meant in regard to the young lady, he would have told you—if he knew."

"Why, don't you think he does know, Bromfield?"

"I'm not at all sure he does. You women think that because a young man dangles after a girl, or girls, he's attached to them. It doesn't at all follow. He dangles because he must, and doesn't know what to do with his time, and because they seem to like it. I dare say that Tom has dangled a good deal in this instance because there was nobody else in town."

"Do you really think so?"

"I throw out the suggestion. And it strikes me that a young lady couldn't do better than stay in or near Boston during the summer. Most of the young men are here, kept by business through the week, with evenings available only on the spot, or a few miles off. What was the proportion of the sexes at the seashore and the mountains?"

"Oh, twenty girls at least for even an excuse of a man. It's shameful."

"You see, I am right in one part of my theory. Why shouldn't I be right in the rest?"

"I wish you were. And yet I can't say that I do. Those things are very serious with girls. I shouldn't like Tom to have been going to see those people if he meant nothing by it."

"And you wouldn't like it if he did. You are difficult, my dear." Her husband pulled an open newspaper toward him from the table.

"I feel that it wouldn't be at all like him to do so," said Mrs. Corey, going on to entangle herself in her words, as women often do when their ideas are perfectly clear. "Don't go to reading, please, Bromfield! I am really worried about this matter. I must know how much it means. I can't let it go on so. I don't see how you can rest easy without knowing."

"I don't in the least know what's going to become of me when I die; and yet I sleep well," replied Bromfield Corey, putting his newspaper aside.

"Ah, but this is a very different thing."

"So much more serious? Well, what can you do? We had this out when you were here in the summer, and you agreed with me then that we could do nothing. The situation hasn't changed at all."

"Yes, it has; it has continued the same," said Mrs. Corey, again expressing the fact by

a contradiction in terms. "I think I must ask Tom outright."

"You know you can't do that, my dear."

"Then why doesn't he tell us?"

"Ah, that's what *he* can't do, if he's making love to Miss Irene — that's her name, I believe — on the American plan. He will tell us after he has told *her*. That was the way I did. Don't ignore our own youth, Anna. It was a long while ago, I'll admit."

"It was very different," said Mrs. Corey, a little shaken.

"I don't see how. I dare say Mamma Lapham knows whether Tom is in love with her daughter or not; and no doubt Papa Lapham knows it at second hand. But we shall not know it until the girl herself does. Depend upon that. Your mother knew, and she told your father; but my poor father knew nothing about it till we were engaged; and I had been hanging about — dangling, as you call it ——"

"No, no; *you* called it that."

"Was it I? — for a year or more."

The wife could not refuse to be a little consoled by the image of her young love which the words conjured up, however little she liked its relation to her son's interest in Irene Lapham. She smiled pensively. "Then you think it hasn't come to an understanding with them yet?"

"An understanding? Oh, probably."

"An explanation, then?"

"The only logical inference from what we've been saying is that it hasn't. But I don't ask you to accept it on that account. May I read now, my dear?"

"Yes, you may read now," said Mrs. Corey, with one of those sighs which perhaps express a feminine sense of the unsatisfactoriness of husbands in general, rather than a personal discontent with her own.

"Thank you, my dear; then I think I'll smoke too," said Bromfield Corey, lighting a cigar.

She left him in peace, and she made no further attempt upon her son's confidence. But she was not inactive for that reason. She did not, of course, admit to herself, and far less to others, the motive with which she went to pay an early visit to the Laphams, who had now come up from Nantasket to Nankeen Square. She said to her daughters that she had always been a little ashamed of using her acquaintance with them to get money for her charity, and then seeming to drop it. Besides, it seemed to her that she ought somehow to recognize the business relation that Tom had formed with the father; they must not think that his family disapproved of what he had done.

"Yes, business is business," said Nanny, with a laugh. "Do you wish us to go with you again?"

"No; I will go alone this time," replied the mother with dignity.

Her coupé now found its way to Nankeen Square without difficulty, and she sent up a card, which Mrs. Lapham received in the presence of her daughter Penelope.

"I presume I've got to see her," she gasped.

"Well, don't look so guilty, mother," joked the girl; "you haven't been doing anything so *very* wrong."

"It seems as if I *had*. I don't know what's come over me. I wasn't afraid of the woman before, but now I don't seem to feel as if I could look her in the face. He's been coming here of his own accord, and I fought against his coming long enough, goodness knows. I didn't want him to come. And as far forth as that goes, we're as respectable as they are; and your father's got twice their money, any day. We no need to go begging for their favor. I guess they were glad enough to get him in with your father."

"Yes, those are all good points, mother," said the girl; "and if you keep saying them over, and count a hundred every time before you speak, I guess you'll worry through."

Mrs. Lapham had been fussing distractedly with her hair and ribbons, in preparation for her encounter with Mrs. Corey. She now drew in a long quivering breath, stared at her daughter without seeing her, and hurried downstairs. It was true that when she met Mrs. Corey before she had not been awed by her; but since then she had learned at least her own ignorance of the world, and she had talked over the things she had misconceived and the things she had shrewdly guessed so much that she could not meet her on the former footing of equality. In spite of as brave a spirit and as good a conscience as woman need have, Mrs. Lapham cringed inwardly, and tremulously wondered what her visitor had come for. She turned from pale to red, and was hardly coherent in her greetings; she did not know how they got to where Mrs. Corey was saying exactly the right things about her son's interest and satisfaction in his new business, and keeping her eyes fixed on Mrs. Lapham's, reading her uneasiness there, and making her feel, in spite of her indignant innocence, that she had taken a base advantage of her in her absence to get her son away from her and marry him to Irene. Then, presently, while this was painfully revolving itself in Mrs. Lapham's mind, she was aware of Mrs. Corey's asking if she was not to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Irene.

"No; she's out, just now," said Mrs. Lapham. "I don't know just when she'll be in. She went to get a book." And here she turned

red again, knowing that Irene had gone to get the book because it was one that Corey had spoken of.

"Oh! I'm sorry," said Mrs. Corey. "I had hoped to see her. And your other daughter, whom I never met?"

"Penelope?" asked Mrs. Lapham, eased a little. "She is at home. I will go and call her." The Laphams had not yet thought of spending their superfluity on servants who could be rung for; they kept two girls and a man to look after the furnace, as they had for the last ten years. If Mrs. Lapham had rung in the parlor, her second girl would have gone to the street door to see who was there. She went upstairs for Penelope herself, and the girl, after some rebellious derision, returned with her.

Mrs. Corey took account of her, as Penelope withdrew to the other side of the room after their introduction, and sat down, indolently submissive on the surface to the tests to be applied, and following Mrs. Corey's lead of the conversation in her odd drawl.

"You young ladies will be glad to be getting into your new house," she said, politely.

"I don't know," said Penelope. "We're so used to this one."

Mrs. Corey looked a little baffled, but she said sympathetically, "Of course, you will be sorry to leave your old home."

Mrs. Lapham could not help putting in on behalf of her daughters: "I guess if it was left to the girls to say, we shouldn't leave it at all."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Corey; "are they so much attached? But I can quite understand it. My children would be heart-broken too if we were to leave the old place." She turned to Penelope. "But you must think of the lovely new house, and the beautiful position."

"Yes, I suppose we shall get used to them too," said Penelope, in response to this didactic consolation.

"Oh, I could even imagine your getting very fond of them," pursued Mrs. Corey, patronizingly. "My son has told me of the lovely outlook you're to have over the water. He thinks you have such a beautiful house. I believe he had the pleasure of meeting you all there when he first came home."

"Yes, I think he was our first visitor."

"He is a great admirer of your house," said Mrs. Corey, keeping her eyes very sharply, however politely, on Penelope's face, as if to surprise there the secret of any other great admiration of her son's that might helplessly show itself.

"Yes," said the girl, "he's been there several times with father; and he wouldn't be allowed to overlook any of its good points."

Her mother took a little more courage from her daughter's tranquillity.

"The girls make such fun of their father's excitement about his building, and the way he talks it into everybody."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Corey, with civil misunderstanding and inquiry.

Penelope flushed, and her mother went on: "I tell him he's more of a child about it than any of them."

"Young people are very philosophical nowadays," remarked Mrs. Corey.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Lapham. "I tell them they've always had everything, so that nothing's a surprise to them. It was different with us in our young days."

"Yes," said Mrs. Corey, without assenting.

"I mean the Colonel and myself," explained Mrs. Lapham.

"Oh, yes—*yes!*" said Mrs. Corey.

"I'm sure," the former went on, rather helplessly, "*we* had to work hard enough for everything we got. And so we appreciated it."

"So many things were not done for young people then," said Mrs. Corey, not recognizing the early-hardships stand-point of Mrs. Lapham. "But I don't know that they are always the better for it now," she added, vaguely, but with the satisfaction we all feel in uttering a just commonplace.

"It's rather hard living up to blessings that you've always had," said Penelope.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corey, distractedly, and coming back to her slowly from the virtuous distance to which she had absented herself. She looked at the girl searchingly again, as if to determine whether this were a touch of the drolling her son had spoken of. But she only added: "You will enjoy the sunsets on the Back Bay so much."

"Well, not unless they're new ones," said Penelope. "I don't believe I could promise to enjoy any sunsets that I was used to, a great deal."

Mrs. Corey looked at her with misgiving, hardening into dislike. "No," she breathed, vaguely. "My son spoke of the fine effect of the lights about the hotel from your cottage at Nantasket," she said to Mrs. Lapham.

"Yes, they're splendid!" exclaimed that lady. "I guess the girls went down every night with him to see them from the rocks."

"Yes," said Mrs. Corey, a little dryly; and she permitted herself to add: "He spoke of those rocks. I suppose both you young ladies spend a great deal of your time on them when you're there. At Nahant my children were constantly on them."

"Irene likes the rocks," said Penelope. "I don't care much about them,—especially at night."

"Oh, indeed! I suppose you find it quite as well looking at the lights comfortably from the veranda."

"No; you can't see them from the house."

"Oh," said Mrs. Corey. After a perceptible pause, she turned to Mrs. Lapham. "I don't know what my son would have done for a breath of sea air this summer, if you had not allowed him to come to Nantasket. He wasn't willing to leave his business long enough to go anywhere else."

"Yes, he's a born business man," responded Mrs. Lapham enthusiastically. "If it's born in you, it's bound to come out. That's what the Colonel is always saying about Mr. Corey. He says it's born in him to be a business man, and he can't help it." She recurred to Corey gladly because she felt that she had not said enough of him when his mother first spoke of his connection with the business. "I don't believe," she went on excitedly, "that Colonel Lapham has ever had anybody with him that he thought more of."

"You have *all* been very kind to my son," said Mrs. Corey in acknowledgment, and stiffly bowing a little, "and we feel greatly indebted to you. Very much so."

At these grateful expressions Mrs. Lapham reddened once more, and murmured that it had been very pleasant to them, she was sure. She glanced at her daughter for support, but Penelope was looking at Mrs. Corey, who doubtless saw her from the corner of her eyes, though she went on speaking to her mother.

"I was sorry to hear from him that Mr.—Colonel?—Lapham had not been quite well this summer. I hope he's better now?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lapham; "he's all right now. He's hardly ever been sick, and he don't know how to take care of himself. That's all. We don't any of us; we're all so well."

"Health is a great blessing," sighed Mrs. Corey.

"Yes, so it is. How is your oldest daughter?" inquired Mrs. Lapham. "Is she as delicate as ever?"

"She seems to be rather better since we returned." And now Mrs. Corey, as if forced to the point, said bunglingly that the young ladies had wished to come with her, but had been detained. She based her statement upon Nanny's sarcastic demand; and, perhaps seeing it topple a little, she rose hastily, to get away from its fall. "But we shall hope for some—some other occasion," she said vaguely, and she put on a parting smile, and shook hands with Mrs. Lapham and Penelope, and then, after some lingering commonplaces, got herself out of the house.

Penelope and her mother were still looking at each other, and trying to grapple with the effect or purport of the visit, when Irene burst in upon them from the outside.

"Oh, mamma! wasn't that Mrs. Corey's carriage just drove away?"

Penelope answered with her laugh. "Yes! You've just missed the most delightful call, 'Rene. So easy and pleasant every way. Not a bit stiff! Mrs. Corey was so friendly! She didn't make *me* feel at all as if she'd bought me, and thought she'd given too much; and mother held up her head as if she were all wool and a yard wide, and she would just like to have anybody deny it."

In a few touches of mimicry she dashed off a sketch of the scene: her mother's trepidation, and Mrs. Corey's well-bred repose and polite scrutiny of them both. She ended by showing how she herself had sat huddled up in a dark corner, mute with fear.

"If she came to make us say and do the wrong thing, she must have gone away happy; and it's a pity you weren't here to help, Irene. I don't know that I aimed to make a bad impression, but I guess I succeeded—even beyond my deserts." She laughed; then suddenly she flashed out in fierce earnest. "If I missed doing anything that could make me as hateful to her as she made herself to me——" She checked herself, and began to laugh. Her laugh broke, and the tears started into her eyes; she ran out of the room, and up the stairs.

"What—what does it mean?" asked Irene, in a daze.

Mrs. Lapham was still in the chilly torpor to which Mrs. Corey's call had reduced her. Penelope's vehemence did not rouse her. She only shook her head absently, and said, "I don't know."

"Why should Pen care what impression she made? I didn't suppose it would make any difference to her whether Mrs. Corey liked her or not."

"I didn't, either. But I could see that she was just as nervous as she could be, every minute of the time. I guess she didn't like Mrs. Corey any too well from the start, and she couldn't seem to act like herself."

"Tell me about it, mamma," said Irene, dropping into a chair.

Mrs. Corey described the interview to her husband on her return home. "Well, and what are your inferences?" he asked.

"They were extremely embarrassed and excited—that is, the mother. I don't wish to do her injustice, but she certainly behaved consciously."

"You made her feel so, I dare say, Anna. I can imagine how terrible you must have been,

in the character of an accusing spirit, too lady-like to say anything. What did you hint?"

"I hinted nothing," said Mrs. Corey, descending to the weakness of defending herself. "But I saw quite enough to convince me that the girl is in love with Tom, and the mother knows it."

"That was very unsatisfactory. I supposed you went to find out whether Tom was in love with the girl. Was she as pretty as ever?"

"I didn't see her; she was not at home; I saw her sister."

"I don't know that I follow you quite, Anna. But no matter. What was the sister like?"

"A thoroughly disagreeable young woman."

"What did she do?"

"Nothing. She's far too sly for that. But that was the impression."

"Then you didn't find her so amusing as Tom does?"

"I found her pert. There's no other word for it. She says things to puzzle you and put you out."

"Ah, that was worse than pert, Anna; that was criminal. Well, let us thank heaven the younger one is so pretty."

Mrs. Corey did not reply directly. "Bromfield," she said, after a moment of troubled silence, "I have been thinking over your plan, and I don't see why it isn't the right thing."

"What is my plan?" inquired Bromfield Corey.

"A dinner."

Her husband began to laugh. "Ah, you overdid the accusing-spirit business, and this is reparation." But Mrs. Corey hurried on, with combined dignity and anxiety:

"We can't ignore Tom's intimacy with them —it amounts to that; it will probably continue even if it's merely a fancy, and we must seem to know it; whatever comes of it, we can't disown it. They are very simple, unfashionable people, and unworldly; but I can't say that they are offensive, unless — unless," she added, in propitiation of her husband's smile, "unless the father — how *did* you find the father?" she implored.

"He will be very entertaining," said Corey, "if you start him on his paint. What was the disagreeable daughter like? Shall you have her?"

"She's little and dark. We must have them all," Mrs. Corey sighed. "Then you don't think a dinner would do?"

"Oh, yes, I do. As you say, we can't disown Tom's relation to them, whatever it is. We had much better recognize it, and make the best of the inevitable. I think a Lapham dinner would be delightful." He looked at her with delicate irony in his voice and smile, and she fetched another sigh, so deep and sore now that he laughed outright. "Perhaps," he suggested, "it would be the best way of curing Tom of his fancy, if he has one. He has been seeing her with the dangerous advantages which a mother knows how to give her daughter in the family circle, and with no means of comparing her with other girls. You must invite several other very pretty girls."

"Do you really think so, Bromfield?" asked Mrs. Corey, taking courage a little. "That might do." But her spirits visibly sank again. "I don't know any other girl half so pretty."

"Well, then, better bred."

"She is very lady-like, very modest, and pleasing."

"Well, more cultivated."

"Tom doesn't get on with such people."

"Oh, you *wish* him to marry her, I see."

"No, no——"

"Then you'd better give the dinner to bring them together, to promote the affair."

"You know I don't want to do that, Bromfield. But I feel that we must do something. If we don't, it has a clandestine appearance. It isn't just to them. A dinner won't leave us in any worse position, and may leave us in a better. Yes," said Mrs. Corey, after another thoughtful interval, "we must have them — have them all. It could be very simple."

"Ah, you can't give a dinner under a bushel, if I take your meaning, my dear. If we do this at all, we mustn't do it as if we were ashamed of it. We must ask people to meet them."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Corey. "There are not many people in town yet," she added, with relief that caused her husband another smile. "There really seems a sort of fatality about it," she concluded, religiously.

"Then you had better not struggle against it. Go and reconcile Lily and Nanny to it as soon as possible."

Mrs. Corey blanched a little. "But don't you think it will be the best thing, Bromfield?"

"I do indeed, my dear. The only thing that shakes my faith in the scheme is the fact that I first suggested it. But if you have adopted it, it must be all right, Anna. I can't say that I expected it."

"No," said his wife, "it wouldn't do."

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.



A VIGIL.

I WALK the lane's dim hollow,—
Past is the twilight hour,
But stealthy shadows follow
And Night withholds her power,
For somewhere in the eastern sky
The shrouded moon is high.

Dews from the wild rose drip unheard,—
Their unforgotten scent
With that of woods and grasses blent;
No muffled flight of bird,
No whispering voice, my footfall stops;
No breeze amid the poplar-tops
The smallest leaf has stirred.

Yet round me, here and there,
A little fluttering wind
Plays now,— these senses have divined
A breath across my hair,—
A touch,— that on my forehead lies,
And presses long
These lips so mute of song,
And now, with kisses cool, my half-shut eyes.

This night? O what is here!
What viewless aura clings
So fitfully, so near,
On this returning even-tide
When Memory will not be denied
Unfettered wings?

My arms reach out,— in vain,—
They fold the air:
And yet — that wandering breath again!
Too vague to make her phantom plain,
Too tender for despair.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



HODSON'S HIDE-OUT.

(A TRANSCRIPT FROM SAND MOUNTAIN.)



WHERE the great line of geologic upheaval running down from Virginia through North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia finally breaks up into a hopeless confusion of variously trending ridges and spurs, there is a region of country somewhat north of the center of Alabama, called by the inhabitants thereof "The Sand Mounting." It is a wild, out-of-the-way, little-known country, whose citizens have kept alive in their mountain fastnesses nearly all that backwoods simplicity and narrowness of ambition peculiar to their ancestors, who came mostly from the Carolinas, in the early part of the present century, following the mountain lines in their migrations, as fish follow streams. They are honest and virtuous, as mountain folk usually are, rather frugal and simple than industrious and enterprising, knowing nothing of books, and having very indefinite information touching the doings of the great world whose tides of action foam around their mountain-locked valleys like an ocean around some worthless island. They have heard of railroads, but many of them have never seen one. They do not take newspapers, they turn their backs upon missionaries, and they nurse a high disdain for the clothes and the ways of city folk. Most of them are farmers in a small way, raising a little corn and wheat, a "patch" of cotton now and then, a few vegetables, and a great deal of delicious fruit.

In the days of secession the men of Sand Mounting were not zealous in the Southern cause, nor were they, on the other hand, willing to do battle for the Union. So it happened that when the Confederate authorities began a system of conscription, Sand Mountain was not a healthful place for enrolling officers, many of whom never returned therefrom to report the number of eligible men found in the remote valleys and "pockets."

One citizen of the mountain became notorious, if not strictly famous, during the war. His name was Riley Hodson, better known as Gineral Hodson, though he never had been a soldier. He may have been rather abnormally developed to serve as a representative Sand Mountain figure in this or any other sketch of that region. The reader may gather from the following outlines of Hodson's character, drawn by certain of his neighbors, a pretty fair idea of what the picture would be when filled out and properly shaded and lighted.

"Gineral Hodson air not jest ezactly what ye'd call a contrayee man, but he's a mighty p'inted an' a' orful sot in 'is way sort o' a feller," said Sandy Biddle, who stood six feet two in his home-made shoes, and weighed scarcely one hundred and twenty pounds, "an' ef anybody air enjoyin' any oncommon desires for a fight, he may call on the gineral with a reas'nable expectation of a-ketchin' double-barrel thunder an' hair-trigger lightnin'."

"He never hev be'n whirpt," observed old Ben Iley, himself the hero of some memorable rough and tumble fights, "an' he hev managed to hev his own way, in spite o' 'ell an' high water, all over the mounting for more 'n forty year tor my sarting knowledge."

"When it come ter doctrin', es the scripter p'intedly do show it, he kin preach all round any o' yer Meth'dist bible-bangers 'at ever I see, don't keer ef ye do call 'im a Hardshell an' a Forty-gallon, an' a' Iron-Jacket Baptus," was Wes. Beazly's tribute; "an' I kin furder say," he added, cutting a quid from a twist of Sand Mounting tobacco and lodging it in his jaw, "'at Gineral Hodson air hones', an' when he air a feller's frien' he air a good un,

an' when he don't like ye, then hit air about time fer ye ter git up an' brin'le out 'n the mounting."

Turning from these verbal sketches to look at Riley Hodson himself, we shall find him leaning on the rickety little gate in front of his rambling log-house. In height he is six feet three, broad-shouldered, strong limbed, rugged, grizzled, harsh-faced, unkempt. He looks like the embodiment of obstinacy. Nor is he out of place as a figure in the landscape around him. Nature was in no soft mood when she gave birth to Sand Mountain, and, in this particular spot, such labor as Riley Hodson had bestowed on its betterment had rendered the offspring still more unsightly. Some yellowish clay fields, washed into ruts by the mountain rains, lay at all sorts of angles with the horizon; the fences were grown over with sassafras bushes and sour-grape vines, and there was as small evidence of any fertility of soil as there was of careful or even intelligent husbandry. It was in the spring of 1875, ten years after the close of the war, that Riley Hodson leaned on that gate and gazed up the narrow mountain trail at a man coming down.

"Hit air a peddler," he muttered to himself, taking the short-stemmed pipe from his mouth with a grimace of the most dogged dislike, "hit air a peddler, an' ef them weeming ever git ther eyes sot onto 'im, hit air good-by ter what money I hev on han', to a dead sartingty." He opened the gate and passed through, going slowly along the trail to meet the coming stranger. Once or twice he glanced furtively back over his shoulder to see if his wife or daughter might chance to be looking after him from the door of the old house. He walked, in the genuine mountain fashion, with long, loose strides, his arms swinging awkwardly at his sides, and his head thrust forward, with his chin elevated and his shoulders drawn up. He soon came face to face with a young man of rather small stature and pleasing features, who carried a little pack on the end of a short fowling-piece swung across his left shoulder.

Hodson had made up his mind to drive this young adventurer back, thinking him an itinerant peddler; but a strange look came into the old man's face, and he stopped short with a half-frightened start and a dumb gesture of awe and surprise.

The stranger, David D'Antinac by name, and an ornithologist by profession, was a little startled by this sudden apparition; for Riley Hodson at best was not prepossessing in appearance, and he now glared so strangely, and his face had such an ashy pallor in it, that the strongest heart might have shrunk and trembled at confronting him in a lonely mountain trail.

"Well, ye blamed little rooster!" exclaimed Hodson in a breathless way, after staring for a full minute.

D'Antinac recoiled perceptibly, with some show of excitement in his face. He was well aware that he was in a region not held well in hand by the law, and he had been told many wild tales of this part of Sand Mountain.

"Ye blamed little rooster!" repeated the old man, taking two or three short backward steps, as if half alarmed and half meditating a sudden leap upon D'Antinac, who now summoned voice enough to say:

"How do you do, sir?"

Such a smile as one might cast upon the dead — a white, wondering, fearful smile — spread over Hodson's face. It seemed to D'Antinac that this smile even leaped from the face and ran like a ghastly flash across the whole landscape. He will remember it as long as he lives.

"W'y, Dave, er thet you?" Hodson asked, in a harsh, tremulous tone, taking still another backward step.

"My name certainly is David, but I guess you don't know me," said D'Antinac, with an effort at an easy manner.

"Don't know ye, ye pore little rooster! Don't know ye! W'y, Dave, are ye come ag'in?" The old man wavered and faltered, as if doubtful whether to advance or retreat. "Don't know ye?" he repeated. "W'y, Dave, don't *you* know *me?* Hev ye furgot the ole man?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I believe I never saw you before in my life," said D'Antinac, lowering his little pack to the ground and leaning on his gun. "You are certainly laboring under some mistake."

"Never seed me afore!" exclaimed Hodson, his voice showing a rising belligerency. "Ye blamed little rooster, none o' yer foolin', fer I won't stand it. I'll jest nat'rally war' ye out ef ye come any o' thet air." Hodson now advanced a step or two with threatening gestures. Quick as lightning, D'Antinac flung up his gun and leveled it, his face growing very pale.

"Another step," he cried excitedly, "and I'll shoot two holes through you!"

Hodson stopped and said in a deprecating tone:

W'y Dave, ye wouldn't shoot yer daddy, would ye, Dave?"

"If *you* run onto me I'll shoot *you*," was the firm response.

"W'y, ye blasted mean little rooster!" thundered Hodson, and before D'Antinac in his excitement could pull trigger, the old man had him



"W'Y, DAVE, ER THET YOU?"

down and was sitting astride of him, as he lay at full length on his back. "Now I'll jest nat'rally be dinged, Dave, ef I don't whirp ever' last striffin o' hide off'n ye ef ye don't erhave yerself!" He had both of D'Antinac's arms clasped in one of his great hands, and was pressing them so hard against the young man's breast that he could scarcely breathe. "Ye nasty little rooster, a-comin' back an' a-tryin' ter shoot yer pore ole daddy fer nothin'. I'll jest wear ye out an' half-sole ye ag'in ef ye open yer mouth!"

D'Antinac lay like a mouse under the paw of a lion. He was afraid to attempt to speak, and it was quite impossible for him to move. The old man's weight was enormous. "I'm er great notion ter pound the very day-lights out'n ye afore I let ye up," Hodson continued. "Hit meks me mad 'nuff fur ter bite ye in two like er tater an' jest nat'rally chaw up both pieces, on'y ter think 'at ye'd deny yer own daddy, what's larruped ye a many a time, an 'en try ter shoot 'im! I'm teetotally ershamed of ye, Dave. An' what'll yer mammy say?"

D'Antinac was possessed of a quick mind, and he had schooled it in the art of making the most of every exigency. He had been several years in the mountain regions of the South, and had discovered that the mountaineers liked nothing better than a certain sort of humor, liberally spiced with their peculiar slang.

"Speaking of biting a tater in two," he ejaculated rather breathlessly, "reminds me that I'm as hungry as a sitting hen. Have you got anything like a good mellow iron wedge, or a fried pine-knot in your pocket?"

Hodson's face softened a little, and he smiled again, in that half-ghastly way, as he said:

"Ye dinged little rooster! W'y, Dave, der ye know the ole man now? Say, Dave, do ye?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly; never knew any one better in my life," promptly responded D'Antinac. "Your face is quite familiar, I assure you. How're the folks?"

Hodson chuckled deep down in his throat, at the same time somewhat relaxing his hold on the young man's arms.

"Sarah an' Mandy 'll jest nat'rally go

'stracted over ye, Dave, an I want ye ter 'have yerself an' come on wi' me down ter the house, like er white boy. This here foolin' 's not gwine ter do ye no good. Ye've got ter toe the mark, Dave."

"Oh, I'll behave," exclaimed D'Antinac, "I'll do whatever you want me to. I was only joking just now. Let me up, you're mashing me as flat as a flying-squirrel."

"Well, I don't whant ter hurt ye, but afore I ever let ye up, ye must promerse me one thing," said Hodson.

"What is it? quick, for you really are making jelly of me," D'Antinac panted forth, like Encelados under Sicily.

"Thet ye'll not deny yer mammy ner Mandy; an' ef ye *do* deny 'em, I'll jest nat'rally be blamed ef I don't whale yer jacket tell ye won't know yer hide from a meal-sifter. Do ye promerse?"

"Yes," said D'Antinac, though, in fact, he did not understand the old mountaineer's meaning. The young man's mother had died in his babyhood, and he felt safe in promising never to deny her.

Hodson got up, leaving D'Antinac free to rise; but the old fellow got possession of the gun and pack and then said:

"Now come 'long home, Dave, an' le's see what yer mammy and Mandy'll say ter ye. Come 'long, I say, an' don't stan' ther' a-gawpin' like er runt pig in er peach orchard. I do 'spise er fool. Come on."

It is probable that no man was ever more bewildered than D'Antinac was just then; in fact, he could not command himself sufficiently to do more than stand there, after he had risen, and stupidly stare at Hodson. The latter, however, did not parley, but, seizing one of the young man's arms in a vise-like grip, he began jerking him along the trail toward the house.

It was a subject fit for an artist's study. The old giant striding down the path, with the young man following at a trot. D'Antinac could not resist. He felt the insignificance of his physique, and also of his will, when compared with those of this old man of the mountain.

"I bet yer mammy 'ell know ye, soon es she lays eyes on ye, spite of yer blamed new-fangled clo's an' yer fancy mustachers. An' es fur Mandy, don't s'pose she'll 'member ye, case she wus too little w'en ye—w'en ye war'—w'en they tuck ye off. She wus nothin' but er baby then, ye know. Well, not ezactly a baby, nuther, but er little gal like, le's see, she air sevingteen now; well, she wer' 'bout five er six, er sich a matter, then. Mebbe she mought know ye too."

D'Antinac, as he listened to this, began to understand that in some way he had been identified in the old man's mind as a long-lost son, and it seemed to him that his only safety lay in ready and pliant acceptance, if not in active furtherance, of the illusion. He was roughly hustled into the Hodson dwelling, a squat old house, built of the halves of pine logs, with the cracks between boarded over with clapboards.

"Sarah, der ye 'member this yere little rooster?" Hodson exclaimed, with a ring of pride in his harsh, stubborn voice, as he



"SHE TOOK THE PIPE FROM HER MOUTH AND GAZED AT D'ANTINAC."

twisted D'Antinac around so as to bring him face to face with a slim, sallow, wrinkled little old woman, who stood by an enormous fireplace smoking an oily-looking clay pipe. "Don't he jest hev a sort er nat'ral look ter ye? Hev he be'n killed in the wa', Sarah, eh?"

The woman did not respond immediately. She took the pipe from her mouth and gazed at D'Antinac. Her face slowly assumed a yearning look, and at length, with a sort of moaning cry of recognition, she fell upon him and clasped him close, kissing him and wetting him with her tears. Her breath, heavy with the malodor of nicotine, almost strangled him, but he dared not resist.

During this ordeal he got broken glimpses of a bright girlish face, a heavy rimpled mass of lemon-colored hair, and a very pretty form clothed in a loose homespun gown.

"Mandy, hit air Dave come back, yer brother Dave; do yer 'member 'im?" he heard the old man say. "Do yer 'member the little rooster 'at they conscriptered an' tuck erway ter the wa'? Well, thet air's him, thet air's Dave! Go kiss 'im, Mandy."

The girl did not move, nor did she seem at all inclined to share the excitement of her parents.

"Go kiss yer bud, Mandy, I say," Hodson commanded. "He wusn't killed in no wa'. Kiss the little rooster, Mandy."

"Won't," stubbornly responded Mandy.

"Well, now, I'll jest ber dinged, sis, ef this yere hain't jest too bad," the old man exclaimed in a whining, deprecatory tone of voice, quite different from the gruff, bullying sounds usually emitted by him. "I wouldn't er thort 'at ye'd 'fuse ter be glad w'en yer little brother come."

"'Tain't none o' my brother, neither," she said, blushing vermilion, as she half-shyly gazed at D'Antinac, with her finger in her mouth.

Mrs. Hodson hung upon the young man for a space that seemed to him next to interminable, and when at last she unwound her bony arms from his neck and pushed him back, so as to get a good look at him, he felt such relief as comes with the first fresh breath after a season of suffocation.

"Ye air be'n gittin' rich, hain't ye, Dave? an' ye air fatter'n ye wus, too," she remarked. Then she went back to the hearth and relighted her pipe, meantime eying him curiously. D'Antinac never before had found himself so utterly at a loss for something to do or say. The occasion was a singularly dry, queer, and depressing one. He felt the meanness of his attitude, and yet a side glance at Hodson's stubbornly cruel face and giant form was enough to enforce its continuance.

"Yer mammy's jest es poorty es ever, *hain't* she, Dave?" said the old man, with a wheedling note in his rasping voice, "she hain't changed none, *hev* she, Dave?"

"I don't know — I guess — well, perhaps she's more flesh — that is, stouter than when — than when ——"

"Ye-e-s, that air hit, Dave," said Hodson, "she air fatter."

Nothing could have been more ridiculous than this assertion. Mrs. Hodson, like most old mountain women who live on salt pork and smoke tobacco, was as thin and withered and dry as a last year's beech-leaf. D'Antinac sheepishly glanced at Mandy. The girl put her hand over her really sweet-looking mouth, and uttered a suppressed titter, at the same time deepening her blushes and shrugging her plump, shapely shoulders.

"Well, Dave, jest es I 'spected, Mandy hev furgot ye," said Hodson; "but ye know she wer' not no bigger'n a nubbin o' dry-weather co'n w'en ye wer' tuck away. But hit's all right, Dave, yer mammy an' me hev allus felt like ye'd turn up some day, an' lo an' behole, ye hev."

Once more D'Antinac bravely tried to deny this alleged kinship to the Hodson household, but the old man instantly flew into a passion and threatened all sorts of condign punishment, not the worst of which was "swiping" him "all over a' acre o' groun'."

"But, my dear sir, I can't afford to have you for a moment think——"

"Dry up! ye little sniv'lin' conscript, er I'll mop up this yere floo' wi' ye in a minute! Hain't ye got no sense 't all? Hev I got ter down ye ag'in?"

D'Antinac could not help himself. He made a full surrender, and accepted, for the time, his rôle of returned son and brother, trusting that something would soon turn up to free him from the embarrassment. He was not long in discovering that Mrs. Hodson's faith in his identity was much weaker than the old man's, and as for Mandy, she very flatly refused to accept him as a brother.

It was now sundown, and the evening shadows were gathering in the valley. Far and near, the brown thrushes, the cardinal grosbeaks, and the cat-birds were singing in the hedges of sassafras that overgrew the old worm fences of the Hodson farm. The woods along the mountain-sides were almost black with their heavy leafage, and the stony peaks of the highest ridge in the west, catching the reflection from the sunset clouds, looked like heaps of gold. A peculiar dryness seemed to pervade earth, air, and sky, as if some underground volcanic heat had banished every trace of moisture from the soil, whilst the sun had dessicated the atmosphere. Even the clouds, scudding lazily overhead, had the look of being crisp and withered.

With all a Sand Mountain man's faith in the universal efficacy of fried bacon, Hodson ordered supper to be prepared. Mandy rolled up the sleeves of her homespun dress, showing arms as white and plump as those of a babe, and proceeded to cut some long slices of streaked "side-meat," as the mountaineers term smoked breakfast-bacon, while her father started a fire on the liberal hearth. The supper was rather greasy, but not unpalatable, the fried corn-bread and the crisp meat being supplemented by excellent coffee. During the meal Hodson plied D'Antinac with questions as to where he had spent all these years of absence, questions very hard to answer satisfactorily. Mrs. Hodson silently watched the young man,

with a doubting, wistful look in her watery eyes, as if she could not make up her mind to trust him wholly, and yet was anxious to accept him, as her long-lost son. Mandy scarcely lifted her face after she sat down at the table, but D'Antinac fancied he could detect a dimpling ripple of suppressed merriment about her rosy cheeks and mouth.

When supper was over and Mandy had washed the dishes and put them away, Hodson proposed music; he was almost hilarious.



"W-W-W'AT DAVE IS YER TARKIN' 'BOUT?"

"Ye ricollec' Jord, don't ye, Dave? Our ole nigger feller — course ye do, yer boun' ter ricollec' 'im, couldn't never furgit 'im; mean ole villyun, but er good hand ter hoe cotting an' pull fodder. Well, he's jest got in from the upper co'n-fiel', an' is er feedin' 'is mule. Soon es he comes ter 'is cabing, I'll call 'im in ter pick the banjer fur ye, an' I don't whant ye ter say nothin' 'bout who ye air, an' see ef he 'members ye."

Of course D'Antinac assented; there was nothing else for him to do. In fact, he was beginning to feel a sharp interest in the progress of this queer farce. He tried to get a look into Mandy's roguish eyes, that he might be sure of her sympathy, but she avoided him, her cheeks all the time burning with blushes, and her yellowish hair tossed loosely over her neck and shoulders. Presently Hodson went out to fetch in Jord and the banjo. It was during his absence, and while Mrs. Hodson was stooping over the embers on the hearth, trying to scoop up a coal to light her pipe, that the bashful girl got up and walked across the room. As she passed D'Antinac, she whispered:

"Ye must 'member Jord soon es ye see 'im — don't ye fail. Save er rumpus."

"All right," whispered D'Antinac.

Hodson reëntered in due time, followed by a slender, bony negro man, whose iron-gray wool and wrinkled face indexed his age at near seventy years.

"Jording, der ye know this yere gentleman?" said Hodson.

"Naw, sah, don't fink er do," answered the negro, twirling his banjo in a self-conscious way, and bowing obsequiously.

Mrs. Hodson and Mandy interchanged quick, half-frightened grimaces, followed by furtive glances toward the master of the house.

"Jording," said Hodson, "ef ye don't tell me who this yere feller air in less'n a minute, I'll jest nat'rally take the ramrod out'n Hornet," pointing to a long rifle that hung over the door, "an' I'll jest wax hit to ye, tell ye'll be glad ter 'member mos' anybody."

"Why, Jord, old fellow, don't you remember Dave!" exclaimed D'Antinac, taking a step forward, and simulating great joy and surprise.

"W-w-w'at Dave is yer tarkin' 'bout?" stammered the poor old negro.

Hodson's face instantly swelled with rage, and he certainly would have done something desperate had not D'Antinac just then closed up the space between himself and Jord. Mandy, too, joined the group and whispered:

"Don't be er fool, Jord, say hit's Dave come back f'om the wa'."

Jord's wits and conscience were a little refractory, but Mandy's advice found an able auxiliary in the fact that Hodson had by this time got possession of the rifle-ramrod, and was flourishing it furiously.

"W'y, Mars Dave! dis you? 'Clar' ter goodness de ole niggah's eyes gittin' pow'ful pore! Didn' know yer no mo'n nuffin' at fus; but yer look jes es nat'ral es de ole mule ter me now. Wha' ye been all dis time, Mars Dave? 'Clar' ter goodness ye s'prise de ole niggah's senses mos' out'n 'im, yer does fo' sho'!"

While Jord was thus delivering himself, he kept one eye queerly leering at D'Antinac, and the other glaring wildly at the wavering ramrod.

"Ther', what'd I tell ye?" exclaimed Hodson, vociferously; "what'd I tell ye! Jord 'members 'im! Hit *air* Dave, sho' 's ye bo'n, Sarah! Hit air our boy, fur a fac', the blamed little rooster! He wusn't killed in no wa', Sarah! I allus tole ye 'at he'd come back, an', sho' 'nuff, yer he air! Hallooyer!" As he



"JORD ER GONE!"

spoke, he capered awkwardly over the floor, to the imminent danger of every one's toes. When his ecstasy had somewhat abated, he turned to Jord, his face beaming with delight. "Now, Jording," he said, "give us my favoryte song; an', Jording, put on the power, put on the power! This yere's a 'cashun of onlimeted rejoicin'! Hain't it, Sarah?"

"Hit air," responded Mrs. Hodson, puffing lazily at her old pipe.

Hodson took a chair, and, placing it close beside his wife, sat down, and, with his hand caressing her shoulder, whispered in her ear:

"Hain't this yere jest glor'us?"

"Hit air," she answered, lifelessly.

Mandy's face was as pink as the petals of a wild rose and her heart was fluttering strangely.

D'Antinac, keenly alive to the dramatic situation, and somewhat troubled as to how it was to end, glanced around the room, and, despite his mental perturbation, became aware of the rude but powerful setting of the scene. The pine-smoked walls and ceiling, the scant, primitive furniture, the scrupulously clean puncheon floor, the long flint-locked rifle, the huge "stick-and-dirt" fire-place, the broad, roughly laid hearth and the smoke-grimed wooden crane, all taken together, made an *entourage* in perfect accord with the figures, the costumes, and the predicament.

Jord tuned his banjo with some show of faltering, and presently he began to play and sing. The following, which were the closing stanzas, will serve to give an idea of the performance:

"Ab'um Linkum say he gwine ter
Free ole niggah in de wah,
But Mars Hodson say he mine ter
See how Ab'um do dat dar!
Hoop-te-loody, how ye gwine ter
When Mars Hodson not er mine ter?
Den ole Ab'um say: 'You free um!'
But Mars Hodson cut an' shoot,
An' say to Ab'um dat he see um
At de debbil 'fore he do 't!
Hoop-te-loody, how ye gwine ter
When Mars Hodson not er mine ter?"

"That air a fac'," exclaimed Hodson, almost gleefully, "that air a fac'. Here's what never guv in yit, Dave! They tried fur ter mek me fight fur the Confed'ret States an' they never done hit, an' 'en they tried ter conscrip' me, like they did you, Dave, but I cut 'em an' shot 'em an' hid out aroun' in these yere woods tell they guv my place the name o' Hide-out, an' they didn't conscrip' me, nuther; an' 'en the tother gov'ment proclamated and sot ever'body's niggers free, but yer daddy hel' on ter his one lone nigger jes' ter show 'em 'at he could; fur ther's not a gov'ment onto the top side o' yearth 'at kin coerce er subjergate yer daddy, Dave."

Jord hung his head in the utmost humility while his master was speaking. A keen pang of sympathy shot through D'Antinac's bosom. The thought that this kindly-faced old negro was still a slave, the one lone man of his race whose shackles remained unbroken, was touching beyond compare. And yet it seemed quite in consonance with the nature of things that such a person as Hodson should be able, situated as he was, to resist, for any length of time, the tide of the new *régime*. This easy turn from the absurd to the pathetic gave a new force to the situation, hardening and narrowing its setting, whilst it added infinite depth to its meaning. Here, indeed, was the very heart of Sand Mountain, and well might it be called Hodson's Hide-out, where slavery's last instance had been hidden safe from the broad eyes of freedom.

D'Antinac could not sleep when at last he had been left by Hodson in a little dingy room, whither his gun and pack had also been transported. The bed was soft and clean, and the moonlight pouring through a low, square, paneless window invited to sleep; but he lay there pondering and restless. Hodson's last words, before bidding him good-night, kept ringing in his ears:

"Thet ole Jording air a livin' ezample o' my 'termination an' ondurence, Dave, an' hit shows what stuff yer daddy's made out'n. The whole etarnal worl' kin never free that

air nigger. He er mine ter keep, es the ole hymn say, 'Whatever may erpose.'"

D'Antinac was small of stature and not at all a hero mentally; but he had come of a liberty-loving ancestry, and was, despite his foreign-looking name, an American to his heart's core. No doubt the wild, roving life he had for years been leading, as an emissary of an ornithological society, had served to emphasize and accentuate his love of freedom in every sense.

He had turned and tossed on his bed for several hours, when a peculiar voice, between a chant and a prayer in its intonations, came in through the little window, along with the white stream of moonlight. He got up and softly went to the aperture. The voice came from a little detached cabin in the back yard. It was Jord praying.

"Lor', hab' de ole man sarb ye well an' true? Mus' I die er slabe an' come 'ome ter glory wid de chain on? What I done, Lor', 'at ye 'zart me when I's ole? Is I nebber gwine ter be free? Come down, Lor', an' 'stain de ole man in he 'fliction an' trouble, an' oh, Lor', gib 'im oleeyes one leetle glimp' ob freedom afore he die. Amen."

Such were the closing words of the plaintive and touching prayer. No wonder that suddenly d'Antinac's whole life focused itself in the desire to liberate that old slave. He forgot every element of his predicament, save his nearness to the last remnant of human bondage. He drew on his clothes, seized his pack and gun, and slyly crept out through the little window. The cool, sweet mountain air braced him like wine. This ought to be the breath of freedom. These rugged peaks surrounding the little "pocket" or valley ought not to fence in a slave or harbor a master.

Riley Hodson slept soundly all night, and did not get up before breakfast was ready.

"Let the little rooster sleep; hit air Sunday, anyhow; let 'im git up when he whants ter," said the old man, when d'Antinac failed to appear.

Mandy had fried some ham and eggs for breakfast, and she came to the table in a very becoming blue calico gown. Mrs. Hodson appeared listless, and her eyes had no cheerful light in them.

The old man ate ravenously the choicest eggs and the best slices of ham, with the air of one determined upon vicariously breaking fast for the entire household. But Mandy had saved back in the frying-pan some extra bits for the young stranger.

An hour passed.

"Guess the blamed little rooster air a-goin' ter snooze all day. Mebbe I'd better wake 'im," Hodson at last said, and went to the little bedroom. He tapped on the door, but got no response. Then he pounded heavily and called out:

"Hullo, Dave!"

Silence followed. He turned and glared at Mrs. Hodson, then at Mandy.

"The blamed little rooster!" he muttered, flinging open the door. For many seconds he stood peering into the room. Presently he clutched the door-post to steady himself, then he reeled round, and his face grew white.

"Dave er gone!" he gasped. "Dave er gone! Lord, Sarah, he air gone ag'in!"

Almost involuntarily Mandy went to the bedroom door and confirmed her father's assertion. Mrs. Hodson was quiet. The whole house was quiet. Indeed, there seemed to have fallen a perfect hush over the valley and the mountains.

Riley Hodson soon rallied. He sprang to his feet like a tiger.

"Mandy," he stormed, "go tell Jording ter bridle an' saddle the mule, quick!"

Mandy went at his command, as if blown by his breath. In a few minutes she returned, white as a ghost, and gasped:

"Jord er gone!"

"What! How! Gone! Jording!"

"He air gone," Mandy repeated, holding out a two-dollar "greenback" bill in one hand and a piece of writing-paper in the other. "I got these yere off'n Jord's table."

With great difficulty and in a breathless way, she read aloud what was hastily scrawled on the paper:

"MR. HODSON.

"*Dear Sir:* You are greatly mistaken; I am not your son. I never saw you in my life before yesterday. Your wife and daughter are both well aware of your curious illusion. Jordan, whom I take with me to freedom, knows that I am not your lost son. In fact, I am, Very respectfully yours,

DAVID D'ANTINAC.

"P. S. A letter to me will reach me if directed in care of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. I inclose two dollars to pay for the trouble I have given you."

Hodson caught his mule, bridled it and saddled it, and rode away up the zigzag mountain trail in pursuit of the fugitives; but he did not catch them. At nightfall he returned in a somber mood, with a look of dry despair in his eyes. For a long while he did not speak; but at length, when his wife came and sat down close beside him, he muttered:

"Wer' hit Dave, Sarah?"

"Hit wer' not," she answered; "Dave never hed no mole onter 'is chin."

Maurice Thompson.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

VI.

"OH, thank you," said Miss Birdseye; "I shouldn't like to lose it; it was given me by Mirandola!" He had been one of her refugees in the old time, when two or three of her friends, acquainted with the limits of his resources, wondered how he had come into possession of the trinket. She had been diverted again, after her greeting with Doctor and Mrs. Tarrant, by stopping to introduce the tall, dark young man whom Miss Chancellor had brought with her to Doctor Prance. She had become conscious of his somewhat somber figure, uplifted against the wall, near the door; he was leaning there in solitude, unacquainted with opportunities which Miss Birdseye felt to be, collectively, of value, and which were really, of course, what strangers came to Boston for. It did not occur to her to ask herself why Miss Chancellor didn't talk to him, since she had brought him; Miss Birdseye was incapable of a speculation of this kind. Olive, in fact, had remained vividly conscious of her kinsman's isolation until the moment when Mrs. Farrinder lifted her, with a word, to a higher plane. She watched him across the room; she saw that he might be bored. But she proposed to herself not to mind that; she had asked him, after all, not to come. Then he was no worse off than others; he was only waiting, like the rest; and before they left she would introduce him to Mrs. Farrinder. She might tell that lady who he was first; it was not every one that would care to know a person who had borne such a part in the Southern disloyalty. It came over our young lady that when she sought the acquaintance of her distant kinsman she had indeed done a more complicated thing than she suspected. The sudden uneasiness that he flung over her in the carriage had not left her, though she felt it less now she was with others, and especially that she was close to Mrs. Farrinder, who was such a fountain of strength. At any rate, if he was bored, he could speak to some one; there were excellent people near him, even if they *were* ardent reformers. He could speak to that pretty girl who had just come in — the one with red hair — if he liked; Southerners were supposed to be so chivalrous!

Miss Birdseye reasoned much less, and didn't offer to introduce him to Verena Tarrant, who was apparently being presented by her parents to a group of friends at the other end of the room. It came back to Miss Birdseye, in this connection, that, sure enough, Verena had been away for a long time — for two or three years; had been on a visit to friends in the West, and would therefore naturally be a stranger to most of the Boston circle. Doctor Prance was looking at her — at Miss Birdseye — with little, sharp, fixed pupils; and the good lady wondered whether she were angry at having been induced to come up. She had a general impression that when genius was original its temper was high; and all this would be the case with Doctor Prance. She wanted to say to her that she could go down again if she liked; but even to Miss Birdseye's unsophisticated mind this scarcely appeared, as regards a guest, an adequate formula of dismissal. She tried to bring the young Southerner out; she said to him that she presumed they would have some entertainment soon — Mrs. Farrinder could be interesting when she tried! And then she bethought herself to introduce him to Doctor Prance; it might serve as a reason for having brought her up. Moreover, it would do her good to break up her work now and then; she pursued her medical studies far into the night, and Miss Birdseye, who was nothing of a sleeper (Mary Prance, precisely, had wanted to treat her for it), had heard her, in the stillness of the small hours, with her open windows (she had fresh air on the brain), sharpening instruments (it was Miss Birdseye's mild belief that she dissected) in a little physiological laboratory which she had set up in her back room, the room which, if she hadn't been a doctor, might have been her "chamber," and perhaps was, even with the dissecting, Miss Birdseye didn't know! She explained her young friends to each other, a trifle incoherently, perhaps, and then went to stir up Mrs. Farrinder.

Basil Ransom had already noticed Doctor Prance; he had not been at all bored, and

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had observed every one in the room, arriving at all sorts of ingenious inductions. The little medical lady struck him as a perfect example of the "Yankee female"—the figure which, in the unregenerate imagination of the children of the cotton-States, was produced by the New England school-system, the Puritan code, the ungenial climate, the absence of chivalry. Spare, dry, hard, without a curve, an inflection, or a grace, she seemed to ask no odds in the battle of life and to be prepared to give none. But Ransom could see that she was not an enthusiast, and after his contest with his cousin's enthusiasm this was rather a relief to him. She looked like a boy, and not even like a good boy. It was evident that if she had been a boy, she would have "cut" school, to try private experiments in mechanics or to make researches in natural history. It was true that if she had been a boy she would have borne some relation to a girl, whereas Doctor Prance appeared to bear none whatever. Except her intelligent eye, she had no features to speak of. Ransom asked her if she were acquainted with the lioness, and on her staring at him, without response, explained that he meant the renowned Mrs. Farrinder.

"Well, I don't know as I ought to say that I'm acquainted with her; but I've heard her on the platform. I have paid my half-dollar," the doctor added, with a certain grimness.

"Well, did she convince you?" Ransom inquired.

"Convince me of what, sir?"

"That women are so superior to men."

"Oh, deary me!" said Doctor Prance, with a little impatient sigh; "I guess I know more about women than she does."

"And that isn't your opinion, I hope," said Ransom, laughing.

"Men and women are all the same to me," Doctor Prance remarked. "I don't see any difference. There is room for improvement in both sexes. Neither of them is up to the standard." And on Ransom's asking her what the standard appeared to her to be, she said, "Well, they ought to live better; that's what they ought to do." And she went on to declare, further, that she thought they all talked too much. This had so long been Ransom's conviction that his heart quite warmed to Doctor Prance, and he paid homage to her wisdom in the manner of Mississippi—with a richness of compliment that made her turn her acute, suspicious eye upon him. This checked him; she was capable of thinking that *he* talked too much—she herself having, apparently, no general conversation. It was german to the matter, at any rate, for him to observe that he believed they were to have a lecture from Mrs. Farrinder—he didn't know why she didn't begin. "Yes," said Doctor Prance, rather dryly, "I suppose that's what Miss Birdseye called me up for. She seemed to think I wouldn't want to miss that."

"Whereas, I infer, you could console yourself for the loss of the oration," Ransom suggested.

"Well, I've got some work. I don't want any one to teach me what a woman can do!" Doctor Prance declared. "She can find out some things, if she tries. Besides, I am familiar with Mrs. Farrinder's system; I know all she's got to say."

"Well, what is it, then, since she continues to remain silent?"

"Well, what it amounts to is just that women want to have a better time. That's what it comes to in the end. I am aware of that, without her telling me."

"And don't you sympathize with such an aspiration?"

"Well, I don't know as I cultivate the sentimental side," said Doctor Prance. "There's plenty of sympathy without mine. If they want to have a better time, I suppose it's natural; so do men too, I suppose. But I don't know as it appeals to me—to make sacrifices for it; it ain't such a wonderful time—the best you *can* have!"

This little lady was tough and technical; she evidently didn't care for great movements; she became more and more interesting to Basil Ransom, who, it is to be feared, had a fund of cynicism. He asked her if she knew his cousin, Miss Chancellor, whom he indicated, beside Mrs. Farrinder; *she* believed, on the contrary, in wonderful times (she thought they were coming); she had plenty of sympathy, and he was sure she was willing to make sacrifices.

Doctor Prance looked at her across the room for a moment; then she said she didn't know her, but she guessed she knew others like her—she went to see them when they were sick. "She's having a private lecture to herself," Ransom remarked; whereupon Doctor Prance rejoined, "Well, I guess she'll have to pay for it!" She appeared to regret her own half-dollar, and to be vaguely impatient of the behavior of her sex. Ransom became so sensible of this that he felt it was indelicate to allude further to the cause of woman, and, for a change, endeavored to elicit from his companion some information about the gentlemen present. He had given her a chance, vainly, to start some topic herself; but he could see that she had no interests beyond the researches from which, this evening, she had been torn, and was incapable of asking him a

personal question. She knew two or three of the gentlemen; she had seen them before at Miss Birdseye's. Of course she knew principally ladies; the time hadn't come when a lady doctor was sent for by gentlemen, and she hoped it never would, though some people seemed to think that this was what lady-doctors were working for. She knew Mr. Pardon; that was the young man with the "side-whiskers" and the white hair; he was a kind of editor, and he wrote, too, "over his signature" — perhaps Basil had read some of his works; he was under thirty, in spite of his white hair. He was a great deal thought of in magazine circles. She believed he was very bright — but she hadn't read anything. She didn't read much — not for amusement; only the "Transcript." She believed Mr. Pardon sometimes wrote in the "Transcript"; well, she supposed he *was* very bright. The other that she knew — only she *didn't* know him (she supposed Basil would think that queer) — was the tall, pale gentleman, with the black mustache and the eye-glass. She knew him because she had met him in society; but she didn't know him — well, because she didn't want to. If he should come and speak to her — and he looked as if he were going to work round that way — she should just say to him, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," very coldly. She couldn't help it if he did think her dry; if *he* were a little more dry, it might be better for him. What was the matter with him? Oh, she thought she had mentioned that: he was a mesmeric healer, he made miraculous cures. She didn't believe in his system or disbelieve in it, one way or the other; she only knew that she had been called to see ladies he had worked on, and she found that he had made them lose a lot of valuable time. He talked to them — well, as if he didn't know what he was saying. She guessed he was quite ignorant of pathology, and she didn't think he ought to go round taking responsibilities. She didn't want to be narrow, but she thought a person ought to know something. She supposed Basil would think her very uplifted; but he had put the question to her, as she might say. All she could say was she didn't want him to be laying his hands on any of *her* folks; it was all done with the hands — what wasn't done with the tongue! Basil could see that Doctor Prance was irritated; that this extreme candor of allusion to her neighbor was probably not habitual to her, as a member of a society in which the casual expression of strong opinion generally produced waves of silence. But he blessed her irritation, for him it was so illuminating; and to draw further profit from it, he asked her who the young lady was with the red hair — the pretty one, whom he had only noticed during the last ten minutes. She was Miss Tarrant, the daughter of the healer; hadn't she mentioned his name? Selah Tarrant; if he wanted to send for him. Doctor Prance wasn't acquainted with her, beyond knowing that she was the mesmerist's only child, and having heard something about her having some gift — she couldn't remember which it was. Oh, if she was his child, she would be sure to have some gift — if it was only the gift of the g—— well, she didn't mean to say that; but a talent for conversation. Perhaps she could die and come to life again; perhaps she would show them her gift, as no one seemed inclined to do anything. Yes, she was pretty-appearing, but there was a certain indication of anæmia, and Doctor Prance would be surprised if she didn't eat too much candy. Basil thought she had an engaging exterior; it was his private reflection, colored doubtless by "sectional" prejudice, that she was the first pretty girl he had seen in Boston. She was talking with some ladies at the other end of the room; and she had a large red fan, which she kept constantly in movement. She was not a quiet girl; she fidgeted, was restless, while she talked, and had the air of a person who, whatever she might be doing, would wish to be doing something else. If people watched her a good deal, she also returned their contemplation, and her charming eyes had several times encountered those of Basil Ransom. But they wandered mainly in the direction of Mrs. Farrinder — they lingered upon the serene solidity of the great oratress. It was easy to see that the girl admired this beneficent woman, and felt it a privilege to be near her. It was apparent, indeed, that she was excited by the company in which she found herself; a fact to be explained by a reference to that recent period of exile in the West, of which we have had a hint, and in consequence of which the present occasion may have seemed to her a return to intellectual life. Ransom secretly wished that his cousin — since fate was to reserve for him a cousin in Boston — had been more like that.

By this time a certain agitation was perceptible; several ladies, impatient of vain delay, had left their places to appeal personally to Mrs. Farrinder, who was presently surrounded with sympathetic remonstrants. Miss Birdseye had given her up; it had been enough for Miss Birdseye that she should have said, when pressed (so far as her hostess, muffled in laxity, could press) on the subject of the general expectation, that she could only deliver her message to an audience which she felt to be partially hostile. There was no hostility there; they were all only too

much in sympathy. "I don't require sympathy," she said, with a tranquil smile, to Olive Chancellor; "I am only myself; I only rise to the occasion, when I see prejudice, when I see bigotry, when I see injustice, when I see conservatism, massed before me like an army. Then I feel — I feel as I imagine Napoleon Bonaparte to have felt on the eve of one of his great victories. I *must* have unfriendly elements — I like to win them over."

Olive thought of Basil Ransom, and wondered whether he would do for an unfriendly element. She mentioned him to Mrs. Farrinder, who expressed an earnest hope that if he were opposed to the principles which were so dear to the rest of them, he might be induced to take the floor and testify on his own account. "I should be so happy to answer him," said Mrs. Farrinder, with supreme softness. "I should be so glad, at any rate, to exchange ideas with him." Olive felt a deep alarm at the idea of a public dispute between these two vigorous people (she had a perception that Ransom would be vigorous), not because she doubted of the happy issue, but because she herself would be in a false position, as having brought the offensive young man, and she had a horror of false positions. Miss Birdseye was incapable of resentment; she had invited forty people to hear Mrs. Farrinder speak, and now Mrs. Farrinder wouldn't speak. But she had such a beautiful reason for it! There was something martial and heroic in her pretext, and, besides, it was so characteristic, so free, that Miss Birdseye was quite consoled, and wandered away, looking at her other guests vaguely, as if she didn't know them from each other, while she mentioned to them, at a venture, the excuse for their disappointment, confident, evidently, that they would agree with her it was very fine. "But we can't pretend to be on the other side, just to start her up, can we?" she asked of Mr. Tarrant, who sat there beside his wife with a rather conscious but by no means complacent air of isolation from the rest of the company.

"Well, I don't know — I guess we are all solid here," this gentleman replied, looking round him with a slow, deliberate smile, which made his mouth enormous, developed two wrinkles, as long as the wings of a bat, on either side of it, and showed a set of big, even, carnivorous teeth.

"Selah," said his wife, laying her hand on the sleeve of his water-proof, "I wonder whether Miss Birdseye would be interested to hear Verena."

"Well, if you mean she sings, it's a shame I haven't got a piano," Miss Birdseye took upon herself to respond. It came back to her that the girl had a gift.

"She doesn't want a piano — she doesn't want anything," Selah remarked, giving no apparent attention to his wife. It was a part of his attitude in life never to appear to be indebted to another person for a suggestion, never to be surprised or unprepared.

"Well, I don't know that the interest in singing is so general," said Miss Birdseye, quite unconscious of any slackness in preparing a substitute for the entertainment that had failed her.

"It isn't singing, you'll see," Mrs. Tarrant declared.

"What is it, then?"

Mr. Tarrant unfurled his wrinkles, showed his back-teeth. "It's inspirational."

Miss Birdseye gave a small, vague, unskeptical laugh. "Well, if you can guarantee that——"

"I think it would be acceptable," said Mrs. Tarrant; and putting up a half-gloved, familiar hand, she drew Miss Birdseye down to her, and the pair explained in alternation what it was their child could do.

Meanwhile, Basil Ransom confessed to Doctor Prance that he was, after all, rather disappointed. He had expected more of a programme; he wanted to hear some of the new truths. Mrs. Farrinder, as he said, remained within her tent, and he had hoped not only to see these distinguished people but also to listen to them.

"Well, *I* ain't disappointed," the sturdy little doctress replied. "If any question had been opened, I suppose I should have had to stay."

"But I presume you don't propose to retire."

"Well, I've got to pursue my studies *some* time. I don't want the gentlemen doctors to get ahead of me."

"Oh, no one will ever get ahead of you, I'm very sure. And there is that pretty young lady going over to speak to Mrs. Farrinder. She's going to beg her for a speech — Mrs. Farrinder can't resist that."

"Well, then, I'll just trickle out before she begins. Good-night, sir," said Doctor Prance, who by this time had begun to appear to Ransom more susceptible of domestication, as if she had been a small forest-creature, a catamount or a ruffled doe, that had learned to stand still while you stroked it, or even to extend a paw. She ministered to health, and she was healthy herself; if his cousin could have been even of this type, Basil would have felt himself more fortunate.

"Good-night, Doctor," he replied. "You

haven't told me, after all, your opinion of the capacity of the ladies."

"Capacity for what?" said Doctor Prance. "They've got a capacity for making people waste time. All I know is that I don't want any one to tell *me* what a lady can do!" And she edged away from him softly, as if she had been traversing a hospital-ward, and presently he saw her reach the door, which, with the arrival of the later comers, had remained open. She stood there an instant, turning over the whole assembly a glance like the flash of a watchman's bull's-eye, and then quickly passed out. Ransom could see that she was impatient of the general question and bored with being reminded, even for the sake of her rights, that she was a woman — a detail that she was in the habit of forgetting, having as many rights as she had time for. It was certain that whatever might become of the movement at large, Doctor Prance's own little revolution was a success.

VII.

SHE had no sooner left him than Olive Chancellor came towards him with eyes that seemed to say, "I don't care whether you are here now or not — I'm all right!" But what her lips said was much more gracious; she asked him if she mightn't have the pleasure of introducing him to Mrs. Farrinder. Ransom consented, with a little of his Southern flourish, and in a moment the lady got up to receive him from the midst of the circle that now surrounded her. It was an occasion for her to justify her reputation of an elegant manner, and it must be impartially related that she struck Ransom as having a dignity in conversation and a command of the noble style which could not have been surpassed by a daughter — one of the most accomplished, most far-descended daughters — of his own clime. It was as if she had known that he was not eager for the changes she advocated, and wished to show him that, especially to a Southerner who had bitten the dust, her sex could be magnanimous. This knowledge of his secret heresy seemed to him to be also in the faces of the other ladies, whose circumspect glances, however (for he had not been introduced), treated it as a pity rather than as a shame. He was conscious of all these middle-aged feminine eyes, conscious of curls, rather limp, that depended from dusky bonnets, of heads poked forward, as if with a waiting, listening, familiar habit, of no one being very bright or gay — no one, at least, but that girl he had noticed before, who had a brilliant head, and who now hovered on the edge of the conclave. He met her eye again; she was watching him too. It had been in his thought that Mrs. Farrinder, to whom his cousin might have betrayed or misrepresented him, would perhaps defy him to combat, and he wondered whether he could pull himself together (he was extremely embarrassed) sufficiently to do honor to such a challenge. If she would fling down the glove on the temperance question, it seemed to him that it would be in him to pick it up; for the idea of a meddling legislation on this subject filled him with rage; the taste of liquor being good to him, and his conviction strong that civilization itself would be in danger if it should fall into the power of a herd of vociferating women (I am but the reporter of his angry *formulæ*) to prevent a gentleman from taking his glass. Mrs. Farrinder proved to him that she had not the eagerness of insecurity; she asked him if he wouldn't like to give the company some account of the social and political condition of the South. He begged to be excused, expressing at the same time a high sense of the honor done him by such a request, while he smiled to himself at the idea of his extemporizing a lecture. He smiled even while he suspected the meaning of the look Miss Chancellor gave him: "Well, you are not of much account after all!" To talk to those people about the South — if they could have guessed how little he cared to do it! He had a passionate tenderness for his own country, and a sense of intimate connection with it which would have made it as impossible for him to take a roomful of Northern fanatics into his confidence as to read aloud his mother's or his mistress's letters. To be quiet about the Southern land, not to touch her with vulgar hands, to leave her alone with her wounds and her memories, not prating in the market-place either of her troubles or her hopes, but waiting, as a man should wait, for the slow process, the sensible beneficence, of time — this was the desire of Ransom's heart, and he was aware of how little it could minister to the entertainment of Miss Birdseye's guests.

"We know so little about the women of the South; they are very voiceless," Mrs. Farrinder remarked. "How much can we count upon them? in what numbers would they flock to our standard? I have been recommended not to lecture in the Southern cities."

"Ah, madam, that was very cruel advice — for us!" Basil Ransom exclaimed, with gallantry.

"*I* had a magnificent audience last spring in St. Louis," a fresh young voice announced, over the heads of the gathered group — a voice which, on Basil's turning, like every one

else, for an explanation, appeared to have proceeded from the pretty girl with red hair. She had colored a little with the effort of making this declaration, and she stood there smiling at her listeners.

Mrs. Farrinder bent a benignant brow upon her, in spite of her being, evidently, rather a surprise. "Oh, indeed; and your subject, my dear young lady?"

"The past history, the present condition, and the future prospects of our sex."

"Oh, well, St. Louis — that's scarcely the South," said one of the ladies.

"I'm sure the young lady would have had equal success at Charleston or New Orleans," Basil Ransom interposed.

"Well, I wanted to go farther," the girl continued, "but I had no friends. I have friends in St. Louis."

"You oughtn't to want for them anywhere," said Mrs. Farrinder, in a manner which, by this time, had quite explained her reputation. "I'm acquainted with the loyalty of St. Louis."

"Well, after that, you must let me introduce Miss Tarrant; she's perfectly dying to know you, Mrs. Farrinder." These words emanated from one of the gentlemen, the young man with white hair, who had been mentioned to Ransom by Doctor Prance as a celebrated magazinist. He, too, up to this moment, had hovered in the background, but he now gently clove the assembly (several of the ladies made way for him), leading in the daughter of the mesmerist.

She laughed and continued to blush — her blush was the faintest pink; she looked very young and slim and fair as Mrs. Farrinder made way for her on the sofa which Olive Chancellor had quitted. "I *have* wanted to know you; I admire you so much; I hoped so you would speak to-night. It's too lovely to see you, Mrs. Farrinder." So she expressed herself, while the company watched the encounter with a look of refreshed inanition. "You don't know who I am, of course; I'm just a girl who wants to thank you for all you have done for us. For you have spoken for us girls, just as much as — just as much as ——" She hesitated now, looking about with enthusiastic eyes at the rest of the group, and meeting once more the gaze of Basil Ransom.

"Just as much as for the old women," said Mrs. Farrinder, genially. "You seem very well able to speak for yourself."

"She speaks so beautifully — if she would only make a little address," the young man who had introduced her remarked. "It's a new style, quite original," he added. He stood there with folded arms, looking down at his work, the conjunction of the two ladies, with a smile; and Basil Ransom, remembering what Miss Prance had told him, and enlightened by his observation in New York of some of the sources from which newspapers are fed, was immediately touched by the conviction that he perceived in it the material of a paragraph.

"My dear child, if you'll take the floor, I'll call the meeting to order," said Mrs. Farrinder.

The girl looked at her with extraordinary candor and confidence. "If I could only hear you first — just to give me an atmosphere."

"I've got no atmosphere; there's very little of the Indian summer about *me!* I deal with facts — hard facts," Mrs. Farrinder replied. "Have you ever heard me? If so, you know how crisp I am."

"Heard you? I've lived on you! It's so much to me to see you. Ask mother if it ain't!" She had expressed herself, from the first word she uttered, with a promptness and assurance ("glibness" Basil Ransom would have called it) which gave almost the impression of a lesson rehearsed in advance. And yet there was a strange spontaneity in her manner, and an air of artless enthusiasm, of personal purity. If she was theatrical, she was naturally theatrical. She looked up at Mrs. Farrinder with all her emotion in her smiling eyes. This lady had been the object of many ovations; it was familiar to her that the collective heart of her sex had gone forth to her. But, visibly, she was puzzled by this unforeseen embodiment of gratitude and fluency, and her eyes wandered over the girl with a certain reserve, while, within the depth of her eminently public manner, she asked herself whether Miss Tarrant were a remarkable young woman or only a forward minx. She found a response which committed her to neither view; she only said, "We want the young — of course we want the young!"

"Who is that charming creature?" Basil Ransom heard his cousin ask, in a grave, lowered tone, of Matthias Pardon, the young man who had brought Miss Tarrant forward. He didn't know whether Miss Chancellor knew him, or whether her curiosity had pushed her to boldness. Ransom was near the pair, and had the benefit of Mr. Pardon's answer.

"The daughter of Doctor Tarrant, the mesmeric healer — Miss Verena. She's a high-class speaker."

"What do you mean?" Olive asked. "Does she give public addresses?

"Oh yes, she has had quite a career in the West. I heard her last spring at Topeka. They call it inspirational. I don't know what it is — only it's exquisite; so fresh and poeti-

cal. She has to have her father to start her up. It seems to pass into her." And Mr. Pardon made a gesture intended to signify the passage.

Olive Chancellor made no rejoinder save a low, impatient sigh; she transferred her attention to the girl, who now held Mrs. Farrinder's hand in both her own, and was pleading with her just to prelude a little. "I want a starting-point — I want to know where I am," she said. "Just two or three of your grand old thoughts."

Basil stepped nearer to his cousin; he remarked to her that Miss Verena was very pretty. She turned an instant, glanced at him, and then said, "Do you think so?" An instant later she added, "How you must hate this place!"

"Oh, not now, we are going to have some fun," Ransom replied, good-humoredly, if a trifle coarsely; and the declaration had a point, for Miss Birdseye at this moment reappeared, followed by the mesmeric healer and his wife.

"Ah, well, I see you are drawing her out," said Miss Birdseye to Mrs. Farrinder; and at the idea that this process had been necessary Basil Ransom broke into a smothered hilarity, a spasm which indicated that, for him, the fun had already begun, and procured him another grave glance from Miss Chancellor. Miss Verena seemed to him as far "out" as a young woman could be. "Here's her father, Doctor Tarrant — he has a wonderful gift — and her mother — she was a daughter of Abraham Greenstreet." Miss Birdseye presented her companions; she was sure Mrs. Farrinder would be interested; she wouldn't want to lose an opportunity, even if for herself the conditions were not favorable. And then Miss Birdseye addressed herself to the company more at large, widening the circle so as to take in the most scattered guests, and evidently feeling that after all it was a relief that one happened to have an obscurely inspired maiden on the premises when greater celebrities had betrayed the whimsicality of genius. It was a part of this whimsicality that Mrs. Farrinder — the reader may find it difficult to keep pace with her variations — appeared now to have decided to utter a few of her thoughts, so that her hostess could elicit a general response to the remark that it would be delightful to have both the old school and the new.

"Well, perhaps you'll be disappointed in Verena," said Mrs. Tarrant, with an air of dolorous resignation to any event, and seating herself, with her gathered mantle, on the edge of a chair, as if she, at least, were ready, whoever else might keep on talking.

"It isn't *me*, mother," Verena rejoined, with soft gravity, rather detached now from Mrs. Farrinder, and sitting with her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the ground. With deference to Mrs. Tarrant, a little more talk was necessary, for the young lady had as yet been insufficiently explained. Miss Birdseye felt this, but she was rather helpless about it, and delivered herself, with her universal familiarity, which embraced every one and everything, of a wandering, amiable tale, in which Abraham Greenstreet kept reappearing, in which Doctor Tarrant's miraculous cures were specified, with all the facts wanting, and in which Verena's successes in the West were related, not with emphasis or hyperbole, in which Miss Birdseye never indulged, but as accepted and recognized wonders, natural in an age of new revelations. She had heard of these things in detail only ten minutes before, from the girl's parents, but her hospitable soul had needed but a moment to swallow and assimilate them. If her account of them was not very lucid, it should be said in excuse for her that it was impossible to have any idea of Verena Tarrant unless one had heard her, and therefore still more impossible to give an idea to others. Mrs. Farrinder was perceptibly irritated; she appeared to have made up her mind, after her first hesitation, that the Tarrant family were fantastical and compromising. She had bent an eye of coldness on Selah and his wife — she might have regarded them all as a company of mountebanks.

"Stand up and tell us what you have to say," she remarked, with some sternness, to Verena, who only raised her eyes to her, silently now, with the same sweetness, and then rested them on her father. This gentleman seemed to respond to an irresistible appeal; he looked round at the company with all his teeth, and said that these flattering allusions were not so embarrassing as they might otherwise be, inasmuch as any success that he and his daughter might have had was so thoroughly impersonal: he insisted on that word. They had just heard her say, "It is not *me*, mother," and he and Mrs. Tarrant and the girl herself were all equally aware it was not she. It was some power outside — it seemed to flow through her; he couldn't pretend to say why his daughter should be called, more than any one else. But it seemed as if she *was* called. When he just calmed her down by laying his hand on her a few moments, it seemed to come. It so happened that in the West it had taken the form of a considerable eloquence. She had certainly spoken with great facility to cultivated and high-minded audiences. She had long fol-

lowed with sympathy the movement for the liberation of her sex from every sort of bondage; it had been her principal interest even as a child (he might mention that at the age of nine she had christened her favorite doll Eliza P. Moseley, in memory of a great precursor whom they all reverenced), and now the inspiration, if he might call it so, seemed just to flow in that channel. The voice that spoke from her lips seemed to want to take that form. It didn't seem as if it *could* take any other. She let it come out just as it would — she didn't pretend to have any control. They could judge for themselves whether the whole thing was not quite unique. That was why he was willing to talk about his own child that way, before a gathering of ladies and gentlemen; it was because they took no credit — they felt it was a power outside. If Verena felt she was going to be stimulated that evening, he was pretty sure they would be interested. Only he should have to request a few moments' silence, while she listened for the voice.

Several of the ladies declared that they should be delighted — they hoped Miss Tarrant was in good trim; whereupon they were corrected by others, who reminded them that it wasn't *she*,— she had nothing to do with it,— so her trim didn't matter; and a gentleman added that he guessed there were many present who had conversed with Eliza P. Moseley. Meanwhile, Verena, more and more withdrawn into herself, but perfectly undisturbed by the public discussion of her mystic faculty, turned yet again, very prettily, to Mrs. Farrinder, and asked her if she wouldn't strike out — just to give her courage. By this time Mrs. Farrinder was in a condition of overhanging gloom; she greeted the charming suppliant with the frown of Juno. She disapproved completely of Dr. Tarrant's little speech, and she had less and less disposition to be associated with a miracle-monger. Abraham Greenstreet was very well. But Abraham Greenstreet was in his grave; and Eliza P. Moseley, after all, had been very tepid. Basil Ransom wondered whether it were effrontery or innocence that enabled Miss Tarrant to meet with such complacency the aloofness of the elder lady. At this moment he heard Olive Chancellor, at his elbow, with the tremor of excitement in her tone, suddenly exclaim: "Please begin, please begin! A voice, a human voice, is what we want."

"I'll speak after you, and if you're a humbug, I'll expose you!" Mrs. Farrinder said. She was more majestic than facetious.

"I'm sure we are all solid, as Doctor Tarrant says. I suppose we want to be quiet," Miss Birdseye remarked.

VIII.

VERENA TARRANT got up and went to her father in the middle of the room; Olive Chancellor crossed and resumed her place beside Mrs. Farrinder on the sofa the girl had quitted; and Miss Birdseye's visitors, for the rest, settled themselves attentively in chairs or leaned against the bare sides of the parlor. Verena took her father's hands, held them a moment, while she stood before him, not looking at him, with her eyes towards the company; then, after an instant, her mother, rising, pushed forward, with an interesting sigh, the chair on which she had been sitting. Mrs. Tarrant was provided with another seat, and Verena, relinquishing her father's grasp, placed herself in the chair, which Tarrant put in position for her. She sat there with closed eyes, and her father now rested his long, lean hands upon her head. Basil Ransom watched these proceedings with much interest, for the girl amused and pleased him. She had far more color than any one there, for whatever brightness was to be found in Miss Birdseye's rather faded and dingy human collection had gathered itself into this attractive but ambiguous young person. There was nothing ambiguous, by the way, about her confederate; Ransom simply loathed him, from the moment he opened his mouth; he was intensely familiar — that is, his type was; he was simply the detested carpet-bagger. He was false, cunning, vulgar, ignoble; the cheapest kind of human product. That he should be the father of a delicate, pretty girl, who was apparently clever, too, whether she had a gift or no, this was an annoying, disconcerting fact. The white, puffy mother, with the high forehead, in the corner there, looked more like a lady; but if she were one, it was all the more shame to her to have mated with such a varlet, Ransom said to himself, making use, as he did generally, of terms of opprobrium extracted from the older English literature. He had seen Tarrant, or his equivalent, often before; he had "whipped" him, as he believed, controversially, again and again, at political meetings in blighted Southern towns during the horrible period of reconstruction. If Mrs. Farrinder had looked at Verena Tarrant as if she were a mountebank, there was some excuse for it, inasmuch as the girl made much the same impression on Basil Ransom. He had never seen such an odd mixture of elements; she had the sweetest, most unworldly face, and yet, with it, an air of being on exhibition, of belonging to a troupe, of living in the gaslight, which pervaded even the details of her dress, fashioned evidently with an

attempt at the histrionic. If she had produced a pair of castanets or a tambourine, he felt that such accessories would have been quite in keeping.

Little Doctor Prance, with her hard good sense, had noted that she was anæmic, and had intimated that she was a deceiver. The value of her performance was yet to be proved, but she was certainly very pale, white as women are who have that shade of red hair; they look as if their blood had gone into it. There was, however, something rich in the fairness of this young lady; she was strong and supple, there was color in her lips and eyes, and her tresses, gathered into a complicated coil, seemed to glow with the brightness of her nature. She had curious, radiant, liquid eyes (their smile was a sort of reflection, like the glisten of a gem), and though she was not tall, she appeared to spring up, and carried her head as if it reached rather high.

Ransom would have thought she looked like an Oriental, if it were not that Orientals are dark; and if she had only had a goat she would have resembled Esmeralda, though he had but a vague recollection of who Esmeralda had been. She wore a light-brown dress, of a shape that struck him as fantastic, a yellow petticoat, and a large crimson sash fastened at the side; while round her neck, and falling low upon her flat young chest, she had a double chain of amber beads. It must be added that, in spite of her melodramatic appearance, there was no symptom that her performance, whatever it was, would be of a melodramatic character. She was very quiet now, at least (she had folded her big fan), and her father continued the mysterious process of calming her down. Ransom wondered whether he wouldn't put her to sleep; for some minutes her eyes had remained closed; he heard a lady near him, apparently familiar with phenomena of this class, remark that she was going off. As yet the exhibition was not exciting, though it was certainly pleasant to have such a pretty girl placed there before one, like a moving statue. Doctor Tarrant looked at no one as he stroked and soothed his daughter; his eyes wandered round the corner of the room, and he grinned upward, as if at an imaginary gallery. "Quietly — quietly," he murmured, from time to time. "It will come, my good child, it will come. Just let it work — just let it gather. The spirit, you know; you've got to let the spirit come out when it will." He threw up his arms at moments, to rid himself of the wings of his long water-proof, which fell forward over his hands. Basil Ransom noticed all these things, and noticed also, opposite, the waiting face of his cousin, fixed, from her sofa, upon the closed eyes of the young prophetess. He grew more impatient at last, not of the delay of the edifying voice (though some time had elapsed), but of Tarrant's grotesque manipulations, which he resented as much as if he himself had felt their touch, and which seemed a dishonor to the passive maiden. They made him nervous, they made him angry, and it was only afterwards that he asked himself wherein they concerned him, and whether even a carpet-bagger hadn't a right to do what he pleased with his daughter. It was a relief to him when Verena got up from her chair, with a movement which made Tarrant drop into the background as if his part were now quite over. She stood there with a face quite serious and sightless; then, after a short further delay, she began to speak.

She began incoherently, almost inaudibly, as if she were talking in a dream. Ransom couldn't understand her; he thought it very queer, and wondered what Doctor Prance would have said. "She's just arranging her ideas and trying to get in report; she'll come out all right." This remark he heard dropped in a low tone by the mesmeric healer; "in report" was apparently Tarrant's version of *en rapport*. His prophecy was verified, and Verena did come out, after a little; she came out with a great deal of sweetness — with a very quaint and peculiar effect. She proceeded slowly, cautiously, as if she were listening for the prompter, catching, one by one, certain phrases that were whispered to her a great distance off, behind the scenes of the world. Then memory, or inspiration, returned to her, and presently she was in possession of her part. She played it with extraordinary simplicity and grace; at the end of ten minutes Ransom became aware that the whole audience — Mrs. Farrinder, Miss Chancellor, and the tough subject from Mississippi — were under the charm. I speak of ten minutes, but to tell the truth the young man lost all sense of time. He wondered afterwards how long she had spoken; then he counted that her strange, sweet, crude, absurd, enchanting improvisation must have lasted half an hour. It was not what she said; he didn't care for that, he scarcely understood it; he could only see that it was all about the gentleness and goodness of women, and how, during the long ages of history, they had been trampled under the iron heel of man. It was about their equality — perhaps even (he was not definitely conscious) about their superiority. It was about their day having come at last, about the universal sisterhood, about their duty to themselves and to each other. It was about such matters as these, and Basil

Ransom was delighted to observe that such matters as these didn't spoil it. The effect was not in what she said, though she said some such pretty things, but in the picture and figure of the half-bedizened damsel (playing, now again, with her red fan), the palpable freshness and purity of the little effort. When she had gained confidence she opened her eyes, and their shining softness was half the effect of her discourse. It was full of school-girl phrases, of patches of remembered eloquence, of childish lapses of logic, of flights of fancy which might indeed have had success at Topeka; but Ransom thought that if it had been much worse it would have been quite as good, for the argument, the doctrine, had absolutely nothing to do with it. It was simply an intensely personal exhibition, and the person making it happened to be fascinating. She might have offended the taste of certain people — Ransom could imagine that there were other Boston circles in which she would be thought pert; but for himself, all he could feel was that to *his* starved senses she irresistibly appealed. He was the stiffest of conservatives, and his mind was steeled against the inanities she uttered — the rights and wrongs of women, the equality of the sexes, the hysterics of conventions, the further stultification of the suffrage, the prospect of conscript mothers in the national Senate. It made no difference; she didn't mean it, she didn't know what she meant, she had been stuffed with this trash by her father, and she was neither more nor less willing to say it than to say anything else; for the necessity of her nature was not to make converts to a ridiculous cause, but to emit those charming notes of her voice, to stand in those free young attitudes, to shake her braided locks like a naiad rising from the waves, to please every one who came near her, and to be happy that she pleased. I know not whether Ransom was aware of the bearings of this interpretation, which attributed to Miss Tarrant a singular hollowness of character; he contented himself with believing that she was as innocent as she was lovely, and with regarding her as a vocalist of exquisite faculty, condemned to sing bad music. How prettily, indeed, she made some of it sound!

"Of course I only speak to women — to my own dear sisters; I don't speak to men, for I don't expect them to like what I say. They pretend to admire us very much, but I should like them to admire us a little less and to trust us a little more. I don't know what we have ever done to them that they should keep us out of everything. We have trusted *them* too much, and I think the time has come now for us to judge them, and say that by keeping us out we don't think they have done so well. When I look around me at the world, and at the state that men have brought it to, I confess I say to myself, 'Well, if women had fixed it this way I should like to know what they would think of it!' When I see the dreadful misery of mankind, and think of the suffering of which at any hour, at any moment, the world is full, I say that if this is the best they can do by themselves, they had better let us come in a little and see what *we* can do. We couldn't possibly make it worse, could we? If we had done only this, we shouldn't boast of it. Poverty, and ignorance, and crime, disease, and wickedness, and wars! Wars, always more wars, and always more and more. Blood, blood — the world is drenched with blood! To kill each other, with all sorts of expensive and perfected instruments, that is the most brilliant thing they have been able to invent. It seems to me that we might stop it, we might invent something better. The cruelty — the cruelty; there is so much, so much! Why shouldn't tenderness come in? Why should our woman's hearts be so full of it, and all so wasted and withered, while armies and prisons and helpless miseries grow greater all the while? I am only a girl, a simple American girl, and of course I haven't seen much, and there is a great deal of life that I don't know anything about. But there are some things I feel — it seems to me as if I had been born to feel them; they are in my ears in the stillness of the night and before my face in the visions of the darkness. It is what the great sisterhood of women might do if they should all join hands, and lift up their voices above the brutal uproar of the world, in which it is so hard for the plea of mercy or of justice, the moan of weakness and suffering, to be heard. We should quench it, we should make it still, and the sound of our lips would become the voice of universal peace! For this we must trust one another, we must be true and gentle and kind. We must remember that the world is ours too, ours — little as we have ever had to say about anything! — and that the question is *not* yet definitely settled whether it shall be a place of injustice or a place of love!"

It was with this that the young lady finished her harangue, which was not followed by her sinking exhausted into her chair or by any of the traces of a labored climax. She only turned away slowly towards her mother, smiling over her shoulder at the whole room, as if it had been a single person, without a flush in her whiteness, or the need of drawing a longer breath. The performance had evidently been very easy to her, and there might

have been a kind of impertinence in her air of not having suffered from an exertion which had wrought so powerfully on every one else. Ransom broke into a genial laugh, which he instantly swallowed again, at the sweet grotesqueness of this virginal creature's standing up before a company of middle-aged people to talk to them about "love," the note on which she had closed her harangue. It was the most charming touch in the whole thing, and the most vivid proof of her innocence. She had had immense success, and Mrs. Tarrant, as she took her into her arms and kissed her, was certainly able to feel that the audience was not disappointed. They were exceedingly affected; they broke into exclamations and murmurs. Selah Tarrant went on conversing ostentatiously with his neighbors, slowly twirling his long thumbs and looking up at the cornice again, as if there could be nothing in the brilliant manner in which his daughter had acquitted herself to surprise *him*, who had heard her when she was still more remarkable, and who, moreover, remembered that the affair was so impersonal. Miss Birdseye looked round at the company with dim exultation; her large mild cheeks were shining with unwiped tears. Young Mr. Pardon remarked, in Ransom's hearing, that he knew parties who, if they had been present, would want to engage Miss Verena at a high figure for the winter campaign. And Ransom heard him add in a lower tone: "There's money for some one in that girl; you see if she don't have quite a run!" As for our Mississippian, he kept his agreeable sensation for himself, only wondering whether he might not ask Miss Birdseye to present him to the heroine of the evening. Not immediately, of course, for the young man mingled with his Southern pride a shyness which often served all the purpose of humility. He was aware how much he was an outsider in such a house as that, and he was ready to wait for his coveted satisfaction till the others, who all hung together, should have given her the assurance of an approval which she would value, naturally, more than anything he could say to her. This episode had given animation to the assembly; a certain gayety, even, expressed in a higher pitch of conversation, seemed to float in the heated air. People circulated more freely, and Verena Tarrant was presently hidden from Ransom's sight by the close-pressed ranks of the new friends she had made. "Well, I never heard it put *that* way!" Ransom heard one of the ladies exclaim; to which another replied that she wondered one of their bright women hadn't thought of it before. "Well, it *is* a gift, and no mistake," and "Well, they may call it what they please, it's a pleasure to listen to it" — these genial tributes fell from the lips of a pair of ruminating gentlemen. It was affirmed within Ransom's hearing that if they had a few more like that the matter would soon be fixed; and it was rejoined that they couldn't expect to have a great many — the style was so peculiar. It was generally admitted that the style was peculiar, but Miss Tarrant's peculiarity was the explanation of her success.

IX.

RANSOM approached Mrs. Farrinder again, who had remained on her sofa with Olive Chancellor; and as she turned her face to him, he saw that she had felt the universal contagion. Her keen eye sparkled, there was a flush on her matronly cheek, and she had evidently made up her mind what line to take. Olive Chancellor sat motionless; her eyes were fixed on the floor with the rigid, alarmed expression of her moments of nervous diffidence; she gave no sign of observing her kinsman's approach. He said something to Mrs. Farrinder, something that imperfectly represented his admiration of Verena; and this lady replied with dignity that it was no wonder that the girl spoke so well, she spoke in such a good cause. "She is very graceful, has a fine command of language; her father says it's a natural gift." Ransom saw that he should not in the least discover Mrs. Farrinder's real opinion, and her dissimulation added to his impression that she was a woman with a policy. It was none of his business whether in her heart she thought Verena a parrot or a genius; it was perceptible to him that she saw she would be effective, would help the cause. He stood almost appalled for a moment, as he said to himself that she would take her up and the girl would be ruined, would force her note and become a screamer. But he quickly dodged this vision, taking refuge in a mechanical appeal to his cousin, of whom he inquired how she liked Miss Verena. Olive made no answer; her head remained averted, she bored the carpet with her conscious eyes. Mrs. Farrinder glanced at her askance, and then said to Ransom, serenely:

"You praise the grace of your Southern ladies, but you have had to come North to see a human gazelle. Miss Tarrant is of the best New England stock — what *I* call the best!"

"I'm sure, from what I have seen of the Boston ladies, no manifestation of grace can excite my surprise," Ransom rejoined, looking, with his smile, at his cousin.

"She has been powerfully affected," Mrs. Farrinder explained, very slightly dropping her voice, as Olive, apparently, still remained deaf.

Miss Birdseye drew near at this moment; she wanted to know if Mrs. Farrinder didn't want to express some acknowledgment, on the part of the company at large, for the real stimulus Miss Tarrant had given them. Mrs. Farrinder said: Oh, yes, she would speak now with pleasure; only she must have a glass of water first. Miss Birdseye replied that there was some coming in a moment; one of the ladies had asked for it, and Mr. Pardon had just stepped down to draw some. Basil took advantage of this intermission to ask Miss Birdseye if she would give him the great privilege of an introduction to Miss Verena. "Mrs. Farrinder will thank her for the company," he said, laughing, "but she won't thank her for me."

Miss Birdseye manifested the greatest disposition to oblige him; she was so glad he had been impressed. She was proceeding to lead him toward Miss Tarrant when Olive Chancellor rose abruptly from her chair and laid her hand, with an arresting movement, on the arm of her hostess. She explained to her that she must go, that she was not very well, that her carriage was there; also that she hoped Miss Birdseye, if it was not asking too much, would accompany her to the door.

"Well, you are impressed too," said Miss Birdseye, looking at her philosophically. "It seems as if no one had escaped."

Ransom was disappointed; he saw he was going to be taken away, and, before he could suppress it, an exclamation burst from his lips — the first exclamation he could think of that would perhaps check his cousin's retreat: "Ah, Miss Olive, are you going to give up Mrs. Farrinder?"

At this Miss Olive looked at him, showed him an extraordinary face, a face he scarcely understood or even recognized. It was portentously grave, the eyes were enlarged, there was a red spot in each of the cheeks, and, as directed to him, a quick, piercing question, a kind of leaping challenge, in the whole expression. He could only answer this sudden gleam with a stare, and wonder afresh what trick his Northern kinswoman was destined to play him. Impressed too? He should think he had been! Mrs. Farrinder, who was decidedly a woman of the world, came to his assistance, or to Miss Chancellor's, and said she hoped very much Olive wouldn't stay — she felt these things too much. "If you stay, I won't speak," she added; "I should upset you altogether." And then she continued, tenderly, for so preponderantly intellectual a nature: "When women feel as you do, how can I doubt that we shall come out all right?"

"Oh, we shall come out all right, I guess," murmured Miss Birdseye.

"But you must remember Beacon street," Mrs. Farrinder subjoined. "You must take advantage of your position — you must wake up the Back Bay!"

"I'm sick of the Back Bay!" said Olive fiercely; and she passed to the door with Miss Birdseye, bidding good-bye to no one. She was so agitated that, evidently, she couldn't trust herself, and there was nothing for Ransom but to follow. At the door of the room, however, he was checked by a sudden pause on the part of the two ladies. Olive stopped and stood there hesitating. She looked round the room and spied out Verena, where she sat with her mother, the center of a gratified group; then, throwing back her head with an air of decision, she crossed over to her. Ransom said to himself that now, perhaps, was his chance, and he quickly accompanied Miss Chancellor. The little knot of reformers watched her as she arrived; their faces expressed a suspicion of her social importance, mingled with conscientious scruples as to whether it was right to recognize it. Verena Tarrant saw that she was the object of this manifestation, and she got up to meet the lady whose approach was so full of point. Ransom perceived, however, or thought he perceived, that she recognized nothing; she had no suspicions of social importance. Yet she smiled with all her radiance, as she looked from Miss Chancellor to him; smiled because she liked to smile, to please, to feel her success — or was it because she was a perfect little actress, and this was part of her training? She took the hand that Olive put out to her; the others, rather solemnly, sat looking up from their chairs.

"You don't know me, but I want to know you," Olive said. "I can't thank you now. Will you come and see me?"

"Oh, yes; where do you live?" Verena answered, in the tone of a girl for whom an invitation (she hadn't so many) was always an invitation.

Miss Chancellor syllabled her address, and Mrs. Tarrant came forward, smiling. "I know about you, Miss Chancellor. I guess your father knew my father — Mr. Greenstreet. Verena will be very glad to visit you. We shall be very happy to see you in *our* home."

Basil Ransom, while the mother spoke, wanted to say something to the daughter, who stood there so near him, but he could think of nothing that would do; certain words that came to him, his Mississippi phrases, seemed patronizing and heavy. Besides, he

didn't wish to assent to what she had said; he wished simply to tell her she was delightful, and it was difficult to mark that difference. So he only smiled at her in silence, and she smiled back at him — a smile that seemed to him quite for himself.

"Where do you live?" Olive asked; and Mrs. Tarrant replied that they lived at Cambridge, and that the horse-cars passed just near their door. Whereupon Olive insisted, "Will you come very soon?" and Verena said, Oh yes, she would come very soon, and repeated the number in Charles street, to show that she had taken heed of it. This was done with child-like good faith. Ransom saw that she would come and see any one who would ask her like that, and he regretted for a minute that he was not a Boston lady, so that he might extend to her such an invitation. Olive Chancellor held her hand a moment longer, looked at her in farewell, and then, saying, "Come, Mr. Ransom," drew him out of the room. In the hall they met Mr. Pardon, coming up from the lower regions with a jug of water and a tumbler. Miss Chancellor's hackney-coach was there, and when Basil had put her into it she said to him that she wouldn't trouble him to drive with her — his hotel was not near Charles street. He had so little desire to sit by her side — he wanted to smoke — that it was only after the vehicle had rolled off that he reflected upon her coolness, and asked himself why the deuce she had brought him away. She *was* a very odd cousin, was this Boston cousin of his. He stood there a moment, looking at the light in Miss Birdseye's windows and greatly minded to reënter the house. Now he might speak to the girl. But he contented himself with the memory of her smile, and turned away with a sense of relief, after all, at having got out of such wild company, as well as with (in a different order) a vulgar consciousness of being very thirsty.

X.

Verena Tarrant came in the very next day from Cambridge to Charles street; that quarter of Boston is in direct communication with the academic suburb. It hardly seemed direct to poor Verena, perhaps, who, in the crowded street-car which deposited her finally at Miss Chancellor's door, had to stand up all the way, half suspended by a leathern strap from the glazed roof of the stifling vehicle, like some blooming cluster dangling in a hot-house. She was used, however, to these perpendicular journeys, and though, as we have seen, she was not inclined to accept without question the social arrangements of her time, it never would have occurred to her to criticise the railways of her native land. The promptness of her visit to Olive Chancellor had been an idea of her mother's, and Verena listened open-eyed while this lady, in the seclusion of the little house in Cambridge, while Selah Tarrant was "off," as they said, with his patients, sketched out a line of conduct for her. The girl was both submissive and unworldly, and she listened to her mother's enumeration of the possible advantages of an intimacy with Miss Chancellor as she would have listened to any other fairy tale. It was still a part of the fairy tale when this zealous parent put on with her own hands Verena's smart hat and feather, buttoned her little jacket (the buttons were immense, and of gilt), and presented her with twenty cents to pay her car-fare.

There was never any knowing in advance how Mrs. Tarrant would take a thing, and even Verena, who, filially, was much less argumentative than in her civic and, as it were, public capacity, had a perception that her mother was queer. She was queer, indeed — a flaccid, relaxed, unhealthy, whimsical woman, who still had a capacity to cling. What she clung to was "society," and a position in the world which a secret whisper told her she had never had, and a voice more audible reminded her she was in danger of losing. To keep it, to recover it, to reconsecrate it, was the ambition of her heart; this was one of the many reasons why Providence had judged her worthy of having so wonderful a child. Verena was born not only to lead their common sex out of bondage, but to remodel a visiting-list which bulged and contracted in the wrong places, like a country-made garment. As the daughter of Abraham Greenstreet, Mrs. Tarrant had passed her youth in the first Abolitionist circles, and she was aware how much such a prospect was clouded by her union with a young man who had begun life as an itinerant vender of lead-pencils (he had called at Mr. Greenstreet's door in the exercise of this function), had afterwards been for a while a member of the celebrated Cayuga community, where there were no wives, or no husbands, or something of that sort (Mrs. Tarrant could never remember), and had still later (though before the development of the healing faculty) achieved distinction in the spiritualistic world. (He was an extraordinarily favored medium, only he had had to stop for reasons of which Mrs. Tarrant possessed her version.) Even in a society much occupied with the effacement of prejudice there had been certain dim presumptions against this versatile being, who naturally had not wanted arts to ingratiate himself with Miss

Greenstreet, her eyes, like his own, being fixed exclusively on the future. The young couple (he was considerably her elder) had gazed on the future together until they found that the past had completely forsaken them, and that the present offered but a slender foot-hold. Mrs. Tarrant, in other words, incurred the displeasure of her family, who gave her husband to understand that, much as they desired to remove the shackles from the slave, there were kinds of behavior which struck them as too unfettered. These had prevailed, to their thinking, at Cayuga, and they naturally felt it was no use for him to say that his residence there had been (for him — the community still existed) but a momentary episode, inasmuch as there was little more to be urged for the spiritual picnics and vegetarian camp-meetings in which the discountenanced pair now sought consolation.

Such were the narrow views of people hitherto supposed capable of opening their hearts to all salutary novelties, but now put to a genuine test, as Mrs. Tarrant felt. Her husband's tastes rubbed off on her soft, moist, moral surface, and the couple lived in an atmosphere of novelty, in which, occasionally, the accommodating wife encountered the fresh sensation of being in want of her dinner. Her father died, leaving, after all, very little money; he had spent his modest fortune upon the blacks. Selah Tarrant and his companion had strange adventures; she found herself completely enrolled in the great irregular army of nostrum-mongers, domiciled in humanitary Bohemia. It absorbed her like a social swamp; she sank into it a little more every day, without measuring the inches of her descent. Now she stood there up to her chin; it may probably be said of her that she had touched bottom. When she went to Miss Birdseye's it seemed to her that she reëntered society. The door that admitted her was not the door that admitted some of the others (she should never forget the tipped-up nose of Mrs. Farrinder), and the superior portal remained ajar, disclosing possible vistas. She had lived with long-haired men and short-haired women, she had contributed a flexible faith and an irremediable want of funds to a dozen social experimenters, she had partaken of the comfort of a hundred religions, had followed innumerable dietary reforms, chiefly of the negative order, and had gone of an evening to a séance or a lecture as regularly as she had eaten her supper. Her husband always had tickets for lectures; in moments of irritation at the want of a certain sequence in their career, she had remarked to him that it was the only thing he did have. The memory of all the winter nights they had tramped through the slush (the tickets, alas! were not car-tickets) to hear Mrs. Ada T. P. Foat discourse on the "Summer-land," came back to her with bitterness. Selah was quite enthusiastic at one time about Mrs. Foat, and it was his wife's belief that he had been "associated" with her (that was Selah's expression in referring to such episodes) at Cayuga. The poor woman, matrimonially, had a great deal to put up with; it took, at moments, all her belief in his genius to sustain her. She knew that he was very magnetic (that, in fact, was his genius), and she felt that it was his magnetism that held her to him. He had carried her through things where she really didn't know what to think; there were moments when she suspected that she had lost the strong moral sense for which the Greenstreets were always so celebrated.

Of course a woman who had had the bad taste to marry Selah Tarrant would not have been likely under any circumstances to possess a very straight judgment; but there is no doubt that this poor lady had grown dreadfully limp. She had blinked and compromised and shuffled; she asked herself whether, after all, it was any more than natural that she should have wanted to help her husband, in those exciting days of his mediumship, when the table, sometimes, wouldn't rise from the ground, the sofa wouldn't float through the air, and the soft hand of a lost loved one was not so alert as it might have been to visit the circle. Mrs. Tarrant's hand was soft enough for the most supernatural effect, and she consoled her conscience on such occasions by reflecting that she ministered to a belief in immortality. She was glad, somehow, for Verena's sake, that they had emerged from the phase of spirit-intercourse; her ambition for her daughter took another form than desiring that she, too, should minister to a belief in immortality. Yet among Mrs. Tarrant's multifarious memories these reminiscences of the darkened room, the waiting circle, the little taps on table and wall, the little touches on cheek and foot, the music in the air, the rain of flowers, the sense of something mysteriously flitting were most tenderly cherished. She hated her husband for having magnetized her so that she consented to certain things, and even did them, the thought of which today would suddenly make her face burn; hated him for the manner in which, somehow, as she felt, he had lowered her social tone; yet at the same time she admired him for an impudence so consummate that it had ended (in the face of mortifications, exposures, failures, all the misery of a hand-to-mouth existence) by imposing itself on her as a kind of infallibility. She knew he was an awful hum-

bug, and yet her knowledge had this imperfection, that he had never confessed it—a fact that was really grand when one thought of his opportunities for doing so. He had never allowed that he wasn't straight; the pair had so often been in the position of the two augurs behind the altar, and yet he had never given her a glance that the whole circle mightn't have observed. Even in the privacy of domestic intercourse he had phrases, excuses, explanations, ways of putting things, which, as she felt, were too sublime for just herself; they were pitched, as Selah's nature was pitched, altogether in the key of public life.

So it had come to pass, in her distended and demoralized conscience, that with all the things she despised in her life and all the things she rather liked, between being worn out with her husband's inability to earn a living and a kind of terror of his consistency (he had a theory that they lived delightfully), it happened, I say, that the only very definite criticism she made of him to-day was that he didn't know how to speak. That was where the shoe pinched — that was where Selah was slim. He couldn't hold the attention of an audience, he was not acceptable as a lecturer. He had plenty of thoughts, but it seemed as if he couldn't fit them into each other. Public speaking had been a Greenstreet tradition, and if Mrs. Tarrant had been asked whether in her younger years she had ever supposed she should marry a mesmeric healer, she would have replied: "Well, I never thought I should marry a gentleman who would be silent on the platform!" This was her most general humiliation; it included and exceeded every other, and it was a poor consolation that Selah possessed as a substitute —his career as a healer, to speak of none other, was there to prove it — the eloquence of the hand. The Greenstreets had never set much store on manual activity; they believed in the influence of the lips. It may be imagined, therefore, with what exultation, as time went on, Mrs. Tarrant found herself the mother of an inspired maiden, a young lady from whose lips eloquence flowed in streams. The Greenstreet tradition would not perish, and the dry places of her life would, perhaps, be plentifully watered. It must be added that, of late, this sandy surface had been irrigated, in moderation, from another source. Since Selah had addicted himself to the mesmeric mystery, their home had been a little more what the home of a Greenstreet should be. He had "considerable many" patients, he got about two dollars a sitting, and he had effected some most gratifying cures. A lady in Cambridge had been so much indebted to him that she had recently persuaded them to take a house near her, in order that Doctor Tarrant might drop in at any time. He availed himself of this convenience,—they had taken so many houses that another, more or less, didn't matter,— and Mrs. Tarrant began to feel as if they really had "struck" something.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY. IV.

THE PLANETS AND THE MOON.

When we look up at the heavens, we see, if we watch through the night, the host of stars rising in the east and passing above us to sink in the west, always at the same distance and in unchanging order, each seeming a point of light as feeble as the glow-worm's shine in the meadow over which they are rising, each flickering as though the evening wind would blow it out. The infant stretches out its hand to grasp the Pleiades, but when the child has become an old man the "seven stars" are still there unchanged, dim only in his aged sight, and proving themselves the enduring substance, while it is his own life which has gone, as the shine of the glow-worm in the night. They were there just the same a hundred generations ago, before the Pyramids were built, and they will tremble there still when the Pyramids have been worn down to dust with the blowing of the desert sand against their granite sides. They watched the earth grow fit for man, long before man came, and they will doubtless be shining on when our poor human race itself has disappeared from the surface of this planet.

Probably there is no one of us who has not felt this solemn sense of their almost infinite duration as compared with his own little portion of time, and it would be a worthy subject for our thought if we could study them in the light that the new astronomy sheds for us on their nature. But I must here confine myself to the description of but a few of their number, and speak, not of the infinite multitude and variety

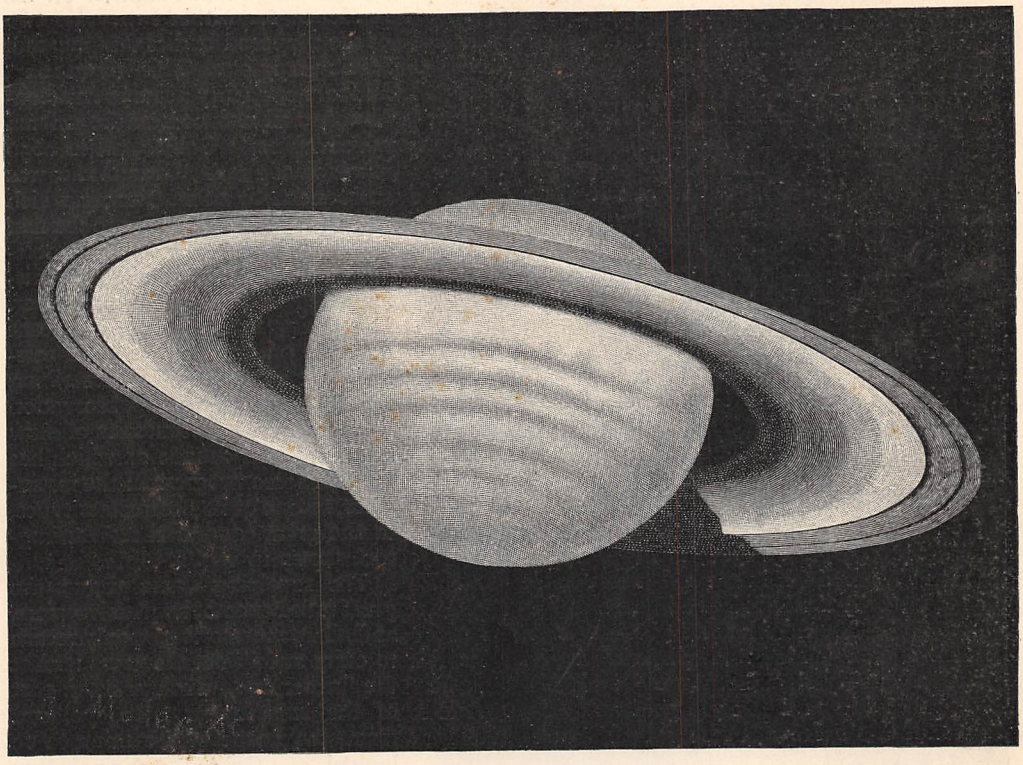


FIG. 1.—SATURN. (FROM A DRAWING BY TROUVELOT, BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

of stars, each a self-shining sun, but only of those which move close at hand; for it is not true of quite all that they keep at the same distance and order.

Of the whole celestial army which the naked eye watches, there are five stars which do change their places in the ranks, and these change in an irregular and capricious manner, going about among the others, now forward and now back, as if lost and wandering through the sky. These wanderers were long since known by distinct names, as Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, and believed to be nearer than the others; and they are, in fact, companions to the earth and fed like it by the warmth of our sun, and like the moon are visible by the sunlight which they reflect to us. With the earliest use of the telescope, it was found that while the other stars remained in it mere points of light as before, these became magnified into disks on which markings were visible, and the markings have been found with our modern instruments, in one case at least, to take the appearance of oceans and snow-capped continents and islands. These, then, are not uninhabitable self-shining suns, but worlds, vivified from the same fount of energy that supplies us, and the possible abode of creatures like ourselves.

"Properly speaking," it is said, "man is the only subject of interest to man"; and if we have cared to study the uninhabitable sun because all that goes on there is found to be so intimately related to us, it is surely a reasonable curiosity which prompts the question so often heard as to the presence of life on these neighbor worlds, where it seems at least not impossible that life should exist. Even the very little we can say in answer to this question will always be interesting, but we must regretfully admit at the outset that it is but little, and that with some planets, like Mercury and Venus, the great telescopes of modern times cannot do much more than those of Galileo, with which our new astronomy had its beginning.

Let us leave these, then, and pass out to the confines of the planetary system, where we may employ our telescopes to better advantage.

The outer planets, Neptune and Uranus, remain pale disks in the most powerful instruments, the first attended by a single moon, the second by four, barely visible; and there is so very little yet known about their physical features, that we shall do better to give our

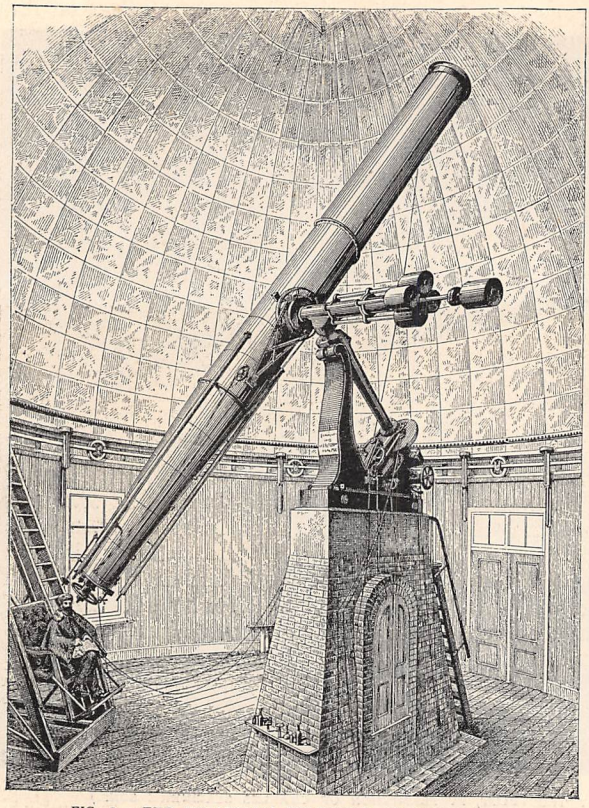


FIG. 2.— THE EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE AT WASHINGTON.

attention to one of the most interesting objects in the whole heavens — the planet Saturn, on which we can at any rate see enough to arouse a lively curiosity to know more.

When Galileo first turned his glass on Saturn, he saw, as he thought, that it consisted of three spheres close together, the middle one being the largest. He was not quite sure of the fact, and was in a dilemma between his desire to wait longer for further observation, and his fear that some other observer might announce the discovery if he hesitated. To combine these incompatibles — to announce it so as to secure the priority, and yet not announce it till he was ready — might seem to present as great a difficulty as the discovery itself; but Galileo solved this, as we may remember, by writing it in the sentence, "*Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*" ("I have observed the highest planet to be triple"), and then throwing it (in the printer's phrase) "into pi," or jumbling the letters, which made the sentence into the monstrous word

SMAJSMRMJLMEPOETALEVNJPVNENVGTTAVJRAS,

and publishing *this*, which contained his discovery, but under lock and key. He had reason to congratulate himself on his prudence, for within two years two of the supposed bodies disappeared, leaving only one. This was in 1612, and for nearly fifty years Saturn continued to all astronomers the enigma which it was to Galileo, till in 1656 it was finally made clear that it was surrounded by a thin flat ring, which when seen fully gave rise to the first appearance in Galileo's small telescope, and when seen edgewise disappeared from its view altogether. Everything in this part of our work depends on the power of the telescope we employ, and in describing the modern means of observation we pass over two centuries of slow advance, each decade of which has marked some progress in the instrument, to one of its completest types, in the great equatorial at Washington, shown in Fig. 2.

The revolving dome above, the great tube beneath, its massive piers, and all its accessories are only means to carry and direct the great lens at the further end, which acts the part of the lens in our own eye, and forms the image of the thing to be looked at. Galileo's original lens was a single piece of glass, rather smaller than that of our common spectacles; but the lens here is composed of two pieces, each twenty-six inches in diameter, and collects as much light as a human eye would do if over two feet across. But this is useless if the lens is not shaped with such precision as to send every ray to its proper place at the eyepiece, nearly thirty-five feet away; and, in fact, the shape given its surface by the skillful hands of the Messrs. Clark, who made it, is so exquisitely exact that all the light of a star gathered by this great surface is packed at the distant focus into a circle very much smaller than that made by the dot on this *i*, — a thing we might call incredible were it not certain. It is with instruments of such accuracy that astronomy now works, and it is with this particular one that some of the observations we are going to describe have been made.

In all the heavens there is no more wonderful object than Saturn, for it preserves to us an apparent type of the plan on which all the worlds were originally made. Let us look at it in this study by Trouvelot (Fig. 1). The planet, we must remember, is a globe nearly seventy thousand miles in diameter, and the outermost ring is over one hundred and fifty thousand miles across, so that the

proportionate size of our earth would be over-represented here by a pea laid on the engraving. The belts on the globe show delicate tints of brown and blue, and parts of the ring are, as a whole, brighter than the planet; but this ring, as the reader may see, consists of at least three main divisions, each itself containing separate features. First is the gray outer ring, then the middle one, and next the curious "crape" ring, very much darker than the wire. The globe of the planet casts on the ring a shadow, which is here shown as a broken line, as though the level of the rings were suddenly disturbed. At other times (as in a beautiful drawing made with the same instrument by Professor Holden) the line seems continuous, though curved as though the middle of the ring system were thicker than the edge. The rotation of the ring has been made out by direct observations; and the



FIG. 3.—JUPITER, MOON AND SHADOW. (BY PERMISSION OF WARREN DE LA RUE.)

others, looking like a belt where it crosses the planet, and apparently feebly transparent, for the outline of the globe has been seen (though not very distinctly) *through* it. The whole system of rings is of the most amazing thinness, for it is probably thinner in proportion to its size than the paper on which this is printed is to the width of the page; and when it is turned edgewise to us, it disappears to all but the most powerful telescopes, in which it looks then like the thinnest conceivable line of light, on which the moons have been seen projected, appearing like beads sliding along a golden whole is in motion about the globe,—a motion so smooth and steady that there is no flickering in the shadow "where Saturn's steadfast shade sleeps on its luminous ring."

What is it? No solid could hold together under such conditions; we can hardly admit the possibility of its being a liquid film extended in space; and there are difficulties in admitting it to be gaseous. But if not a solid, a liquid, or a gas, again what can it be? It was suggested nearly two centuries ago that the ring might be composed of innumerable little bodies like meteorites, circling round

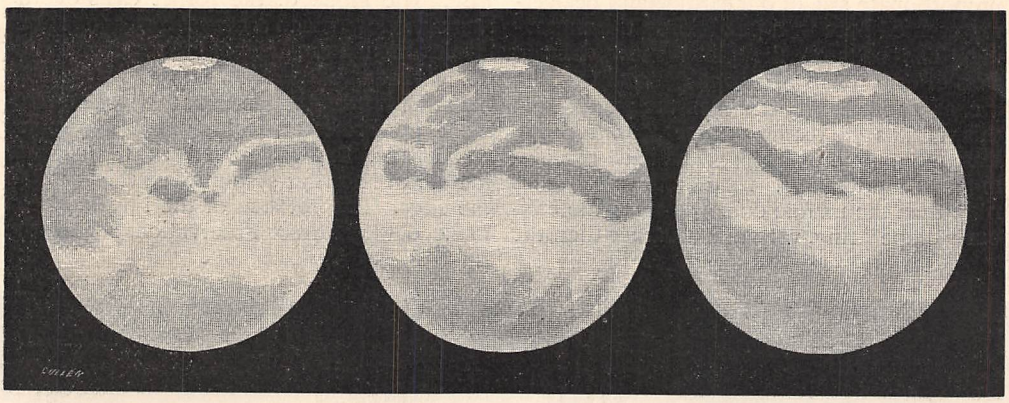


FIG. 4.— THREE VIEWS OF MARS.

the globe so close together as to give the appearance we see, much as a swarm of bees at a distance looks like a continuous cloud; and this remains the most plausible solution of what is still in some degree a mystery. Whatever it be, we see in the ring the condition of things which, according to the nebular hypothesis, once pertained to all the planets at a certain stage of their formation, and this, with the extraordinary lightness of the globe (for the whole planet would float on water), makes us look on it as still in the formative stage of uncondensed matter, where the solid land as yet is not, and the foot could find no resting-place. Astrology figured the planet as "spiteful and cold — an old man melancholy"; but if we may indulge such a speculation, modern astronomy rather leads us to think of it as in the infancy of its life, with every process of planetary growth still in its future, and separated by an almost unlimited stretch of years from the time when life under the conditions in which we know it can even begin to exist.

LIKE this appears also the condition of Jupiter (Fig. 3), the greatest of the planets, whose globe, eighty-eight thousand miles in diameter, turns so rapidly that the centrifugal force causes a visible flattening. The belts which stretch across its disk are of all delicate tints — some pale blue, some of a crimson lake; a sea-green patch has been seen, and at intervals of late years there has been a great oval red spot, which has now nearly gone, and which our engraving does not show. The belts are largely, if not wholly, formed of rolling clouds, drifting and changing under our eyes, though more rarely a feature like the oval spot just mentioned will last for years, an enduring enigma. The most recent observations tend to make us believe that the equatorial regions of Jupiter, like those of the sun, make more turns in a year than the polar ones; while the darkening toward the edge is another sun-like feature, though perhaps due to a distinct cause, and this is beautifully brought out when any one of the four moons which circle the planet passes between us and its face, an occurrence also represented in our figure. The moon, as

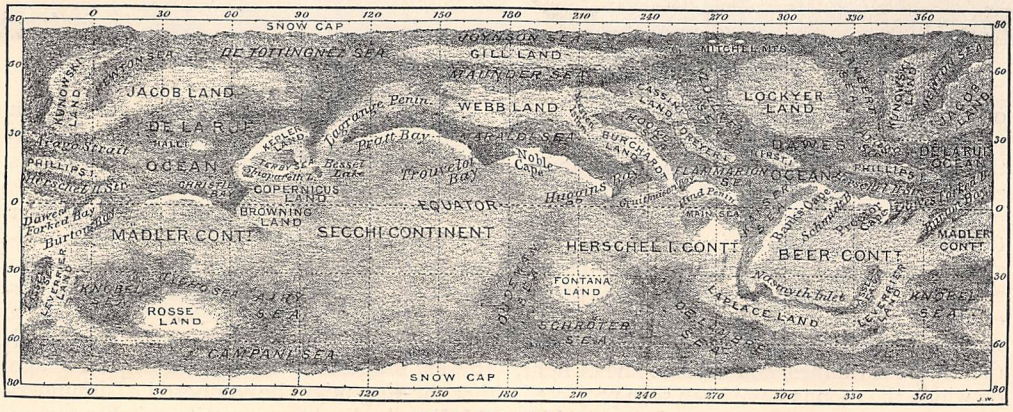


FIG. 5.— MAP OF MARS.

it steals on the comparatively dark edge, shows us a little circle of an almost lemon-yellow, but the effect of contrast grows less as it approaches the center. Next (or sometimes before) the disk is invaded by a small and intensely black spot, the shadow of the moon, which slides across the planet's face, the transit lasting long enough for us to see that the whole great globe, serving as a background for the spectacle, has visibly revolved on its axis since we began to gaze. Photography, in the skillful hands of the late Professor Henry Draper, gave us reason to suspect the possibility that a dull light is sent to us from parts of the planet's surface besides what it reflects, as though it were still feebly glowing like a nearly extinguished sun; and, on the whole, a main interest of these features to us lies in the presumption they create that the giant planet is not yet fit to be the abode of life, but is more probably in a condition like that of our earth millions of years since, in a past so remote that geology only infers its existence, and long before our own race began to be. That science teaches that such all but infinite periods are needed to prepare a planet for man's abode, that the entire duration of his race upon it is probably brief in comparison.

We pass by the belt of asteroids, and over a distance many times greater than that which separates the earth from the sun, till we approach our own world. Here, close beside it as it were, in comparison with the enormous spaces which intervene between it and Saturn and Jupiter, we find a planet whose size and features are in striking contrast to those of the great globe we have just quitted. It is Mars, which shines so red and looks so large in the sky because it is so near, but whose diameter is only about half that of our earth. This is indeed properly to be called a neighbor world, but the planetary spaces are so immense that this neighbor is at closest still about 34,000,000 miles away.

Looking across that great interval, we see in our engraving (Fig. 4) — where we have three successive views taken at intervals of a few hours — a globe not marked by the belts of Jupiter or Saturn, but with outlines as of continents and islands, which pass in turn before our eyes as it revolves in a little over twenty-four and a half of our hours, while at either pole is a white spot. Sir William Herschel was the first to notice that this spot increased in size when it was turned away from the sun and diminished when the solar heat fell on it, so that we have what is almost proof that here is ice (and consequently water) on another world. Then, as we study more, we discern forms which move from day to day on the globe apart from its rotation, and we recognize in them clouds sweeping over the surface — not a surface of still other clouds below, but of what we have good reason to believe to be land and water.

By the industry of numerous astronomers, seizing every favorable opportunity when Mars comes near, so many of these features have been gathered that we have been enabled to make fairly complete maps of the planet, one of which by Mr. Green is here given (Fig. 5).

Here we see the surface more diversified than that of our earth, while the oceans are long, narrow, canal-like seas, which everywhere invade the land, so that on Mars one could travel almost everywhere by water. The spectroscope indicates water-vapor in the Martial atmosphere, and some of the continents, like "Lockyer Land," are sometimes seen white, as though covered with ice; while one island (marked on our map as Hall Island) has been seen so frequently thus that it is very probable that here some mountain or table-land rises into the region of perpetual snow.

The cause of the red color of Mars has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Its atmosphere does not appear to be dark enough to produce such an effect, and perhaps as probable an explanation as any is one the suggestion of which is a little startling at first. It is that vegetation on Mars may be *red* instead of green! There is no intrinsic improbability in the idea, for we are even to-day unprepared to say with any certainty why vegetation is green here, and it is quite easy to conceive of atmospheric conditions which would make red the best absorber of the solar heat. Here, then, we find a planet on which we obtain many of the conditions of life which we know ourselves, and here, if anywhere in the system, we may allowably inquire for evidence of the presence of something like our own race; but though we may indulge in supposition, there is unfortunately no prospect that with any conceivable improvement in our telescopes we shall ever obtain anything like certainty. We cannot assert that there are any bounds to man's invention, or that science may not, by some means as unknown to us as the spectroscope was to our grandfathers, achieve what now seems impossible; but to our present knowledge no such means exist, though we are not forbidden to look at the ruddy planet with the feeling that it may hold possibilities more interesting to our humanity than all the wonders of the sun, and all the uninhabitable immensities of his other worlds.

Before we leave Mars, we may recall to the reader's memory the extraordinary verifi-

cation of a statement made about it more than a hundred years ago. We shall have for a moment to leave the paths of science for those of pure fiction, for the words we are going to quote are those of no less a person than our old friend Captain Gulliver, who, after his adventures with the Lilliputians, went to a flying island inhabited largely by astronomers. If the reader will take down his copy of Swift, he will find in this voyage of Gulliver's to Laputa the following imaginary description of what its imaginary astronomers saw:

> "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the center of the primary planet exactly three of its diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half."

Now compare this passage, which was published in the year 1727, with the announcement in the scientific journals of August, 1877 (a hundred and fifty years after), that two moons did exist, and had just been discovered by Professor Hall, of Washington, with the great telescope of which a drawing has been already given. The resemblance does not end even here, for Swift was right also in describing them as very near the planet and with very short periods, the actual distances being about one and a half and seven diameters, and the actual times about eight and thirty hours respectively, distances and periods which, if not exactly those of Swift's description, agree with it in being less than any before known in the solar system. It is certain that there could not have been the smallest ground for a suspicion of their existence when "Gulliver's Travels" was written, and the coincidence — which is a pure coincidence — certainly approaches the miraculous. We can no longer, then, properly speak of "the snowy poles of moonless Mars," though it does still remain moonless to all but the most powerful telescopes in the world, for these bodies are the very smallest known in the system. They present no visible disks to measure, but look like the faintest of points of light, and their size is only to be guessed at from their brightness. Professor Pickering has carried on an interesting investigation of them. His method depended in part on getting holes of such smallness made in a plate of metal that the light coming through them would be comparable with that of the Martial moons in the telescope. It was found almost impossible to command the skill to make these holes small enough, though one of the artists employed had already distinguished himself by drilling a hole through a fine cambric needle *lengthwise*, so as to make a tiny steel tube of it. When the difficulty was at last overcome, the satellites were found to be less than ten miles in diameter, and a just impression both of their apparent size and light may be gathered from the statement that either roughly corresponds to that which would be given by a human hand held up at Washington, and viewed from Boston, Massachusetts, a distance of four hundred miles.

We approach now the only planet in which man is certainly known to exist, and which ought to have an interest for us superior to any which we have yet seen, for it is our own. We are voyagers on it through space, it has been said, as passengers on a ship, and many of us have never thought of any part of the vessel but the cabin where we are quartered. Some curious passengers (and these are the geographers) have visited the steerage, and some have looked into the hold, and yet it remains true that those in one part of our vessel know little, even now, of their fellow-voyagers in another. How much less, then, do most of us know of the ship itself, for we were all born on it, and have never once been off it to view it from the outside.

No world comes so near us in the aërial ocean as the moon; and if we desire to view our own earth as a planet, we may put ourselves in imagination in the place of a lunar observer. "Is it inhabited?" would probably be one of the first questions which he would ask, if he had the same interest in us that we have in him; and the answer to this would call out all the powers of the best telescopes such as we possess.

An old author, Fontenelle, has given us a lively picture of what might be visible in twenty-four hours if we could look down on the earth as it turned round beneath us. "I see passing under my eyes," he says, "all sorts of faces: white and black and olive and brown. Now it's hats and now turbans, now long locks and then shaven crowns; now come cities with steeples, next more with tall, crescent-capped minarets, then others with porcelain towers; now great desolate lands, now great oceans, then dreadful deserts,—in short, all the infinite variety the earth's surface bears." The truth is, however, that, looking at the earth from the moon, the largest moving animal, the whale or the elephant, would be utterly beyond our ken; and it is questionable whether the largest ship on the ocean would be visible, for the popular idea as to the magnifying power of great telescopes is exaggerated. It is probable that under any but extraordinary circumstances our lunar observer

with our best telescopes could not bring the earth within less than an apparent distance of five hundred miles; and the reader may judge how large a moving object must be to be seen, much less recognized, by the naked eye at such a distance.

Of course, a chief interest of the supposition we are making lies in the fact that it will give us a measure of our own ability to discover evidences of life in the moon, if there are any such as exist here; and in this point of view it is worth while to repeat that scarcely any temporary phenomenon due to human action could be visible from the moon under the most favoring circumstances. An army such as Napoleon led to Russia might conceivably be visible if it moved in a dark solid column across the snow. It is barely possible that such a vessel as one of the largest ocean steamships might be seen, under very favorable circumstances, as a moving dot; and it is even quite probable that such a conflagration as the great fire of Chicago would be visible in the lunar telescope, as something like a reddish star on the night side of our planet; but this is all in this sort that could be discerned.

By making minute maps, or, still better, photographs, and comparing one year with another, much however might have been done by our lunar observer during this century. In its beginning, in comparison to the vast forests which then covered the North American continent, the cultivated fields along its eastern seaboard would have looked to him like a golden fringe bordering a broad mantle of green; but now he would see that the golden fringe has pushed aside the green farther back than the Mississippi, and would gather his best evidence from the fact (surely a noteworthy one) that man, as represented by the people of the United States, has changed one of the features of his world during the present century to a degree visible in another planet!

Our observer would probably be struck by the moving panorama of forests, lakes, continents, islands, and oceans, successively gliding through the field of view of his telescope as the earth revolved; but, traveling along beside it on his lunar station, he would hardly appreciate its actual flight through space, which is an easy thing to describe in figures, and a hard one to conceive. If we look up at the clock, and as we watch the pendulum recall that we have moved about nineteen miles at every beat, or in less than three minutes over a distance greater than that which divides New York from Liverpool, we still probably but very imperfectly realize the fact that (dropping all metaphor) the earth is really a great projectile, heavier than the heaviest of her surface rocks, and traversing space with a velocity of over sixty times that of the cannon-ball. Even the firing of a great gun with a ball weighing one or two hundred pounds is, to the novice at least, a striking spectacle. The massive iron sphere is hoisted into the gun, the discharge comes, the ground trembles, and, as it seems, almost in the same instant, a jet rises where the ball has just touched the water far away. The impression of immense velocity and of a resistless capacity of destruction in that flying mass is irresistible, and justifiable too; but what is this ball to that of the earth, which is a globe counting eight thousand miles in diameter, and weighing about six thousand millions of millions of millions of tons, which, if our cannon-ball were flying ahead a mile in advance of its track, would overtake it in less than the tenth part of a second, and which carries such a potency of latent destruction and death in this motion, that if it were possible to instantly arrest it, then, in that instant, "earth and all which it inherits would dissolve" and pass away in vapor?

Our turning sphere is moving through what seems to be all but an infinite void, peopled only by wandering meteorites, and where warmth from any other source than the sun can scarcely be said to exist; for it is important to observe that, whether the interior be molten or not, we get next to no heat from it. The cold of outer space can only be estimated in view of recent observations as at least four hundred degrees Fahrenheit below zero (mercury freezes at thirty-nine degrees below), and it is the sun which makes up the difference of all these lacking hundreds of degrees to us, but indirectly, and not in the way that we might naturally think, and have till very lately thought; for our atmosphere has a great deal more to do with it than the direct solar rays, allowing more to come in than go out, until the temperature rises very much higher than it would were there no air here. The writer's own experiments lead him to believe that the direct solar rays would never raise the temperature of the planet's surface, if that be entirely airless (even at the equator under the vertical beams of a tropic sun), to zero. Thus, since it is this power in the atmosphere of storing the heat which makes us live, no less than the sun's rays themselves, we see how the temperature of a planet may depend on considerations quite beside its distance from the sun; and when we discuss the possibility of life in other worlds, we shall do well to remember that Saturn may be possibly a warm world, and Mercury conceivably a cold one.

We used to be told that this atmosphere extended forty-five miles above us, but later observation proves its existence at a height of many times this; and a remarkable speculation, which Doctor Hunt strengthens with the great name of Newton, even contemplates it as extending in ever-increasing tenuity until it touches and merges in the atmosphere of other worlds.

But if we begin to talk of things new and old which interest us in our earth as a planet, it is hard to make an end. Still we may observe that it is the very familiarity of some of these which hinders us from seeing them as the wonders they really are. How has this familiarity, for instance, made commonplace to us not only the wonderful fact that the fields and forests, and the apparently endless plain of earth and ocean, are really parts of a great globe which is turning round (for this daily rotation we all are familiar with), but the less appreciated miracle that we are all being hurled through space with an immensely greater speed than that of the rotation itself. It needs the vision of a poet to see this daily miracle with new eyes, and a great poet has described it for us, in words which may vivify our scientific conception. Let us recall the prologue to "Faust," where the archangels are praising the works of the Lord, and looking at the earth, not as we see it, but down on it, from heaven, as it passes by, and notice that it is precisely this miraculous swiftness, so insensible to us, which calls out an angel's wonder.

> "And swift and swift beyond conceiving
> The splendor of the world goes round,
> Day's Eden—brightness still relieving
> The awful Night's intense profound.
> The ocean tides in foam are breaking,
> Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
> And both, the spheric race partaking,
> Eternal, swift, are onward whirled."*

So, indeed, might an angel see it and describe it!

We may have been already led to infer that there is a kind of evolution in the planets' life, which we may compare, by a not wholly fanciful analogy, to ours; for we have seen worlds growing into conditions which may fit them for habitability, and again other worlds where we may surmise, or may know, that life has come. To learn of at least one which has completed the analogy, by passing beyond this term to that where all life has ceased, we need only look on the moon.

THE study of the moon's surface has been continued now from the time of Galileo, and of late years a whole class of competent observers has been devoted to it, so that astronomers engaged in other branches have oftener looked on this as a field for occasional hours of recreation with the telescope than made it a constant study. I can recall one or two such hours in earlier observing days, when, seated alone under the overarching iron dome, the world below shut out, and the world above opened, the silence disturbed by no sound but the beating of the equatorial clock, and the great telescope itself directed to some hill or valley of the moon, I have been so lost in gazing that it seemed as though a look through this, the real magic tube, had indeed transported me to the surface of that strange alien world. Fortunately for us, the same spectacle has impressed others with more time to devote to it and more ability to render it, so that we not only have most elaborate maps of the moon for the professional astronomer, but abundance of paintings, drawings, and models, which reproduce the appearance of its surface as seen in powerful telescopes. None of the latter class deserves more attention than the beautiful studies of Messrs. Nasmyth and Carpenter, who prepared at great labor very elaborate and, in general, very faithful models of parts of its surface, and then had them photographed under the same illumination which fell on the original; and I wish to acknowledge here the special indebtedness of this part of what I have to lay before the reader to their work, from which the following illustrations are chiefly taken.

Let us remember that the moon is a little over twenty-one hundred miles in diameter; that it weighs, bulk for bulk, about two-thirds what the earth does, so that, in consequence of this and its smaller size, its total weight is only about one-eightieth of that of our globe; and that, the force of gravity at its surface being only one-sixth what it is here, eruptive explosions can send their products higher than in our volcanoes. Its area is between four and five times that of the United States, and its average distance is a little less than two hundred and forty thousand miles.

This is very little in comparison with the great spaces we have been traversing in imagination; but it is absolutely very large, and across it the valleys and mountains of this our nearest neighbor disappear and present to the naked eye only the vague lights and shades known to us from childhood as "the man in the moon," and which were the puzzle of the ancient philosophers, who often explained them as reflections of the earth itself, sent back to us from the moon as from a mirror.

* Bayard Taylor's translation.

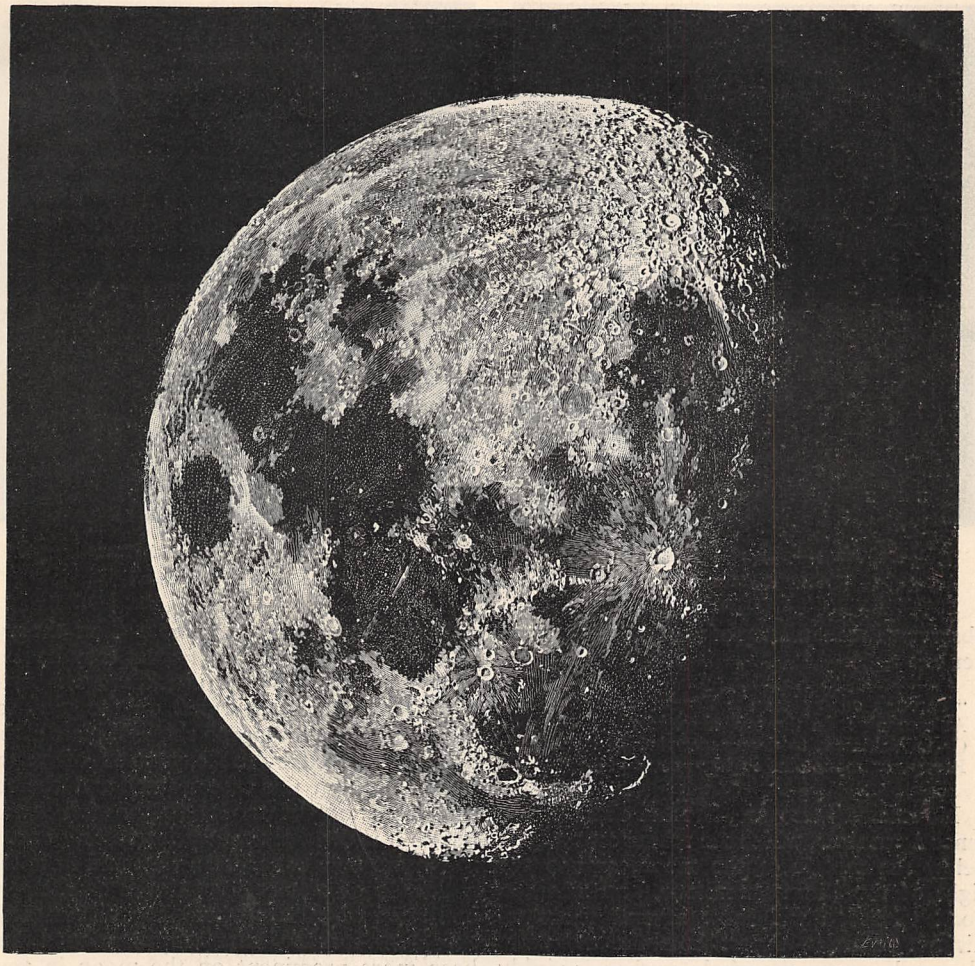


FIG. 6.—THE MOON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. M. RUTHERFURD, 1873, PUBLISHED BY O. G. MASON.)

It at any rate shows that the moon always turns the same face toward us, since we always see the same "man," and that there must be a back to the moon which we never behold at all; and, in fact, nearly half of this planet does remain forever hidden from human observation.

The "man in the moon" disappears when we are looking in a telescope, because we are then brought so near to details that the general features are lost; but he can be seen in any photograph of the full moon by viewing it at a sufficient distance, and making allowance for the fact that the contrasts of light and shade appear stronger in the photograph than they are in reality. If the small full moon given in Fig. 7, for instance, be looked at from across a room, the naked-eye view will be recovered, and its connection with the telescopic ones better made out. The best time for viewing the moon, however, is not at the full, but at the close of the first quarter; for then we see, as in this beautiful photograph (Fig. 6) by Mr. Rutherfurd (reduced by Mason), that the sunlight, falling slantingly on it, casts shadows which bring out all the details so that we can distinguish many of them even here — this photograph, though much reduced, giving the reader a better view than Galileo obtained with his most powerful telescope. The large gray expanse in the lower part is the Mare Serenitatis, that on the left the Mare Crisium, and so on; these "seas," as they were called by the old observers, being no seas at all in reality, but extended plains which reflect less light than other portions, and which with higher powers show an irregular surface. Most of the names of the main features of the lunar surface were bestowed by the earlier

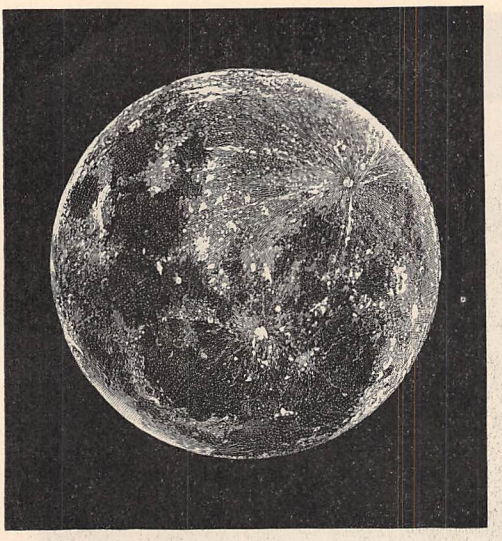


FIG. 7.—THE FULL MOON.

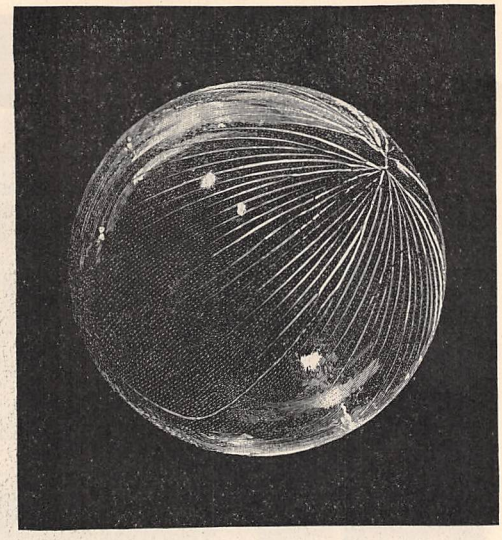


FIG. 8.—GLASS GLOBE, CRACKED.

[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

observers in the infancy of the telescope, when her orb

> "Through optic glass the Tuscan artist 'viewed'
> At evening from the top of Fiesole
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe."

Mountains there are, like the chain of the lunar Apennines, which the reader sees a little below the middle of the moon, and to the right of the Mare Serenitatis, and where a good telescope will show several thousand distinct summits. Apart from the mountain chains, however, the whole surface is visibly pitted with shallow, crater-like cavities, which vary from over a hundred miles in diameter to a few hundred yards or less, and which, we shall see later, are smaller sunken plains walled about with mountains or hills.

One of the most remarkable of these is Tycho, here seen on the photograph of the full moon (Fig. 7), from which radiating streaks go in all directions over the lunar surface. These streaks are a feature peculiar to the moon (at least we know of nothing to which they can be compared on the earth), for they run through mountain and valley for hundreds of miles without any apparent reference to the obstacles in their way, and it is clear that the cause is a deep-seated one. This cause is believed by our authors to be the fact that the moon was once a liquid sphere over which a hard crust formed, and that in subsequent time the expansion of the interior before solidification cracked the shell as we see. The annexed figure (Fig. 8) is furnished by them to illustrate their theory, and to show the effects of what they believe to be an analogous experiment, *in minimis*, to what nature has performed on the grandest scale; for the photograph shows a glass globe actually cracked by the expansion of an inclosed fluid (in this case water), and the resemblance of the model to the full moon beside it is certainly a very interesting one.

We are able to see from this, and from the multitude of craters shown even on the general view, where the whole face of our satellite is pit-marked, that eruptive action has been more prominent on the moon in ages past than on our own planet, and we are partly prepared for what we see when we begin to study it in detail.

We may select almost any part of the moon's surface for this nearer view, with the certainty of finding something interesting. Let us choose, for instance, on the photograph of the half-full moon (Fig. 6), the point near the lower part of the Terminator (as the line dividing light from darkness is called) where a minute sickle of light seems to invade the darkness, and let us apply in imagination the power of a large telescope to it. We are brought at once considerably within a thousand miles of the surface, over which we seem to be suspended, everything lying directly beneath us as in a bird's-eye view, and what we see is the remarkable scene shown in Fig. 9.

We have here such a wealth of detail that the only trouble is to choose what to speak of where every point has something to demand attention, and we can only give here

the briefest reference to the principal features. The most prominent of these is the great crater "Plato," which lies in the lower right-hand part of the cut. It will give the reader an idea of the scale of things to state that the diameter of its ring is about seventy miles, so that he will readily understand that

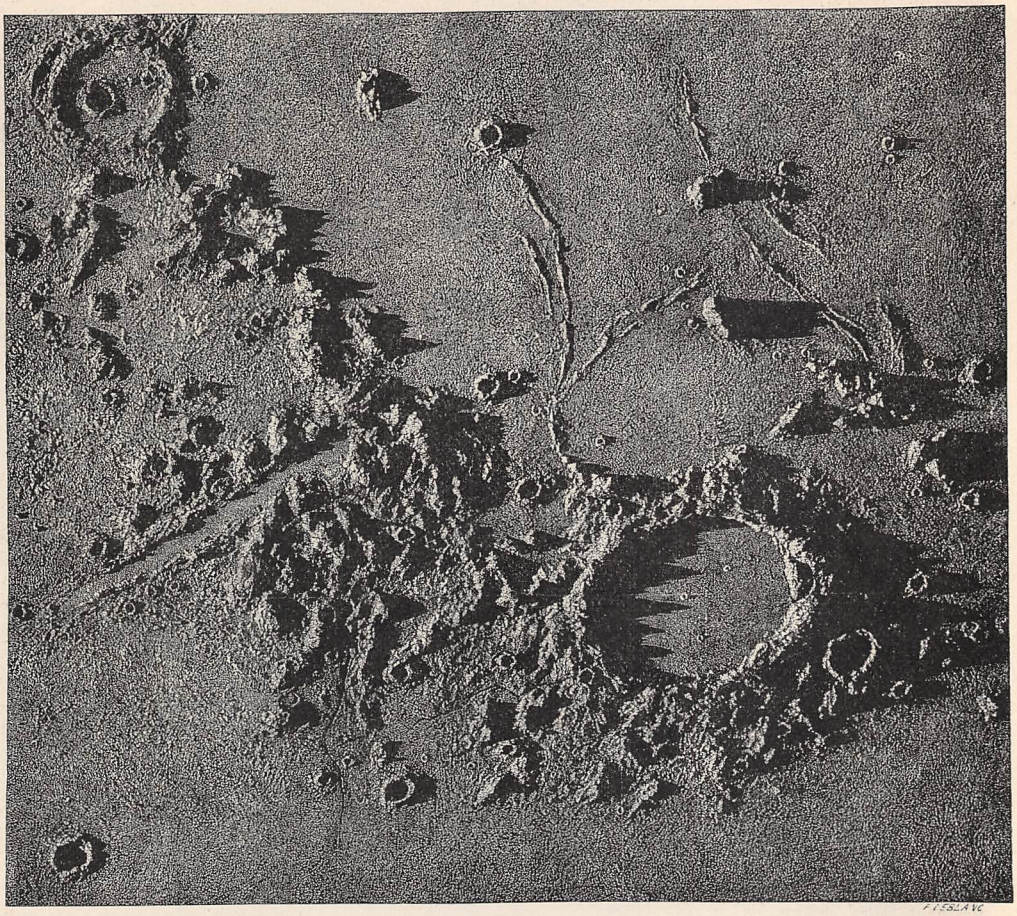


FIG 9.—PLATO AND THE LUNAR ALPS.

[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

the mountains surrounding it may average five to six thousand feet in height, as they do. The sun is shining from the left, and, being low, casts long shadows, so that the real forms of the mountains on one side are beautifully indicated by these shadows, where they fall on the floor of the crater. In the lower part of the mountain wall there has been a landslide, as we see by the fragments that have rolled down into the plain, and of which a trace can be observed in our engraving. The whole is quite unlike most terrestrial craters, however, not only in its enormous size, but in its proportions; for the floor is not precipitous, but flat, or partaking of the general curvature of the lunar surface, which it sinks but little below. I have watched with interest in the telescope streaks and shades on the floor of Plato, not shown in our cut; for here some have suspected evidences of change, and fancied a faint greenish tint, as if due to vegetation, but it is probably fancy only. Notice the number of small craters around the big one, and everywhere on the plate, and then look at the amazingly rugged and tumbled mountain heaps on the left (the lunar Alps), cut directly through by a great valley (the valley of the Alps), which is at the bottom about six miles wide and extraordinarily flat — flatter and smoother even than our engraving shows it, and looking as though a great engineering work, rather than an operation of nature, were in question. Above this the mountain shadows are cast upon a wide plain, in which are both depressed pits with little

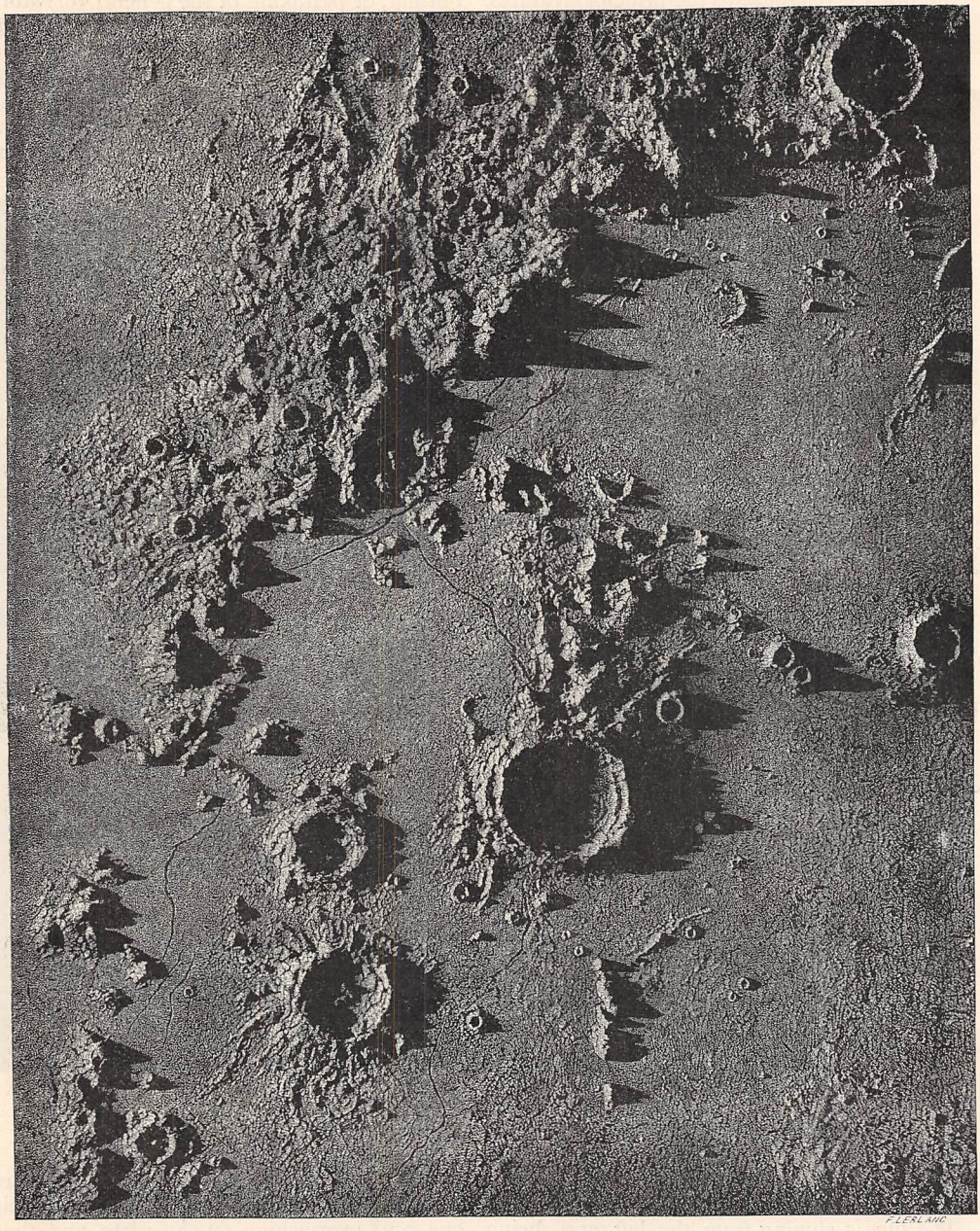


FIG. 10.— THE LUNAR APENNINES: ARCHIMEDES.

[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

mountain (or rather hill) rings about them, and extraordinary peaks, one of which, Pico (above the great crater), starts up abruptly to the height of eight thousand feet, a lunar Matterhorn.

If Mars were as near as the moon, we should see with the naked eye clouds passing over its face; and that we never do see these on the moon, even with the telescope, is itself a proof that none exist there. Now, this absence of clouds, or indeed of any evidence of moisture, is confirmed by every one of the nearer views like those we are here getting. We might return to this region with the telescope every month of our lives without finding one indication of vapor, of moisture, or even of air; and from a summit like Pico, could we ascend it, we should look out on a

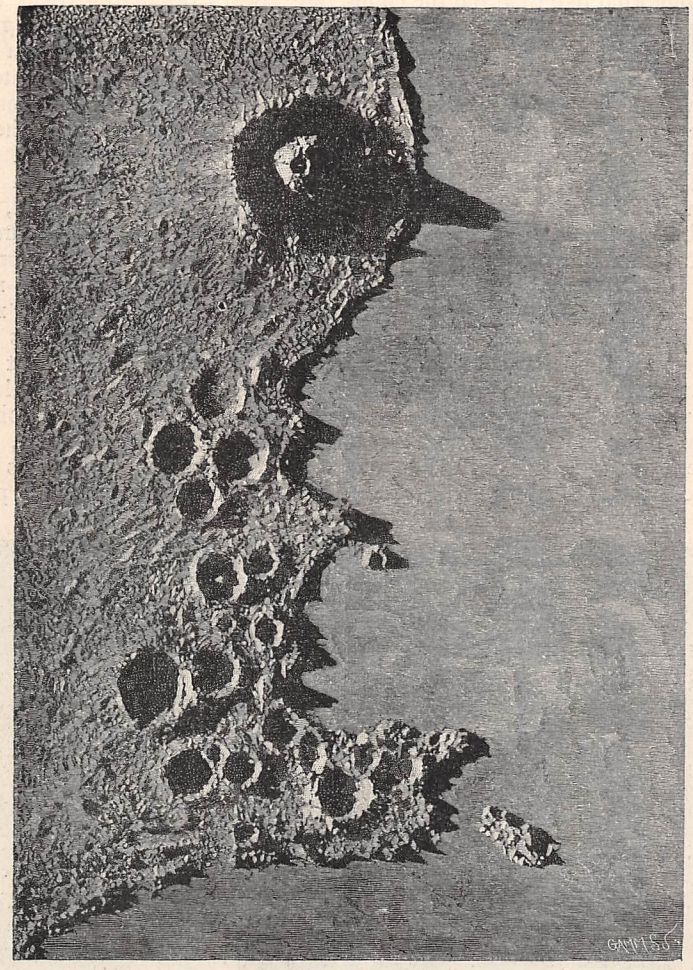


FIG. 11.— VESUVIUS AND NEIGHBORHOOD OF NAPLES.

[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

scene of such absolute desolation as probably no earthly view could parallel. If, as is conceivable, these plains were once covered with verdure, and the abode of living creatures, verdure and life exist here no longer, and over all must be the silence of universal death. But we must leave it for another scene.

South of Plato extends for many hundred miles a great plain, which from its smoothness was thought by the ancient observers to be water, and was named by them the "Imbrian Sea," and this is bounded on the south and west by a range of mountains — the "lunar Apennines" (Fig. 10) — which are the most striking on our satellite. They are visible even with a spy-glass, looking then like bread-crumbs ranged upon a cloth, while with a greater power they grow larger and at the same time more chaotic. As we approach nearer, we see that they rise with a comparatively gradual slope, to fall abruptly, in a chain of precipices that may well be called tremendous, down to the plain below, across which their shadows are cast. Near their bases are some great craters of a somewhat different type from Plato, and our illustration represents an enlarged view of a part of this Apennine chain, of the great crater Archimedes, and of its companions Aristillus and Autolycus.

Our engraving will tell, more than any description, of the contrast of the tumbled mountain peaks with the level plain from which they spring, a contrast for which we have scarcely a terrestrial parallel, though the rise of the Alps from the plains of Lombardy may suggest an inadequate one. The Sierra Nevadas of California climb slowly up from the coast side, to descend in great precipices

on the east, somewhat like this; but the country at their feet is irregular and broken, and their highest summits do not equal those before us, which rise to 17,000 or 18,000 feet, and from one of which we should look out over such a scene of desolation as we can only imperfectly picture to ourselves from any experience of a terrestrial desert. The curvature of the moon's surface is so much greater than ours, that it would hide the spurs of hills which buttress the southern slopes of Archimedes, leaving only the walls of the great mountain ring visible in the extremest horizon, while between us and them would extend what some still maintain to have been the bed of an ancient lunar ocean, though assuredly no water exists there now.

Among the many fanciful theories to account for the forms of the ringed plains, one (and this is from a man of science whose ideas are always original) invokes the presence of water. According to it, these great plains were once ocean beds, and in them worked a coral insect, building up lunar "atolls" and ring-shaped submarine mountains, as the coral polyp does here. The highest summits of the great rings thus formed were then low islands, just "awash" with the waves of the ancient lunar sea, and, for aught we know, green with feathery palms. Then came (in the supposition in question) a time when the ocean dried up, and the mountains were left standing, as we see, in rings, after the cause of their formation was gone. If it be asked where the water went to, the answer is not very obvious on the old theories; but those who believe in them point to the extraordinary cracks in the soil, like those our engraving shows, as chasms and rents, by which the vanished seas, and perhaps also the

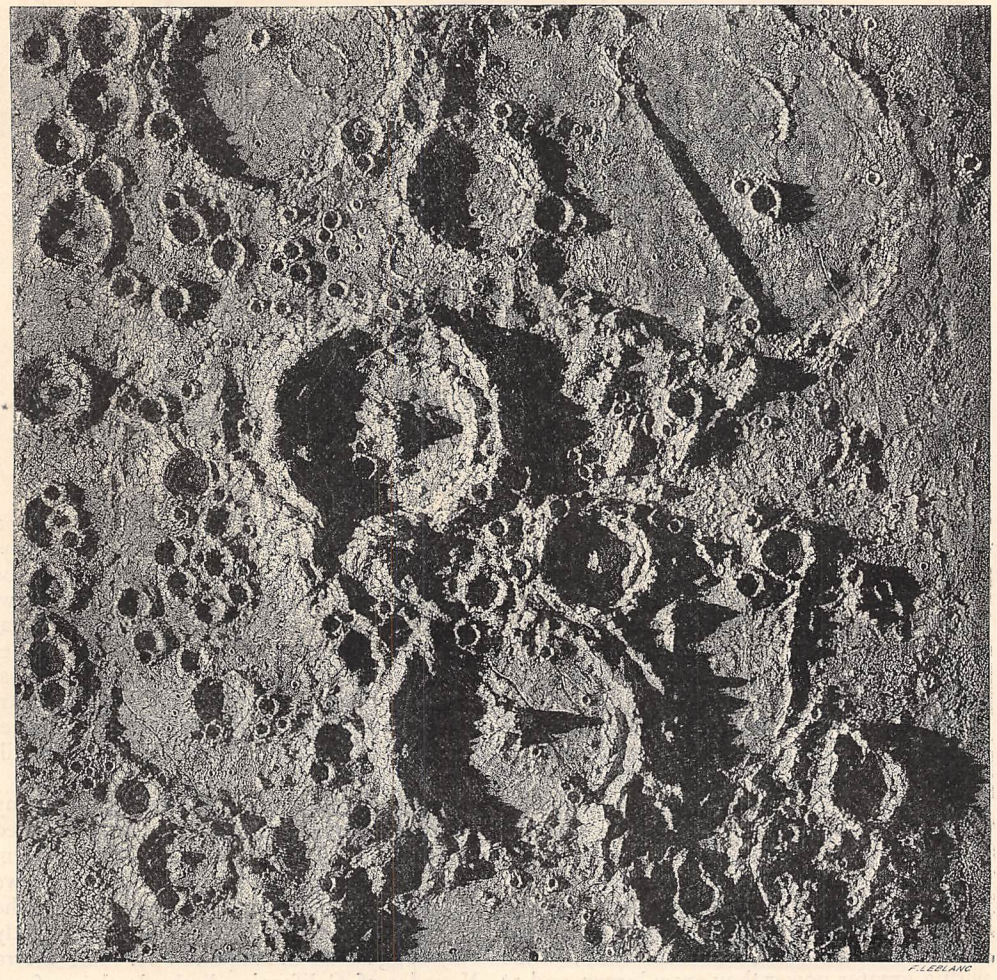


FIG. 12.—PTOLEMY AND ARZACHAEL.
[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

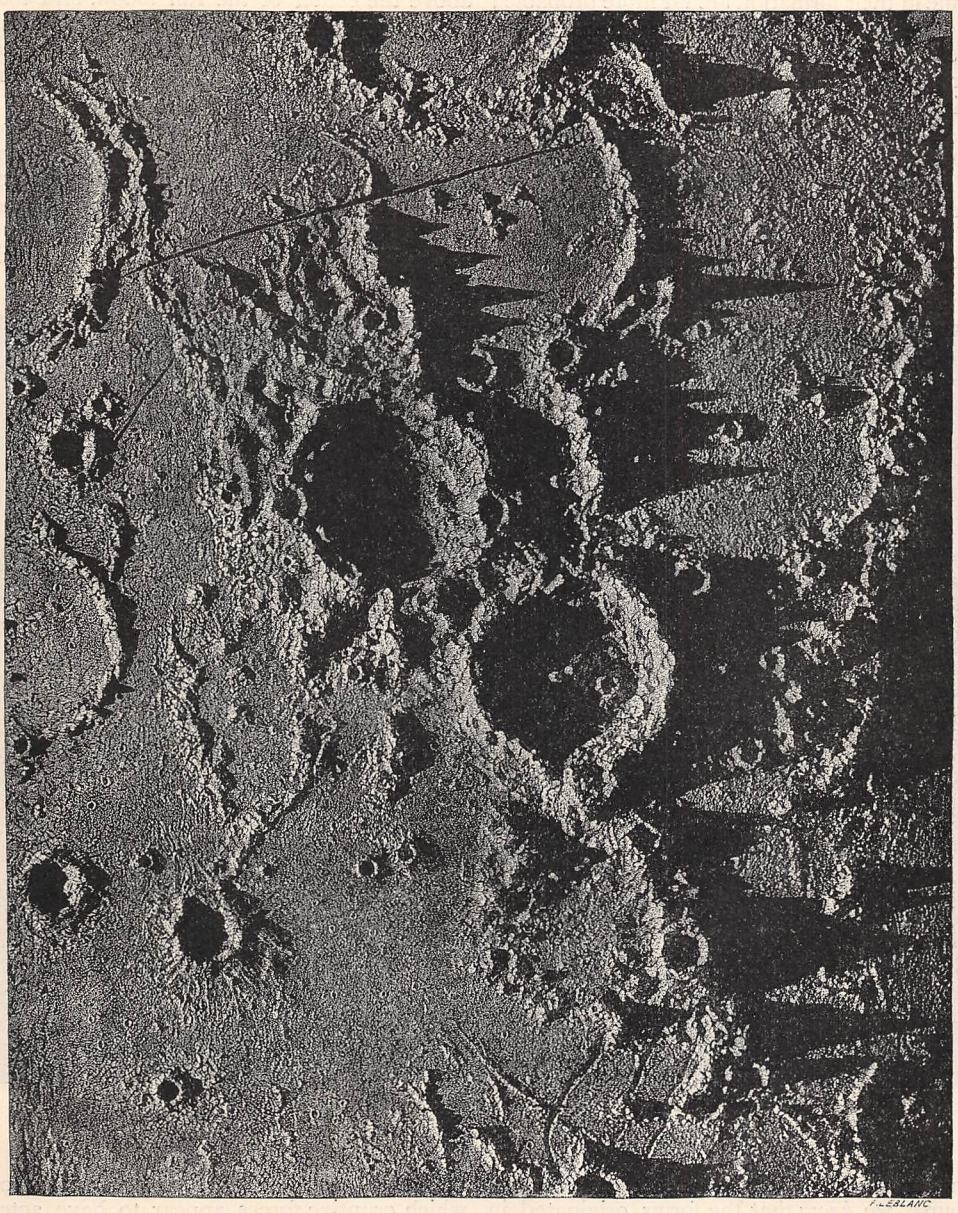


FIG. 13.— MERCATOR AND CAMPANUS.

[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

vanished air, have been absorbed into the interior.

If there was indeed such an ancient ocean, it would have washed the very feet of the precipices on whose summits we are in imagination standing, and below us their recesses would have formed harbors, which fancy might fill with commerce, and cities in which we might picture life and movement where all is now dead. It need hardly be said that no telescope has ever revealed their existence (if such ruins, indeed, there are), and it may be added that the opinion of geologists is, as a whole, unfavorable to the presence of water on the moon, even in the past, from the absence of any clear evidence of erosive action; but perhaps we are not yet entitled to speak on these points with certainty, and are not forbidden to believe that water may have existed here in the past by any absolute testimony to the contrary. The views of those who hold the larger portion of the lunar craters to have been vol-

canic in their formation are far more probable; and perhaps as simple an evidence of the presumption in their favor as we can give is directly to compare such a lunar region as this, the picture of which was made for us from a model, with a similar model made from some terrestrial volcanic region. Here (Fig. 11) is a photograph of such a modeled plan of the country round the Bay of Naples, showing the ancient crater of Vesuvius and its central cone, with other above the center of the full moon, and may be recognized also on the Rutherfurd photograph, and it consists of the group of great ring-plains, three of which form prominent figures in our cut.

Ptolemy (the lower of these in the drawing) is an example of such a plain, whose diameter reaches to about one hundred and fifteen miles, so that it incloses an area of nearly eight thousand square miles (or about that of the State of Massachusetts), within

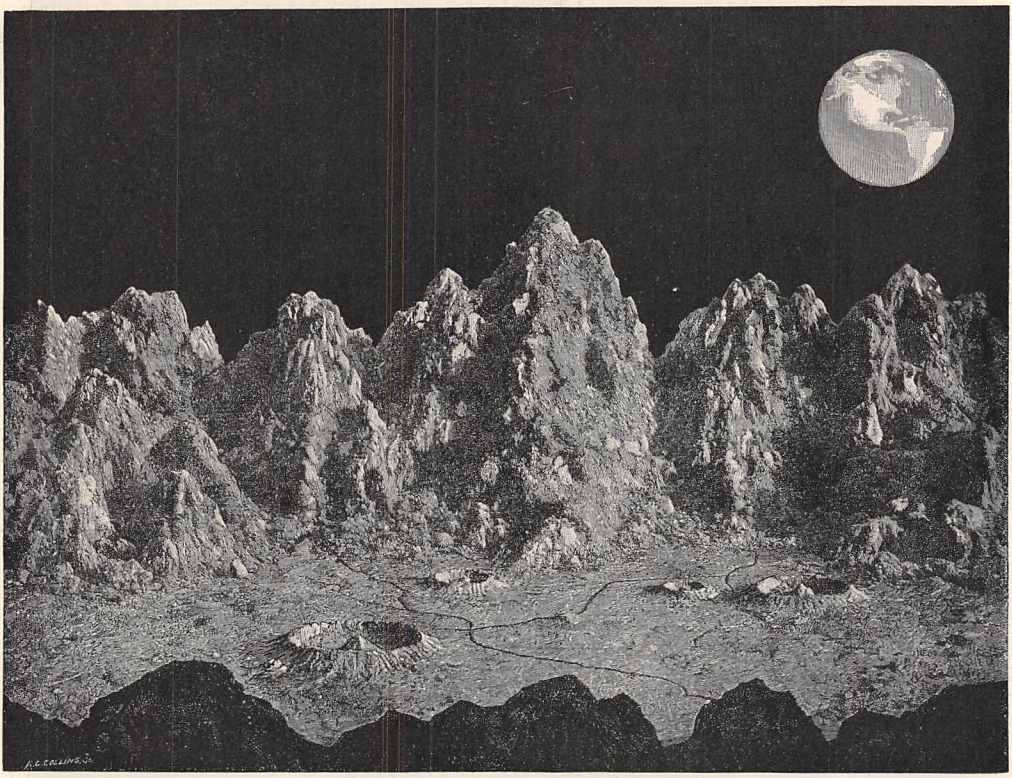


FIG. 14.—IDEAL LUNAR LANDSCAPE AND EARTH-SHINE.

[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

and smaller craters along the sea. Here, of course, we *know* that the forms originated in volcanic action, and a comparison of them with our moon-drawing is most interesting. To return to our Apennine region (Fig. 10), we must admit, however, when we consider the vast size of these things (Archimedes is fifty miles in diameter), that they are very different in proportion from our terrestrial craters, and that numbers of them present no central cone whatever; so that if some of them seem clearly eruptive, there are others to which we have great difficulties in making these volcanic theories apply. Let us look, for instance, at still another region (Fig. 12). It lies rather which there is no central cone or point from which eruptive forces appear to have acted, except the smaller craters it incloses. On the south we see a pass in the mountain wall opening into the neighboring ring-plain of Alphonsus, which is only less in size; and south of this again is Arzachel, sixty-six miles in diameter, surrounded with terraced walls, rising in one place to a height greater than that of Mont Blanc, while the central cone is far lower. The whole of the region round about, though not the roughest on the moon, is rough and broken in a way beyond any parallel here, and which may speak for itself; but perhaps the most striking of the many curious features — at least

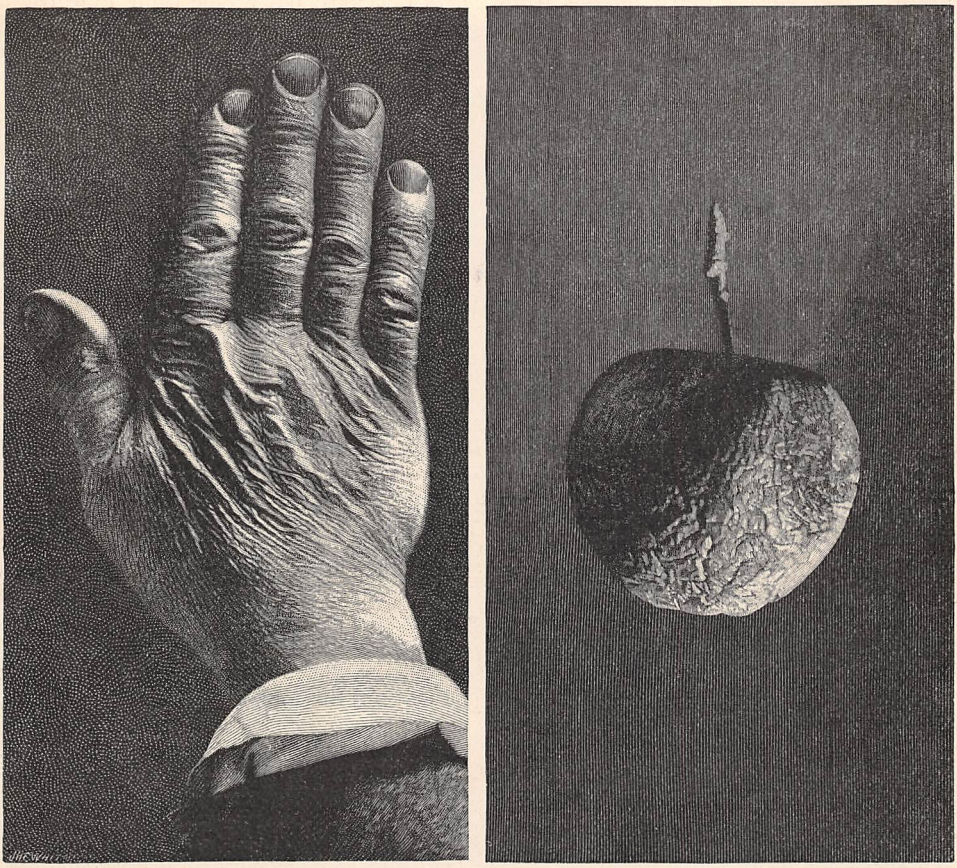


FIG. 15.— WITHERED HAND AND APPLE.
[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

the only one we can pause to examine — is what is called "The Railway," an almost perfectly straight line, on one side of which the ground has abruptly sunk, leaving the undisturbed part standing like a wall, and forming a "fault," as geologists call it. This is the most conspicuous example of its kind in the moon, but it is only one of many evidences that we are looking at a world whose geological history has been not wholly unlike our own. But the moon contains, as has been said, but the one-eightieth part of the mass of our globe, and has, therefore, cooled with much greater rapidity, so that it has not only gone through the epochs of our own past time, but has in all probability already undergone experiences which for us lie far in the future; and it is hardly less than justifiable language to say that we are beholding here in some respects what the face of our world may be when ages have passed away.

To see this more clearly, we may consider that in general we find that the early stages of cosmical life are characterized by great heat; a remark of the truth of which the sun itself furnishes the first and most obvious illustration. Then come periods which we appear to have seen exemplified in Jupiter, where the planet is surrounded by volumes of steam-like vapor, through which we may almost believe we recognize the dull glow of not yet extinguished fires; then times like those which our earth passed through before it became the abode of man; and then the times in which human history begins. But if this process of the gradual loss of heat go on indefinitely, we must yet come to still another era, when the planet has grown too cold to support life, as it was before too hot; and this condition, in the light of some very recent investigations, it seems probable we have now before us on the moon.

We have, it is true, been taught until very lately that the side of the moon turned sunward would grow hotter and hotter in the long lunar day, till it reached a temperature of two hundred to three hundred degrees

Fahrenheit, and that in the equally long lunar night it would fall as much as this below zero. But the evidence which was supposed to support this conclusion is not supported by recent experiments; and if these be trustworthy, certain facts appear to the writer to show that the temperature of the moon's surface, even under full perpetual sunshine, must be very low indeed,—lower than that of our arctic or antarctic poles,—and this because of the absence of air there to keep the stored sun-heat from being radiated away again into space.

As we ascend the highest terrestrial mountains, and get partly above our own protecting blanket of air, things do not grow hotter and hotter, but colder and colder; and it seems contrary to the teachings of common sense to believe that if we could ascend higher yet, where the air ceases altogether, we should not find that it grew colder still. But this last condition (of airlessness) is the one which does prevail beyond a doubt in the moon, on whose whole surface, then, there must be (unless there are sources of internal heat of which we know nothing) conditions of temperature which are an exaggeration of those we experience on the summit of a very lofty mountain, where water freezes under the full rays of a vertical sun; and we have the curious result that the skin may be burned under the solar rays, while we are shivering at the same time in what the thermometer shows is an arctic cold.

We have heard of this often, but a personal experience so impressed the fact on me that I will relate it for the benefit of the reader, who may wish to realize to himself the actual conditions which probably exist in the airless lunar mountains and plains we are looking at. He cannot go there, but he may go if he pleases, as I have done, to the waterless, shadeless desert which stretches at the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas (a chain almost as high and steep as the lunar Apennines), and live some part of July and August in this desert, where the thermometer rises occasionally to one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, and his face is tanned till it can tan no more, and he appears to himself to have experienced the utmost in this way that the sun can do.

The sky is cloudless, and the air so clear that all idea of the real distance and size of things is lost. The mountains, which rise in tremendous precipices above him, seem like moss-covered rocks close at hand, on the tops of which, here and there, a white cloth has been dropped, but the "moss" is great primeval forests, and the white cloths large isolated snow-fields, tantalizing the dweller in the burning desert with their delusive nearness. When I climbed the mountains, at an altitude of ten thousand feet I already found the coolness delicious, but at the same time (by the strange effect I have been speaking of) the skin began to burn, as though the seasoning in the desert counted for nothing at all; and as the air grew thinner and thinner while I mounted still higher and higher, though the thermometer fell, every part of the person exposed to the solar rays presented the appearance of a recent severe burn from an actual fire,—and a really severe burn it was, as I can testify,—and yet all the while around us, under this burning sun and cloudless sky, reigned a perpetual winter which made it hard to believe that torrid summer still lay below. The thinner the air, then, the colder it grows, even where we are exposed to the sun, and the lower becomes the reading of the thermometer. Now, by means of suitable apparatus, it was sought by the writer to determine, while at this elevation of fifteen thousand feet, *how* great the fall of temperature would be if the thin air there could be removed altogether; and the result was that the thermometer would under such circumstances fall, at any rate, below zero in the full sunshine.

Of course, all this applies directly to the moon, on whose surface (if these inferences be correct) the mercury in the bulb of a thermometer would probably freeze and never melt again during the lunar day (and still less during the lunar night)— a conclusion which has been reached through other means by Mr. Ericsson.

Other and direct measures of the lunar heat are still in progress while this is being written, but their probable result seems to be already indicated: it is that the moon's surface, even in perpetual sunshine, must be forever under a more than arctic cold — a cold below the freezing-point of mercury, and in which we cannot conceive of the existence of man or of organic life.

Here (Fig. 13) is one more scene from the almost unlimited field the lunar surface affords.

The most prominent things in the landscape before us are two fine craters (Mercator and Campanus), each over thirty miles in diameter; but we have chosen this scene for remark rather on account of the great crack or rift which is seen in the upper part, and which cuts through plain and mountain for a length of sixty miles. Such cracks are counted by hundreds on the moon, where they are to be seen almost everywhere; and other varieties, in fact, are visible on this same plate, but we will not stop to describe them. This one varies in width from an eighth of a mile to a mile; and though we cannot see to the bottom of it, others are known to be at least eight miles deep, and may be indefinitely deeper.

The edge of a cliff on the earth commonly gets weather-worn and rounded, but here the edge is sharp, so that a traveler along the lunar plains would come to the very brink of this tremendous chasm before he had any warning of its existence. It is usually thus with all such rifts, and the straightness and sharpness of the edge in these cases suggest the appearance of an ice-crack to the observer. I do not mean to assert that there is more than a superficial resemblance. I do not write as a geologist; but in view of what we have just been reading of the lunar cold, we may ask ourselves whether, if water ever did exist here, we should not expect to find perpetual ice, not necessarily glittering, but covered, perhaps, with the deposits of an air laden with the dust-products of later volcanic eruptions, or even covered in after ages, when the air has ceased from the moon, with the slow deposit of meteoric dust during millions of years of windless calm. What else can we think will become of the water on our own earth if it be destined to pass through such an experience as we seem to see prophesied in the condition of our dead satellite?

The reader must not understand me as saying that there is ice on the moon — only that there is probably perpetual ice there now *if* there ever was water in past time; and he is not to suppose that to say this is in any way to deny what seems the strong evidence of the existence of volcanic action everywhere, for the two things may well have existed in successive ages of our satellite's past, or even have both existed together, like Hecla, within our own arctic snows; and if no sign of any still active lunar volcano has been discovered, we appear to read the traces of their presence in the past none the less clearly.

I remember that at one time, when living on the lonely upper lava-wastes of Mt. Etna, which are pitted with little craters, I grew acquainted with so many a chasm and rent filled with these that the dreary landscape appeared from above as if a bit of the surface of the moon I looked up at through the telescope had been brought down beside me.

I remember, too, that as I studied the sun there and watched the volcanic outbursts on its surface, I felt that I possibly embraced in a threefold picture as many stages in the history of planetary existence, through all of which this eruptive action was an agent,— above in the primal energies of the sun, all around me in the great volcano, black and torn with the fires that still burn below, and whose smoke rose over me in the plume that floated high up from the central cone, and finally in this last stage in the moon, which hung there pale in the daylight sky, and across whose face the vapors of the great terrestrial volcano drifted, but on whose own surface the last fire was extinct.

We shall not get an adequate idea of it all, unless we add to our bird's-eye views one showing a chain of lunar mountains as they would appear to us if we saw them, as we do our own Alps or Apennines, from about their feet, and such a view Fig. 14 affords us. In the barren plain on the foreground are great rifts such as we have been looking at from above, and smaller craters, with their extinct cones; while beyond rise the mountains, ghastly white in the cold sunshine, their precipices crowned by no mountain fir or cedar, and softened by no intervening air to veil their nakedness.

If the reader has ever climbed one of the highest Alpine peaks, like those about Monte Rosa or the Matterhorn, and there waited for the dawn, he cannot but remember the sense of desolation and strangeness due to the utter absence of everything belonging to man or his works or his customary abode, above all which he is lifted into an upper world, so novel and, as it were, so unhuman in its features, that he is not likely to have forgotten his first impression of it; and this impression gives the nearest but still a feeble idea of what we see with the telescope in looking down on such a colorless scene, where, too, no water bubbles, no tree can sigh in the breeze, no bird can sing — the home of silence.

But here, above it, hangs a world in the sky, which we should need to call in color to depict, for it is green and yellow with the forests and the harvest-fields that overspread its continents, with emerald islands studding its gray oceans, over all of which sweep the clouds that bring the life-giving rain. It is our own world, which lights up the dreary lunar night, as the moon does ours.

The signs of age are on the moon. It seems pitted, torn, and rent by the past action of long-dead fires, till its surface is like a piece of porous cinder under the magnifying glass — a burnt-out cinder of a planet, which rolls through the void like a ruin of what has been; and, more significant still, this surface is wrinkled everywhere, till the analogy with an old and shriveled face or hand or fruit (Fig. 15), where the puckered skin is folded about a shrunken center, forces itself on our attention, and suggests a common cause — a something underlying the analogy, and making it more than a mere resemblance.

The moon, then, is dead; and if it ever was the home of a race like ours, that race is dead too. I have said that our new astronomy modifies our view of the moral universe

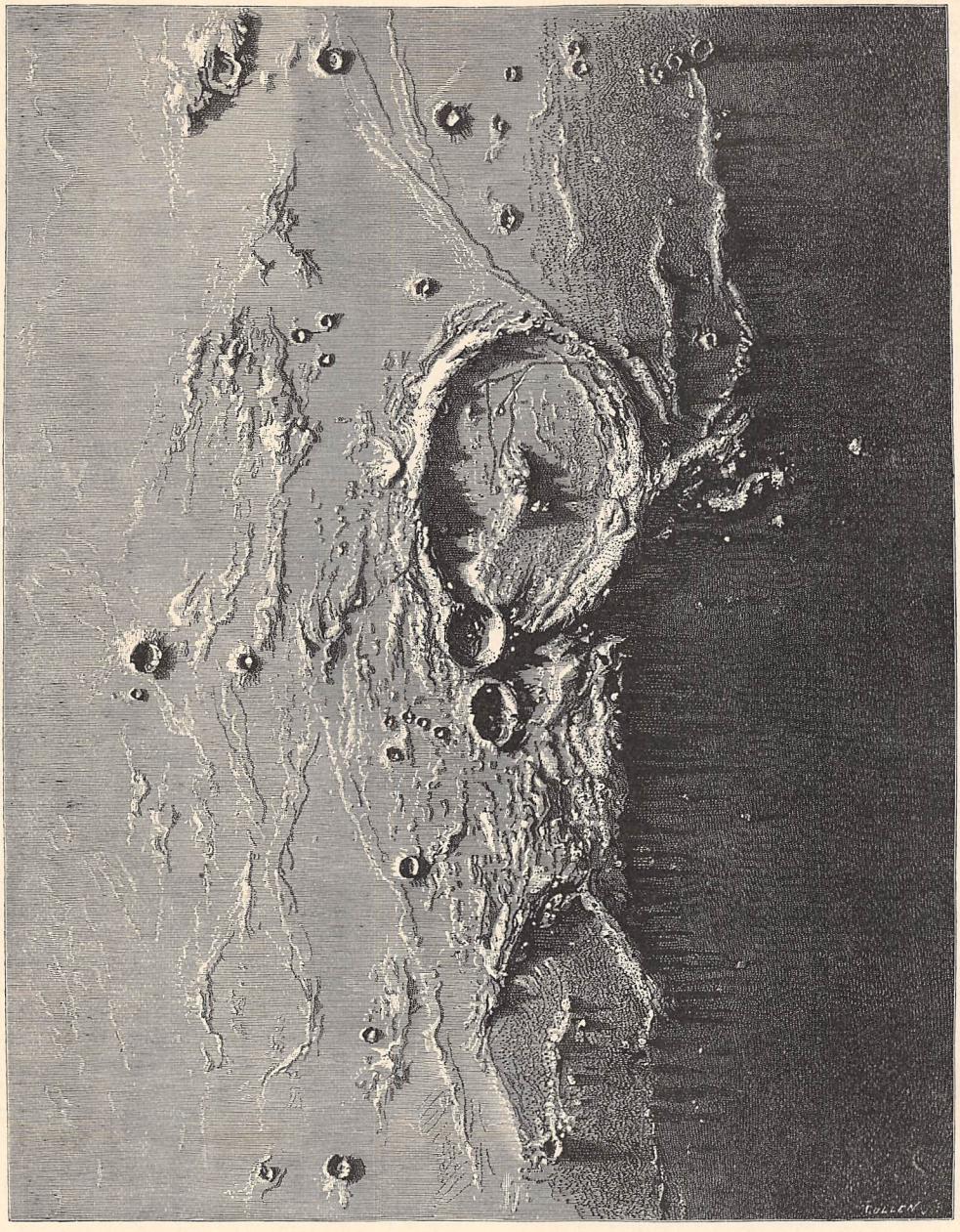


FIG. 16.—GASSENDI. NOVEMBER 7th, 1867.
[From "The Moon," by Nasmyth and Carpenter. London: John Murray. By permission.]

as well as of the physical one; nor do we need a more pregnant instance than in this before us. In these days of decay of old creeds of the eternal, it has been sought to satisfy man's yearning toward it by founding a new religion whose god is Humanity, and whose hope lies in the future existence of our own race, in whose collective being the individual who must die may fancy his aims and purpose perpetuated in an endless progress. But, alas for hopes looking to this alone! we are here brought to face the solemn thought that like the individual, though at a little further date, Humanity itself may die!

Before we leave this dead world, let us take a last glance at one of its fairest scenes: that which we obtain when looking at a portion on which the sun is rising, as in this view of

Gassendi (Fig. 16), in which the dark part on our right is still the body of the moon, on which the sun has not yet risen. Its nearly level rays stretch elsewhere over the surface, that is, in places of a strangely smooth texture, contrasting with the ruggedness of the ordinary soil, which is here gathered into low plaits, that, with the texture we have spoken of, look

> "Like marrowy crapes of China silk,
> Or wrinkled skin on scalded milk,"

as they lie, soft and almost beautiful, in the growing light.

Where its first beams are kindling, the summits cast their shadows illimitedly over the darkening plains away on the right, until they melt away into the night — a night which is not utterly black, for even here a subdued radiance comes from the earth-shine of our own world in the sky.

Let us leave here the desolation about us, happy that we can come back at will to that world, our own familiar dwelling, where the meadows are still green and the birds still sing, and where, better yet, still dwells our own kind — surely the world, of all we have found in our wanderings, which we should ourselves have chosen to be our home.

[END OF THE PRESENT SERIES.]

S. P. Langley.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.*

My acquaintance with Mr. Webster might almost be regarded as a family inheritance rather than a personal acquisition. It grew out of connections reaching as far back as the middle of the last century. Both my grandfathers, Japhet Allen and Jeremiah Gilman, were with Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, in the revolutionary war, and Colonel David Gilman, my grandfather's brother, was with him in the old French and Indian wars under Washington and Amherst. My grandmother on my mother's side was a distant relative of the mother of Mr. Webster, and a native of her region; and her brother resided in the town of Boscawen during his life, and for many years was familiarly acquainted with all the Webster family. To enlarge this family association: my grandmother on my father's side was born on part of the Webster estate at Marshfield; and the old cellar of the house of her ancestors was well preserved during Mr. Webster's life: and many of her family are interred in the Pilgrim burying-ground, where the Webster tomb is situated. Both my father and Mr. Webster were born the same year, and while the latter taught at Fryeburg Mr. Allen presided over a district school in the country near by. They were companions on many a fishing and rambling excursion round Mount Chocorua and the tributaries of the Saco. Tradition has it that they both received instruction in Latin from the same preceptor, Rev. Samuel Hidden, of Tamworth, N. H. Thus I may fairly be said to have imbibed my love and admiration and knowledge of the great statesman with my mother's milk. My first sight of him was in a crowded court-room of a country village in New Hampshire. It was more than half a century ago; and, though I was hardly ten years of age, I well remember how overawed I was at the introduction. My next acquaintance with his name was when he was engaged in the Salem Murder case as counsel for the Government against Knapp *et al.* But it was not until I came to Boston, a youth of seventeen summers, and was casually presented to him again, that I realized the greatness and felt the influence

* The portrait of Webster, printed as a frontispiece, is from a daguerreotype made by Mr. F. de B. Richards, of Philadelphia. Mr. Richards, now a painter, was formerly a daguerreotypist, and went, under the guidance of Dr. McClellan (father of the general), to get Webster to pose for the likeness. Mr. Richards is confident that this was in 1849, though we can find no record of a public speech made by Webster in Philadelphia in that year. Mr. Richards says that Webster had spoken with his hat on, and they wished to preserve a memento of the speech; but when they found Webster he was pacing the floor in furious anger, frowning like Jupiter Tonans, because some unfeeling creditor had ventured to dun him for a debt. Dr. McClellan whispered to Richards not to touch the picture question. Meantime, Webster's friends were raising money among the Whigs with which to satisfy the debt. At ten minutes before two the doctor and the daguerreotypist returned, to find the lion tame and happy. But there was to be a reception that afternoon, and Webster turned and growled, "McClellan, if that picture is to be taken, it must be at two o'clock." Dr. McClellan thereupon whispered to Richards to run and have all things ready. Mr. Richards remembers hearing Webster's angry grumbling when he reached the top of the third flight at finding he must mount one more. When he entered the gallery Richards said: "Stand just as you are, Mr. Webster; we wish to take you first with your hat on." "Your first will be your last," roared the statesman. But when the artist announced that the sitting was ended in about four seconds, he said: "What, all done?" "Yes." "Why, in Boston they will set your —— eyes out!" and he sat for two or three other pictures. The hat shown in the picture, or a similar one, is preserved in the "Historical" rooms in Philadelphia.— ED.

of his overpowering personality as a man. He was then in the zenith of his glory, and, overcome as I was by his majestic greatness, I kept aloof from him for more than a dozen years. When I subsequently met him and made myself known as the son of his friend and his father's friend, his great heart warmed to me, and from that time forward I enjoyed an intimacy with him that ended only with his death. In our frequent interviews the memories of the past would come surging back upon his mind. The old farm, with its rugged pastures, "the crystal hills gray and cloud-topped," the old saw-mill, the deer-paths, the trout-streams, and the range of the bear, the wolf, and the fox, all suggested to his mind visions of boyish associations and frolics that quieted and soothed and refreshed him in his leisure moments. His father, of whom he always spoke so affectionately, was twice married; and he commemorated his second marriage by building a one-story frame house hard by where the old log-cabin stood. Daniel was born in this house, which in after time he used to say was nearer the North star than any other in New England. That house still exists, and has been made part of a newer and more substantial edifice. Near the house is a well, and by the side of this well stands an elm-tree, which the present owner, Judge Nesmith, points to with pride, and says was planted by Webster's father in 1768. For sixty years, at regular visits, Daniel Webster sat beneath its spreading branches in the summer-time, and looked his cattle in the face. This farm, near the subsequent homestead at Franklin, has few fertile spots; the granite rocks, visible in every direction, give an air of barrenness to the scene. I could not help thinking, as I stood upon the spot last fall where he first saw the light of day, with some of his neighbors and kinsmen, that those wild, bleak hills among which he was cradled and the rough pastures in which he grew had left their impress upon his soul. His school-time was much interrupted; and from his own lips I learned that Webster's struggle for an education was continued from his early childhood to his thirtieth year. Every step in advance was contested by obstacles which he met with a lion heart, and with a lion's courage overthrew. His books were few at this time. There were a copy of Watts's hymns, a cheap pamphlet copy of Pope's "Essay on Man," and the Bible, from which he first learned to read, together with an occasional almanac. He used to say that at the age of fourteen he could recite by heart the whole of the "Essay on Man." He entered Dartmouth College in 1797, but was desperately poor. A friend sent him a recipe while at college for greasing his boots. He wrote back and thanked him very politely. "But," said he, "my boots need other doctoring, for they not only admit water, but even peas and gravel-stones."

Professor Shurtleff, his classmate, says that Webster was remarkable for three things when at Dartmouth: steady habits of life, close application to study, and last, but not least, ability to mind his own business. He left Dartmouth in 1801. Tradition says, with what truth I do not know, that he took no part in the graduating exercises, but he received a diploma. When the exercises were over, he invited some of his classmates to accompany him to the college green, and there, in their presence, he tore up his sheepskin and threw it away, saying, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment cannot." Mounting his horse, he rode home.

About this time, or soon after, he came to Boston to seek his fortune and get a chance to study law. Theodore Parker describes him as coming with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, his rough trousers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He was turned away from several offices before he found a place. But Mr. Gore, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, a man of large reputation, and, I should judge, a man of keen insight and much tenderness of heart, took in the unprotected youth who came, as he said, to work, not to play. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, and settled down to the practice of law at Boscawen. In 1807 Mr. Webster gave up this office to his brother Ezekiel, who had just been admitted to the bar, and moved to Portsmouth, where he lived for nine years wanting one month. In 1808 he married Miss Grace Fletcher. In an old paper, the Portsmouth "Oracle," of June 11, 1808, you can read the account as follows: "Married, in Salisbury, Daniel Webster, Esquire, of this town, to Miss Grace Fletcher." All this is more or less a matter of history; but his first love-letter, now before me and without date, may never yet have been published. Lovers in these days, it appears, were in the habit of sitting up late, or rather early; and his manner of letting his lady know at what time he would leave her is, to say the least, novel. It reads as follows:

"My Cousin: I intend to set out for home from your house at three o'clock.—D. W.

"Miss Grace Fletcher, Present."

One day he assisted her in disentangling a skein of silk, and, taking up a piece of tape, he said:

"Grace, cannot you help me to tie a knot that will never untie."

She blushingly replied:

"I don't know, Daniel, but am willing to try."

The knot was tied, and, though eighty years have since sped by, it lies before me to-day, time-colored, it is true, but nevertheless still untied. I have a note in my possession dated March, 1805, addressed to Miss Grace Fletcher.

"MISS FLETCHER: Monday morning five o'clock I expect to go out on the stage for Amherst. If it should consist with your convenience to ride to Dunstable on that day, I should be happy to be charged with the duty of attending you. It will probably be in my way to be in Cambridge Sunday eve, and I can furnish you a passage into town.

"D. WEBSTER."

Another note in an envelope marked by Miss Fletcher "Precious Documents" reads as follows:

"DEAR GRACE: I was fortunate enough to be at home Sunday morning at five o'clock, after a solitary ride. . . . Early in the week after next I hope to be with you.

"Yours entirely, D. W."

At this period of his life, at least, Mr. Webster was very methodical, and his receipts and expenditures were kept with great care. A mottled-covered pass-book, begun in August, 1824, before me now, shows his receipts during the rest of that year to have been $4235, and for the first whole year $7285; for the next year they were, including his $1800 from Congress, $13,238.33; so that, even at this early date, his practice was large and lucrative.

At the age of thirty he was elected to Congress for the first time, and he took his seat in November, 1813. In 1816 he came to Boston, from Portsmouth, to practice law. In 1820 he was a leading spirit in the Massachusetts State Convention for the revision of the Constitution—provoking the jealousy, but distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. In 1822 Webster was sent to Congress from Boston, and five years later he took his seat in the Senate as a Senator from Massachusetts. His celebrated speech in answer to Colonel Hayne of South Carolina, upon the Constitution, gave him a world-wide reputation as a lawyer and statesman, and forever after he was considered among the highest authorities in the interpretation of that instrument. Subsequently, in 1841, he left the Senate and became Secretary of State in the Harrison administration, and remained under President Tyler. He was returned to the Senate in 1845, and again in 1850, but soon became Secretary of State under President Fillmore, which office he retained until his death. He was eight years a Representative, nineteen years a Senator, and five years Secretary of State, making in all thirty-two years of public life. Such is the summary of his career before the world.

Prior to the forties, except through the associations before referred to, I knew Mr. Webster only as the great world knew him, and I can add but little to what is already of public record regarding his public life. In the early days of the Long Island Railroad I traveled with him and Mrs. Webster from New York to Boston, which offered me the best opportunity for a prolonged conversation that up to that time I had ever enjoyed. I could, of course, say but little in answer to his views of our national prosperity. He then had the best comprehension of the coming growth and wealth of the Western States that I had ever heard expressed. His son Fletcher and a number of families of New England and New York distinction were early pioneers in the settlement of a township in Illinois, but subsequently moved back to their homes in the East after much suffering in the backwoods. I remember hearing Fletcher describe some of these scenes as early as the Harrison campaign of 1840. But Mr. Webster was not discouraged, and, as in the conversation on the before-mentioned trip across Long Island, he always described vividly the great resources of the West, and its probable influence on the future of New England. He was ever disposed to think that the growing West would be a permanent help to New England.

He had already seen the commerce of his district dwindle away—the wharves and docks from Boston to Portland grass-green from want of use, and the prospect of a like stampede at an early date along the coast to New York. He saw the necessity his native New England was under to sustain her manufactures, and hence he early set to work to lend a helping hand. Three causes he espoused with unflinching fidelity, and stood by them until death. Internal improvements, finance, and protection to American industries—these were the three questions he deemed most intimately associated with national progress. His conversations ever partook of these national considerations.

An incident of this trip illustrated the coolness of Mr. Webster in the midst of danger. All at once, as the cars rushed along at a fearful rate (the conductor feeling desirous to show Mr. Webster the speed that could be kept), there was a terrible concussion, and though the engine was not thrown from the track it soon stopped. It was found that a switch was but partially turned off, and the driving-wheel of the locomotive had carried off one side of the rail near the middle. Great confusion instantly followed the accident, and men as well as women and children were panic-stricken. Mr. Web-

ster coolly arose from his seat and talked to the crowd, which soon became quiet again.

He used to drive in his gig from Boston, and sometimes from Hingham, over the road to Marshfield. On such occasions troops of children would come flocking out and follow after him, so great a fascination did he have for them. And I have seen somewhere how a little child, on entering the room where Webster was seated, and looking up into his great soft eyes, ran instinctively into his arms, as if yearning to get as near as possible to his great tender heart. As an infant he is described as a crying baby who worried his parents considerably. He grew up to boyhood pale, weak, and sickly; as he himself often told me, he was the slimmest in the family. And yet, by doing a boy's work on his father's farm, by indulging a propensity for outdoor sports, by leading a temperate and frugal life, he succeeded in building up a robust constitution. On arriving at manhood he had a physical frame which seemed made to last a hundred years. It was an iron frame, large and stately, with a great mountain of a head upon it. When Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, saw his head in Powers's studio in Rome, he exclaimed: "Ah! a design for Jupiter, I see." He would not believe that it was a living American. Parker describes him as "a man of large mold, a great body, and a great brain. . . . Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massive, huge. Its cubic capacity surpassed all former measurements of mind. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country who knew him not stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized in him a native king." Carlyle called him "a magnificent specimen whom, as a logic fencer or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back at sight against all the world." And Sydney Smith said he was "a living lie, because no man on earth could be as great as he looked."

And so, blessed with a sturdy frame and a form of imposing manhood, he stood alone in his massiveness among twenty-five million people. And the moral and mental character he had built up within him — this was the force that made of him the Colossus of manly strength and character he was. I have said he was truthful. He was more than truthful: he was reverent and religious. He was present one day at a dinner-party at the Astor House given by some of his New York friends, and in order to draw him out one of the company put to him the following question: "Would you please tell us, Mr. Webster, what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?" Mr. Webster merely raised his head, and, passing his hand slowly over his forehead, said: "Is there any one here who doesn't know me!" "No, sir," was the reply; "we all know you, and are your friends." "Then," said he, looking over the table, "the most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my individual responsibility to God," upon which subject he spoke for twenty minutes.

Webster died at Marshfield, October 24, 1852. When it was known that the final summons had arrived, and that his great spirit had taken its flight, thousands crowded into Marshfield to do honor to his remains. I well remember the funeral, October 29, 1852. It was a beautiful day, and his herds of cattle which he loved so much were quietly grazing on the hills behind the house. Mingled among them were strange animals like the elk and antelope. Water-fowl swarmed in the lake near by, and the avenues were thronged with sorrowing people. The iron casket, open at full length, was placed under a linden tree in front of the mansion, and not on the side under the great elm, as has been so often stated. The body lay clothed as in life with his blue coat and accustomed dress. The pupils of his eyes were a little sunk, but his features wore a smile of peaceful content. The scene has often been described, how they tenderly laid him away in his tomb by the sea.

Time flew onward with resistless tread; the war of the great rebellion was over, the Union had been preserved. The remains of his son, Major Edward Webster, had been brought from the battle-grounds of Mexico; those of his only other son, Colonel Fletcher Webster, from the bloody field of Virginia where he was slain. His grandsons, Daniel and Ashburton, and his granddaughter, Carrie, the last of all the children of Fletcher, had been laid beside him in the family tomb at Marshfield. The widowed wife of the latter occupied the desolate homestead when the centennial year of the birth of the great statesman came round. The nation was aroused to celebrate the event. Thirty years had passed since we laid him in the tomb by the sea, where the Atlantic had constantly sung a mournful requiem over the remains of all that was mortal, when, on another October day, twenty thousand sons and daughters of freedom came down to pay willing tribute to the memory of the dead. He "still lived" in the hearts of his countrymen. The President of the United States was there, with his cabinet, and other officers of the national government, both civil and

military. Judges, senators, representatives in Congress, ministers and consuls of other governments; governors and ex-governors of the New England States; literary men, presidents and fellows of college, and ministers of the gospel,—all came to do his memory reverence. The road to the mansion-house for a mile and a half was lined upon either side by surviving veterans of the Army of the Republic. As the long procession started, escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, cannon resounded from the hill-top, and a solemn funeral dirge was played by the bands. It was a scene such as Massachusetts never before witnessed.

Stephen M. Allen.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES O'CONOR.

THE death of Mr. O'Conor has left a large vacancy in the American bar, larger perhaps than was ever created before by the death of any single individual. For a period of nearly half a century he was the professional feature of almost every important litigation in the great commercial center of the nation. Indeed, he conferred importance upon any case in which he was engaged, and the reports of the judicial decisions of the State of New York will bear to remote generations abundant testimony of his extraordinary industry and professional learning and skill. It may be assumed that his profession will furnish a competent biography of one who lent it so much distinction, and whose example commended itself in so many ways to the admiration and imitation of his professional brethren wherever the administration of the law has attained the dignity of a science.

It was my good fortune in early life to experience a very great and most seasonable kindness at the hands of Mr. O'Conor, a kindness which modesty only forbids my referring to more in detail. His life, however, was so full of such benefactions that the suppression of one of them requires no apology. The incident, to which I only venture to allude, established relations which, if not more intimate, were in some respects different from those which are ripened by ordinary professional intercourse, and countenance me in making a permanent record of such recollections of him as seem to possess some public interest, and of which there may be no other witness.

While at the bar I had known Mr. O'Conor about as intimately as it was possible for a young man at the base of the profession to know one who was nearing its summit. We had been on bar committees together; we had both taken a lively interest in the discussions which preceded and followed the Constitutional Convention of 1846, of which he was a member, and, at one time and another, we had interchanged opinions upon most of the contested questions discussed in that body. We were not in close sympathy with each other on all nor even on many of these questions, while in politics we were separated by an impassable gulf. Though both of us professed to be Democrats, he belonged to the tribe then known in New York as "Hunkers," and I to that then known as "Barnburners." But we were both in earnest; both fancied that we were disinterested and patriotic; and our debates, though they tended to separate us wider and wider on questions of party policy, proved favorable rather than otherwise to the growth of our friendship. This is all I need to say by way of introduction to some reminiscences which death seems to have made it my privilege, some think my duty, to share with the public.

Early in the summer of 1882 I received from Mr. O'Conor an invitation to visit him at his new island home in Nantucket. In the following summer I was invited again. I was fortunately able to accept both invitations, and on each occasion I spent with him several days. As I was old enough to remember him at the bar long before he had reached the primacy of his profession, his conversation, which never flagged during his waking hours either in volume or in interest, was confined mostly to the incidents of his youth and active professional life.

When I first arrived at "The Cliff," about the 1st of July, 1882, his new house was but just finished. The carpenters had left it only the night before, and we were the first guests to whom he had had an opportunity of extending its hospitality. His territory embraced only about two hundred feet square, situated on one of the bluffs overlooking the sea which separates the island from the Massachusetts shore. The ground around his house, or the sand rather, was not graded, and it seemed doubtful if it ever could be, as the wind would displace one day what the shovel had placed the day preceding. It was strewn with boxes, boards, and lumber-rubbish which had survived their usefulness, and were awaiting the proprietor's convenience to be consigned to

some less conspicuous repository. Whether they were removed or not was the least of all possible concerns to Mr. O'Conor. He had the air and the climate which had tempted him to make his home in this remote and rock-bound region; he had a wide piazza along three sides of his spacious dwelling, on which he could walk in all weathers, at all seasons; and he had his precious library, which he prized above all his earthly treasures. In these he had all that he required for his personal comfort, and neither the disorder nor the sand without gave him a moment's concern.

The motive Mr. O'Conor assigned to me for seeking that out-of-the-way home at his advanced age was, that in 1880 he broke down in the midst of an important piece of professional work, and his physicians, becoming discouraged, finally suggested that he go to Nantucket, that island being the nearest portion of North America to the Gulf Stream, and enjoying the most temperate climate on the coast at all seasons. Following their advice, he took lodgings in the town for the winter of that year. He found he could prosecute his work with unimpaired vigor. The experiment proved so satisfactory that he decided to build a house there, and make himself as comfortable as possible for what time he had to remain on the earth, be it longer or shorter. His nephew, Mr. Sloan, who was ingenious and intelligent, and, "like all Irishmen," said O'Conor, "never hesitates to undertake anything from doubt of his ability to execute it, offered to boss the job," O'Conor himself hardly looking at it or thinking of it until it was finished, the night before we arrived. Referring afterward to the Irishman's way of never admitting his inability to do whatever is asked of him, he said, "I have it myself. I should never hesitate to undertake anything from doubt of my ability to do it. I might have a good deal of trouble about it, but I would manage it some way." One day, when he had been telling me how he came to enter the legal profession, I made a remark which implied that he was specially fitted by nature for the profession which he adopted, and that no other would have proved so congenial to him. He said he did not think it would have made any difference what profession he had adopted; that he would have attained about the same relative success whether he had been bred a blacksmith, a doctor, a theologian, or a lawyer. He was just as fit and as unfit for one thing as for another. With hard work, for which he had sufficient capacity, he could master almost anything, after some fashion.

Mr. O'Conor did not provide for his library in his house, which is a frame building, but built an edifice some twenty feet from the main building of brick, one story high, about fifty feet long and twenty-five broad, with an arched roof and as nearly incombustible as possible. By arranging his shelves perpendicularly to the walls instead of parallel with them, he secured accommodations for about eighteen thousand volumes. He here spent most of the working hours of every day when not occupied with guests or walking on his spacious piazza, his favorite and practically his only exercise. He could not ride with comfort, and therefore he kept no horses. While not professing to practice law, he was frequently appealed to by his professional brethren for aid in knotty and troublesome cases, which gave him quite as much intellectual occupation as he required. His habits of daily life were regulated by the exigencies of his health. He always retired at nine in the evening; he breakfasted at seven, dined at two, and supped at seven. To this programme he adhered with almost fanatical precision.

To some expressions of curiosity about his early educational privileges which dropped from me one day, he replied that he hardly had any. When a lad he attended a school kept by a sort of relative or namesake in Barclay street for about two months. That was all the schooling he had ever received. His mother, of whom he spoke in terms of great affection, died when he was only eleven years old. After that he had but little parental supervision. His father, who was a decayed gentleman, anything but thrifty, and usually surrounded with a set of old-country ne'er-do-weels, took it into his head one day to put his son with one of these acquaintances whose business was the manufacture of tar, pitch, turpentine, lampblack, etc. Charles was with this man about a year, and became perfectly familiar with all the processes of his manufacture. "I could to-day," he said, "conduct any of them." At the end of the year, during which period he received no pay but his board, he was put up by some of his young comrades to think he had no occasion to work any longer without compensation, for a person to whom he was under no obligation and for whom he had no particular esteem. He therefore gave notice of his intent to leave, and seek some remunerative employment. His master then said to him, "Charles, you had better stay with me, and if you do I will give you the same wages that I give ——," naming the only one of the men beside himself who was privileged to live in the family. This was highly satisfactory, and Charles consented to remain. When, however, it transpired that he, a stripling, was getting a man's wages, there was a wild commotion among the other

workmen, who all must receive an immediate increase of pay or quit. The result was that Charles retired, and whatever hopes he may have indulged of becoming an eminent manufacturer of lampblack were abandoned forever.

O'Conor's father then conceived the notion that his son was intended for a lawyer, and, full of this conviction, took him, in his thirteenth year, to another of his ne'er-do-weel acquaintances named Stannard, who professed to practice law, and placed Charles in his office. Stannard had no law-books and almost as little business. Charles got hold of a copy of Blackstone somehow, and read it through two or three times, but did not comprehend it at all. His mind, he said, was then entirely too immature to grasp the principles of legal science. In his fifteenth year he was transferred to the office of a West Indian named Lemoyne, who also professed to practice law a little. He was "a jolly sort of fellow," who would put several bottles of brandy under his waistcoat every day without much inconvenience, and who used to take Charles with him occasionally, as he expressed it, "to see the world." Lemoyne had a partner named Thompson, a son of Judge Thompson, of the United States Circuit Court, and clerk of his court. O'Conor used occasionally to go there to assist in the copying and other work. Thompson was heard to remark that there seemed to be a curious increase in the amount of his fees when O'Conor was in the office. Thus early his character began to shape his fortunes.

When O'Conor had reached his eighteenth year he made another change, this time to the office of Mr. Joseph Fay, the father of Mr. Theodore Fay, at one time minister resident to Switzerland, but at present residing in Prussia. None of these men had any law-books to speak of, the most eminent lawyers in those days having very few. Perhaps this was no misfortune to Charles, for it may have led him to read those he did have access to more thoroughly than he might have done had his pasture been larger.

In the fullness of time O'Conor was admitted to the bar. With that self-reliance which never forsook him, he sallied forth at once with just twenty-five dollars in his pocket, hired a small office, purchased a desk, two or three old chairs, and some stationery, put up "a little tin sign," and then sat him down to wait for clients.

But, more even than clients, he now needed a library. While with Fay he had re-read Blackstone, and "then," said he, "I comprehended it as thoroughly as I do now." He had also devoured every law-book, including "Digests," upon which he had since then been able to lay his hands. But he did not own a single law-book; he had no money to buy any, and yet he could not get on without some. While struggling with this lion in his path, he remarked one day a notice posted up in the office of Mr. Woodward, then the county clerk, of a library of one hundred and fifty-six volumes for sale somewhere in town, at the moderate price of two dollars a volume. He looked up these books; they were just what he wanted, and he wanted them sadly, but he had no money, and, as he supposed, no credit. One of his comrades who knew of the struggle going on in O'Conor's mind, and who believed already in the young lawyer's star, recommended him to take his note for the price of the books to Mr. Pardow, and ask him to indorse it. Mr. Pardow was a respectable merchant who had been in the habit of dropping into Mr. Fay's office from time to time, and who had, of course, often seen O'Conor there, though they had no particular acquaintance with each other. O'Conor at first ridiculed the idea of any one indorsing his note; but after hearing his friend's arguments and turning the suggestion over in his mind for a day or two,—rendered a little reckless, too, by his necessities,—he determined to take the chances. Mr. Pardow heard his request, but, without making any reply, went his way. O'Conor feared that he had been too bold, that he had, perhaps, taken a liberty, and felt humiliated. At the end of a week or so, however, Mr. Pardow came into his office and told him he would indorse his note for the books, which he did then and there. With the indorsed note in his hands, and with his heart swelling with a gratitude his lips tried in vain to express, O'Conor rushed down to the shop for the books. The owner soon satisfied himself of the responsibility of the indorser, and handed over the long-coveted treasures to O'Conor, who from that day forth never knew what it was to lack books from a want of the means to purchase them.

Mr. O'Conor then went on to tell me what became of the descendants of this Mr. Pardow, over whom and whose interests he always exercised a watchful supervision. He closed his story by saying, "That young lady in the other room whom I now call my adopted daughter is Mr. Pardow's great-granddaughter." As he said this, it first flashed across my mind that he was repaying in this princely way, to the great-granddaughter, the debt of gratitude which in such a seemingly providential way he had contracted to the great-grandfather. The young lady to whom he referred, and who sat at the head of his table, was Miss

Julia Pardow Mullaney, who I trust will not be offended by this use of her name in referring to a transaction which to her is equivalent to a title of nobility.*

The advantage to O'Conor of the timely succor rendered him by Mr. Pardow left upon his character a profound impression, and helped to make it difficult for him to turn his back upon any one, and especially upon any young person, appearing to stand in need of assistance. His life was full of acts of beneficence, inspired, no doubt, by the reflection that his own career might have been disastrously modified had Mr. Pardow in this crisis of his fortunes declined to stead him. Only the day after my arrival at Nantucket, he repeated to me the substance of a letter he had received the week previous from Virginia. By this letter it appeared that some thirty years previous the writer, who was then living in New York, found things going against him so persistently that he was at his wits' ends, not knowing which way to turn. One day, while in the last stage of despondency, he chanced to be standing in front of Delmonico's, on the corner of Beaver and William streets, when the thought suddenly entered his head to ask a gentleman who was approaching with his head down and apparently absorbed in his own reflections to lend him five dollars. The person accosted, without a question or hesitation, put his hand in one of his pockets, took out the desired sum, and handed it to him. The individual thus befriended asked a man who chanced to be standing near if he knew the name of the gentleman who had just left him. "That was Charles O'Conor, the lawyer," was the reply. The letter reciting these facts contained a check for the amount of the money so strangely bestowed, and a promise that if the writer was ever able, he would send the thirty years' interest which had accumulated on it. O'Conor said he wrote the poor fellow that he had no recollection of the circumstance to which he referred; that he would accept the money sent, for that would seem necessary to make him feel easy, but he must decline the interest, and begged him never to allude to or think of that, as he could never under any circumstances consent to accept it.

It was O'Conor's rule to give to all who professed to be needy. It must have been a very barefaced impostor whom he sent empty away. Of course he was sometimes imposed upon, but he felt that he was the better for what he gave if the receiver was not. It never worried nor soured him to learn that any of his charity had miscarried.

While a student with Fay and Thompson O'Conor wrote a wretched hand, and he discovered that he could be much more useful to himself and others if he were a more accomplished penman. One day his attention was arrested by an advertisement of some Yankee who undertook to teach writing in six lessons for one dollar. "The writing in six lessons," said he, "was just what I wanted, but where was I to get the dollar? Well, I managed to get it somehow. The man and his system proved to be all he represented them, and since then I have had no trouble with my penmanship."

His first chancery suit yielded him his first considerable professional triumph. It is known to the profession as the case of Bowen *vs.* Idley. Idley, the defendant, was a Hessian. He had married the illegitimate daughter of Bowen, the plaintiff, with whom the mother of Mrs. Idley had once been a domestic,—facts perfectly well known to all the parties to this litigation, but supposed to be not susceptible of proof. As some property was depending upon establishing the illegitimacy of Mrs. Idley, O'Conor applied in behalf of the one whom he supposed to be the legitimate heir for a change of the guardian *ad litem*, who happened to be the venerable Peter A. Jay. This seemed an act of great and inexcusable presumption for a young lawyer just chipping his professional shell; but the court was compelled, very reluctantly, to grant the motion, and William Kent, the son of the chancellor, was named in Mr. Jay's place. This incident established relations between Mr. O'Conor and that noble and accomplished jurist which ripened into a life-long friendship.

* O'Conor's kindness to Miss Mullaney did not terminate with his life. In his will, after some legacies, in the aggregate less than one hundred thousand dollars, by the sixth clause he provided as follows:

"All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate, real and personal, whatsoever and wheresover, I give, devise, and bequeath as follows: Two-thirds thereof to my sister, Eliza Margaret Sloan, or to her sons in case she should not survive me. From respect for my sister's adoption and in grateful memory of my early friend, George Pardow, I give the other third of the same to Miss Julia Pardow Mullaney, a great-grand-daughter of that gentleman."

In a codicil to this will made April 28, 1884, only a few weeks before his death, he adds to his previous benefactions as follows:

"To Julia Mullaney I leave my watch and the picture of an unknown young lady which is hung up in my parlor. All my lands and real estate in Massachusetts I give to said Julia Mullaney, her heirs and assigns forever. And I also give her absolutely my books, papers, documents, goods, and chattels whatever not otherwise disposed of that may be in said Massachusetts at my death."

Thus Miss Mullaney is endowed with Mr. O'Conor's superb residence and its furniture at Nantucket, his valuable library, and a third of the rest of his large and productive estate.

In due time the question of the legitimacy of Mrs. Idley came on for trial before the late Thomas Addis Emmet, to whom the issue had been referred by the chancellor. David A. Jones, "a somewhat pompous but very respectable lawyer," and then a leader at the bar, appeared for the Idley party. O'Conor had in some way managed to find the real mother of Mrs. Idley, a plain, ignorant, and common sort of person, and when the proper time had arrived in the progress of the trial, she was brought in and sworn. It was twilight; the candles which had just been brought in shed a demi-obscure light around the room producing, said O'Conor, a weird effect strangely calculated to increase the impressiveness of the scene which was to follow. Robert Emmet and one other, whose name, if he gave it, I have forgotten, were the only persons present besides the referee, the counsel, and the parties to the record. Mrs. Idley had never seen her mother. When the latter was called to the stand, no one but O'Conor knew who she was nor what she was expected to prove. Nor did the witness herself know why she was called nor suspect the bearing or importance of her testimony. After the usual preliminary questions, O'Conor went on:

Q. Madam, do you know the father of Mrs. Idley?

A. Yes.

Q. Who is it?

A. Mr. Bowen.

Q. Do you know her mother?

A. Yes.

Q. Who was she?

A. I suppose I must answer (she said, a little embarrassed).

Q. Yes, you must answer.

A. (After a short silence and increased embarrassment.) Well, I am her mother.

The effect was startling. A cross-examination was waived, the counsel tied up their papers, and the referee reported, of course, for O'Conor's client.

Mr. O'Conor's professional relations with Edwin Forrest, whose unsuccessful suit for a divorce from his wife, instituted some thirty-five years ago, is one of the American *causes célèbres*, did not begin with the divorce case. On the contrary, he had already been counsel for Forrest in a suit where Forrest was the defendant.* It happened in this wise. Forrest, in recognition of his obligations to William Leggett, who had done more than any one else to persuade the public of his merits as an actor, built a house at New Rochelle, in Westchester County, for Leggett to live in, at a nominal or very moderate rental. Kissam, a brother-in-law of Leggett, contracted to build the house for $4000. When finished, Kissam claimed $6000. Forrest refused to pay the additional sum of $2000. Kissam sued him. The case was sent to a referee, and Leggett was put upon the stand as a witness. He swore very strongly on Forrest's side. Between the time of his direct and the time fixed for his cross-examination Leggett died. The court below sustained the referee in excluding the testimony of Leggett, because, in consequence of his death, the plaintiff had had no opportunity of cross-examining him. Jesse Oakley, a brother of the late Judge Oakley, and the counsel for Forrest, wished to appeal, but experiencing some difficulty in getting the record before the Court of Appeals, then just organized under the new Constitution of 1846, retained O'Conor to assist him. O'Conor, who often insisted to me that he was a better attorney than jurist, and did not disguise his conviction that in questions of practice or procedure he had no superior in the country, took hold of the case and soon accomplished the desired result. Naturally, he was asked to argue the appeal. He did so and won it, and a new trial was ordered.

While talking of this case, my eyes fell upon a series of books occupying several shelves, all bound uniformly in law calf, and each entitled on its back, "My Own Cases." I asked what that meant. He said those were a collection of the cases of most importance for one reason or another in which he had been employed as counsel. There were more than one hundred of these volumes.† Among them he called my attention to the case of Kissam *vs.* Forrest, at the close of which was a memorandum in O'Conor's handwriting to the effect that on the new trial Forrest was beaten, for the reason, as was rumored, that the jury did not believe Leggett. Up to this time O'Conor had no acquaintance with Forrest.

When he first engaged in the Forrest *vs.* Forrest‡ case, he invited John Van Buren, who had then recently opened an office in

* It is a coincidence quite worth noting here that Cicero had Catiline for his client before he made him immortal by his prosecution of him.

† These volumes, which abound with MS. notes of the greatest interest to the profession, Mr. O'Conor, by his will, has given, with a liberal sum in money, to the New York Law Institute.

‡ Mr. Forrest married Mrs. Forrest in England in January, 1837. Cross suits for divorce were commenced in the Superior Court, before Judge Oakley, in 1850, resulting in a verdict for Mrs. Forrest on all the issues. The succeeding ten or eleven years were consumed by Mr. Forrest in ineffectual attempts, by appeals and interlocutory motions, to avoid paying the alimony awarded to Mrs. Forrest by the court, and to impeach the justice and validity of the verdict.

the city of New York for the practice of his profession, to be associated with him, an invitation which was promptly accepted. O'Conor intended to send for him when the suit was sufficiently far advanced to furnish Van Buren, what he wanted more than anything else, an opportunity of being seen and heard in a case of popular interest. Meanwhile Forrest sent Van Buren a retainer. Van Buren wrote to O'Conor to ask whether there would be any inconvenience or impropriety in his accepting it. O'Conor replied that there would be none whatever; for, as it happened, he had not yet had occasion to put Van Buren in possession of any information by which the adversary could profit. Besides, he really wanted no assistance from Van Buren or any one else; he had felt sure of the case, he said, from the outset.

Van Buren's argument on the appeal from the court below for a new trial in this case, O'Conor said, was as injudicious for his client as it could possibly have been. He attacked the character of Judge Oakley, of the New York Superior Court, before whom the cause had been tried, and before he finished managed to get every judge on the bench of the Court of Appeals so completely against him that, to use O'Conor's energetic language, "they were ready to devour him."

Some time after the divorce was granted, Forrest tried to escape the payment of the alimony decreed to Mrs. Forrest upon the pretext that she was leading a loose and abandoned life. O'Conor then showed me the points he made for the court on this argument, in which he presented the flagitious conduct of Forrest with savage eloquence. It is a remarkable circumstance, perhaps unique in the whole experience of the legal profession, that during this desperate litigation, in which the passions as well as the talents of some half dozen of the most eminent members of the New York bar were enlisted, and which was protracted for a period of twelve years, the unsuccessful defendant was so unfortunate or so wrong that no exception taken by his counsel to any of the proceedings was ever sustained, no motion they made in his behalf was granted, and the only change in any order made against him was an increase, from time to time, by the courts, of the allowance he was directed to make to Mrs. Forrest.

I asked Mr. O'Conor how he accounted for Forrest's infatuation in instituting proceedings for a divorce, knowing, as he did, the vitreous character of the house he occupied himself, and with no definite proof upon which he could rely to establish Mrs. Forrest's guilt. His explanation surprised me. He said that in 1847 Forrest bought for $12,000 a site on the east bank of the Hudson River near New York, on which he proceeded to erect a very pretentious castellated structure for a country residence. In January, 1849, this building was mainly but not wholly completed. In fact, he never completed it. A vast sum had been expended on it — more than he could afford. The cost of maintaining such an establishment when completed would have been enormous, and would have condemned him to incessant professional servitude at a time of life — he was then over forty — when his hold upon the public was beginning to wane, while his taste and need for repose were growing upon him. He realized at last that "he had bit off more than he could chew." He wanted an excuse for not occupying his castle and a pretext for selling it. He had no children, and, if rid of Mrs. Forrest, no one would question the propriety of disembarrassing himself of this elephant. It so happened that the first dispute between Forrest and his wife in which his purpose to put her away was developed occurred in this same month of January, 1849. The place was sold six years later, and immediately after the affirmance of the judgment of the court below by the General Term. "Forrest was notoriously parsimonious," said O'Conor, "and I have no doubt that the desire to reduce his expenses first put into his head the idea of putting away his wife."

Nothing in the whole course of his professional life probably wounded O'Conor so deeply as the attempt made a few years since to cast reproach upon the motives which impelled him to undertake the defense of Mrs. Forrest. Till then I doubt if any one, however hostile his relations to O'Conor, had ever attributed to him a base motive. There was no man in the profession upon whose sense of justice and magnanimity the bar relied with more entire confidence. The exaggerated importance which he attached to that calumny left upon the minds of some of his brethren the impression that the disease, so nearly fatal, from which he had but recently and partially recovered, had taken serious liberties with his nervous system. He testified his gratitude to General Dix for accepting a place on the committee appointed at his solicitation to investigate the matter, by inviting the general to sit to Mr. Huntington for his portrait, which when finished he presented to the New York Historical Society, and which now ornaments its walls.

His quarrel with John Van Buren (I say quarrel, for no milder term would express the extent of their alienation) did not begin

in the Forrest case, said Mr. O'Conor, but at the famous Union meeting held at Castle Garden when the compromise bills of 1850 were before Congress. At that meeting O'Conor in his speech said among other things that events seemed to portend the ultimate union and coalition of Van Buren and Seward. This was carried by some one to Van Buren, who, with two or three of his familiars, was biding in an oyster cellar not far away, awaiting news of the meeting. When Van Buren heard what O'Conor had said about him and Seward, he exclaimed with an oath that O'Conor might be correct in what he had predicted, but that he would never forget nor forgive him for saying so. In other words, their quarrel was originally more political than personal or professional.

The fact that O'Conor gratuitously defended the grandson of Chancellor Walworth under indictment for the murder of his father, and made zealous efforts to procure his pardon after he had been some time in prison, lends interest to the following curious anecdote which dropped from him one day in the course of a conversation about the old Court of Chancery and its presiding officers.

Reuben Walworth, in his address to the bar on taking his seat as chancellor, spoke of it as the highest judicial position in the State. Aaron Burr walked home from the court with Walworth after his speech, and ventured to suggest that such a statement coming from him was in questionable taste, and advised him either not to print his speech at all or to omit that passage of it. Burr, in talking of this to O'Conor, said that Walworth never forgave him that advice. He did publish the speech, which may be found in the first volume of "Paige's Reports,"* and Burr's cases were thenceforth all decided against him, as Burr thought, because of his unwelcome suggestion. Apropos of Walworth's intoxication with his new position as chancellor, O'Conor quoted these lines from Defoe's "True-born Englishman," where they are put into the mouth of a magistrate — Jeffries, probably:

"With clouted iron shoes and sheepskin breeches,
More rags than manners and more dirt than riches,
From driving cows and calves to Laton Market,
While of my greatness there appeared no spark yet,
Behold, I come to let you see the pride
With which exalted beggars always ride."

Speaking of a somewhat conspicuous member of the bar, who professed to be one of his most ardent friends, and who was also a frequent aspirant for political preferment, which he failed to attain, I attempted to explain his disappointment in part by the inordinateness of his ambition, which made him an unreliable ally and friend. O'Conor said that an incident in his experience tended to confirm what I said. During the "Greeley campaign," a highly eulogistic article about himself appeared in one of the New York morning papers. He was ill at the time, but some six months later, when he had sufficiently recovered to go into the city, it occurred to him to make an inquiry about the authorship of the article in question. He accordingly called upon the editor of the paper with a copy of the article in question, and asked who wrote it. The name of the writer was given. To illustrate O'Conor's generosity of character and freedom from religious bigotry, the writer had dwelt upon a conversation alleged to have taken place between O'Conor and some Episcopalian minister from the South or West, who asked help for a college or church, or something of that sort, in distress. The applicant was represented in the article as being especially grateful to O'Conor because, being a Catholic, he was ready to give so liberally to the suffering institutions of a rival denomination. "This," said O'Conor, "was entirely false. There was not a word

*As the Chancellor's address has at least the merit of being short, I venture to give it at length. It should reassure the *laudatores temporis acti* who are wont to bewail the degeneration of our judiciary. The man who could make such a speech of course could not see the wisdom of Burr's advice.

Chancellor Walworth's address to the Chancery Bar of the State of New York, on assuming the duties of his office, April 28, 1828.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR: In assuming the duties of this highly responsible station, which at some future day would have been the highest object of my ambition, permit me to say that the solicitations of my too-partial friends, rather than my own inclination or my own judgment, have induced me to consent to occupy it at this time.

"Brought up a farmer until the age of seventeen, deprived of all the advantages of a classical education, and with a very limited knowledge of Chancery law, I find myself, at the age of thirty-eight, suddenly and unexpectedly placed at the head of the judiciary of the State — a situation which heretofore has been filled by the most able and experienced members of the profession.

"Under such circumstances, and where those able and intelligent judges who for the last five years have done honor to the bench of the Supreme Court all decline the arduous and responsible duties of this station, it would be an excess of vanity in me, or any one in my situation, to suppose he could discharge those duties to the satisfaction even of the most indulgent friends. But the uniform kindness and civility with which I have been treated by every member of the profession, and, in fact, by all classes of citizens, while I occupied a seat on the bench of the Circuit Court, afford the strongest assurance that your best wishes for my success will follow me here. And, in return, I can only assure you that I will spare no exertions in endeavoring to deserve the approbation of an enlightened bar and an intelligent community."

said about my religion or any one else's. The man asked me for money, and I gave him some,—I was then making money very fast,—and there was no reason whatever to suppose from anything that passed between us that I was any more or less a Catholic than he was." O'Conor then said he supposed this story was inserted, that, in fact, the whole article was written by this precious friend, to spread the information that he was a Roman Catholic, and to prejudice him as a candidate for the Presidency, to which office some friends in the West had taken a fancy to nominate him.

He was very much annoyed that people persisted in regarding him as an Irishman, though himself, and, I think he said, his father, and his grandfather were born Americans. "But," I said to him one day, "has not this impression stood you in good stead in a professional and worldly point of view?" "By no means," he replied; "so far from being an advantage, the reputation of being an Irishman and a Catholic has been to me a most serious political, social, and professional disadvantage." He then proceeded to enumerate important cases from which his religion excluded him, of which I remember only two. Bishop Onderdonk, he said, wished him retained to defend him, but the friends of the bishop said it would never do to commit his defense to a Catholic. President Johnson also wished him employed in the impeachment case. That, however, was overruled on political rather than sectarian or ethnical grounds. He insisted, with some emotion, that his supposed nationality and his faith had always obstructed his path. I inferred from what he said that he attributed his comparative want of success in public life more to this cause than to any other.

He thought well of the abolition of the old system of "pleading" and "forms of action." He said they were the devices of a by-gone age to get a simple issue when jurymen, though commonly taken from the better classes, were nearly always illiterate and wholly unable to deal with the complicated issues of a case presented in its unfermented state. To cover the inconveniences resulting from these methods, the Court of Chancery was invented, the real function of which was to provide one juryman sufficiently intelligent to do the work which twelve ignorant jurymen could not be trusted with. He said that, as far as he knew, he as much as any one was entitled to the credit of originating the reform of our system of procedure in 1847–8, the abolition of forms of action, and the abolition of the Court of Chancery. He said he made the plea for those reforms in the Constitutional Convention of 1846. He would on no account, he said, claim for himself or have any one claim for him the credit of these, but he was quite willing to be instrumental in defeating the pretensions of any other person to their authorship. This line of remark had been suggested by the news then just received that Governor Cornell had vetoed the Field-Throop Civil Code—an act on the governor's part with which he repeatedly expressed the greatest satisfaction. Recurring to this subject of codification later, he said he doubted whether our civil law could be codified successfully; he inclined to think it could not, and proceeded to place his doubts upon grounds substantially the same as those which have been more recently set forth in Mr. James C. Carter's exhaustive and masterly discussion of that subject. He concluded by telling the following story, leaving me to make its application:

The late John C. Spencer came to him one day and asked him to join the late Benjamin F. Butler and himself in a commission to codify our civil law. He could think of no third person in the State, Mr. Spencer said to O'Conor, so fit as he for such a task. The conditions which attached to the appointment were:

First. That O'Conor was to give up his practice for at least six years, the time which it was supposed would be required for the proper execution of such a work, and which O'Conor said at that time he could as well do as not.

Second. That they should undertake it in full recognition of the strong probability that, when done, they would conclude that the fruits of their labor would not be worth reporting to the Legislature.

Spencer's influence at that time was such that there was no doubt the commission would be made up when and as he should desire it. At a meeting of the three proposed codifiers the subject was carefully canvassed, and they severally and collectively came to the conclusion that when they had done their best they would not be able conscientiously to recommend the result of their labors to the Legislature for its adoption. The scheme was therefore very deliberately abandoned.

O'Conor considered himself a very expert special pleader; he doubted if he had his superior in the country; he knew almost by heart every line of Chitty's elaborate treatise on "Pleading"; and in speaking of a certain suit in which his aid had been invoked, he said he never knew a case in which the parties had been pleading for an issue a year that he could not find a defect of sufficient gravity to set their proceedings aside. He thought, however, that the time of a young

lawyer could now be better employed than in trying to master the literature and art of special pleading.

He spoke of the case in which Giles, the Know-Nothing candidate for comptroller, attempted to set aside the election of Flagg, the incumbent, in the year 1854. Tilden and Evarts were associated with him as counsel for Flagg, and James T. Brady, Ambrose L. Jordan, Judge Edmonds, and two others whose names were not mentioned, were the counsel for Giles. But, said he, the case was won by Tilden. Giles had proved his case, and proved it completely. When Tilden rose to open for Flagg, he had not a witness to produce that could testify to the merits of the case. Tilden spoke some time before his line of defense began to appear; the audience began to yawn and those specially interested for Flagg to despair. After he had spoken some half hour or more, the clouds began to lift and the sunlight to appear. Within two minutes after the audience had struck his trail they were still as mice, and their attention was riveted upon him until he took his seat. He had been up all night preparing a series of tables from the tally-lists of the poll as proven by Giles, by the aid of which he reconstructed a tally-list which had been lost or stolen, and was thus enabled to demonstrate from internal evidence that the vote of one ward had been corruptly given to Giles. These tables were printed and handed to the judge, jury, and counsel, who were thus enabled to follow, step by step, the march of his inexorable logic. Mr. O'Conor described the speech as "exquisite." "It was perfect; it was as fine an argument as I ever heard." "When Tilden sat down," continued Mr. O'Conor, "the case was won. Evarts and I said a few words, but Flagg was comptroller when Tilden finished, and nothing that any one could have said would have made him more or less so."

After his retreat to Nantucket Mr. O'Conor tried to take very little interest in the current affairs of the world, which he had in a great measure left behind him. To the question when he expected to be again in New York, he replied that he did not know that he should ever go. If anything should occur to require it he would go, but he did not then anticipate any occasion for again leaving the island of Nantucket. He found such occasions, however, for he visited the city repeatedly after this declaration was made. He had received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard College at the commencement just passed. An eminent member of the college direction sent him a special invitation to attend the commencement, and be his guest. O'Conor declined, and assigned as a reason that he had prescribed for himself the rule to form no public relations of any sort in his new home, and he could not conveniently make an exception of the occasion to which he was invited. He probably was not conscious himself of the delusion under which he was laboring in supposing himself so absolutely dead to the world as he tried to believe and to make others believe him to be. His answer unconsciously betrayed his unwillingness to divide or sacrifice any portion of his birthright as a New Yorker and as the *bâtonnier* of its bar.

One day, while we were sitting together in his library, he asked me if I would like to know the origin of the ring system of New York. Of course I promptly said I would. He proceeded to take down a volume of "My Own Cases," and read to me a very carefully written and pungent commentary upon the case of Clark *vs.* The City of New York. The facts, as I remember them, were in general that Clark contracted to execute a piece of work on the Croton aqueduct, in the manner to be prescribed by the engineer in charge, for a specified sum. The first plans were modified by the engineer in a way to increase the cost of the work, but, as the city insisted, within the limits prescribed by the contract. When the work was done Clark sent in a bill for several thousand dollars more than the stipulated price. The city refused to pay the excess, and Clark brought a suit to recover it, laying his venue in Albany, which O'Conor described as the "paradise for contractors." John Leveridge, who was counsel for the corporation at that time, strangely omitted to have the venue changed to New York. Before the suit came on for trial, Henry E. Davies succeeded Leveridge as corporation counsel. He retained Mr. O'Conor for the city, and placed the entire charge of this particular case in his hands. The history of its numerous vicissitudes and the final triumph of the contractor is fully set forth in the memorandum to which I was invited to listen. The success of this suit had the same effect upon the predatory horde which always infest the State capital that the wine and oil of Italy had upon the Goths and Vandals when they first wandered across the mountains into the plains of Lombardy. They immediately struck hands with the freebooters of the metropolis and marked its wealth and credit for their own. It is to be hoped that this paper may be given to the public, for it throws new light upon the mazy processes by which justice is baffled and the treasury plundered directly or by the connivance of officers specially selected to administer the one and to guard the other.

O'Conor for many years had a large income from his profession, but he was noted always among his brethren for the moderation of his charges. It was not his habit to ask retaining fees, nor, indeed, any pay on account of his services in a case till the work was done, then receiving all his pay in a lump. He did not pretend that this was the more profitable, nor did he presume to commend his example to others; all he could say for it was, it was somehow more to his taste. The day before he told me this he had forwarded to New York for deposit a check that had just come to hand for the last piece of work he had been engaged in before retiring from the profession some three years before. He had worked in litigated cases sometimes for twenty years before receiving a cent of compensation. He usually fixed his price at the close, and told his clients that while he thought he had named the sum which his services were worth, they might give him what they thought right or felt they could afford. He added that he never had his bill cut down but once, and that was by a very prominent citizen of our metropolis. The bill was one thousand dollars, which, for reasons that he stated to me, seemed to him very moderate, but, as usual, he left it with the client to say what would be satisfactory to him if that was not. The client sent him seven hundred and fifty dollars, with the remark that he thought that was *about the sum he expected.* It was clear from the manner and tone of O'Conor in telling this incident that there was no danger of his outliving the recollection of it.

He was a great admirer of De Witt Clinton, and in early life shared all the prejudices current among the Clintonians, besides those he inherited from his father against Van Buren, whom, however, he told me, he subsequently learned to respect and appreciate. Clinton's Celtic origin had, no doubt, much to do with O'Conor's youthful passion for him. Had Clinton, however, been a contemporary of O'Conor's, I doubt if they could have sat together in a committee two hours without quarreling. Both had a partiality for their own particular ways and opinions which made every other seem unreasonable, and both, like David Copperfield's aunt, "could break, but not bend."

O'Conor's miscellaneous library, though tolerably rich and well selected, bore but a small proportion to his professional books. As if he thought the disproportion required some explanation, he remarked that he had never been much of a reader outside of his profession. He said a lad once wrote to him for advice about a course of reading, at the same time enumerating a long list of books which he had already read. O'Conor replied to him that he not only had not read, but had not known even by name, one-half of the books his correspondent appeared to have read. He would not, therefore, undertake to advise him what to read, but he could safely advise him to read less and to think more. He thought the cheapness of printing in America had made overmuch reading one of the most pernicious forms of modern dissipation, an opinion with which I fully concurred.

Speaking of the impeachment of the Tweed Ring judges, he said that was all Tilden's work and no one's else. He repeated this several times, very emphatically adding that upon that point he was a competent witness. Tilden, he said, went to the Legislature and forced the impeachment against every imaginable obstacle, open and covert, political and personal.

In illustration of the terror of his own name as an adversary, to which one of us had made some casual allusion, he told the following story:

When he was ill in 1876, a man who had no claim upon him whatever asked of him the loan of $25,000. He yielded to the man's solicitation without much reflection, taking such security as the man had to offer. Not long after, the borrower called upon him again to say that he had an opportunity of selling out his business at a profit, and for some reasons which appeared to have grown out of the trade proposed to give O'Conor some Indiana railway bonds then paying six per cent. as security in place of the bonds he had previously left with him. To this also O'Conor was too ill to make any objections. The first semi-annual interest was paid, but when the next payment fell due, the company made default. Three or four years elapsed, and the company showing no signs of resuming payment, O'Conor, who by this time had got settled at Nantucket, took up these bonds one day and resolved to ascertain their value. He procured the address of a law firm in Indianapolis, and wrote for such information as they had and could procure about his defaulted bonds. They sent him a very discouraging report. He then directed them to sue the company on their bonds and get judgment. The lawyers wrote him in reply that they thought they could sell the bonds for twenty-five per cent. of their face, if he would take that amount. He declined the offer and again directed them to bring suit upon the bonds. After waiting some time without hearing from them, he wrote again. At length he received from them a letter stating that the mortgage had been foreclosed and the road sold for a comparatively small sum. Mr. O'Conor wrote again,

reproaching them for not advising him of the foreclosure proceedings and directing them in imperative terms to go on and get judgment upon the bonds. They wrote him that they thought the bonds might now be disposed of on somewhat better terms than before, and asked if they should negotiate. He wrote them promptly that he would take nothing less than the entire principal and interest, and as soon as they had entered up judgment against the company they must telegraph him and then he would go out there himself and direct what further should be done. In a few days he received a check for the full amount of principal, interest, and costs. When he concluded this story, he said: "That is one instance in which my reputation as a persistent fighter was of use to me." He presumed the company had in some way learned in the progress of the affair that he was a troublesome adversary in a lawsuit.

A part of the Tuesday and Wednesday prior to Mr. O'Conor's last and fatal illness he spent in professional consultations at the residence of Governor Tilden in Gramercy Park. At these consultations his memory of cases and of the minutest judicial and statutory distinctions, for which he was always so famous, seemed unimpaired, and he threw himself into the questions submitted to him with all the intensity and confidence of his professional prime. This, I presume, was the last embrace he ever received from the profession of which he was so fond. The following day, which was Thursday, he departed for his island home. I have since learned, through a note from Miss Elma Folger — who to the distinction of being descended from the maternal ancestors of the illustrious Dr. Franklin enjoyed the further distinction of holding the confidential relation of private secretary to Mr. O'Conor during the last three or four years of his life, and who accompanied him on his last visit to New York — that it was in consequence of a cold taken early in March, which had impaired Mr. O'Conor's appetite and aggravated certain troubles with which he had been afflicted for fifteen years or more, that he came to New York to consult a physician.

"Several times last winter," says Miss Folger, "Mr. O'Conor spoke of the peaceful year that he had passed in Nantucket, saying that he had never in his life, *i. e.*, since he had commenced the practice of law, been so quiet and undisturbed. He was afraid something awful was going to happen to him before summer; this quiet was too unnatural. He repeated this remark to a visitor in New York. Once he said he was almost spoiling for a fight with some one. We left Nantucket in April at 5:30 A. M., which obliged him to rise at about four o'clock in the morning. We traveled through to New York in one day, arriving there about 7 P. M. Although he had eaten nothing through the day, and was suffering greatly from the trouble which had taken him to New York to consult Dr. Keyes, yet he had an angry war of words with a hack-driver whose carriage he had taken for us, which astonished me very much, and resulted in our leaving the man's carriage and hiring another.

"After we were seated in the second carriage, he said, 'I feel better already; it was worth coming to New York to beat that fellow.' I do not mean to insinuate that Mr. O'Conor was quarrelsome,— far from it,— but the fear that things were going on too well with him seemed to hang over him as something that must be put an end to. On the tiresome journey he was in a lovely, gentle mood, as indeed he always was with me. In the Providence depot, where we waited quite a while, I suggested that we should give some sandwiches we had brought with us to some children also waiting. He was delighted, and insisted that I should buy some oranges to add to the attractions of the repast. We went into the waiting-room, spread out our things on one of the settees, and then invited the little ones to the feast. I cannot tell you his delight at their enjoyment and appetite, and he watched them until all the eatables had vanished, pacing up and down the length of the room meanwhile. . . . While in the city," she added, "he seemed brighter and better, and ate better than I had seen him all winter. But the journey home was full of discomforts, and the weather grew cold and stormy, so that he arrived here much the worse for the exposure. We arrived in Nantucket on Friday. On Monday following he went to the bed from which he never rose again."*

MR. O'CONOR was in many respects without a peer at the American bar. I once heard Governor Tilden say of him that he thought he had a more precise knowledge of the science of jurisprudence than any other person living of the English-speaking race. His powers of analysis were Aristotelian in their proportions, his resources inexhaustible and surprising. His industry and endurance seemed to defy all the claims and protestations of nature. He was never known or even suspected of appearing in a case in which his preparation was not thorough. As a lawyer, the public estimate of him was always above his own estimate, though not above his merits; and hence it was for a period of fifty years

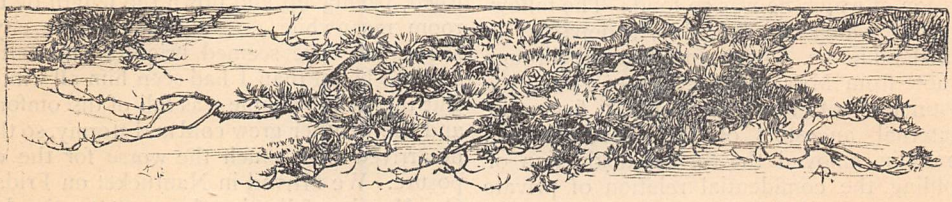
* Charles O'Conor was born in New York, January 22, 1804, and died May 12, 1884.

that he was employed on one side or the other of pretty much every important case that was litigated in the great commercial capital of the nation.

Mr. O'Conor never understood nor became entirely reconciled to his want of success in public life. Why every one loved to recognize and do homage to his professional and personal supremacy, and so few cared to accept him as their political guide, was a problem which always puzzled him, and contributed not a little, I think, to weaken his faith in popular judgments. The true solution of it probably is that the very qualities which gave him his preeminence at the bar in a corresponding degree unfitted him for the representative duties of a statesman. He went so deeply into the philosophy or the *rationale* of every subject that he naturally had little respect for the superficial and often puerile reasons which the mass of mankind would assign even for the best inspired actions. He could never pool his opinions in a committee or in any representative body, and be content as every statesman, in a democracy at least, is required to be, with the resultant decisions of a majority. Thus it happened that in the Convention of 1846, to which he was chosen more especially to secure his aid in remodeling our judiciary, he usually voted alone on committees, and opposed almost alone the Constitution as finally adopted. The logic of his mind was so inexorable that he could not bow to those subtle forces or instincts which go to make up public opinion, nor recognize the soundness of Talleyrand's famous saying that "There is one person wiser than Anybody, and that is Everybody." He was so thoroughly loyal to the conclusions of his own mind when they had been deliberately formed that it seemed to him pusillanimous to surrender them to mere numbers or because of any possible consequences that might result to himself or others from adhering to them.

A mental nature of such imperious habits and such imperial powers was not calculated to submit to the restraints of the political harness. In public affairs he was the iron pot of the fable; the earthen pots were afraid to go to sea in his company. They knew he would not care how often they jostled against him, but that a single collision might dash them to pieces. Had Mr. O'Conor possessed the ability to subordinate his opinions to the opinion of a party, and to represent its enlightened and deliberate judgment with that cordiality and good faith which are due to the superiority of Everybody's wisdom to Anybody's, he would probably have filled as large and honorable a place in the political as in the professional annals of his country. As it is, his fame must rest upon his achievements as a barrister, and there it is as impregnable as the barrister's fame can ever be.

John Bigelow.



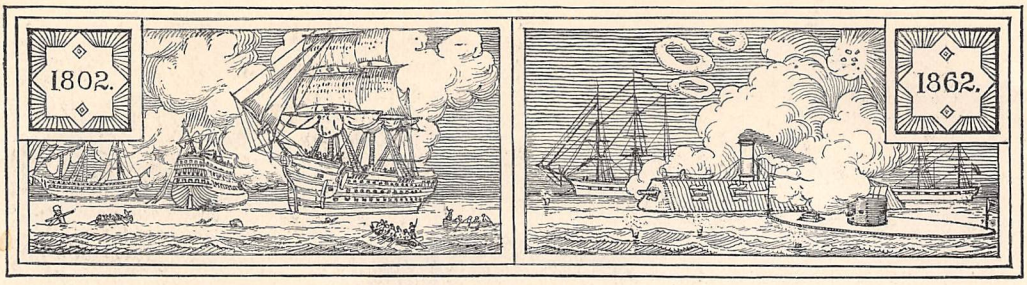
GROWN OLD WITH NATURE.

If true there be another, better land,
A fairer than this humble mother shore,
Hoping to meet the blesséd gone before,
I fain would go. But may no angel hand
Lead on so far along the shining sand,
So wide within the everlasting door,
'Twill shut away this good, green world. *No more*
Of Earth!—Let me not hear that dread command.

Then must I mourn, unsoothed by harps of gold,
For sighing boughs, and birds of simple song,
For hush of night within the forest fold;
Yea, must bemoan, amid the joyous throng,
Mine early loves. The heart that has grown old
With Nature cannot, happy, leave her long.

John Vance Cheney.



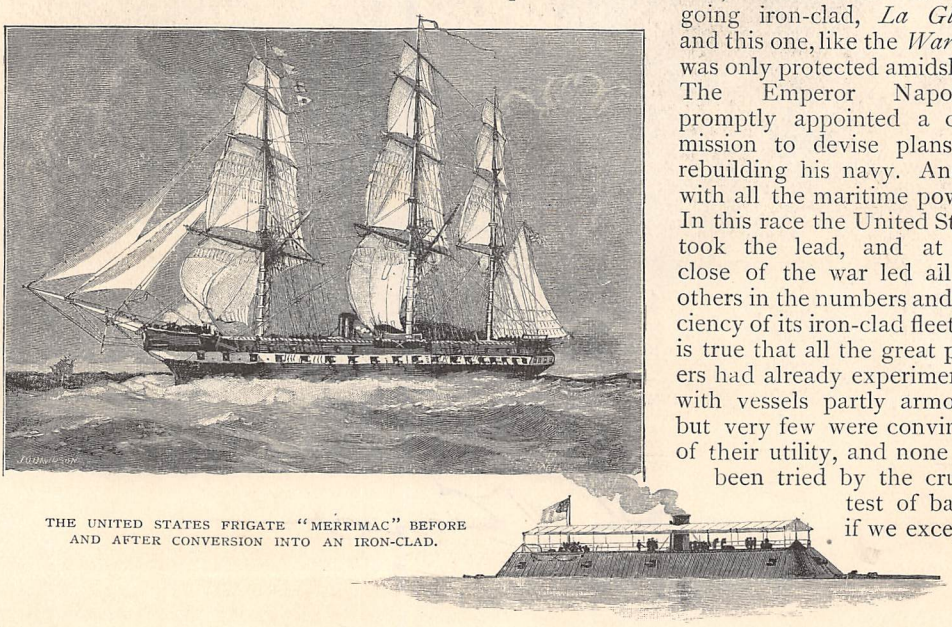


THE FIRST FIGHT OF IRON-CLADS.

MARCH 9, 1862.

THE engagement in Hampton Roads on the 8th of March, 1862, between the Confederate iron-clad *Virginia*, or (as she is known at the North) the *Merrimac*, and the United States wooden fleet, and that next day between the *Virginia* and the *Monitor*, was, in its results, in some respects the most momentous naval conflict ever witnessed. No battle was ever more widely discussed or produced a greater sensation. It revolutionized the navies of the world. Line-of-battle ships, those huge, overgrown craft, carrying from eighty to one hundred and twenty guns and from five hundred to twelve hundred men, which, from the destruction of the Spanish Armada to our time, had done most of the fighting, deciding the fate of empires, were at once universally condemned as out of date. Rams and iron-clads were in future to decide all naval warfare.

In this battle old things passed away, and the experience of a thousand years of battle and breeze was forgotten. The naval supremacy of England vanished in the smoke of this fight, it is true, only to reappear some years later more commanding than ever. The effect of the news was best described by the London "Times," which said: "Whereas we had available for immediate purposes one hundred and forty-nine first-class war-ships: we have now two, these two being the *Warrior* and her sister *Ironside*. There is not now a ship in the English navy apart from these two that it would not be madness to trust to an engagement with that little *Monitor*." The Admiralty at once proceeded to reconstruct the navy, cutting down a number of their largest ships and converting them into turret or broadside iron-clads. The same results were produced in France, which had but one sea-going iron-clad, *La Gloire*, and this one, like the *Warrior*, was only protected amidships. The Emperor Napoleon promptly appointed a commission to devise plans for rebuilding his navy. And so with all the maritime powers. In this race the United States took the lead, and at the close of the war led all the others in the numbers and efficiency of its iron-clad fleet. It is true that all the great powers had already experimented with vessels partly armored, but very few were convinced of their utility, and none had been tried by the crucial test of battle, if we except a



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MERRIMAC" BEFORE AND AFTER CONVERSION INTO AN IRON-CLAD.

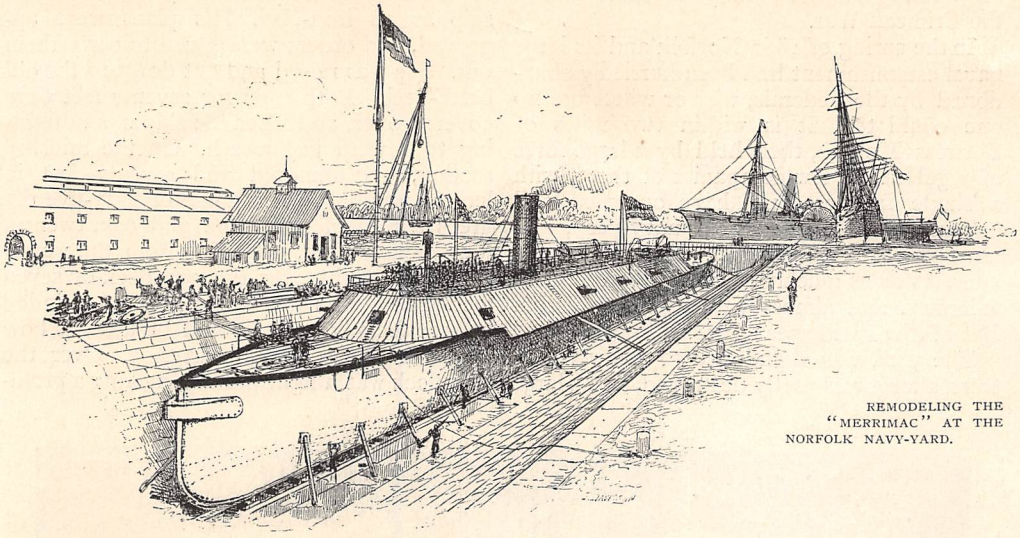
few floating batteries, thinly clad, used during the Crimean War.

In the spring of 1861 Norfolk and its large naval establishment had been hurriedly abandoned by the Federals, why or wherefore no one could tell. It is within two miles of Fortress Monroe, then held by a large force of regulars. A few companies of these, with a single frigate, could have occupied and commanded the town and navy-yard, and have kept the channel open. However, a year later, it was as quickly evacuated by the Confederates, and almost with as little reason. But of this I will speak later.

The yard was abandoned to a few volunteers, after it was partly destroyed, and a large number of ships were burnt. Among the spoils were upward of twelve hundred heavy guns, which were scattered among Confederate fortifications from the Potomac to the Mississippi. Among the ships burnt and sunk was the frigate *Merrimac* of thirty-five hundred tons and forty guns, afterward rechristened the *Virginia*, and so I will call her. During the summer of 1861 Lieutenant George M. Brooke, an accomplished officer of the old navy, who with many others had resigned, proposed to Secretary Mallory to raise and rebuild this ship as an iron-clad. His plans were approved, and orders were given to carry them out. She was raised and cut down to the old berth-deck. Both ends for seventy feet were covered over, and when the ship was in fighting trim were just awash. On the midship section, one hundred and seventy feet in length, was built at an angle of forty-five degrees a roof of pitch-pine and oak, twenty-four inches thick, extending from the water-line to a height over the gun-deck of seven feet. Both ends of the shield were rounded so that the pivot-guns could be used as bow and stern chasers or quartering. Over the gun-deck was a light grating, making a promenade about twenty feet wide. The wood backing was covered with iron plates, rolled at the Tredegar works at Richmond, two inches thick and eight wide. The first tier was put on horizontal, the second up and down,—in all four inches, bolted through the wood-work and clinched inside. The prow was of cast-iron, projecting four feet, and badly secured, as events proved. The rudder and propeller were entirely unprotected. The pilot-house was forward of the smoke-stack, and



BURNING OF THE FRIGATE "MERRIMAC" AND THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

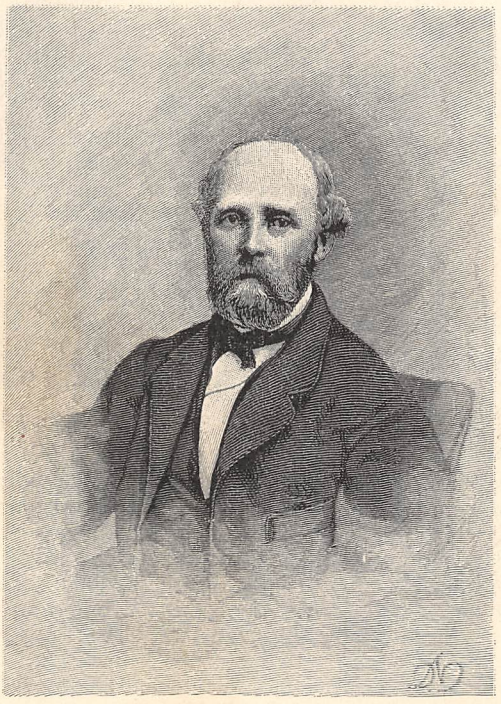


REMODELING THE "MERRIMAC" AT THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

covered with the same thickness of iron as the sides. Her motive power was the same that had always been in the ship. Both engines and boilers had been condemned on her return from her last cruise, and were radically defective. Of course, the fire and sinking had not improved them. We could not depend upon them six hours at a time. A more ill-contrived or unreliable pair of engines could only have been found in some vessels of the United States navy.

Lieutenant Catesby ap R. Jones was ordered to superintend the armament, and no more thoroughly competent officer could have been selected. To his experience and skill as her ordnance and executive officer was due the character of her battery, which proved so efficient. It consisted of two seven-inch rifles, heavily reënforced around the breech with three-inch steel bands, shrunk on; these were the first heavy guns so made, and were the bow and stern pivots; there were also two six-inch rifles of the same make, and six nine-inch smooth-bore broadside, ten guns in all.

During the summer and fall of 1861 I had been stationed at the batteries on the Potomac at Evansport and Acquia Creek, blockading the river as far as possible. In January, 1862, I was ordered to the *Virginia* as one of the lieutenants, reporting to Commodore French Forrest, who then commanded the navy-yard at Norfolk. Commodore Franklin Buchanan was appointed to the command,—an energetic and high-toned officer, who combined with daring courage great professional ability, standing deservedly at the head of his profession. In 1845 he had been selected by Mr. Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, to locate and organize the Naval Academy, and he launched that institution upon its successful career. Under him were as capable a set of officers as ever were brought together in one ship. But of man-of-war's men or sailors we had scarcely any. The South was almost without a maritime population. In the old



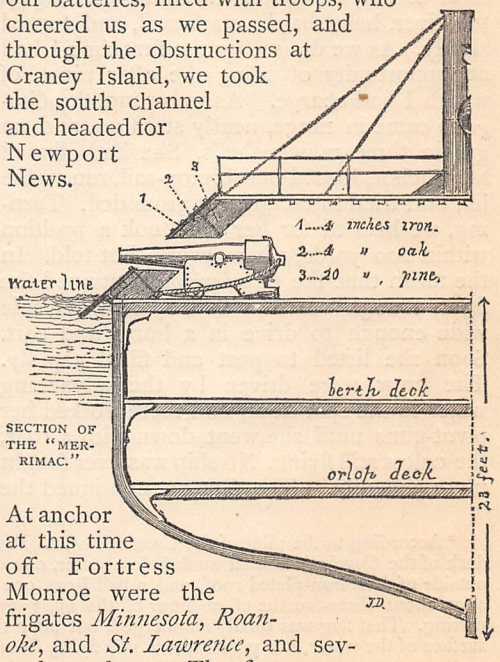
LIEUTENANT CATESBY AP R. JONES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COURRET HERMANOS, LIMA.)

service the majority of officers were from the South, and all the seamen from the North.*

Every one had flocked to the army, and to it we had to look for a crew. Some few seamen were found in Norfolk, who had escaped from the gun-boat flotilla in the waters of North Carolina, on their occupation by Admiral Goldsborough and General Burnside. In hopes of securing some men from the army, I was sent to General Magruder's headquarters at Yorktown, who was known to have under his command two battalions from New Orleans, among whom might be a number of seamen. The general, though pressed for want of men, holding a long line with scarcely a brigade, gave me every facility to secure volunteers. With one of his staff I visited every camp, and the commanding officers were ordered to parade their men, and I explained to them what I wanted. About two hundred volunteered, and of this number I selected eighty who had had some experience as seamen or gunners. Other commands at Richmond and Petersburg were visited, and so our crew of three hundred was made up. They proved themselves to be as gallant and trusty a body of men as any one would wish to command, not only in battle, but in reverse and retreat.

Notwithstanding every exertion to hasten the fitting out of the ship, the work during the winter progressed but slowly, owing to delay in sending the iron sheathing from Richmond. At this time the only establishment in the South capable of rolling iron plates was the Tredegar foundry. Its resources were limited, and the demand for all kinds of war material most pressing. And when we reflect upon the scarcity and inexperience of the workmen, and the great changes necessary in transforming an ordinary iron workshop into an arsenal in which all the necessary machinery and tools had to be improvised, it is astonishing so much was accomplished. The unfinished state of the vessel interfered so with the drills and exercises that we had but little opportunity of getting things into shape. It should be remembered the ship was an experiment in naval architecture, differing in every respect from any then afloat. The officers and crew were strangers to the ship and to each other. Up to the hour of sailing she was crowded with workmen. Not a gun had been fired, hardly a revolution of the engines had been made, when we cast off from the dock, and started on what many thought was an ordinary trial trip, but which proved to be a trial such as no vessel that ever floated had undergone up to that time. From the start we saw that she was slow, not over five knots; she steered so badly that, with her great length, it took from thirty to forty minutes to turn. She drew twenty-two feet, which confined us to a comparatively narrow channel in the Roads; and, as I have before said, the engines were our weak point. She was as unmanageable as a water-logged vessel.

It was at noon on the 7th of March that we steamed down the Elizabeth River. Passing by our batteries, lined with troops, who cheered us as we passed, and through the obstructions at Craney Island, we took the south channel and headed for Newport News.



SECTION OF THE "MERRIMAC."

At anchor at this time off Fortress Monroe were the frigates *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and *St. Lawrence*, and several gun-boats. The first two were sister ships of the *Virginia* before the war; the last was a sailing frigate of fifty guns. Off Newport News, seven miles above, which was strongly fortified, and held by a large Federal garrison, were anchored two frigates, the *Congress*, 50 guns, and the *Cumberland*, 30. The day was calm, and the last two ships were swinging lazily by their anchors, to the young flood. Boats were hanging to the lower booms, washed clothes in the rigging. Nothing indicated that we were expected; but when we came within three-quarters of a

* The officers of the *Merrimac* were: *Flag-Officer*, Franklin Buchanan; *Lieutenants*, Catesby ap R. Jones, executive and ordnance officer — Charles C. Simms — R. D. Minor (flag) — Hunter Davidson — John Taylor Wood — J. R. Eggleston — Walter Butt; *Midshipmen*, Foute, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long, and Rootes; *Paymaster*, James Semple; *Surgeon*, Dinwiddie Phillips; *Assistant-Surgeon*, Algernon S. Garnett; *Captain of Marines*, Reuben Thom; *Engineers*, H. A. Ramsey, Acting Chief — *Assistants*, Tynan, Campbell, Herring, Jack, and White; *Boatswain*, Hasker; *Gunner*, Oliver; *Carpenter*, Lindsey; *Clerk*, Arthur Sinclair, Jr.; *Volunteer Aide*, Lieutenant Douglas Forrest, C. S. A. — Captain Kevil, commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery; *Signal Corps*, Sergeant Tabb.

mile, the boats were dropped astern, booms got alongside, and the *Cumberland* opened with her heavy pivots, followed by the *Congress*, the gun-boats, and the shore batteries.

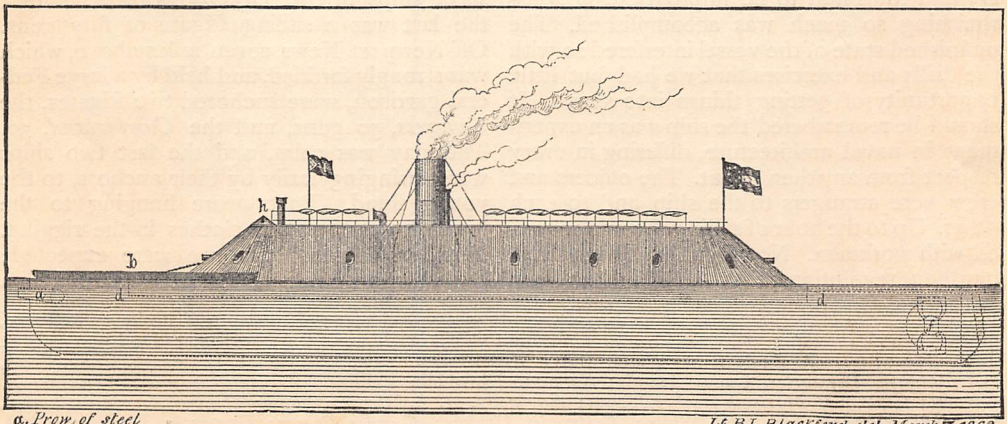
We reserved our fire until within easy range, when the forward pivot was pointed and fired by Lieutenant Charles Simms, killing and wounding most of the crew of the after pivot-gun of the *Cumberland*. Passing close to the *Congress*, which received our starboard broadside, and returned it with spirit, we steered direct for the *Cumberland*, striking her almost at right angles, under the fore-rigging on the starboard side. The blow was hardly perceptible on board the *Virginia*. Backing clear of her, we went ahead again, heading up the river, helm hard-a-starboard, and turned slowly. As we did so, for the first time I had an opportunity of using the after pivot, of which I had charge. As we swung, the *Congress* came in range, nearly stern on, and we got in three raking shells. She had slipped her anchor, loosed her foretop-sail, run up the jib, and tried to escape, but grounded. Turning, we headed for her and took a position within 200 yards, where every shot told. In the mean time the *Cumberland* continued the fight, though our ram had opened her side wide enough to drive in a horse and cart. Soon she listed to port and filled rapidly. The crew were driven by the advancing water to the spar-deck, and there worked her pivot-guns until she went down with a roar, the colors still flying. No ship was ever fought more gallantly.* The *Congress* continued the unequal contest for more than an hour after the sinking of the *Cumberland*. Her losses were terrible, and finally she ran up the white flag.

As soon as we had hove in sight, coming down the harbor, the *Roanoke*, *St. Lawrence*, and *Minnesota* had got under way, and started up from Old Point to join their consorts, assisted by tugs. They were under fire from the batteries at Sewall's Point, but the distance was too great to effect much. The first two, however, very prudently ran aground not far above Fortress Monroe, and took but little part in the fight. The *Minnesota*, taking the middle or swash channel, steamed up halfway between Old Point and Newport News, when she grounded, but in a position to be actively engaged.

Previous to this we had been joined by the James River squadron, which had been at anchor a few miles above, and came into action most gallantly, passing the shore batteries at Newport News under a heavy fire, and with some loss. It consisted of the *Yorktown*, ten guns, Captain Tucker; *Jamestown*, ten; and *Teaser*, two.

As soon as the *Congress* surrendered, Commander Buchanan ordered the gun-boats *Beaufort* and *Raleigh* to steam alongside, take off her crew, and set fire to the ship. Lieutenant Pendergrast, who had succeeded Lieutenant Smith, who had been killed, surrendered to Lieutenant Parker, of the *Beaufort*. Delivering his sword and colors, he was directed by Lieutenant Parker to return

* According to the pilot of the *Cumberland*, A. B. Smith: "Near the middle of the fight, when the berth-deck of the *Cumberland* had sunk below water, one of the crew of the *Merrimac* came out of a port to the outside of her iron-plated roof, and a ball from one of our guns instantly cut him in two. . . . Finally, after about three-fourths of an hour of the most severe fighting, our vessel sank, the Stars and Stripes still waving. That flag was finally submerged, but after the hull grounded on the sands, fifty-four feet below the surface of the water, our pennant was still flying from the topmast above the waves."

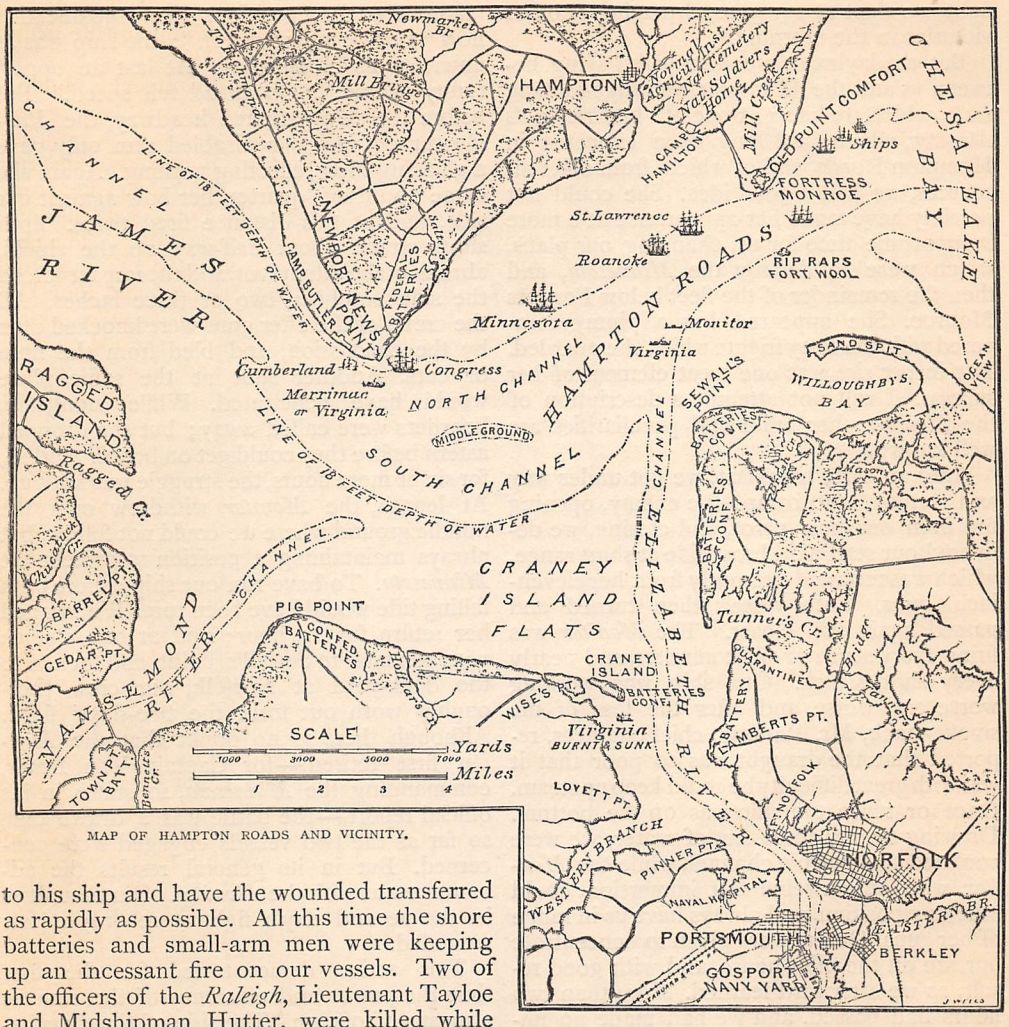


a. Prow of steel
b. Wooden Bulwarks
h. Pilot House

Lt. B.L. Blackford del. March 7, 1862

d d. Iron under water
f Propeller

THE "MERRIMAC," FROM A SKETCH MADE THE DAY BEFORE THE FIGHT.



MAP OF HAMPTON ROADS AND VICINITY.

to his ship and have the wounded transferred as rapidly as possible. All this time the shore batteries and small-arm men were keeping up an incessant fire on our vessels. Two of the officers of the *Raleigh*, Lieutenant Tayloe and Midshipman Hutter, were killed while assisting the Union wounded out of the *Congress*. A number of the enemy's men were killed by the same fire. Finally it became so hot that the gun-boats were obliged to haul off with only thirty prisoners, leaving Lieutenant Pendergrast and most of his crew on board, and they all afterward escaped on shore by swimming or in small boats. While this was going on, the white flag was flying at her mainmast-head. Not being able to take possession of his prize, the commodore ordered hot shot to be used, and in a short time she was in flames fore and aft. While directing this, both himself and his flag-lieutenant, Minor, were severely wounded. The command then devolved upon Lieutenant Catesby Jones.

It was now five o'clock, nearly two hours of daylight, and the *Minnesota* only remained. She was aground and at our mercy. But the pilots would not attempt the middle channel with the ebb tide and approaching night. So we returned by the south channel to Sewall's Point and anchored, the *Minnesota* escaping, as we thought, only until morning.

Our loss in killed and wounded was twenty-one. The armor was hardly damaged, though at one time our ship was the focus on which were directed at least one hundred heavy guns afloat and ashore. But nothing outside escaped. Two guns were disabled by having their muzzles shot off. The ram was left in the side of the *Cumberland*. One anchor, the smoke-stack, and the steam-pipes were shot away. Railings, stanchions, boat-davits, everything was swept clean. The flag-staff was repeatedly knocked over, and finally a boarding-pike was used. Commodore Buchanan and the other wounded were sent to the Naval Hospital, and

after making preparations for the next day's fight, we slept at our guns, dreaming of other victories in the morning.*

But at daybreak we discovered lying between us and the *Minnesota*, a strange-looking craft, which we knew at once to be Ericsson's *Monitor*, which had long been expected in Hampton Roads, and of which, from different sources, we had a good idea. She could not possibly have made her appearance at a more inopportune time for us, changing our plans, which were to destroy the *Minnesota*, and then the remainder of the fleet below Fortress Monroe. She appeared but a pigmy compared with the lofty frigate which she guarded. But in her size was one great element of her success. I will not attempt a description of the *Monitor;* her build and peculiarities are well known.

After an early breakfast, we got under way and steamed out toward the enemy, opening fire from our bow pivot, and closing, we delivered our starboard broadside at short range, which was returned promptly from her eleven-inch guns. Both vessels then turned and passed again still closer. The *Monitor* was firing every seven or eight minutes, and nearly every shot struck. Our ship was working worse and worse, and after the loss of the smoke-stack, Mr. Ramsay, chief engineer, reported that the draught was so poor that it was with great difficulty he could keep up steam. Once or twice the ship was on the bottom. Drawing twenty-three feet of water, we were confined to a narrow channel, while the *Monitor*, with only twelve feet immersion, could take any position, and always have us in range of her guns. Orders were given to concentrate our fire on the pilot-house, and with good result, as we afterward learned. More than two hours had passed, and we had made no impression on the enemy so far as we could discover, while our wounds were slight. Several times the *Monitor* ceased firing, and we were in hopes she was disabled, but the revolution again of her turret and the heavy blows of her eleven-inch shot on our sides soon undeceived us.

Coming down from the spar-deck and observing a division standing "at ease," Lieutenant Jones observed:

"Why are you not firing, Mr. Eggleston?"

"Why, our powder is very precious," replied the lieutenant; "and after two hours' incessant firing I find that I can do her about as much damage by snapping my thumb at her every two minutes and a half."

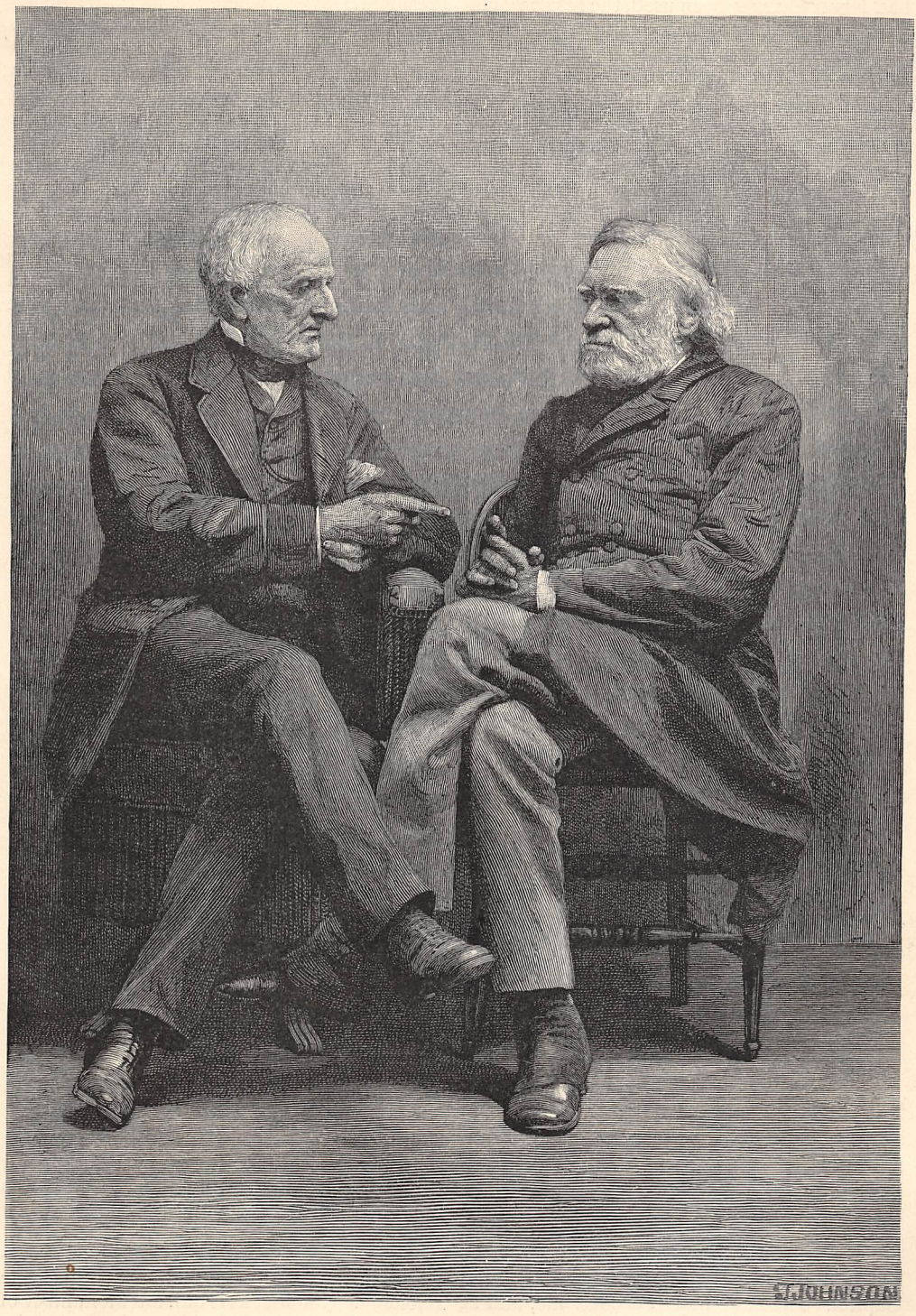
Lieutenant Jones now determined to run her down or board. For nearly an hour we manœuvred for a position. Now "go ahead"; now "stop"; now "astern"; the ship was as unwieldy as Noah's Ark. At last an opportunity offered. "Go ahead full speed." But before the ship gathered headway, the *Monitor* turned, and our disabled ram only gave a glancing blow, effecting nothing. Again she came up on our quarter, her bow against our side, and at this distance fired twice. Both shots struck about half-way up the shield, abreast of the after pivot, and the impact forced the side bodily in two or three inches. All the crews of the after guns were knocked over by the concussion, and bled from the nose or ears. Another shot at the same place would have penetrated. While alongside, boarders were called away; but she dropped astern before they could get on board. And so, for six or more hours, the struggle was kept up. At length, the *Monitor* withdrew over the middle ground where we could not follow, but always maintaining a position to protect the *Minnesota*. To have run our ship ashore on a falling tide would have been ruin. We awaited her return for an hour; and at two o'clock P. M. steamed to Sewall's Point, and thence to the dock-yard at Norfolk, our crew thoroughly worn out from the two-days' fight. Although there is no doubt that the *Monitor* first retired,—for Captain Van Brunt, commanding the *Minnesota*, so states in his official report,—the battle was a drawn one, so far as the two vessels engaged were concerned. But in its general results the advantage was with the *Monitor*. Our casualties in the second day's fight were only a few wounded.

This action demonstrated for the first time the power and efficiency of the ram as a means of offense. The side of the *Cumberland* was crushed like an egg-shell. The *Congress* and *Minnesota*, even with our disabled bow, would have shared the same fate but that we could not reach them on account of our great draught.

It also showed the power of resistance of two iron-clads, widely differing in construction, model, and armament, under a fire which would have sunk any other vessel then afloat in a short time.

The *Monitor* was well handled, and saved the *Minnesota* and the remainder of the fleet at Fortress Monroe. But her gunnery was poor. Not a single shot struck us at the water-line, where the ship was utterly unprotected, and where one would have been fatal. Or had the fire been concentrated on any one

* In his report to Captain Buchanan, Lieutenant Jones says: "It was not easy to keep a flag flying. The flag-staffs were repeatedly shot away. The colors were hoisted to the smoke-stack and several times cut down from it."—ED.



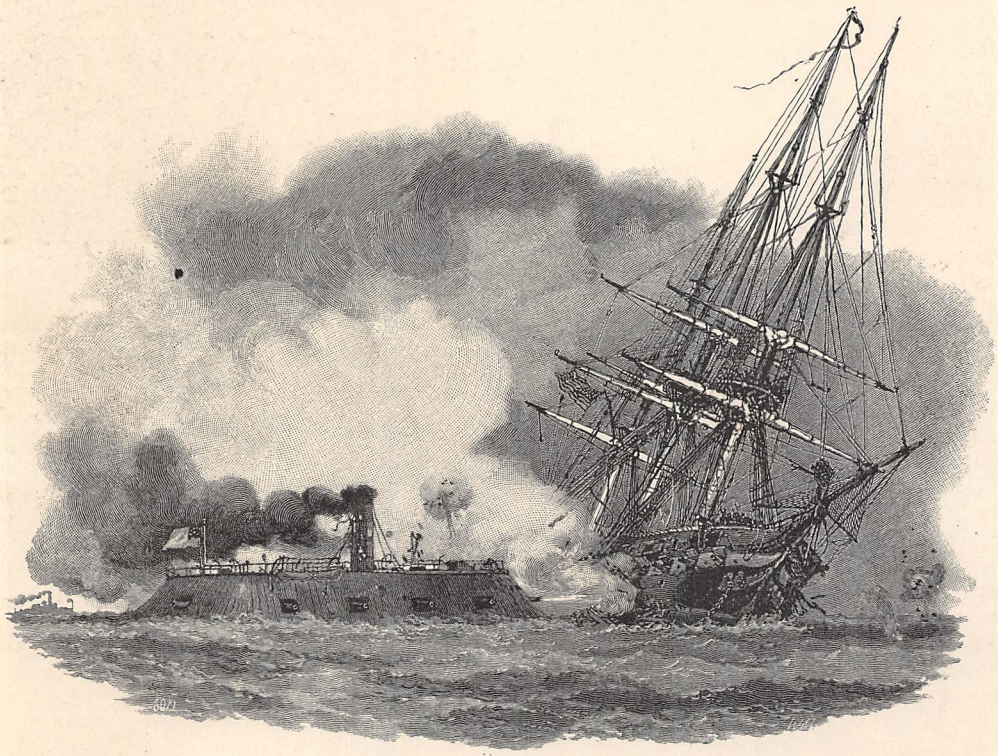
COMMANDERS OF THE "MERRIMAC."

COMMODORE FRANKLIN BUCHANAN. COMMODORE JOSIAH TATNALL.

spot, the shield would have been pierced; or had larger charges been used, the result would have been the same. Most of her shot struck us obliquely, breaking the iron of both courses, but not injuring the wood backing. When struck at right angles, the backing would be broken, but not penetrated. We had no solid projectiles, except a few of large windage, to be used as hot shot, and of course made no impression on the turret. But in all this it should be borne in mind that both vessels were on their trial trips, both were experimental, and both receiving their baptism of fire.

On our arrival at Norfolk, Commodore Buchanan sent for me. I found him at the Naval Hospital, badly wounded and suffering greatly. He dictated a short dispatch to Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, stating the return of the ship and the result of the two-days' fight, and directed me to proceed to Richmond with it and the flag of the *Congress*, and make a verbal report of the action, condition of the *Virginia*, etc.

I took the first train for Petersburg and the Capital. The news had preceded me, and at every station I had an ovation, and to listening crowds was forced to repeat the story of the fight. Arriving at Richmond, I drove to Mr. Mallory's office and with him went to President Davis's, where we met Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, General Cooper, Adjutant-General, and a number of others. I told at length what had occurred on the previous two days, and what changes and repairs were necessary to the *Virginia*. As to the future, I said that in the *Monitor* we had met our equal, and that the result of another engagement would be very doubtful. Mr. Davis made many inquiries as regarded the ship's draught, speed, and capabilities, and urged the completion of the repairs at as early a day as possible. The conversation lasted until near midnight. During the evening the flag of the *Congress*, which was a very large one, was brought in, and to our surprise, in unfolding it, we found it in some places saturated with blood. On this discovery it was quickly rolled up and sent to the Navy Department, where it remained during the war, and was doubtless burned with that building when Richmond was evacuated.



THE "MERRIMAC" RAMMING THE "CUMBERLAND."

The news of our victory was received everywhere in the South with the most enthusiastic rejoicing. Coming, as it did, after a number of disasters in the South and West, it was particularly grateful. Then again, under the circumstances, so little was expected from the

navy that this success was entirely unlooked for. So, from one extreme to the other, the most extravagant anticipations were formed of what the ship could do. For instance: the blockade could be raised, Washington leveled to the ground, New York laid under contribution, and so on. At the North, equally groundless alarm was felt. As an example of this, Secretary Welles relates what took place at a cabinet meeting called by Mr. Lincoln on the receipt of the news. "'The *Merrimac*,' said Stanton, 'will change the whole character of the war; she will destroy, *seriatim*, every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside; Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the governors and municipal authorities in the North to take instant measures to protect their harbors.' He had no doubt, he said, that the monster was at this moment on her way to Washington; and, looking out of the window which commanded a view of the Potomac for many miles, 'Not unlikely, we shall have a shell or cannon-ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave this room.' Mr. Seward, usually buoyant and self-reliant, overwhelmed with the intelligence, listened in responsive sympathy to Stanton, and was greatly depressed, as, indeed, were all the members."

I returned the next day to Norfolk, and notified Commodore Buchanan of his promotion to be admiral, and that, owing to his wound, he would be retired from the command of the *Virginia*. Lieutenant Jones should have been promoted and should have succeeded him. He had fitted out the ship, armed her, and commanded during the second day's fight. However, the Department thought otherwise, and selected Commodore Josiah Tatnall; apart from Lieutenant Jones, he was the best man. He had distinguished himself in the wars of 1812 and with Mexico. No one stood higher as an accomplished and chivalrous officer. While in command of the United States squadron in the East Indies, he was present as a neutral at the desperate fight at the Peiho Forts, near Pekin, between the English fleet and the Chinese, when the first lost nearly one-half of a force of twelve hundred engaged. Seeing his old friend Sir James Hope hard pressed and in need of assistance, having had four vessels sunk under him, he had his barge manned and with his flag-lieutenant, S. D. Trenchard, pulled alongside the flag-ship, through the midst of a tremendous fire, in which his coxswain was killed and several of his boat's crew wounded. He found the gallant admiral desperately wounded, and all his crew killed or disabled but six. Offering his services, surprise was expressed at his action. His reply was, "Blood is thicker than water."

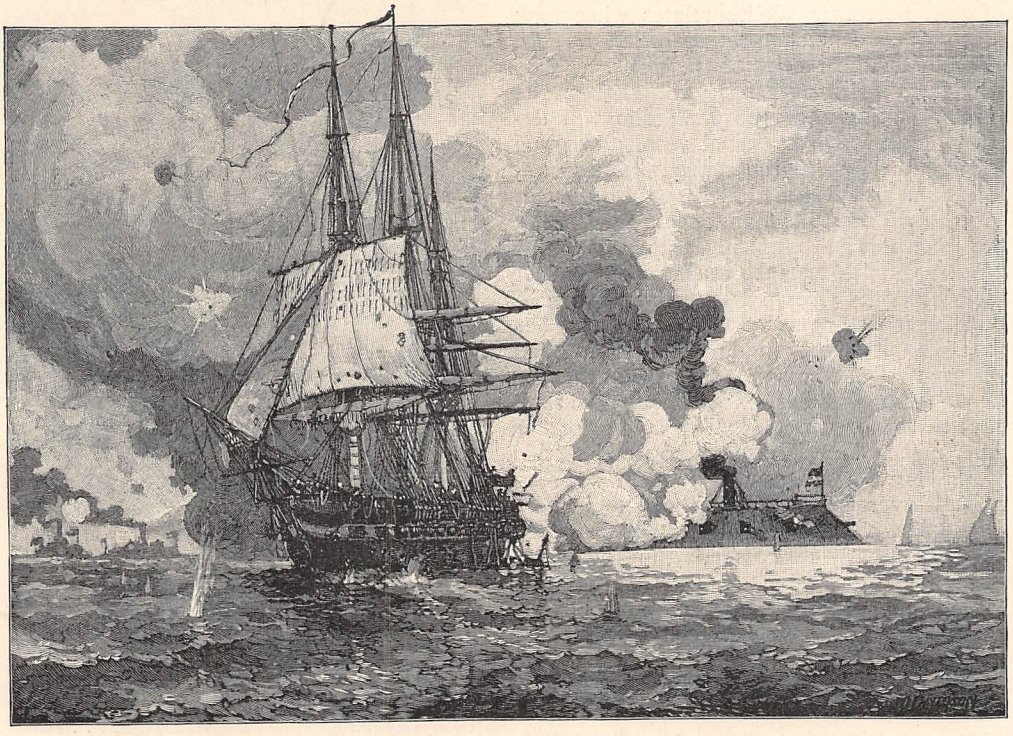


LIEUTENANT GEORGE U. MORRIS, ACTING COMMANDER OF THE "CUMBERLAND."

In the absence of Captain Radford, the command of the *Cumberland* devolved upon the executive officer, Lieutenant Morris, from whose official report we quote the following: "At thirty minutes past three the water had gained upon us, notwithstanding the pumps were kept actively employed to a degree that, the forward-magazine being drowned, we had to take powder from the after-magazine for the ten-inch gun. At thirty-five minutes past three the water had risen to the main hatchway, and the ship canted to port, and we delivered a parting fire — each man trying to save himself by jumping overboard. Timely notice was given, and all the wounded who could walk were ordered out of the cockpit; but those of the wounded who had been carried into the sick-bay and on the berth-deck were so mangled that it was impossible to save them. . . . I should judge we have lost upward of one hundred men. I can only say, in conclusion, that all did their duty, and we sank with the American flag flying at the peak." When summoned to surrender Morris replied, "Never, I'll sink alongside!"—ED.

Tatnall took command on the 29th March. In the mean time the *Virginia* was in the dry dock under repairs. The hull four feet below the shield was covered with two-inch iron. A new and heavier ram was strongly secured to the bow. The damage to the armor was repaired, wrought-iron port-shutters were fitted, and the rifle-guns supplied with steel-pointed solid shot. These changes, with one hundred tons more of ballast on her fan-tails, increased her draught to twenty-three feet, improving her resisting powers, but correspondingly decreasing her mobility and her speed to four knots. The repairs were not completed until the 4th of April, owing to our want of resources and difficulty of securing workmen. On the 11th we steamed down the harbor to the Roads with six gun-boats, fully expecting to meet the *Monitor* again and other vessels; for we knew their fleet had been largely reënforced,

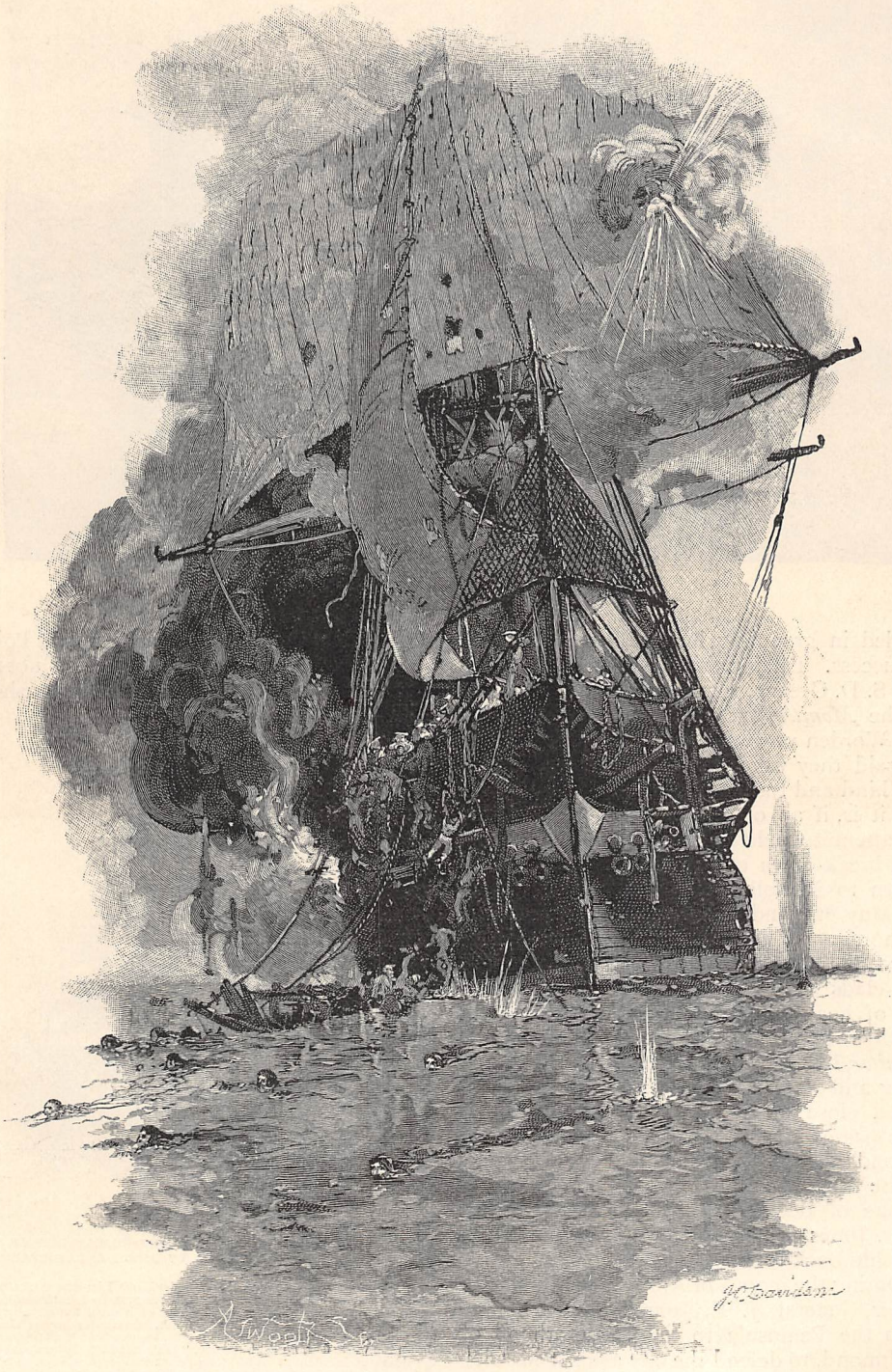
among others by the *Vanderbilt*, a powerful side-wheel steamer fitted as a ram. We were primed for a desperate tussle; but to our surprise we had the Roads to ourselves. We exchanged a few shots with the Rip-Raps batteries, but the *Monitor* with the other vessels of the fleet remained below Fortress Monroe, in Chesapeake Bay, where we could not get at them except by passing between the forts.



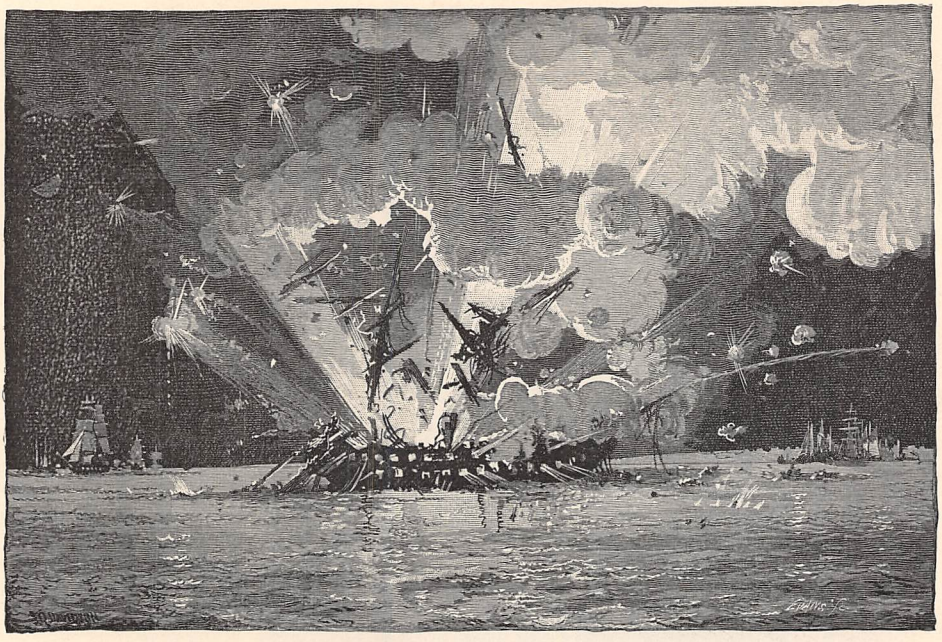
THE "MERRIMAC" DRIVING THE "CONGRESS" FROM HER ANCHORAGE.

The day before going down, Commodore Tatnall had written to Secretary Mallory, "I see no chance for me but to pass the forts and strike elsewhere, and I shall be gratified by your authority to do so." This freedom of action was never granted, and probably wisely, for the result of an action with the *Monitor* and fleet, even if we ran the gauntlet of the fire of the forts successfully, was more than doubtful, and any disaster would have exposed Norfolk and James River, and probably would have resulted in the loss of Richmond. For equally good reasons the *Monitor* acted on the defensive; for if she had been out of the way, General McClellan's base and fleet of transports in York River would have been endangered. Observing three merchant vessels at anchor close in shore and within the bar at Hampton, the commodore ordered Lieutenant Barney in the *Jamestown* to go in and bring them out. This was promptly and successfully accomplished, under a fire from the forts. Two were brigs loaded with supplies for the army. The capture of these vessels, within gun-shot of their fleet, did not affect their movements. As the *Jamestown* towed her prizes under the stern of the English corvette *Rinaldo*, Captain Hewitt (now an admiral commanding the English fleet in the East Indies and Red Sea), then at anchor in the Roads, she was enthusiastically cheered. We remained below all day and at night returned and anchored off Sewall's Point.

A few days later we went down again to within gun-shot of the Rip-Raps, and exchanged a few rounds with the fort, hoping that the *Monitor* would come out from her lair into open water. Had she done so, a determined effort would have been made to carry her by boarding. Four small gun-boats were ready, each of which had its crew divided into parties for the performance of certain duties after getting on board. Some were to try to wedge the turret, some to cover the pilot-house and all the openings with tarpaulins, others to scale with ladders the turret and smoke-stack, using shells, hand-grenades, etc. Even if but two of the gun-boats suc-



ESCAPE OF THE CREW OF THE "CONGRESS."



THE EXPLOSION ON THE BURNING "CONGRESS."

ceeded in grappling her, we were confident of success. Talking this over since with Captain S. D. Greene, who was the first lieutenant of the *Monitor*, and in command after Captain Worden was wounded in the pilot-house, he said they were prepared for anything of this kind and that it would have failed. Certain it is, if an opportunity had been given, the attempt would have been made.

A break-down of the engines forced us to return to Norfolk. Completing our repairs on May 8th, and while returning to our old anchorage, we heard heavy firing, and, going down the harbor, found the *Monitor*, with the iron-clads *Galena*, *Naugatuck*, and a number of heavy ships, shelling our batteries at Sewall's Point. We stood directly for the *Monitor*, but as we approached they all ceased firing and retreated below the forts. We followed close down to the Rip-Raps, whose shot passed over us, striking a mile or more beyond the ship. We remained for some hours in the Roads, and finally the commodore, in a tone of deepest disgust, gave the order: "Mr. Jones, fire a gun to windward, and take the ship back to her buoy."

During the month of April, 1862, our forces, under General J. E. Johnston, had retired from the Peninsula to the neighborhood of Richmond, to defend the city against McClellan's advance by way of the Peninsula, and from time to time rumors of the possible evacuation of Norfolk reached us. On the 9th of May, while at anchor off Sewall's Point, we noticed at sunrise that our flag was not flying over the batteries. A boat was sent ashore



LIEUTENANT JOSEPH B. SMITH, ACTING-COMMANDER OF THE "CONGRESS." (PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK & BATCHELDER.)

According to the pilot of the *Cumberland*, Lieutenant Smith was killed by a shot. His death was fixed at 4:20 P. M. by Lieutenant Pendergrast, next in command, who did not hear of it until ten minutes later. When his father, Commodore Joseph Smith, who was on duty at Washington, saw by the first dispatch from Fortress Monroe that the *Congress* had shown the white flag, he said, quietly, "Joe's dead!" After speaking of the death of Lieutenant Smith, Lieutenant Pendergrast says, in his official report: "Seeing that our men were being killed without the prospect of any relief from the *Minnesota*, . . . not being able to get a single gun to bear upon the enemy, and the ship being on fire in several places, upon consultation with Commander William Smith we deemed it proper to haul down our colors." Lieutenant Smith's sword was sent to his father by the enemy under a flag of truce.—ED.

and found them abandoned. Lieutenant Pembroke Jones was then dispatched to Norfolk, some miles distant, to call upon General Huger, who was in command, and learn the condition of affairs. He returned during the afternoon, reporting, to our great surprise, the town deserted by our troops and the navy-yard on fire. This precipitate retreat was entirely unnecessary, for while the *Virginia* remained afloat, Norfolk was safe, or, at all events, not tenable by the enemy, and James River was partly guarded, for we could have retired behind the obstructions in the channel at Craney Island, and, with the batteries at that point, could have held the place, certainly until all the valuable stores and machinery had been removed from the navy-yard. Moreover, had the *Virginia* been afloat at the time of the battles around Richmond, General McClellan would hardly have retreated to James River; for, had he done so, we could at any time have closed it, and rendered any position on it untenable.

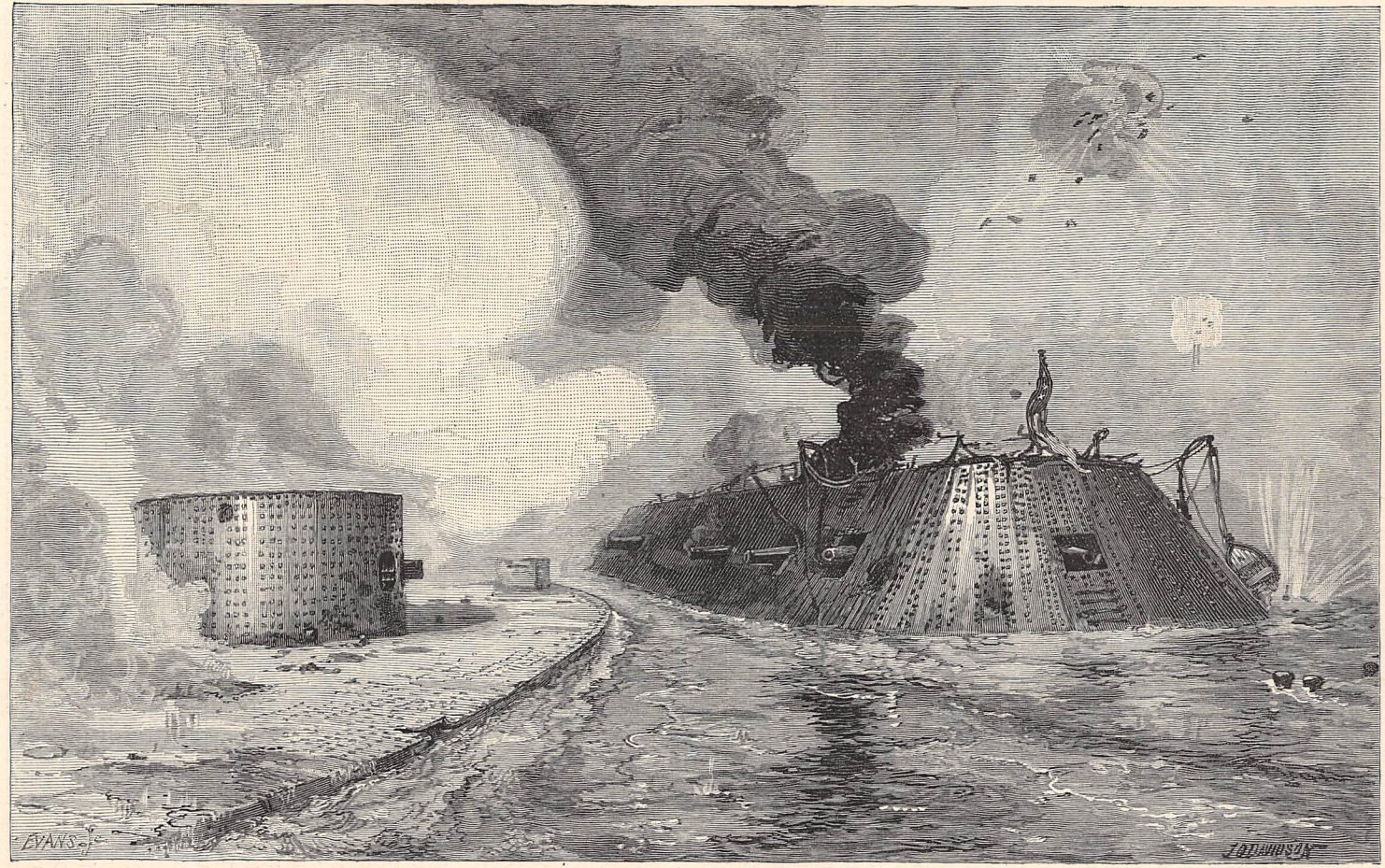
However, Norfolk evacuated, our occupation was gone, and the next thing to be decided was what should be done with the ship. Two courses of action were open to us: we might have run the blockade of the forts and done some damage to the shipping there and at the mouth of the York River, provided they did not get out of our way,—for, with our great draught and low rate of speed, the enemy's transports would have gone where we could not follow them; and the *Monitor* and other iron-clads would engage us with every advantage, playing around us as rabbits around a sloth, and the end would have been the certain loss of the vessel. On the other hand, the pilots said repeatedly, if the ship were lightened to eighteen feet, they could take her up James River to Harrison's Landing or City Point, where she could have been put in fighting trim again, and be in a position to assist in the defense of Richmond. The commodore decided upon this course. Calling all hands on deck, he told them what he wished done. Sharp and quick work was necessary; for, to be successful, the ship must be lightened five feet, and we must pass the batteries at Newport News and the fleet below before daylight next morning. The crew gave three cheers, and went to work with a will, throwing overboard the ballast from the fan-tails, as well as that below, all spare stores, water, indeed everything but our powder and shot. By midnight the ship had lightened three feet, when, to our amazement, the pilots said it was useless to do more, that with the westerly wind blowing, the tide would be cut down so that the ship would not go up even to Jamestown Flats; indeed, they would not take the responsibility of taking her up the river at all. This extraordinary conduct of the pilots rendered some other plan immediately necessary. Moral: All officers, as far as possible, should learn to do their own piloting.



CAPTAIN VAN BRUNT, COMMANDER OF THE "MINNESOTA."

In his official report, Captain Van Brunt says of the fight, as viewed from the *Minnesota*: "At 6 A. M. the enemy again appeared, . . . and I beat to quarters; but they run past my ship and were heading for Fortress Monroe, and the retreat was beaten to enable my men to get something to eat. The *Merrimac* ran down near the Rip-Raps and then turned into the channel through which I had come. Again all hands were called to quarters, and opened upon her with my stern-guns, and made signal to the *Monitor* to attack the enemy. She immediately ran down in my wake, right within the range of the *Merrimac*, completely covering my ship, as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions, and, much to my astonishment, laid herself right alongside of the *Merrimac*, and the contrast was that of a pigmy to a giant. Gun after gun was fired by the *Monitor*, which was returned with whole broadsides from the Rebels, with no more effect, apparently, than so many pebble-stones thrown by a child. . . . The *Merrimac*, finding that she could make nothing of the *Monitor*, turned her attention once more to me. In the morning she had put one eleven-inch shot under my counter, near the water-line, and now, on her second approach, I opened upon her with all my broadside-guns and ten-inch pivot—a broadside which would have blown out of water any timber-built ship in the world. She returned my fire with her rifled bow-gun with a shell which passed through the chief engineer's state-room, through the engineers' mess-room amidships, and burst in the boatswain's room, tearing four rooms all into one, in its passage exploding two charges of powder, which set the ship on fire, but it was promptly extinguished by a party headed by my first lieutenant."

The ship had been so lifted as to be unfit for action; two feet of her hull below the shield was exposed. She could not be sunk again by letting in water without putting out the furnace fires and flooding the magazines. Never was a commander forced by circumstances over which he had no control into a more painful position than was Commodore Tatnall. But coolly and calmly he decided, and gave orders to destroy the ship; determining if he could not save his vessel, at all events not to sacrifice three hundred brave and faithful men. That he acted wisely, the fight at Drury's Bluff, which was the salvation of Richmond, soon after proved. She was run ashore near Craney Island and the crew landed with their small-arms and two days' provisions.

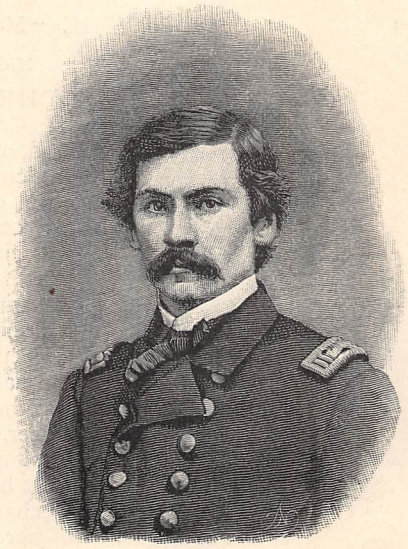


THE ENCOUNTER AT SHORT RANGE,

Having only two boats, it took three hours to disembark. Lieutenant Catesby Jones and myself were the last to leave. Setting her on fire fore and aft, she was soon in a blaze, and by the light of our burning ship we pulled for the shore, landing at daybreak. We marched 22 miles to Suffolk and took the cars for Richmond.

The news of the destruction of the *Virginia* caused a most profound feeling of disappointment and indignation throughout the South, particularly as so much was expected of the ship after our first success. On Commodore Tatnall the most unsparing and cruel aspersions were cast. He promptly demanded a court of inquiry, and, not satisfied with this, a court-martial, whose unanimous finding after considering the facts and circumstances was: "Being thus situated, the only alternative, in the opinion of the court, was to abandon and burn the ship then and there; which, in the judgment of the court, was deliberately and wisely done by order of the accused. Wherefore, the court do award the said Captain Josiah Tatnall an honorable acquittal."

It only remains now to speak of our last meeting with the *Monitor*. Arriving at Richmond, we heard that the enemy's fleet were ascending James River, and the result was great alarm; for, relying upon the *Virginia*, not a gun had been mounted to protect the city from a water attack. We were hurried to Drury's Bluff, the first high ground below the city, seven miles distant. [See map of the Peninsula on page 774.—ED.] Here, for two days, exposed to constant rain, in bottomless mud and without shelter, on scant provisions, we worked unceasingly, mounting guns and obstructing the river. In this we were aided by the crews of small vessels which had escaped up the river before Norfolk was abandoned. The *Jamestown* and some small sailing-vessels were sunk in the channel, but owing to the high water occasioned by a freshet the obstructions were only partial. We had only succeeded in getting into position three thirty-twos and two sixty-fours (shell guns) and were without sufficient supply of ammunition, when on the 15th of May the iron-clad *Galena*, followed by the *Monitor* and three others, hove in sight. We opened fire as soon as they came within range, directing most of it on the *Galena*. This vessel was handled very skillfully. Coming up within six hundred yards of the battery, she anchored, and, with a spring from her quarter, presented her broadside; this under a heavy fire, and in a narrow river, with a strong current. The *Monitor* and others anchored just below, answering our fire deliberately; but, owing to the great elevation of the battery, their fire was in a great measure ineffectual, though two guns were dismounted and several men were killed and wounded. While this was going on, our sharp-shooters were at work on both banks. Lieutenant Catesby Jones, in his report, speaks of this service: "Lieutenant Wood, with a portion of the men, did good service as sharp-shooters. The enemy were excessively annoyed by their fire. His position was well chosen and gallantly maintained in spite of the shell, shrapnel, grape and canister fired at them."



THE LATE COMMANDER SAMUEL DANA GREENE, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "MONITOR." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH DURING THE WAR BY HALLECK.) [SEE PAGE 763.]

Finding they could make no impression on our works, the *Galena*, after an action of four hours, returned down the river with her consorts. Her loss was about forty killed and wounded.

This was one of the boldest and best-conducted operations of the war, and one of which very little notice has been taken. Had Commodore Rodgers been supported by a few brigades, landed at City Point or above on the south side, Richmond would have been evacuated. The *Virginia's* crew alone barred his way to Richmond; otherwise the obstructions would not have prevented his steaming up to the city, which would have been as much at his mercy as was New Orleans before the fleet of Farragut.

It should be remembered that as spring opened General McClellan was urged by the administration and the press to make a forward movement. Anticipating this, General J. E. Johnston, better to cover Richmond and to shorten his lines, retired to the Rappahannock and later to the James. General McClellan wisely determined to use the navi-

gable waters either of the James or the York River to approach Richmond; and as the James was closed by the *Virginia* in a manner he could not have foreseen, he was forced to use the York as his base of action against Richmond — a circumstance that saved that city from capture for three years.

The engagement at Drury's Bluff, or Fort Darling, as it is sometimes called, was the last service of the *Virginia's* crew as a body; soon after they were scattered among the different vessels at Southern ports. The *Monitor*, too, disappeared from sight a few months later, foundering off Cape Hatteras while on a voyage to Charleston. So short-lived were the two vessels that revolutionized the navies of the world.

John Taylor Wood.

IN THE "MONITOR" TURRET.*

MARCH 9, 1862.



CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSSON, INVENTOR OF THE "MONITOR." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

THE keel of the most famous vessel of modern times, Captain Ericsson's first iron-clad,† was laid in the shipyard of Thomas F. Rowland, at Greenpoint, Brooklyn, in October, 1861, and on the 30th of January, 1862, the novel craft was launched. On the 25th of February she was commissioned and turned over to the Government, and nine days later left New York for Hampton Roads, where, on the 9th of March, occurred the memorable contest with the *Merrimac*. On her next venture on the open sea she foundered off Cape Hatteras in a gale of wind (December 29). During her career of less than a year, she had no fewer than five different commanders; but it was the fortune of the writer to serve as her only executive officer, standing upon her deck when she was launched, and leaving it but a few minutes before she sank.

So hurried was the preparation of the *Monitor* that the mechanics worked upon her night and day up to the hour of her departure, and little opportunity was offered to drill the crew at the guns, to work the turret, and to become familiar with the other unusual features of the vessel. The crew was, in fact, composed of volunteers. Lieutenant Worden, having been authorized by the Navy Department to select his men from any ship-of-war in New York harbor, addressed the crews of the *North Carolina* and *Sabine*, stating fully

* The general features of the *Monitor* are well known. The vessel was an iron-clad steam battery. The thin lower hull was protected by an overhanging armor. A revolving turret, containing the guns, was situated on deck, in the center of the vessel. The principal dimensions were: Length over all, 172 feet; breadth over all, 41 feet 6 inches; draught of water, 11 feet; inside diameter of turret, 20 feet; height of turret, 9 feet; thickness of turret, 8 inches; thickness of side armor, 5 inches; thickness of deck-plates, 1 inch; thickness of pilot-house, 9 inches. Her deck was one foot above the water-line. She carried two 11-inch smooth-bore guns, firing solid shot weighing 180 pounds. Her speed was between four and five knots. A novel feature was the absence of smoke-stacks in action; they and the pipes over the blowers were taken apart and laid flat on deck, which gave an all-round fire abaft. The draught to the furnaces was maintained by powerful blowers. The tops of the smoke-stacks were six feet above the deck, and the blower-pipes four and a half feet. These openings in the deck were covered by iron gratings. Her people were: Lieutenant J. L. Worden, commanding; Lieutenant S. D. Greene, executive officer; Acting Master, L. N. Stodder; Acting Master, J. N. Webber; Acting Master's Mate, George Frederickson; Acting Assistant Surgeon, D. C. Logue; Acting Assistant Paymaster, W. F. Keeler; Chief Engineer, A. C. Stimers, inspector; First Assistant Engineer, Isaac Newton, in charge of steam machinery; Second Assistant Engineer, A. B. Campbell; Third Assistant Engineer, R. W. Hands; Fourth Assistant Engineer, M. T. Sunstrom; Captain's Clerk, Daniel Toffey; Quartermaster, Peter Williams; Gunner's Mate, Joseph Crown; Boatswain's Mate, John Stocking; and forty-two others — a total of fifty-eight souls.— S. D. G.

† For details respecting the invention of the *Monitor*, the reader is referred to a biographical paper on Captain Ericsson by Colonel W. C. Church in this magazine for April, 1879. The origin of the name *Monitor* is given in the following letter to Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. [ED.]:—

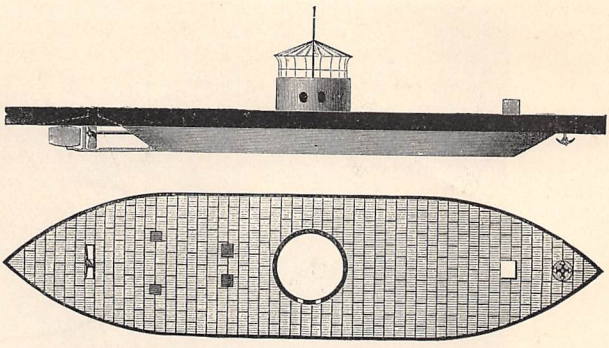
NEW YORK, January 20th, 1862.

SIR:

In accordance with your request, I now submit for your approbation a name for the floating battery at Green Point.

The impregnable and aggressive character of this structure will admonish the leaders of the Southern Rebellion that the batteries on the banks of their rivers will no longer present barriers to the entrance of the Union forces. The iron-clad intruder will thus prove a severe monitor to those leaders.

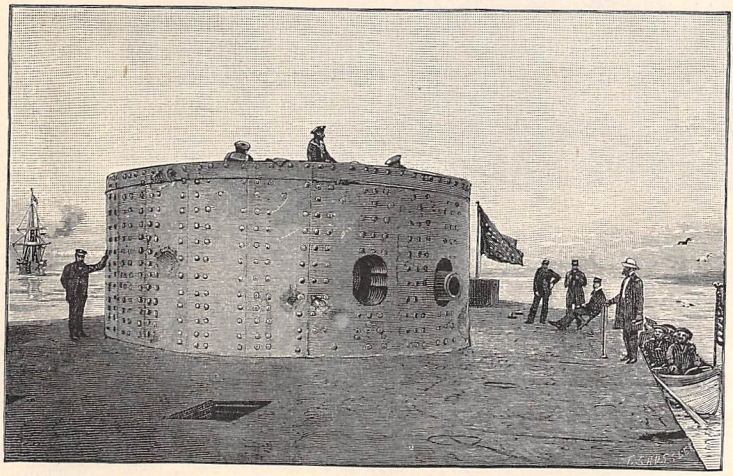
to them the probable dangers of the passage to Hampton Roads and the certainty of having important service to perform after arriving. The sailors responded enthusiastically, many more volunteering than were required. Of the crew selected, Captain Worden said, in his official report of the engagement, "A better one no naval commander ever had the honor to command."



SIDE ELEVATION AND DECK-PLAN OF THE "MONITOR."

Propeller well. Blower-pipes. Smoke-stacks. Turret. Pilot-house. Anchor well.

We left New York in tow of the tug-boat *Seth Low* at 11 A. M. of Thursday, the 6th of March. On the following day a moderate breeze was encountered, and it was at once evident that the *Monitor* was unfit for a sea-going craft. Nothing but the subsidence of the wind prevented her from being shipwrecked before she reached Hampton Roads. The berth-deck hatch leaked in spite of all we could do, and the water came down under the turret like a waterfall. It would strike the pilot-house and go over the turret in beautiful curves, and it came through the narrow eye-holes in the pilot-house with such force as to knock the helmsman completely round from the wheel. The waves also broke over the blower-pipes, and the water came down through them in such quantities that the belts of the blower-engines slipped, and the engines consequently stopped for lack of artificial draught, without which, in such a confined place, the fires could not get air for combustion. Newton and Stimers, followed by the engineer's force, gallantly rushed into the engine-room and fire-room to remedy the evil, but they were unable to check the inflowing water, and were nearly suffocated with escaping gas. They were dragged out more dead than alive, and carried to the top of the turret, where the fresh air gradually revived them. The water continued to pour through the hawser-hole, and over and down the smoke-stacks and blower-pipes, in such quantities that there was imminent danger that the ship would founder. The steam-pumps could not be operated because the fires had been nearly extinguished, and the engine-room was uninhabitable on account of the suffocating gas with which it was filled. The hand-pumps were then rigged and worked, but they had not enough force to throw the water out through the top of the turret,—the only opening,—and it was useless to bail, as we had to pass the buckets up through the turret, which made it a very long operation. For-



VIEW SHOWING THE EFFECT OF SHOT ON THE "MONITOR" TURRET. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.)

[The ridges shown in the nearer port are significant of the haste with which the vessel was built. An opening of this shape is usually made by cutting three circles one above another and intersecting, and then trimming the edges to an oval. In this instance there was no time for the trimming process. It was originally designed that the armament should be 15-inch guns, but as these were not to be had in time, the 11-inch Dahlgrens were substituted.—ED.]

But there are other leaders who will also be startled and admonished by the booming of the guns from the impregnable iron turret. "Downing Street" will hardly view with indifference this last "Yankee notion," this monitor. To the Lords of the Admiralty the new craft will be a monitor suggesting doubts as to the propriety of completing those four steel-clad ships at three-and-a-half millions apiece. On these and many similar grounds I propose to name the new battery *Monitor*.

Your obedient servant,

J. ERICSSON.



John A. Worden

REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1875.)

[The sword was presented to Admiral Worden by the State of New York soon after the engagement in Hampton Roads.—ED.]

tunately, towards evening the wind and sea subsided, and, being again in smooth water, the engine was put in operation. But at midnight, in passing over a shoal, rough water was again encountered, and our troubles were renewed, complicated this time with the jamming of the wheel-ropes, so that the safety of the ship depended entirely on the strength of the hawser which connected her with the tug-boat. The hawser, being new, held fast; but during the greater part of the night we were constantly engaged in fighting the leaks, until we reached smooth water again, just before daylight.

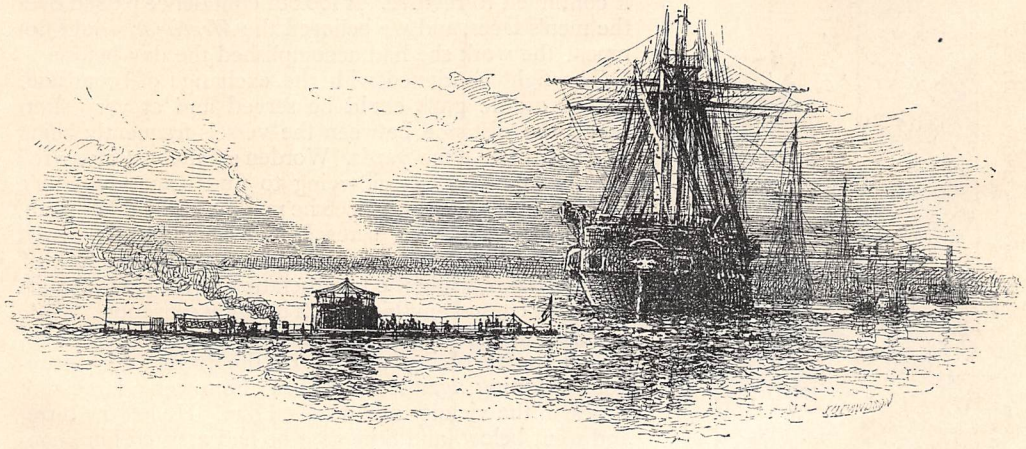
It was at the close of this dispiriting trial trip, in which all hands had been exhausted in their efforts to keep the novel craft afloat, that the *Monitor* passed Cape Henry at 4 P. M. on Saturday, March 8th. At this point was heard the distant booming of heavy guns, which our captain rightly judged to be an engagement with the *Merrimac*, twenty miles away. He at once ordered the vessel stripped of her sea-rig, the turret keyed up, and every preparation made for battle. As we approached Hampton Roads we could see the fine old *Congress* burning brightly, and soon a pilot came on board and told of the arrival of the *Merrimac*, the disaster to the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, and the dismay of the Union forces. The *Monitor* was pushed with all haste, and reached the *Roanoke* (Captain Marston),

anchored in the Roads, at 9 P. M. Worden immediately reported his arrival to Captain Marston, who suggested that he should go to the assistance of the *Minnesota*, then aground off Newport News. As no pilot was available, Captain Worden accepted the volunteer services of Acting Master Samuel Howard, who earnestly sought the duty. An atmosphere of gloom pervaded the fleet, and the pygmy aspect of the new-comer did not inspire confidence among those who had witnessed the destruction of the day before. Skillfully piloted by Howard, we proceeded on our way, our path illumined by the blaze of the *Congress*. Reaching the *Minnesota*, hard and fast aground, near midnight, we anchored, and Worden reported to Captain Van Brunt. Between 1 and 2 A. M. the *Congress* blew up, not instantaneously, but successively; her powder-tanks seemed to explode, each shower of sparks rivaling the other in its height, until they appeared to reach the zenith — a grand but mournful sight. Near us, too, lay the *Cumberland* at the bottom of the river, with her silent crew of brave men, who died while fighting their guns to the water's edge, and whose colors were still flying at the peak.*

The dreary night dragged slowly on; the officers and crew were up and alert, to be ready for any emergency. At daylight on Sunday the *Merrimac* and her consorts were discovered at anchor near Sewall's Point. At about half-past seven o'clock the enemy's vessels got under way and steered in the direction of the *Minnesota*. At the same time the *Monitor* got under way, and her officers and crew took their stations for battle. Captain Van Brunt officially reports, "I made signal to the *Monitor* to attack the enemy," but the signal was not seen by us; other work was in hand, and Worden required no signal.

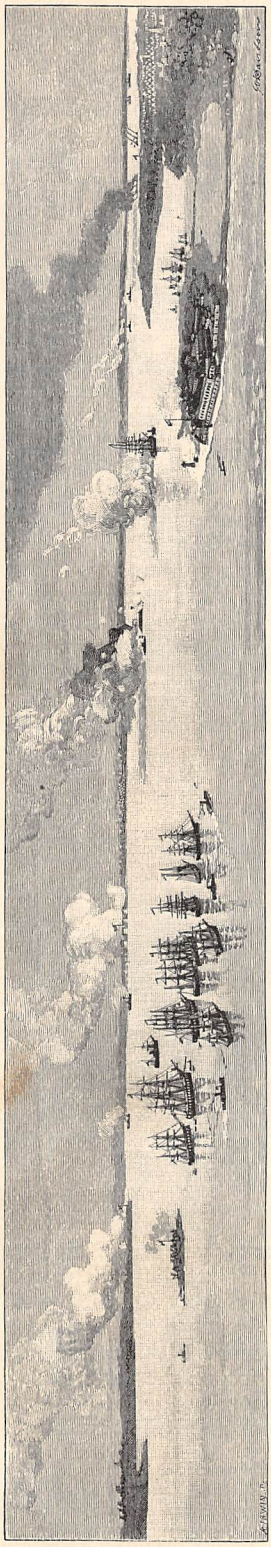
The pilot-house of the *Monitor* was situated well forward, near the bow; it was a wrought-iron structure, built of logs of iron nine inches thick, bolted through the corners, and covered with an iron plate two inches thick, which was not fastened down, but was kept in place merely by its weight. The sight-holes or slits were made by inserting quarter-inch plates at the corners between the upper set of logs and the next below. The structure projected four feet above the deck, and was barely large enough inside to hold three men standing. It presented a flat surface on all sides and on top. The steering-wheel was secured to one of the logs on the front side. The position and shape of this structure should be carefully borne in mind.

Worden took his station in the pilot-house, and by his side were Howard, the pilot, and Peter Williams, quartermaster, who steered the vessel throughout the engagement. My place was in the turret, to work and fight the guns; with me were Stodder and Stimers and sixteen brawny men, eight to each gun. John Stocking, boatswain's mate, and Thomas Lochrane, seaman, were gun-captains. Newton and his assistants were in the engine and fire rooms, to manipulate the boilers and engines, and most admirably did they perform this important service from the beginning to the close of the action. Webber had charge of the powder division on the berth-deck, and Joseph Crown, gunner's mate, rendered valuable service in connection with this duty.



ARRIVAL OF THE "MONITOR" AT HAMPTON ROADS.

* The fortune of civil war was illustrated in the case of the *Merrimac*. Commodore Buchanan's brother was an officer of the *Congress*, and each knew of the other's presence. The first and fourth lieutenants had each a brother in the United States Army. The father of the fifth lieutenant was also in the United States Army. The father of one of the midshipmen was in the United States Navy. Lieutenant Butt, of the *Merrimac*, had been the room-mate of Lieutenant Greene of the *Monitor* at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. — ED.



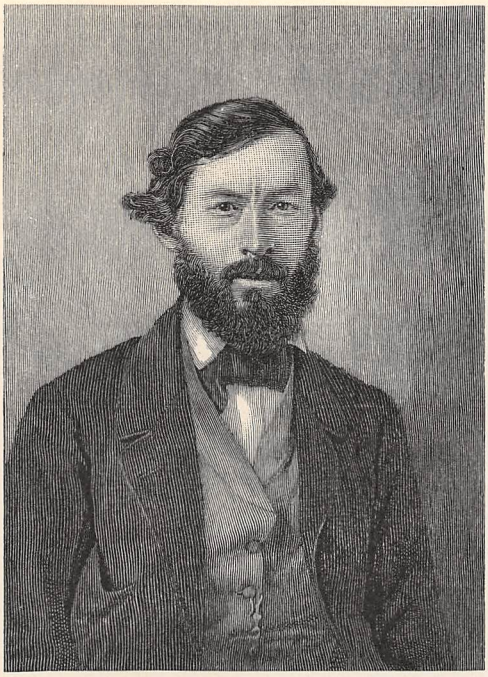
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

The physical condition of the officers and men of the two ships at this time was in striking contrast. The *Merrimac* had passed the night quietly near Sewall's Point, her people enjoying rest and sleep, elated by thoughts of the victory they had achieved that day, and cheered by the prospects of another easy victory on the morrow. The *Monitor* had barely escaped shipwreck twice within the last thirty-six hours, and since Friday morning, forty-eight hours before, few if any of those on board had closed their eyes in sleep or had anything to eat but hard bread, as cooking was impossible; she was surrounded by wrecks and disaster, and her efficiency in action had yet to be proved.

Worden lost no time in bringing it to test. Getting his ship under way, he steered direct for the enemy's vessels, in order to meet and engage them as far as possible from the *Minnesota*. As he approached, the wooden vessels quickly turned and left. Our captain, to the "astonishment" of Captain Van Brunt (as he states in his official report), made straight for the *Merrimac*, which had already commenced firing; and when he came within short range, he changed his course so as to come alongside of her, stopped the engine, and gave the order, "Commence firing!" I triced up the port, ran out the gun, and, taking deliberate aim, pulled the lockstring. The *Merrimac* was quick to reply, returning a rattling broadside (for she had ten guns to our two), and the battle fairly began. The turret and other parts of the ship were heavily struck, but the shots did not penetrate; the tower was intact, and it continued to revolve. A look of confidence passed over the men's faces, and we believed the *Merrimac* would not repeat the work she had accomplished the day before.

The fight continued with the exchange of broadsides as fast as the guns could be served and at very short range, the distance between the vessels frequently being not more than a few yards. Worden skillfully manœuvred his quick-turning vessel, trying to find some vulnerable point in his adversary. Once he made a dash at her stern, hoping to disable her screw, which he thinks he missed by not more than two feet. Our shots ripped the iron of the *Merrimac*, while the reverberation of her shots against the tower caused anything but a pleasant sensation. While Stodder, who was stationed at the machine which controlled the revolving motion of the turret, was incautiously leaning against the side of the tower, a large shot struck in the vicinity and disabled him. He left the turret and went below, and Stimers, who had assisted him, continued to do the work.

The drawbacks to the position of the pilot-house were soon realized. We could not fire ahead nor within several points of the bow, since the blast from our own guns would have injured the people in the pilot-house, only a few yards off. Keeler and Toffey passed the captain's orders and messages to me, and my inquiries and answers to him, the speaking-tube from the pilot-house to the turret having been broken early in the action. They performed their work with zeal and alacrity, but, both being landsmen, our technical communications sometimes miscarried. The situation was novel: a vessel of war was engaged in desperate combat with a powerful foe; the captain, commanding and guiding all, was inclosed in



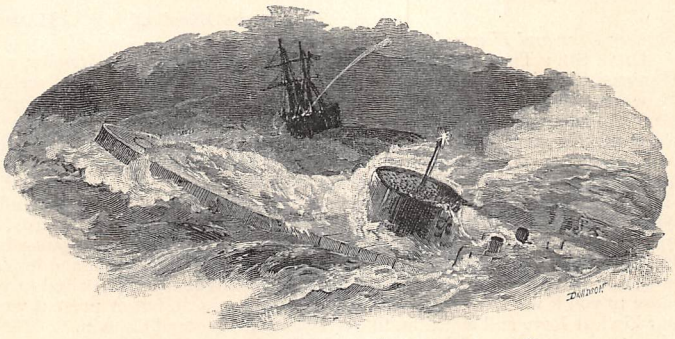
JOHN TAYLOR WOOD, LIEUTENANT ON THE "MERRIMAC," AND AFTERWARD COMMANDER OF THE PRIVATEER "TALLAHASSEE." (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

one place, and the executive officer, working and fighting the guns, was shut up in another, and communication between them was difficult and uncertain. It was this experience which caused Isaac Newton, immediately after the engagement, to suggest the clever plan of putting the pilot-house on top of the turret, and making it cylindrical instead of square; and his suggestions were subsequently adopted in this type of vessel.

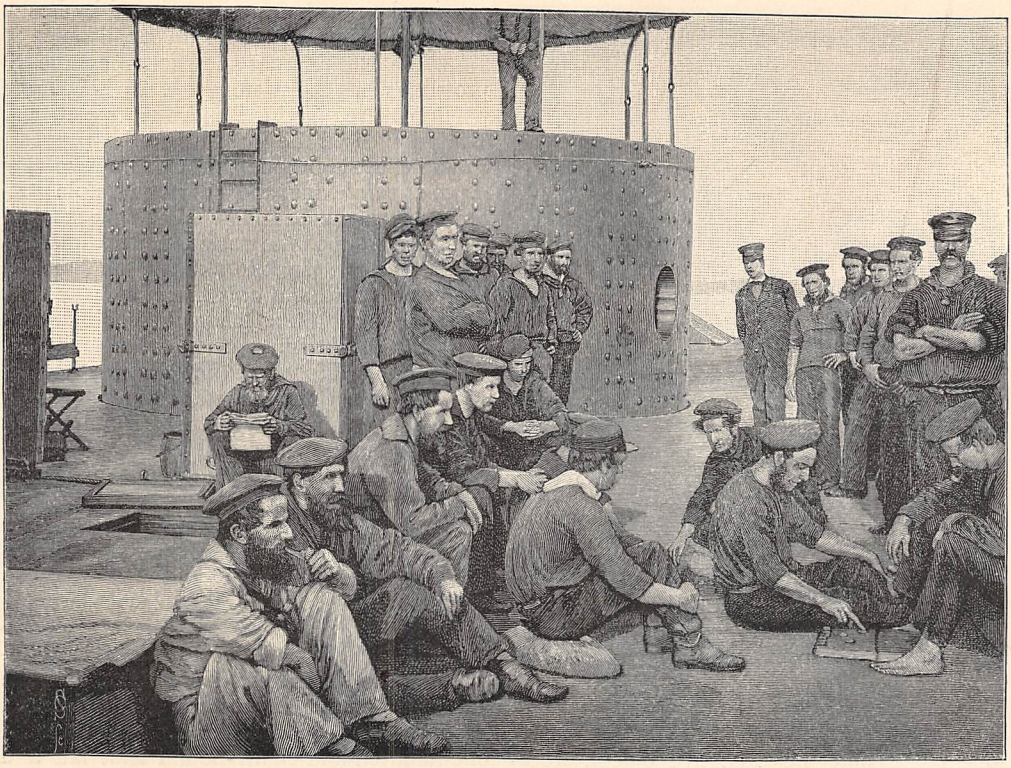
As the engagement continued, the working of the turret was not altogether satisfactory. It was difficult to start it revolving, or, when once started, to stop it, on account of the imperfections of the novel machinery, which was now undergoing its first trial. Stimers was an active, muscular man, and did his utmost to control the motion of the turret; but, in spite of his efforts, it was difficult if not impossible to secure accurate firing. The conditions were very different from those of an ordinary broadside gun, under which we had been trained on wooden ships. My only view of the world outside of the tower was over the muzzles of the guns, which cleared the ports by a few inches only. When the guns were run in, the port-holes were covered by heavy iron pendulums, pierced with small holes to allow the iron rammer and sponge handles to protrude while they were in use. To hoist these pendulums required the entire gun's crew and vastly increased the work inside the turret.

The effect upon one shut up in a revolving drum is perplexing, and it is not a simple matter to keep the bearings. White marks had been placed upon the stationary deck immediately below the turret to indicate the direction of the starboard and port sides, and the bow and stern; but these marks were obliterated early in the action. I would continually ask the captain, "How does the *Merrimac* bear?" He replied, "On the starboard-beam," or "On the port-quarter," as the case might be. Then the difficulty was to determine the direction of the starboard-beam, or port-quarter, or any other bearing. It finally resulted, that when a gun was ready for firing, the turret would be started on its revolving journey in search of the target, and when found it was taken "on the fly," because the turret could not be accurately controlled. Once the *Merrimac* tried to ram us; but Worden avoided the direct impact by the skillful use of the helm, and she struck a glancing blow, which did no damage. At the instant of collision I planted a solid one-hundred-and-eighty-pound shot fair and square upon the forward part of her casemate. Had the gun been loaded with thirty pounds of powder, which was the charge subsequently used with similar guns, it is probable that this shot would have penetrated her armor; but the charge being limited to fifteen pounds, in accordance with peremptory orders to that effect from the Navy Department, the shot rebounded without doing any more damage than possibly to start some of the beams of her armor-backing.

It is stated by Colonel Wood, of the *Merrimac*, that when that vessel rammed the *Cumberland* her iron ram, or beak, was broken off and left in that vessel. In a letter to me, about two years since, he described this ram as "of



SINKING OF THE "MONITOR," DECEMBER 29, 1862.



PART OF THE CREW OF THE "MONITOR."* (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FIGHT.)

cast-iron, wedge-shaped, about fifteen hundred pounds in weight, two feet under water, and projecting two and a half feet from the stem." A ram of this description, had it been intact, would have struck the *Monitor* at that part of the upper hull where the armor and backing were thickest. It is very doubtful if, under any headway that the *Merrimac* could have acquired at such short range, this ram could have done any injury to this part of the vessel. That it could by no possibility have reached the thin lower hull is evident from a glance at the drawing of the *Monitor*, the overhang or upper hull being constructed for the express purpose of protecting the vital part of the vessel.

The battle continued at close quarters without apparent damage to either side. After a time, the supply of shot in the turret being exhausted, Worden hauled off for about fifteen minutes to replenish. The serving of the cartridges, weighing but fifteen pounds, was a matter of no difficulty; but the hoisting of the heavy shot was a slow and tedious operation, it being necessary that the turret should re-

* The pride of Worden in his crew was warmly reciprocated by his men, and found expression in the following letter, written to him while he was lying in Washington disabled by his wound. We take it from Professor Soley's volume, "The Blockade and the Cruisers" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). [ED.]:—

To Captain Worden. HAMPTON ROADS, April 24th, 1862.

To Our Dear and Honored Captain. U. S. MONITOR.

DEAR SIR: These few lines is from your own crew of the *Monitor*, with their kindest Love to you their Honored Captain, hoping to God that they will have the pleasure of welcoming you back to us again soon, for we are all ready able and willing to meet Death or anything else, only give us back our Captain again. Dear Captain, we have got your Pilot-house fixed and all ready for you when you get well again; and we all sincerely hope that soon we will have the pleasure of welcoming you back to it. . . . We are waiting very patiently to engage our Antagonist if we could only get a chance to do so. The last time she came out we all thought we would have the Pleasure of sinking her. But we all got disappointed, for we did not fire one shot, and the Norfolk papers says we are cowards in the *Monitor*—and all we want is a chance to show them where it lies with you for our Captain We can teach them who is cowards. But there is a great deal that we would like to write to you but we think you will soon be with us again yourself. But we all join in with our kindest love to you, hoping that God will restore you to us again and hoping that your sufferings is at an end now, and we are all so glad to hear that your eyesight will be spaired to you again. We would wish to write more to you if we have your kind Permission to do so but at present we all conclude by tendering to you our kindest Love and affection, to our Dear and Honored Captain.

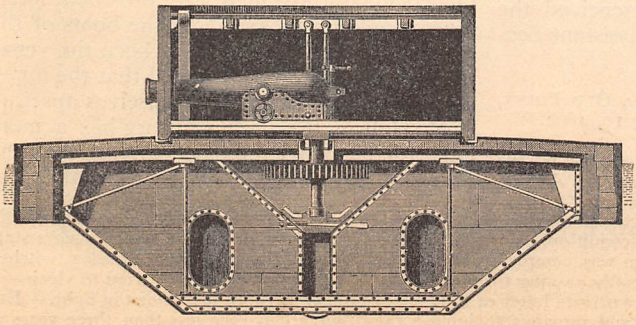
We remain untill Death your Affectionate Crew THE MONITOR BOYS.

main stationary, in order that the two scuttles, one in the deck and the other in the floor of the turret, should be in line. Worden took advantage of the lull, and passed through the port-hole upon the deck outside to get a better view of the situation. He soon renewed the attack, and the contest continued as before.

Two important points were constantly kept in mind: first, to prevent the enemy's projectiles from entering the turret through the port-holes,—for the explosion of a shell inside, by disabling the men at the guns, would have ended the fight, there being no relief gun's crews on board; second, not to fire into our own pilot-house. A careless or impatient hand, during the confusion arising from the whirligig motion of the tower, might let slip one of our big shot against the pilot-house. For this and other reasons I fired every gun while I remained in the turret.

Soon after noon a shell from the enemy's gun, the muzzle not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house directly in the sight-hole, or slit, and exploded, cracking the second iron log and partly lifting the top, leaving an opening. Worden was standing immediately behind this spot, and received in his face the force of the blow, which partly stunned him, and, filling his eyes with powder, utterly blinded him. The injury was known only to those in the pilot-house and its immediate vicinity. The flood of light rushing through the top of the pilot-house, now partly open, caused Worden, blind as he was, to believe that the pilot-house was seriously injured, if not destroyed; he therefore gave orders to put the helm to starboard and "sheer off." Thus the *Monitor* retired temporarily from the action, in order to ascertain the extent of the injuries she had received. At the same time Worden sent for me, and leaving Stimers the only officer in the turret, I went forward at once, and found him standing at the foot of the ladder leading to the pilot-house.

He was a ghastly sight, with his eyes closed



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MONITOR" THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE TURRET.



FIRST ASSISTANT-ENGINEER ISAAC NEWTON. (FROM A MEDALLION PORTRAIT BY LAUNT THOMPSON.)

[At the time of Mr. Newton's death (September 25, 1884) he had been for several years Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct. The plans which have been adopted for the new aqueduct were his, both in the general features and the details.— ED.]

and the blood apparently rushing from every pore in the upper part of his face. He told me that he was seriously wounded, and directed me to take command. I assisted in leading him to a sofa in his cabin, where he was tenderly cared for by Doctor Logue, and then I assumed command. Blind and suffering as he was, Worden's fortitude never forsook him; he frequently asked from his bed of pain of the progress of affairs, and when told that the *Minnesota* was saved, he said, "Then I can die happy."

When I reached my station in the pilot-house, I found that the iron log was fractured and the top partly open; but the steering-gear was still intact, and the pilot-house was not totally destroyed, as had been feared. In the confusion of the moment resulting from so serious an injury to the commanding officer, the *Monitor* had been moving without direction. Exactly how much time elapsed from the moment that Worden was wounded until I had reached the pilot-house and completed the examination of the injury at that point, and determined what course to pursue in the damaged condition of the vessel, it is impossible to state; but it could hardly have exceeded twenty minutes at the utmost. During this time the *Merrimac*, which was leaking badly, had started in the direction of the Elizabeth River; and, on taking my station in the pilot-house and turning the vessel's head in the direction of the *Merrimac*, I saw that she was already in retreat. A few shots were fired at the retiring vessel,

and she continued on to Norfolk. I returned with the *Monitor* to the side of the *Minnesota*, where preparations were being made to abandon the ship, which was still aground. Shortly afterward Worden was transferred to a tug, and that night he was carried to Washington.

The fight was over. We of the *Monitor* thought, and still think, that we had gained a great victory. This the Confederates have denied. But it has never been denied that the object of the *Merrimac* on the 9th of March was to complete the destruction of the Union fleet in Hampton Roads, and that in this she was completely foiled and driven off by the *Monitor*; nor has it been denied that at the close of the engagement the *Merrimac* retreated to Norfolk, leaving the *Monitor* in possession of the field.*

In this engagement Captain Worden displayed the highest qualities as an officer and man. He was in his prime (forty-four years old), and carried with him the ripe experience of twenty-eight years in the naval service. He joined the ship a sick man, having but recently left a prison in the South. He was nominated for the command by the late Admiral Joseph Smith, and the result proved the wisdom of the choice. Having accepted his orders against the protests of his physicians and the entreaties of his family, nothing would deter him from the enterprise. He arrived on the battle-ground amidst the disaster and gloom, almost despair, of the Union people, who had little faith that he could beat back the powerful *Merrimac*, after her experience with the *Cumberland* and *Congress*. Without encouragement, single-handed, and without specific orders from any source, he rose above the atmosphere of doubt and depression which surrounded him, and with unflinching nerve and undaunted courage he hurled his little untried vessel against his huge, well-proved antagonist, and won the battle. He was victor in the first iron-clad battle of the world's history.

The subsequent career of the *Monitor* needs but a few words.

On the day after the fight I received the following letter from Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy:

"U. S. STEAMER *Roanoke*, OLD POINT,
"March 10, 1862.

"MY DEAR MR. GREENE:

"Under the extraordinary circumstances of the contest of yesterday, and the responsibilities devolving upon me, and your extreme youth,† I have suggested to Captain Marston to send on board the *Monitor*, as temporary commanding, Lieutenant Selfridge, until the arrival of Commodore Goldsborough, which will be in a few days. I appreciate your position, and you must appreciate mine, and serve with the same zeal and fidelity.

"With the kindest wishes for you all, most truly,
"G. V. FOX."

For the next two months we lay at Hampton Roads. Twice the *Merrimac* came out of the Elizabeth River, but did not attack. We, on our side, had received positive orders not to attack in the comparatively shoal waters above Hampton Roads, where the Union fleet could not manœuvre. The *Merrimac* protected the James River, and the *Monitor* protected the Chesapeake. Neither side had an iron-clad in reserve, and neither wished to bring on an engagement which might disable its only armored naval defense in those waters.

With the evacuation of Norfolk and the destruction of the *Merrimac*, the *Monitor* moved up the James River with the squadron under the command of Commander John Rodgers, in connection with McClellan's advance upon Richmond by the Peninsula. We were engaged for four hours at Fort Darling, but were unable to silence the guns or destroy the earthworks.

Probably no ship was ever devised which was so uncomfortable for her crew, and certainly no sailor ever led a more disagreeable life than we did on the James River, suffocated with heat and bad air if we remained below, and a target for sharp-shooters if we came on deck.

With the withdrawal of McClellan's army, we returned to Hampton Roads, and in the autumn were ordered to Washington, where the vessel was repaired. We returned to Hampton Roads in November, and sailed thence (December 29) in tow of the steamer *Rhode Island*, bound for Beaufort, N. C. Between 11 P. M. and midnight on the following night the *Monitor* went down in a gale, a few miles south of Cape Hatteras. Four officers and twelve men were drowned, forty-nine people being saved by the boats of the steamer. It was impossible to keep the vessel free of water, and we presumed that the upper and lower hulls thumped themselves apart.

No ship in the world's history has a more imperishable place in naval annals than the *Monitor*. Not only by her providential arrival

* "My men and myself were perfectly black with smoke and powder. All my underclothes were perfectly black, and my person was in the same condition. . . . I had been up so long, and been under such a state of excitement, that my nervous system was completely run down. . . . My nerves and muscles twitched as though electric shocks were continually passing through them. . . . I lay down and tried to sleep — I might as well have tried to fly." From a private letter of Lieutenant Greene, written just after the fight. — ED.

† I was twenty-two years of age, and previous to joining the *Monitor* had seen less than three years of active service, with the rank of midshipman.—S. D. G.

at the right moment did she secure the safety of Hampton Roads and all that depended on it, but the ideas which she embodied revolutionized the system of naval warfare which had existed from the earliest recorded history. The name of the *Monitor* became generic, representing a new type; and, crude and defective as was her construction in some of its details,* she yet contained the idea of the turret, which is to-day the central idea of the most powerful armored vessels.

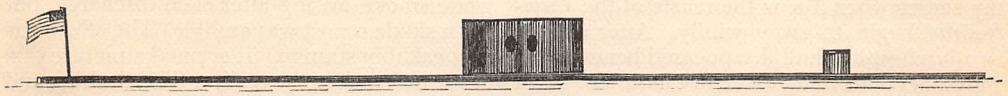
S. D. Greene,†
Commander U. S. Navy.

* In regard to this criticism of the *Monitor*, Captain Ericsson has sent to the Editor the following statement: "Evidently the author refers to sea-going qualities, forgetful of the fact that the *Monitor* was constructed to perform the functions of a river-battery, impregnable to Confederate ordnance of the heaviest caliber. With reference to its properties as a fighting machine, the maritime world deemed it not only a complete success, but a remarkable specimen of naval engineering. The Emperor of Russia accordingly sent the accomplished Admiral Lessoffsky to study its construction and watch the building of the new fleet of Passaic class of monitors—which, in all essential features, resembled the original. The Russian admiral, after having been present during a trial trip from New York to Fortress Monroe, of the monitor *Montauk* (subsequently hit by Confederate shot 214 times) reported so favorably to his government that the Emperor ordered twelve vessels to be built to Captain Ericsson's plans, precisely like the American monitors. This fleet paid a visit to Stockholm immediately after completion, causing a profound sensation among the Swedes."

† On account of the recent death of the writer of this paper, which occurred December 11, 1884, soon after its preparation, the proofs did not receive the benefit of his revision. The article appears substantially in the form in which it was written, without changes other than verbal ones and a slight rearrangement of paragraphs.

Commander S. Dana Greene was the son of General George S. Greene, who was graduated at West Point in 1823, and served with distinction throughout the Civil War, being severely wounded in the face at the battle of Wauhatchie, near Chattanooga, Tenn., in October, 1863. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Rhode Island in 1855, and was graduated in 1859. He served as midshipman on the *Hartford* in the China Squadron from 1859 to 1862; as lieutenant on the *Monitor* in 1862; on the *Florida* in 1863, blockading on the coast of North Carolina; on the *Iroquois*, under Commander (now Rear-Admiral) C. R. P. Rodgers, in 1864–65, making a cruise around the world in search of the *Alabama*, but without finding her, that honor having fallen to the *Kearsarge;* as lieutenant-commander on the *Ossipee*, *Saranac*, and *Pensacola*, in the Pacific Squadron, in 1868 to 1871; as commander of the *Juniata* and *Monongahela* in the Atlantic Squadron, in 1875 to 1878, and of the *Despatch* in 1883–84; with intervals of shore duty in various positions at the Naval Academy — 1865–68, 1872–74, 1878–83. He died at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, December 11, 1884, aged 44.

Of the services of Mr. Greene in connection with the *Monitor*, Captain Worden made the following official record in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy: "I was ordered to her (the *Monitor*) on the 13th of January, 1862, when she was still on stocks. Prior to that date Lieutenant S. D. Greene had interested himself in her and thoroughly examined her construction and design and informed himself as to her qualities, and, notwithstanding the many gloomy predictions of naval officers and officers of the mercantile marine as to the great probability of her sinking at sea, volunteered to go in her, and, at my request, was ordered. From the date of his orders he applied himself unremittingly and intelligently to the study of her peculiar qualities and to her fitting and equipment. . . . Lieutenant Greene, after taking his place in the pilot-house and finding the injuries there less serious than I had supposed, had turned the vessel's head again in the direction of the enemy to continue the engagement; but before he could get at close quarters with her she retired. He therefore very properly returned to the *Minnesota* and lay by her until she floated. . . . Lieutenant Greene, the executive officer, had charge in the turret, and handled the guns with great courage, coolness, and skill; and throughout the engagement, as in the equipment of the vessel and on her passage to Hampton Roads, he exhibited an earnest devotion to duty unsurpassed in my experience."—ED.

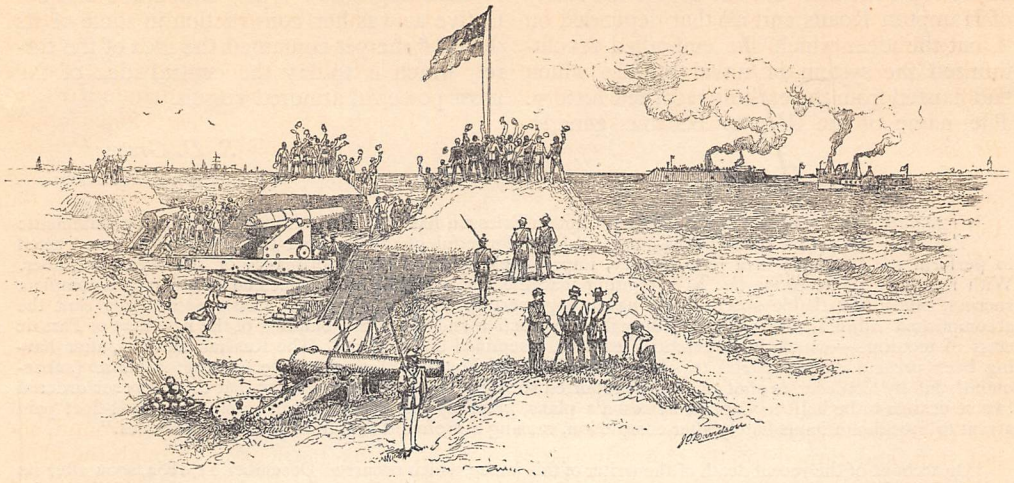


THE "MONITOR" IN BATTLE TRIM.

WATCHING THE "MERRIMAC."

IN March, 1862, I was in command of a Confederate brigade and of a district on the south side of the James River, embracing all the river forts and batteries down to the mouth of Nansemond River. My pickets were posted all along the shore opposite Newport News. From my headquarters at Smithfield I was in constant and rapid communication through relays of couriers and signal stations with my department commander, Major-General Huger, stationed at Norfolk.

About 1 P. M. on the 8th of March, a courier dashed up to my headquarters with this brief dispatch: "The *Virginia* is coming up



THE "MERRIMAC" PASSING THE CONFEDERATE BATTERY ON CRANEY ISLAND, ON HER WAY TO ATTACK THE FEDERAL FLEET.

the river." Mounting at once, it took me but a very short time to gallop twelve miles down to Ragged Island. Newport News, exactly opposite, was an important Federal position completely commanding the entrance of the James. Powerful land batteries had been constructed, and a blockading squadron consisting of the United States frigates the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* (both sailing-vessels) had been stationed there for many months.

I had hardly dismounted at the water's edge, when I descried the *Merrimac* approaching. The *Congress* was moored about a hundred yards below the land batteries, and the *Cumberland* a little above them. As soon as the *Merrimac* came within range, the batteries and war-vessels opened fire. She passed on up, exchanging broadsides with the *Congress*, and making straight for the *Cumberland*, at which she made a dash, firing her bow-guns as she struck the doomed vessel with her prow. I could hardly believe my senses when I saw the masts of the *Cumberland* begin to sway wildly. After one or two lurches, her hull disappeared beneath the water, her guns firing to the last moment. Most of her brave crew went down with their ship, but not with their colors, for the Union flag still floated defiantly from the masts, which projected obliquely for about half their length above the water after the vessel had settled unevenly upon the river bottom. This first act of the drama was over in about thirty minutes, but it seemed to me only a moment.

The commander of the *Congress* recognized at once the impossibility of resisting the assault of the ram which had just sunk the *Cumberland*. With commendable promptness and presence of mind, he slipped his cables, and ran her aground upon the shallows, where the *Merrimac*, at that time drawing twenty-three feet of water, was unable to approach her, and could attack her with artillery alone. But, although the *Congress* had more guns than the *Merrimac*, and was also supported by the land batteries, it was an unequal conflict, for the projectiles hurled at the *Merrimac* glanced harmlessly from her iron-covered roof, while her rifled guns raked the *Congress* from end to end with terrific effect.

A curious incident must be noted here. Great numbers of people from the neighborhood of Ragged Island, as well as soldiers from the nearest posts, had rushed to the shore to behold the spectacle. The cannonade was *visibly* raging with redoubled intensity; but, to our amazement not a sound was heard by us from the commencement of the battle. A strong March wind was blowing direct from us toward Newport News. We could see every flash of the guns and the clouds of white smoke arising after each discharge, but not a single report was audible. The effect was unspeakably strange. It seemed a picture of a battle rather than the reality. This flashing and moving but silent panorama continued to fascinate our gaze until near sunset, when the wind suddenly falling, the roar of the cannonade burst upon us in thundering majesty.

The *Merrimac*, taking no notice of the land batteries, concentrated her fire upon the ill-fated *Congress*. The latter replied gallantly until her commander, Joseph B. Smith, was killed and her decks were reeking with slaughter. Then her colors were hauled down and white flags appeared at the gaff and mainmast. Meanwhile, the James River gunboat flotilla had joined the *Merrimac* after

the sinking of the *Cumberland*. The *Beaufort* ran alongside, carrying her commander, Lieutenant Parker, who received the flag of the *Congress* and the swords of Commander William Smith and Lieutenant Pendergrast. These two officers were taken on board of the *Beaufort*, but at their own request were allowed to return to the *Congress* to aid in the transfer of their wounded to the *Beaufort*. But the land batteries kept up such a terrible fire from heavy guns and small arms, that the boats were driven back with loss, Lieutenant Minor, of the *Merrimac*, among others, being wounded in one of the boats of that vessel. Through my field-glass I could see the crew of the *Congress* making their escape to the shore over the bow. Unable to secure her prize, the *Merrimac* set her on fire with hot shot, and turned to face new adversaries just appearing upon the scene of conflict.

As soon as it was known at Fortress Monroe that the *Merrimac* had come out, the frigates *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and *St. Lawrence* were ordered to the assistance of the blockading squadron. The first was one of the most powerful of her class, mounting forty guns. The *Roanoke* was also a large steam-frigate, and the *St. Lawrence* was a sailing-vessel. The *Minnesota*, assisted by two tugs, was the first to reach the scene, but the *Cumberland* and *Congress* were already past helping. As soon as she came within range, a rapid cannonade commenced between her and the *Merrimac*, aided by the *Patrick Henry* and the *Jamestown*, side-wheel river steamers transformed into gun-boats. The *Minnesota*, drawing nearly as much water as the *Merrimac*, grounded upon a shoal in the North Channel. This at once put an end to any further attacks by ramming; but the lofty frigate, towering above the water, now offered an easy target to the rifled guns of the *Merrimac* and the lighter artillery of the gun-boats. The *Merrimac* narrowly escaped getting aground herself, and had to keep at a considerable distance, but she and the gun-boats could choose their position, and they raked their motionless antagonist from stem to stern, inflicting great damage and slaughter. She replied, undaunted, with her formidable battery, and the gun-boats were soon driven back; a shot exploded the *Patrick Henry's* boiler, causing much loss of life, and disabling that vessel for a considerable time.

In the mean time the *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* were approaching, aided by steam-tugs. As they passed Sewall's Point, its batteries opened fire upon them, and they replied with broadsides. Just at that moment the scene was one of unsurpassed magnificence. The bright afternoon sun shone upon the glancing waters. The fortifications of Newport News were seen swarming with soldiers, now idle spectators of a conflict far beyond the range of their batteries, and the flames were just bursting from the abandoned *Congress*. The stranded *Minnesota* seemed a huge monster at bay, surrounded by the *Merrimac* and the gun-boats. The entire horizon was lighted up by the continual flashes of the artillery of these combatants, the broadsides of the *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* and the Sewall's Point batteries; clouds of white smoke rose in spiral columns to the skies, illumined by the evening sunlight, while land and water seemed to tremble under the thunders of the incessant cannonade.

The *Minnesota* was now in a desperate situation. It is true that, being aground, she could not sink, but looking through the glass, I could see a hole in her side, made by the *Merrimac's* rifle shells. She had lost many men, and had once been set on fire. Her destruction or surrender seemed inevitable, since all efforts to get her afloat had failed. But just then the *Merrimac* turned away from her toward the *Roanoke* and the *St. Lawrence*. These vessels had suffered but little from the distant fire of the Sewall's Point batteries, but both had run aground, and had not been floated off again without great difficulty, for it was very hazardous for vessels of deep draught to manœuvre over these comparatively shallow waters. When the *Merrimac* approached, they delivered broadsides, and were then towed back with promptness. The *Merrimac* pursued them but a short distance (for by this time darkness was falling upon the scene of action, the tide was ebbing, and there was great risk of running aground), and then steamed toward Norfolk with the *Beaufort*, leaving her wounded at the Marine Hospital. Among these was her brave commander, Admiral Franklin Buchanan, who had handled her that day with unsurpassed skill and courage. The command now devolved upon Lieutenant Catesby Jones, who the next day proved himself a most able and gallant successor.

And now followed one of the grandest episodes of this splendid yet somber drama. Night had come, mild and calm, refulgent with all the beauty of Southern skies in early spring. The moon in her second quarter was just rising over the rippling waters, but her silvery light was soon paled by the conflagration of the *Congress*, whose lurid glare was reflected in the river. The burning frigate four miles away seemed much nearer. As the flames crept up the rigging, every mast, spar, and rope, glittered against the dark sky in dazzling lines of fire. The hull, aground upon the shoal, was plainly visible, and upon its

black surface each port-hole seemed the mouth of a fiery furnace. For hours the flames raged, with hardly a perceptible change in the wondrous picture. At irregular intervals, loaded guns and shells, exploding as the fire reached them, sent forth their deep reverberations, reëchoed over and over from every headland of the bay. The masts and rigging were still standing, apparently almost intact, when, about two o'clock in the morning, a monstrous sheaf of flame rose from the vessel to an immense height. The sky was rent in twain by the tremendous flash. Blazing fragments seemed to fill the air, and after a long interval, a deep, deafening report announced the explosion of the ship's powder-magazine. When the blinding glare had subsided, I supposed every vestige of the vessel would have disappeared; but apparently all the force of the explosion had been upward. The rigging had vanished entirely, but the hull seemed hardly shattered; the only apparent change in it was that in two places two or three of the port-holes had been blown into one great gap. It continued to burn until the brightness of its blaze was effaced by the morning sun.

During the night I had sent an order to bring down from Smithfield to Ragged Island the twelve-oared barge that I used when inspecting the river batteries, and at the first dawn of day I embarked with some of my staff, and rowed in the direction of the *Minnesota*, confident of witnessing her destruction or surrender; and, in fact, nothing could have saved her but the timely arrival of the anxiously expected *Monitor*.

The sun was just rising when the *Merrimac*, having anchored for the night at Sewall's Point, headed toward the *Minnesota*. But a most important incident had taken place during the night. The *Monitor* had reached Old Point about ten o'clock; her commander had been informed of the events of the day, and ordered to proceed at once to the relief of the *Minnesota*. His comparatively small vessel, scarcely distinguishable at night from an ordinary tugboat, made her way unperceived while all attention was concentrated upon the conflagration of the *Congress*, and she anchored alongside of the *Minnesota* about two o'clock in the morning.

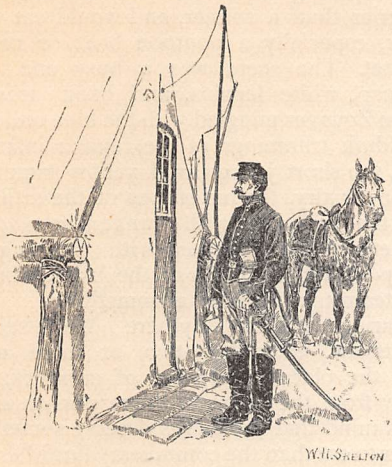
As soon as the *Merrimac* approached her old adversary, the *Monitor* darted out from behind the *Minnesota*, whose immense bulk had effectually concealed her from view. No words can express the surprise with which we beheld this strange craft, whose appearance was tersely and graphically described by the exclamation of one of my oarsmen, "A tin can on a shingle!" Yet this insignificant-looking object was at that moment the most powerful war-ship in the world. The first shots of the *Merrimac* were directed at the *Minnesota*, which was again set on fire, while one of the tugs alongside of her was blown up, creating great havoc and consternation; but the *Monitor*, having the advantage of light draught, placed herself between the *Merrimac* and her intended victim, and from that moment the conflict became a heroic single combat between the two iron-clads. For an instant they seemed to pause, as if to survey each other. Then advancing cautiously, the two vessels opened fire as soon as they came within range, and a fierce artillery duel raged between them without perceptible effect, although the entire fight was within close range, from half a mile at the farthest down to a few yards. For four hours, from eight to twelve (which seemed three times as long), the cannonading continued with hardly a moment's intermission. I was now within three-quarters of a mile of them, and more than once stray shots came near enough to dash the spray over my barge, but the grandeur of the spectacle was so fascinating that they passed by unheeded. Like gladiators in the arena, the antagonists would repeatedly rush at each other, retreat, double, and close in again. During these evolutions, in which the *Monitor* had the advantage of light draught, the *Merrimac* ran aground. After much delay and difficulty she was floated off. Finding that her shot made no impression whatever upon the *Monitor*, the *Merrimac*, seizing a favorable chance, succeeded in striking her foe with her stem. Soon afterward they ceased firing and separated as if by common consent. The *Monitor* steamed away toward Old Point. Captain Van Brunt, commander of the *Minnesota* states in his official report that when he saw the *Monitor* disappear, he lost all hope of saving his ship. But, fortunately for him, the *Merrimac* steamed slowly toward Norfolk, evidently disabled in her motive power. The *Monitor*, accompanied by several tugs, returned late in the afternoon, and they succeeded in floating off the *Minnesota* and conveying her to Old Point.

During the battle the *Merrimac* had lost two killed and nineteen wounded. Her starboard anchor, all her boats, her smoke-stack, and the muzzles of two of her guns were shot away; but the important fact was established that the guns then in use had proved unable to inflict any injury upon the *Monitor*, and that even the improvised armor of the *Merrimac* had suffered no very important damage from the superior guns of the *Monitor*.

R. E. Colston.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—III.*

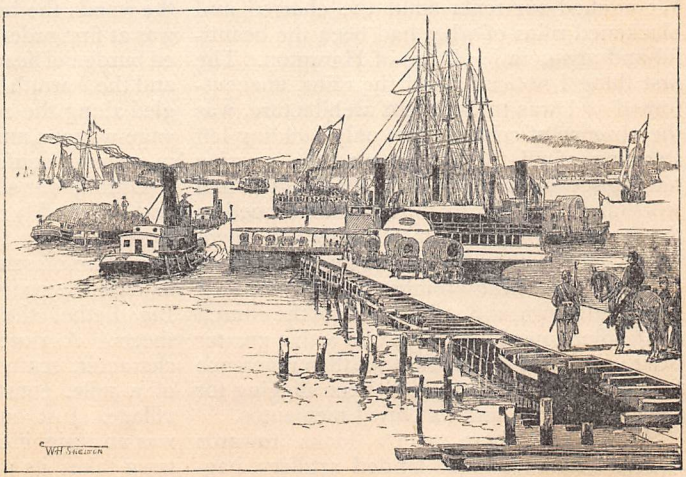
UP THE PENINSULA WITH McCLELLAN.



AN ORDERLY AT HEADQUARTERS.

THE manner in which orders are transmitted to the individual groups of an army might be compared to the motion that a boy gives to a row of bricks which he has set up on end within striking distance of each other. He pushes the first brick, and the impetus thus given is conveyed down the line in rapid succession, until each brick has responded to the movement. If the machine is well adjusted in all its parts, and the master mechanic, known as the commanding general, understands his business, he is able to run it so perfectly as to control the movements of brigades, divisions, and corps. In the early spring of 1862, when the Army of the Potomac was getting ready to move from Washington, the constant drill and discipline, the brightening of arms and polishing of buttons, and the exasperating fussiness on the part of company and regimental officers during inspections, conveyed to us a hint, as one of our comrades expressed it, that "some one higher in command was punching them to punch us." There was unusual activity upon the Potomac in front of our camp. Numerous steam tugs were pulling huge sailing vessels here and there, and large transports, loaded with soldiers, horses, bales of hay, and munitions for an army, swept majestically down the broad river. Every description of water conveyance, from a canal-boat to a huge three-decked steamboat, seemed to have been pressed into the service of the army.

The troops south of the city broke camp, and came marching, in well-disciplined regiments, through the town. I remember that the Seventh Massachusetts seemed to be finely disciplined, as it halted on the river-banks before our camp. I imagined the men looked serious over leaving their comfortable winter-quarters at Brightwood for the uncertainties of the coming campaign. At last, when drills and inspections had made us almost frantic with neatness and cleanliness, we got marching orders. I shall not forget that last inspection. Our adjutant was a short old fellow, who had seen much service in the regular army. He gave his orders in an explosive manner, and previous to giving them his under lip would work in curious muscular contractions, so that the long imperial which decorated it would be worked up, under and over his nose, like the rammer of a musket in the act of loading. At that last inspection, previous to the opening campaign, he gave the order with a long roll to the r's: "Preparrrre to open rrrranks." The ranks were open, and he was twisting his mouth and elevating his imperial for another



TRANSPORTS ON THE POTOMAC.

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order, when an unlucky citizen, who was not conversant with military rules, passed between the ranks. The adjutant, pale with anger, hastily followed the citizen, who was very tall. The distance from the toe of our adjutant's boot to the citizen's flank was too great for the adjutant, who yet kept up a vigorous kicking into air, until at last, with a prodigious outlay of muscular force, his foot reached the enemy, but with such recoil as to land him on his back in the mud.

We formed in two ranks and marched on board a little steamer lying at the wharf near our quarters. "Anything for a change," said Wad Rider, really delighted to move. All heavy baggage was left behind. I had clung to the contents of my knapsack with dogged tenacity; but, notwithstanding my most earnest protest, I was required to disgorge about one-half of them, including a pair of heavy boots and my choice brick from the Harper's Ferry engine-house. To my mind I was now entirely destitute of comforts.

The general opinion among us was that at last we were on our way to make an end of the Confederacy. We gathered in little knots on the deck, here and there a party playing "penny ante"; others slept or dozed, but the majority smoked and discussed the probabilities of our destination, about which we really knew as little as the babes in the wood. That we were sailing down the Potomac was apparent.

The next day we arrived at Old Point Comfort, and looked with open-eyed wonder at Fortress Monroe, huge and frowning. Negroes were plentier than blackberries, and went about their work with an air of importance born of their new-found freedom. These were the "contrabands" for whom General Butler had recently invented that sobriquet. We pitched our tents amid the charred and blackened ruins of what had been the beautiful and aristocratic village of Hampton. The first thing I noticed about the ruins, unaccustomed as I was to Southern architecture, was the absence of cellars. The only building left standing of all the village was the massive old Episcopal church. Here Washington had worshiped, and its broad aisles had echoed to the footsteps of armed men during the Revolution. In the church-yard the tombs had been broken open. Many tombstones were broken and overthrown, and at the corner of the church a big hole showed that some one with a greater desire for possessing curiosities than reverence for ancient landmarks had been digging for the corner-stone and its buried mementos.

Along the shore which looks towards Fortress Monroe were landed artillery, baggage-wagons, pontoon trains and boats, and the level land back of this was crowded with the tents of the soldiers. Here and there were groups frying hard-tack and bacon. Near at hand was the irrepressible army mule, hitched to and eating out of pontoon boats; those who had eaten their ration of grain and hay were trying their teeth, with promise of success, in eating the boats. An army mule was hungrier than a soldier, and would eat anything, especially a pontoon boat or rubber blanket. The scene was a busy one. The red cap, white leggins, and baggy trousers of the Zouaves mingled with the blue uniforms and dark trimmings of the regular infantrymen, the short jackets and yellow trimmings of the cavalry, the red stripes of the artillery, and the dark blue with orange trimmings of the engineers; together with the ragged, many-colored costumes of the black laborers and teamsters, all busy at something.

During our short stay here I made several excursions, extending two or three miles from the place, partly out of curiosity, and partly from the constant impression on a soldier's mind that his merits deserve something better to eat than the commissary furnishes. It seemed to me in all my army experience that nature delighted in creating wants and withholding supplies, and that rations were wanting in an inverse proportion to my capacity to consume them.

One morning we broke camp and went marching up the Peninsula. The roads were very poor and muddy with recent rains, and were crowded with the indescribable material of the vast army which was slowly creeping through the mud over the flat, wooded country. It was a bright day in April — a perfect Virginia day; the grass was green beneath our feet, the buds of the trees were just unrolling into leaves under the warming sun of spring, and in the woods the birds were singing. The march was at first orderly, but under the unaccustomed burden of heavy equipments and knapsacks, and the warmth of the weather, the men straggled along the roads, mingling with the baggage-wagons, ambulances, and pontoon trains, in seeming confusion.

During our second day's march it rained, and the muddy roads, cut up and kneaded, as it were, by the teams preceding us, left them in a state of semi-liquid filth hardly possible to describe or imagine. When we arrived at Big Bethel the rain was coming down in sheets. A dozen houses of very ordinary character, scattered over an area of a third of a mile, constituted what was called the village. Just outside and west of the town was an insignificant building from which the town takes its name. It did not seem large enough or of sufficient consequence to give name to a village as small as Big Bethel.

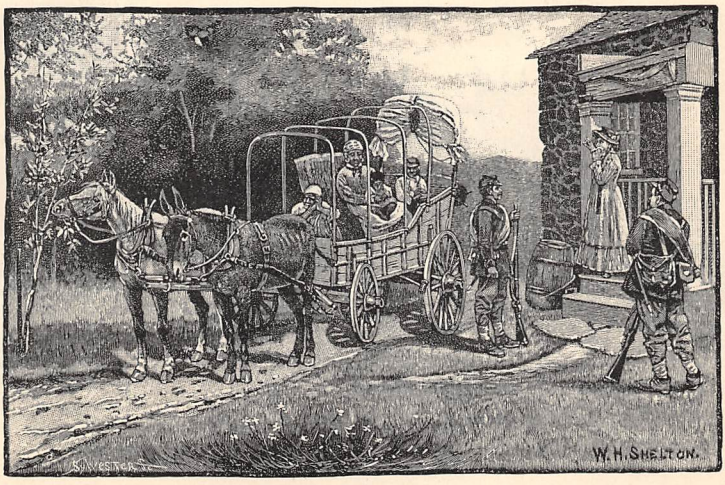


MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP. (AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY ROUSE.)

Before our arrival it had evidently been occupied as officers' barracks for the enemy, and looked very little like a church.

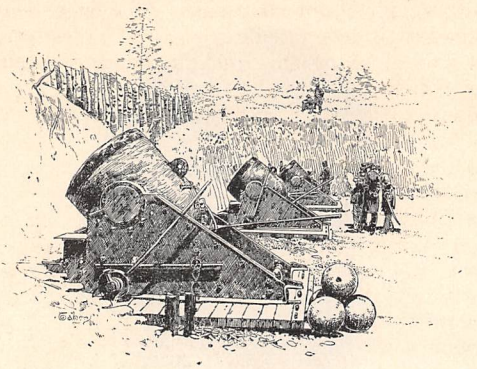
I visited one of the dwelling-houses just outside the fortifications (if the insignificant rifle-pits could be called such) for the purpose of obtaining something more palatable than hard-tack, salt beef, or pork, which, with coffee, were the marching rations. The woman of the house was communicative, and expressed her surprise at the great number of Yanks who had "come down to invade our soil." She said she had a son in the Confederate army, or, as she expressed it, "in our army," and then tearfully said she should tremble for her boy every time she heard of a battle. I expressed the opinion that we should go into Richmond without much fighting. "No!" said she, with the emphasis of conviction, "you uns will drink hot blood before you uns get thar!" I inquired if she knew anything about the skirmish which took place at Big Bethel. She replied by saying, "Why, Major Winthrop died right in yer!" pointing to a small sleeping-room which opened from the main room in which we were. She added, "When you uns were fighting, Major Winthrop was way ahead and was shot; he was a brave man, but we have brave men too." I asked her if she knew who shot him, and she replied that a colored boy belonging to one of the officers shot him. During the engagement, the colored boy, standing by his master, saw Winthrop in advance, and said, "See that officer! Can I take your rifle and shoot him?" The master assented, and the boy shot Major Winthrop. He was then brought to this house. One or two days after the fight, she said, the boy was "playing over yon, in that yer yard,"—pointing to the yard of a neighboring house,—with his mate, when the rifle they were playing with was accidentally discharged, and the colored boy who shot Winthrop was killed. "How old was the boy?" I asked. "About forty," she replied. At the right of the road was an open, marshy piece of land, and it was over this Major Winthrop was leading his men when shot. The woody intervale just beyond the marshy land was occupied by the enemy's works, which consisted of five rifle-pits, each a few rods in length, and one of them commanding the marshy opening mentioned. [NOTE.—The above is but one of several different accounts as to the manner of Winthrop's death. All the facts that can be vouched for by his family are given in the "Life," by his sister, Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson (N.Y.: Henry Holt & Co.)—ED.]

While wandering about, I came to the house of a Mrs. T——, whose husband was said to be a captain in the Confederate service and a "fire-eating" secessionist. Here some of our men were put on guard for a short time, until relieved by guards from other parts of the army as they came up, whereupon we went on.



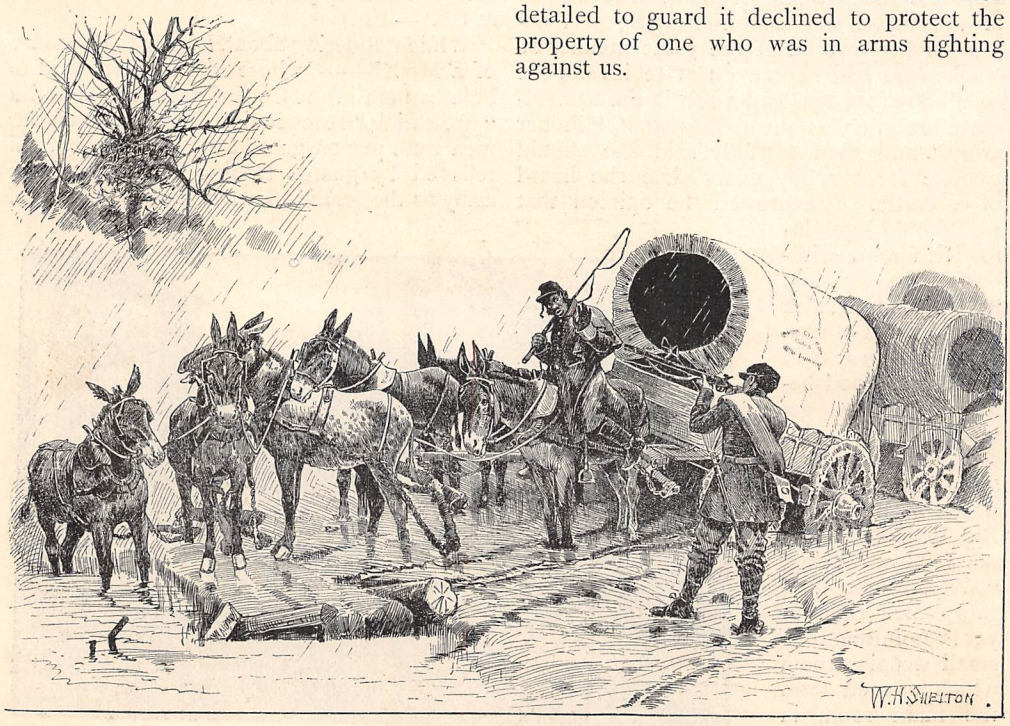
MRS. T——'S EXODUS.

A large, good-looking woman, about forty years old, who, I learned, was Mrs. T——, was crying profusely, and I could not induce her to tell me what about. One of the soldiers said her grief was caused by the fact that some of our men had helped themselves to the contents of cupboard and cellar. She was superintending the loading of an old farm-wagon, into which she was putting a large family of colored people, with numerous bundles. The only white person on the load as it started away was the mistress, who sat amid her dark chattels in desolation and tears. Returning to the house after this exodus, I found letters, papers, and odds and ends of various kinds littering the floor, whether overturned in the haste of the mistress or by the visiting soldiers I could only guess. As I passed into what had evidently been the best room, or parlor, I found a fellow-soldier intently poring over the illustrations of a large book, which proved to be an elegantly bound and illustrated family Bible. Upon my approach he began tearing out the illustrations, but I arrested his hand and rebuked him. He resented my interference, saying, "Some one is going for these things before the army gets through here if I don't." It was impossible to keep out the vandal "Yanks"; they flowed through



FEDERAL MORTAR BATTERY BEFORE YORKTOWN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

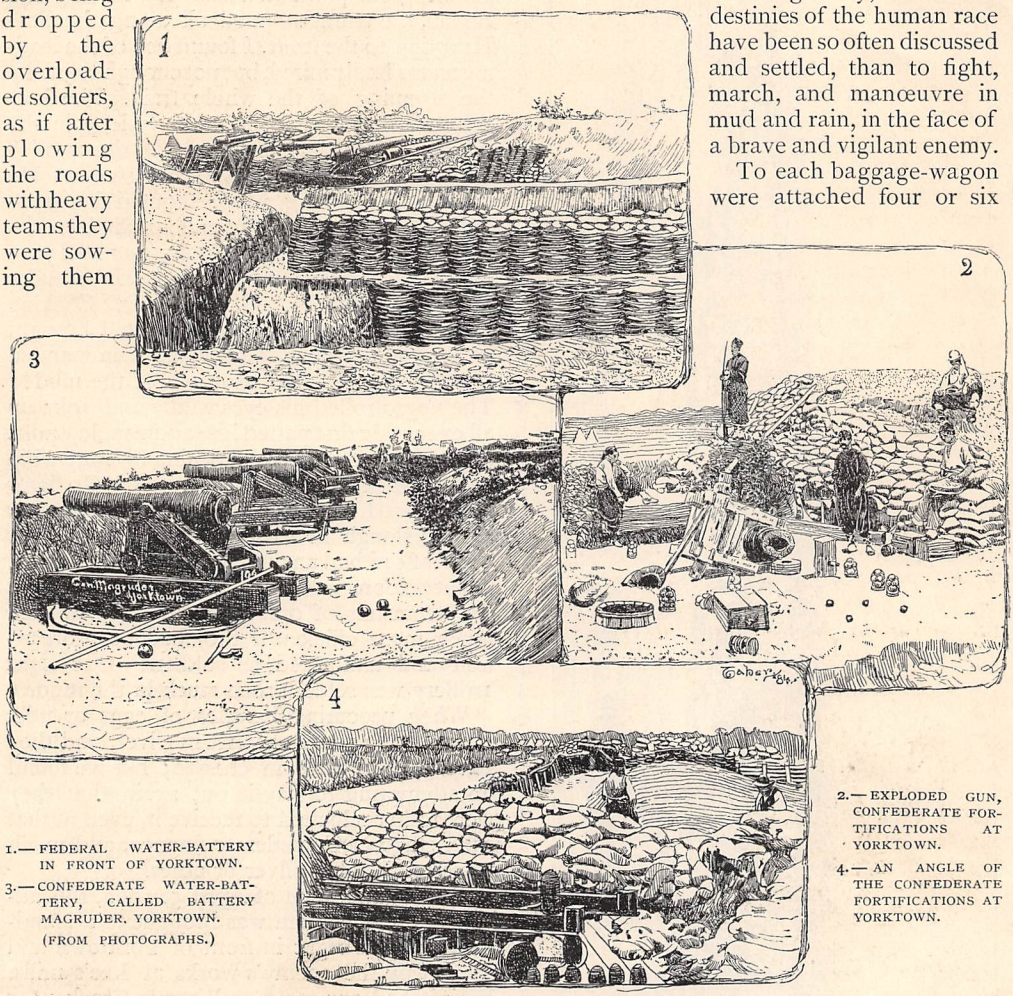
the house, a constant stream, from cellar to garret, until there was no more any need of a guard, as there was no longer anything to guard. I felt so hopeless of protecting the family Bible, that at last it occurred to me that the only way to save it was to carry it off myself. I gave it to one of our colored teamsters to carry into camp for me. After our arrival at Yorktown I hunted him up, but he informed me that he had "drapped it." No other building at Big Bethel was so devastated, and I did not see another building so treated on our whole route. The men detailed to guard it declined to protect the property of one who was in arms fighting against us.



"GET THOSE MULES OUT OF THE MUD!"

After leaving Big Bethel we began to feel the weight of our knapsacks. Castaway overcoats, blankets, parade-coats, and shoes were scattered along the route in reckless profusion, being dropped by the overloaded soldiers, as if after plowing the roads with heavy teams they were sowing them for a harvest. I lightened my knapsack without much regret, for I could not see the sense of carrying a blanket or overcoat when I could pick one up almost anywhere along the march. Very likely the same philosophy actuated those who preceded me or came after. The colored people along our route occupied themselves in picking up this scattered property. They had on their faces a distrustful look, as if uncertain of the tenure of their harvest. The march up the Peninsula seemed very slow, yet it was impossible to increase our speed, owing to the bad condition of the roads. I learned in time that marching on paper and the actual march made two very different impressions. I can easily understand and excuse our fireside heroes, who fought their or our battles at home over comfortable breakfast-tables, without impediments of any kind to circumscribe their fancied operations; it is so much easier to manœuvre and fight large armies around the corner grocery, where the destinies of the human race have been so often discussed and settled, than to fight, march, and manœuvre in mud and rain, in the face of a brave and vigilant enemy.

To each baggage-wagon were attached four or six mules, driven usually by a colored man, with only one rein, or line, and that line attached to the bit of the near leading mule, while the driver rode in a saddle upon the near wheel mule. Each train was accompanied by a guard, and while the guard urged the drivers the drivers urged the mules. The drivers were usually expert and understood well the wayward, sportive natures of the creatures over whose destinies they presided. On our way to Yorktown our pontoon and baggage trains were sometimes blocked for miles, and the heaviest trains were often unloaded by the guard to facilitate their removal from the mud. Those wagons which were loaded with whisky were most lovingly guarded, and when unloaded the barrels were often



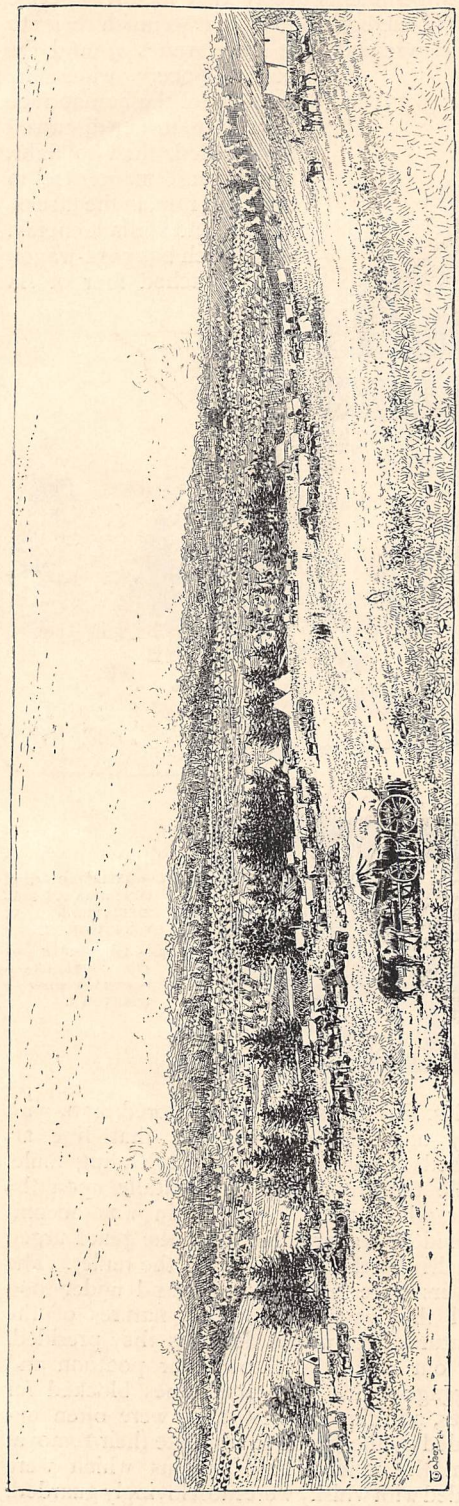
1.— FEDERAL WATER-BATTERY IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN.

2.— EXPLODED GUN, CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS AT YORKTOWN.

3.— CONFEDERATE WATER-BATTERY, CALLED BATTERY MAGRUDER. YORKTOWN.

4.— AN ANGLE OF THE CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS AT YORKTOWN.

(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

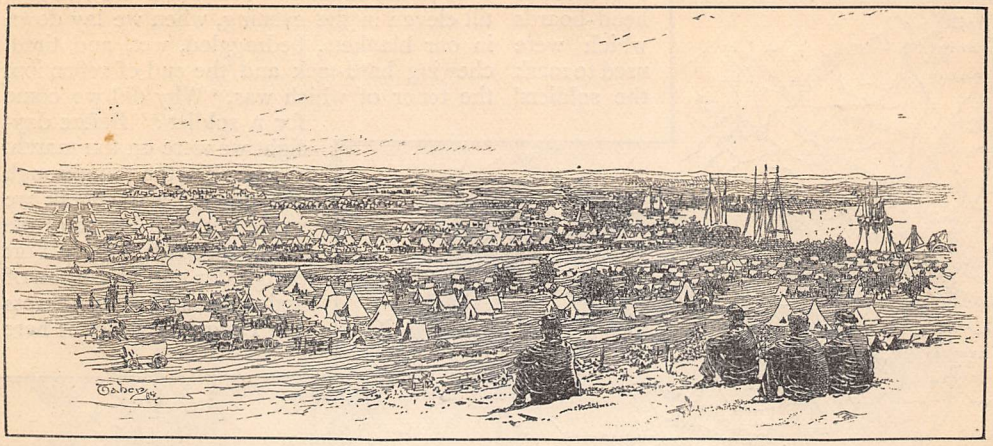


CAMP OF THE FEDERAL ARMY NEAR WHITE HOUSE ON THE PAMUNKEY RIVER — MCCLELLAN'S BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST RICHMOND. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

lightened before they were returned to the wagons. It did seem at times as if there were needless delays with the trains, partly due, no doubt, to fear of danger ahead. While I was guarding our pontoon trains after leaving Big Bethel, the teams stopped all along the line. Hurrying to the front, I found one of the leading teams badly mired, but not enough to justify the stopping of the whole train. The lazy colored driver was comfortably asleep in the saddle. "Get that team out of the mud!" I yelled, bringing him to his senses. He flourished his long whip, shouted his mule lingo at the team, and the mules pulled frantically, but not together. "Can't you make your mules pull together?" I inquired. "Dem mules pull right smart!" said the driver. Cocking and capping my unloaded musket, I brought it to the shoulder, and again commanded the driver, "Get that team out of the mud!" The negro rolled his eyes wildly and woke up all over. He first patted his saddle mule, spoke to each one, and then, flourishing his long whip with a crack like a pistol, shouted, "Go 'long dar! what I feed yo' fo'!" and the mule team left the slough in a very expeditious manner. Thereafter I had an unfailing argument, which, if but seldom used, was all the more potent. The teamsters of our army would have been much more efficient if they had been organized and uniformed as soldiers. Our light artillery was seldom seen stuck in the mud.

When procuring luxuries of eggs or milk we paid the people at first in silver, and they gave us local scrip in change; but we found on attempting to pay it out again that they were rather reluctant to receive it, even at that early stage in Confederate finance, and much preferred Yankee silver or notes.

On the afternoon of April 5, 1862, the advance of our column was brought to a standstill, with the right in front of Yorktown and the left by the enemy's works at Lee's mills. We pitched our camp on Wormly Creek, near the Moore house on the York River, in sight of the enemy's water battery and their defensive works at Gloucester Point. One of the impediments to an immediate attack on Yorktown was the difficulty of using light artillery in the muddy fields in our front, and at that time the topography of the country ahead was but little understood, and had to be learned by reconnaissance in force. We had settled down to the siege of Yorktown; began bridging the streams between us and the enemy, constructing and improving the roads for the rapid transit of supplies, and for the advance. The first parallel was opened about a mile from the enemy's fortifications, extending along the entire front of their works, which reached from the York River on the



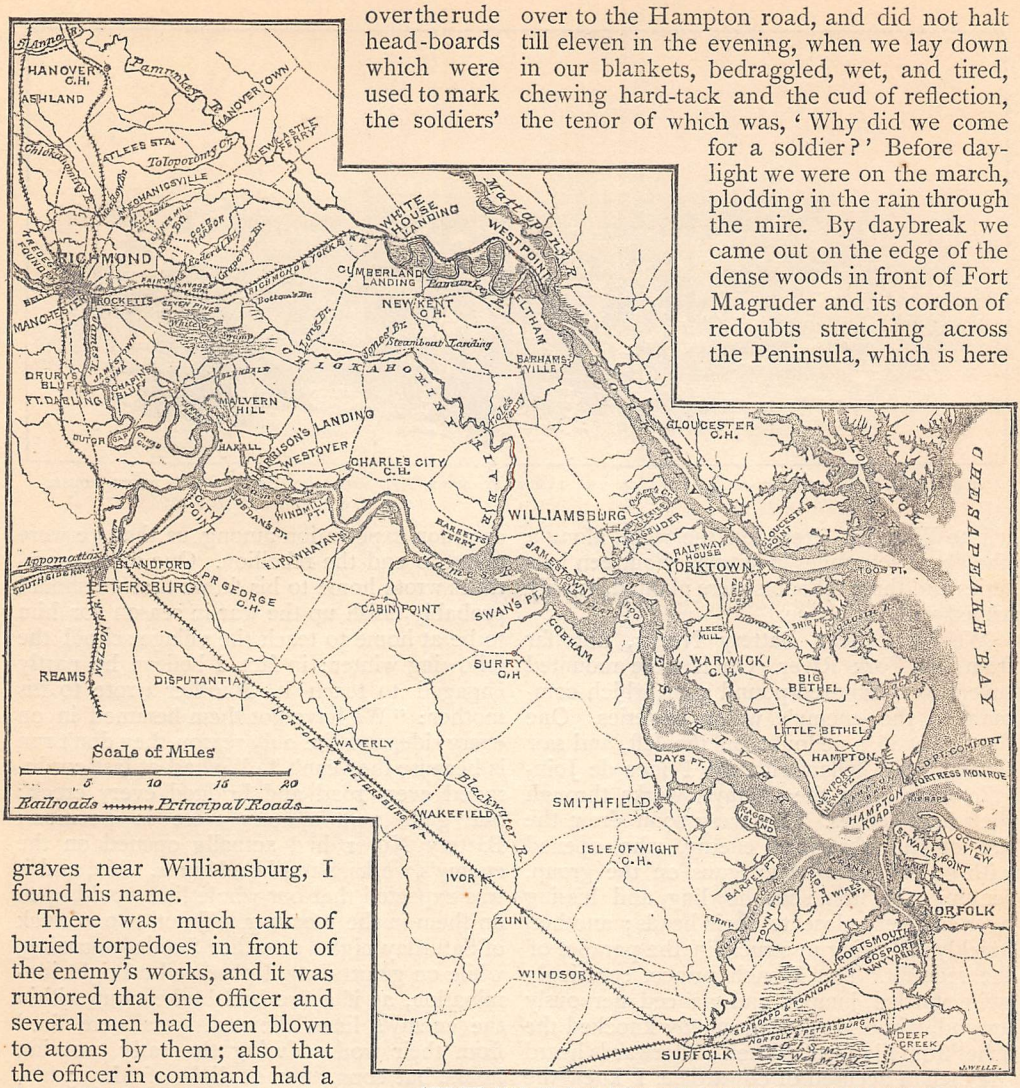
FEDERAL CAMP AT CUMBERLAND LANDING, ON THE PAMUNKEY RIVER, FIVE MILES (BY LAND) BELOW WHITE HOUSE.

left to Warwick Creek on the right, along a line about four miles in length. Fourteen batteries and three redoubts were planted, heavily armed with ordnance.

We were near Battery No. 1, not far from the York River. On it were mounted several two-hundred-pound guns, which commanded the enemy's water batteries. One day I was in a redoubt on the left, and saw General McClellan with the Prince de Joinville, examining the enemy's works through their field-glasses. They very soon drew the fire of the observant enemy, who opened with one of their heavy guns on the group, sending the first shot howling and hissing over and very close to their heads; another, quickly following it, struck in the parapet of the redoubt. The French prince, seemingly quite startled, jumped and glanced nervously around, while McClellan quietly knocked the ashes from his cigar. When I afterwards heard McClellan accused of cowardice, I knew the accusation was false.

Several of our war-vessels made their appearance in the York River, and occasionally threw a shot at the enemy's works; but most of them were kept busy at Hampton Roads, watching for the iron-clad *Merrimac*, which was still afloat. The firing from the enemy's lines was of little consequence, not amounting to over ten or twelve shots each day, a number of these being directed at the huge balloon which went up daily on a tour of inspection, from near General Fitz John Porter's headquarters. One day the balloon broke from its mooring of ropes and sailed majestically over the enemy's works; but fortunately for its occupants, it soon met a counter-current of air which returned it safe to our lines The month of April was a dreary one, much of the time rainy and uncomfortable. It was a common expectation among us that we were about to end the rebellion. One of my comrades wrote home to his father that we should probably finish up the war in season for him to be at home to teach the village school the following winter; in fact, I believe he partly engaged to teach it. Another wrote to his mother: "We have got them hemmed in on every side, and the only reason they don't run is because they can't." We had at last corduroyed every road and bridged every creek; our guns and mortars were in position; Battery No. 1 had actually opened on the enemy's works, Saturday, May 4, 1862, and it was expected that our whole line would open on them in the morning. About two o'clock of Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, while on guard duty, I observed a bright illumination, as if a fire had broken out within the enemy's lines. Several guns were fired from their works during the early morning hours, but soon after daylight of May 5th it was reported that they had abandoned their works in our front, and we very quickly found the report to be true. As soon as I was relieved from guard duty, I went over on "French leave" to view our enemy's fortifications. They were prodigiously strong. A few tumble-down tents and houses and seventy pieces of heavy ordnance had been abandoned as the price of the enemy's safe retreat.

Upon returning to camp I found rations being issued and preparations for pursuit being made, and that very afternoon we struck our tents and took up our lines of march, with our faces turned hopefully towards Richmond. A sergeant belonging to a neighboring regiment, whose acquaintance I had formed before Yorktown, jocosely remarked, as he passed me on the march, "I shall meet you on the road to glory!" Later, in looking



OUTLINE MAP OF THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN, BASED ON THE U. S. MILITARY MAP OF SOUTH-EASTERN VIRGINIA.

over the rude head-boards which were used to mark the soldiers' graves near Williamsburg, I found his name.

There was much talk of buried torpedoes in front of the enemy's works, and it was rumored that one officer and several men had been blown to atoms by them; also that the officer in command had a force of Confederate prisoners at work removing them. We saw a number of sticks stuck in the ground both inside and outside the earthworks, with white rags attached, which were said to indicate the location of the buried torpedoes already discovered.

Williamsburg is twelve miles from Yorktown, but the women and children, of whom we were continually inquiring the distance, gave us very indefinite but characteristic replies. A comrade in Hooker's division gave me an account of his experiences about as follows: "Marching over the muddy road late in the afternoon, we found our farther advance prevented by a force which had preceded us, and we halted in the mud by the roadside just as it began to rain. About five o'clock we resumed our march by crossing over to the Hampton road, and did not halt till eleven in the evening, when we lay down in our blankets, bedraggled, wet, and tired, chewing hard-tack and the cud of reflection, the tenor of which was, 'Why did we come for a soldier?' Before daylight we were on the march, plodding in the rain through the mire. By daybreak we came out on the edge of the dense woods in front of Fort Magruder and its cordon of redoubts stretching across the Peninsula, which is here narrowed by the head-waters of two streams which empty into the York on the one hand and the James River on the other. Here we had an opportunity of viewing the situation while waiting for orders to attack. The main fort, called Magruder, was a strong earthwork with a bastioned front and a wide ditch. In front of this muddy-looking heap of dirt was a level plain, sprinkled plentifully with smaller earthworks; while between us and the level plain the dense forest, for a distance of a quarter of a mile, had been felled, thus forming a labyrinth of tangled abatis difficult to penetrate. A mile away lay the village of Williamsburg.

"We were soon sent out as skirmishers, with orders to advance as near the enemy's rifle-

pits as possible. They immediately opened fire upon us with heavy guns from the fort, while from their rifle-pits came a hum of bullets and crackle of musketry. Their heavy shot came crushing among the tangled abatis of fallen timber, and plowed up the dirt in our front, rebounding and tearing through the branches of the woods in our rear. The constant hissing of the bullets, with their sharp *ping* or *bizz* whispering around and sometimes into us, gave me a sickening feeling and a cold perspiration. I felt weak around my knees — a sort of faintness and lack of strength in the joints of my legs, as if they would sink from under me. These symptoms did not decrease when several of my comrades were hit. The little rifle-pits in our front fairly blazed with musketry, and the continuous *snap, snap, crack, crack* was murderous. Seeing I was not killed at once, in spite of all the noise, my knees recovered from their unpleasant limpness, and my mind gradually regained its balance and composure. I never afterwards felt these disturbing influences to the same degree.

"We slowly retired from stump to stump and from log to log, finally regaining the edge of the wood, and took our position near Webber's and Brumhall's batteries, which had just got into position on the right of the road, not over seven hundred yards from the hostile fort. While getting into position, several of the battery men were killed, as they immediately drew the artillery fire of the enemy, which opened with a noise and violence that astonished me. Our two batteries were admirably handled, throwing a number of shot and shell into the enemy's works, speedily silencing them, and by nine o'clock the field in our front, including the rifle-pits, was completely 'cleaned out' of artillery and infantry. Shortly afterwards we advanced along the edge of the wood to the left of Fort Magruder, and about eleven o'clock we saw emerging from the little ravine to the left of the fort a swarm of Confederates, who opened on us with a terrible and deadly fire. Then they charged upon us with their peculiar yell. We took all the advantage possible of the stumps and trees as we were pushed back, until we reached the edge of the wood again, where we halted and fired upon the enemy from behind all the cover the situation afforded. We were none of us too proud, not even those who had the dignity of shoulder-straps to support, to dodge behind a tree or stump. I called out to a comrade, 'Why don't you get behind a tree?' 'Confound it,' said he, 'there ain't enough for the officers.' I don't mean to accuse officers of cowardice, but we had suddenly found out that they showed the same general inclination not to get shot as privates did, and were anxious to avail themselves of the privilege of their rank by getting in our rear. I have always thought that pride was a good substitute for courage, if well backed by a conscientious sense of duty; and most of our men, officers as well as privates, were too proud to show the fear which I have no doubt they felt in common with myself. Occasionally a soldier would show symptoms which pride could not overcome. One of our men, Spinney, ran into the woods and was not seen until after the engagement. Some time afterwards, when he had proved a good soldier, I asked him why he ran, and he replied that every bullet which went by his head said 'Spinney,' and he thought they were calling for him. In all the pictures of battles I had seen before I ever saw a battle, the officers were at the front on prancing steeds, or with uplifted swords were leading their followers to the charge. Of course, I was surprised to find that in a real battle the officer gets in the rear of his men, as is his right and duty,— that is, if his ideas of duty do not carry him so far to the rear as to make his sword useless.



A TEMPTING BREASTWORK.

"The 'Rebs' forced us back by their charge, and our central lines were almost broken. The forces withdrawn from our right had taken the infantry support from our batteries, one of which, consisting of four guns, was captured. We were tired, wet, and exhausted when supports came up, and we were allowed to fall back from under the enemy's fire, but still in easy reach of the battle. I asked one of my comrades how he felt, and his reply was characteristic of the prevailing sentiment: 'I should feel like a hero if I wasn't so blank wet.' The bullets had cut queer antics among our men. A private who had a canteen of whisky when he went into the engagement, on endeav-

oring to take a drink found the canteen quite empty, as a bullet had tapped it for him. Another had a part of his thumb-nail taken off. Another had a bullet pass into the toe of his boot, down between two toes, and out along the sole of his foot, without much injury. Another had a scalp wound from a bullet, which took off a strip of hair about three inches in length from the top of his head. Two of my regiment were killed outright and fourteen badly wounded, besides quite a number slightly injured. Thus I have chronicled my first day's fight, and I don't believe any of my regiment were ambitious to 'chase the enemy any farther' just at present. Refreshed with hot coffee and hard-tack, we rested from the fight, well satisfied that we had done our duty. When morning dawned, with it came the intelligence that the enemy had abandoned their works in our front, and were again in full retreat, leaving their wounded in our hands."

After the engagement I went over the field in front of the enemy's fort. Advancing through the tangled mass of logs and stumps, I saw one of our men aiming over the branch of a fallen tree, which lay among the tangled abatis. I called to him, but he did not turn or move. Advancing nearer, I put my hand on his shoulder, looked in his face, and started back. He was dead!—shot through the brain; and so suddenly had the end come that his rigid hand grasped his musket, and he still preserved the attitude of watchfulness — literally occupying his post after death. At another place we came upon one of our men who had evidently died from wounds. Near one of his hands was a Testament, and on his breast lay an ambrotype picture of a group of children and another of a young woman. We searched in vain for his name. It was neither in his book nor upon his clothing; and, unknown, this private hero was buried on what was doubtless his first battle-field. The pictures were afterwards put on exhibition for identification.

The sixth of May was a beautiful morning, with birds singing among the thickets in which lay the dead. The next morning we marched through quaint, old-fashioned Williamsburg. The most substantial buildings of the town were those of William and Mary College, which were of brick. In most of the houses there were no signs of life; blinds and shutters were closed, but a white hand was occasionally seen through the blinds, showing that a woman was gazing stealthily at us. Occasionally a family of black people stood in the doorway, the women and children greeting us with senseless giggles, and in one instance waving their red handkerchiefs. I asked one of the black women where the white people were, and she replied, "Dey's done gone and run away." We kindled fires from that almost inexhaustible source of supply, the Virginia fences, cooked our coffee, sang our songs, and smoked our pipes, thoughtless of the morrow. And we quarreled with nothing, except the pigs that wandered at will in field and wood, and which we occasionally converted into pork.

On our tramp to White House Landing, on the Pamunkey River, we began to realize some of the more substantial discomforts of a march; the dust, rising in clouds, filled our nostrils and throats, and thoroughly impregnated our clothing, hair, and skin, producing intolerable choking and smothering sensations; our usual thirst was intensified, and made us ready to break ranks at sight of a brook, and swarm like bees around every well on the route. No one can imagine the intolerable thirst of a dusty march who has not had a live experience of it; canteens often replenished were speedily emptied, and, unless water was readily attainable, there was great suffering. During the frequent showers, which came down with the liberality common to the climate, it was not unusual to see men drinking from a puddle in the road; and at one place where water was scarce I saw men crowding round a mud-puddle drinking heartily, while in one edge of it lay a dead mule. There was little to choose between the mud and the dust, and we usually had one or the other in profusion.

Near New Kent Court-House, a little settlement of two or three houses, we came upon several Confederate sick. One of them was full of fighting talk. I asked him what he was fighting for. He said he didn't know, except it be "not to get licked!" "I reckon you uns have got a powerful spite against we uns, and that's what you uns all come down to fight we uns for, and invade our soil!" I could not argue with a prisoner, and a sick man at that, on equal terms; so I replenished his canteen, and induced one of my comrades to give him some of his rations. From the number of interviews held at different times with our Confederate prisoners, I gathered the general impression that their private soldiers knew but very little about the causes of the war, but were fighting "not to get licked," which is so strong a feeling in human nature that I may say it will account for much hard fighting on both sides. In one of the little cabins surrounding the principal residence were a mulatto woman and her children. She was quite comely, and, with her children, was pretty well dressed. She was a bitter Yankee-hater, and, we inferred, the domestic manager

of the household. She declared that "the colored people didn' want to be niggers for the Yanks!"

Our corps arrived at White House Landing, May 22, 1862, and here we found a large portion of our army, which was encamped on the wide, level plain between the wood-skirted road and the Pamunkey River, occupying tents of all descriptions. Another camp was located at Cumberland Landing, a few miles below White House. The first night of our arrival was a stormy and tempestuous one, and it was evident that an attack from the enemy was expected, as we received orders to lay upon our arms. The Pamunkey is navigable to this point, having sufficient depth, but is very narrow,—in fact, so narrow that some of the larger steamers could not turn, for their stem and stern would reach either bank, except at selected places. The broad plain was crowded with tents, baggage-wagons, pontoon trains, and artillery, —all the accompaniments of a vast army. Here some of the regiments who came out from home in a Zouave uniform changed their bright clothes for the regular army blue, and, as marching orders came with the sunrise, moved off the field, leaving windrows of old clothes on the plain.

Warren Lee Goss.



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General R. S. Ewell at Bull Run.

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GENERALS FITZHUGH LEE, EWELL, AND BEAUREGARD.

IN General Beauregard's article on Bull Run, on page 101 of the November CENTURY, is this severe criticism of one of his subordinates:

"The commander of the front line on my right, who failed to move because he received no immediate order, was instructed in the plan of attack, and should have gone forward the moment General Jones, upon whose right he was to form, exhibited his own order, which mentioned one as having been already sent to that commander. I exonerated him after the battle, as he was technically not in the wrong; but one could not help recalling Desaix, who even moved in a direction opposite to his technical orders when facts plainly showed him the service he ought to perform, whence the glorious result of Marengo, or help believing that if Jackson had been there, the movement would not have balked."

The officer referred to is the late Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, and the censure is based on the following statement on page 95:

"Meanwhile, in rear of Mitchell's Ford, I had been waiting with General Johnston for the sound of conflict to open in the quarter of Centreville upon the Federal left flank and rear (making allowance, however for the delays possible to commands unused to battle), when I was chagrined to hear from General D. R. Jones that, while he had been long ready for the movement upon Centreville, General Ewell had not come up to form on his right, though he had sent him between seven and eight o'clock a copy of his own order, which recited that Ewell had been already ordered to begin the movement. I dispatched an immediate order to Ewell to advance; but within a quarter of an hour, just as I received a dispatch from him informing me that he had received no order to advance in the morning, the firing on the left began to increase so intensely as to indicate a severe attack, whereupon General Johnston said that he would go personally to that quarter."

These two short extracts contain at least three errors, so serious that they should not be allowed to pass uncorrected among the materials from which history will one day be constructed:

1. That Ewell failed to do what a good soldier of the type of Desaix or Stonewall Jackson would have done — namely, to move forward immediately on hearing from D. R. Jones.

2. That Beauregard was made aware of this supposed backwardness of Ewell by a message from D. R. Jones.

3. That on receiving this message he at once ordered Ewell to advance.

The subjoined correspondence, now first in print, took place four days after the battle. It shows that Ewell did exactly what Beauregard says he ought to have done—namely, move forward promptly; that his own staff-officer, sent to report this forward movement, carried also to headquarters the first intelligence of the failure of orders to reach him; that no

such message was received from D. R. Jones as is here ascribed to him; and that the order sent back by Beauregard to Ewell was not one to advance, but to retire from an advance already begun.

These mistakes, I am sure, are unintentional; but it is not easy to understand them, as General Beauregard has twice given a tolerably accurate though meager account of the matter — once in his official report, and once in his biography published by Colonel Roman in 1884. Neither of these accounts can be reconciled with that in THE CENTURY.

Upon reading General Beauregard's article, I wrote to General Fitzhugh Lee, who was Ewell's assistant adjutant-general at Manassas, asking his recollection of what took place. I have liberty to make the following extracts from his reply. After stating what troops composed the brigade, he goes on:

"These troops were all in position at daylight on the 21st July, ready for *any* duty, and held the extreme right of General Beauregard's line of battle along Bull Run, at Union Mills. As hour after hour passed, General Ewell grew impatient at not receiving any orders (beyond those to be ready to advance, which came at sunrise), and sent me between nine and ten A. M. to see General D. R. Jones, who commanded the brigade next on his left at McLean's ford, to ascertain if that officer had any news or had received any orders from army headquarters. I found General Jones making preparations to cross Bull Run, and was told by him that, in the order he had received to do so, it was stated that General Ewell had been sent similar instructions.

"Upon my report of these facts, General Ewell at once issued the orders for his command to cross the run and move out on the road to Centreville."

General Lee then describes the recall across Bull Run and the second advance of the brigade to make a demonstration toward Centreville, and adds that the skirmishers of Rodes's Fifth Alabama Regiment, which was in advance, had actually become engaged, when we were again recalled and ordered to "move by the most direct route at once and as rapidly as possible, for the Lewis house" — the field of battle on the left. Ewell moved rapidly, sending General Lee and another officer ahead to report and secure orders. On his arrival near the field they brought instructions to halt, when he immediately rode forward with them to General Beauregard, "and General Ewell begged General Beauregard to be allowed to go in pursuit of the enemy, but his request was refused." General Lee adds: "That this splendid brigade shared only the labor, and not the glory, of that memorable July day was not the fault of its commander; and when General Beauregard says that he cannot help believing that if Jackson had been on his right flank at Manassas the 'movement would not have balked,' he does great injustice to the memory of a noble old hero and as gallant a soldier as the war produced."

As to the real causes of the miscarriage of General Beauregard's plan of attack there need be little doubt. They are plainly stated by his immediate superior in command, General Joseph E. Johnston, in his official report, as being the "early movements of the enemy on that morning and the non-arrival of the expected troops" from Harper's Ferry. He adds: "General Beauregard afterward proposed a modification of the abandoned plan, to attack with our right, while the left stood on the defensive. This, too, became impracticable, and a battle ensued, different in place and circumstances from any previous plan on our side."

There are some puzzling circumstances connected with the supposed miscarriage of the order for our advance. The delay in sending it is unexplained. General Beauregard says it was sent "at about eight A. M.," but D. R. Jones had received his corresponding order at ten minutes past seven, and firing had begun at half-past five.

The messenger was strangely chosen. It was the most important order of the day, for the movements of the army were to hinge on those of our brigade. There was no scarcity of competent staff-officers; yet it was intrusted to "a guide," presumably an enlisted man, perhaps even a citizen, whose very name was unknown.

His instructions were peculiar. Time was all-important. He was ordered not to go direct to Ewell, but first to make a *détour* to Holmes, who lay in reserve nearly two miles in our rear.

His disappearance is mysterious. He was never heard of after receiving the order; yet his route lay wholly within our lines, over well-beaten roads and far out of reach of the enemy.

Lastly, General Beauregard, in his official report, gives as his reason for countermanding the movement begun by Ewell at ten o'clock, that in his judgment it would require quite three hours for the troops to get into position for attack. Had the messenger dispatched at eight been prompt, Ewell might have had his orders by nine. But at nine we find Beauregard in rear of Mitchell's Ford, waiting for an attack which, by his own figures, he should not have expected before twelve.

It is not for me to reconcile these contradictions.

Campbell Brown,
Formerly Aide-de-camp and Assistant Adjutant-General on General Ewell's staff.

SPRING HILL, TENN., December 29, 1884.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

UNION MILLS, July 25, 1861.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

SIR: In a conversation with Major James, Louisiana Sixth Regiment, he has left the impression on my mind that you think some of your orders on the 21st were either not carried out or not received by me.

My first order on that day was to hold myself in readiness to attack — this at sunrise. About ten, General Jones sent a copy of an order received by him in which it was stated that I had been ordered to cross and attack, and on receipt of this I moved on until receiving the following:

10 & 1-2 A. M.

On account of the difficulties of the ground in our front, it is thought advisable to fall back to our former position.

(Addressed) General Ewell. (Signed) G. T. B.

If any other order was sent to me, I should like to have a copy of it, as well as the name of the courier who brought it.

Every movement I made was at once reported to you at the time, and this across Bull Run, as well as the advance in the afternoon, I thought were explained in my report sent in to-day.

If an order were sent earlier than the copy through General Jones, the courier should be held responsible,

as neither General Holmes nor myself received it. I send the original of the order to fall back in the morning. The second advance in the afternoon and recall to Stone Bridge were in consequence of verbal orders.

My chief object in writing to you is to ask you to leave nothing doubtful in your report, both as regards my crossing in the morning and recall — and not to let it be inferred by any possibility that I blundered on that day. I moved forward as soon as notified by General Jones that I was ordered and he had been.

If there was an order sent me to advance before the one I received through General Jones, it is more than likely it would have been given to the same express.

Respectfully,

R. S. EWELL, B. G.

MANASSAS, VA., July 26, 1861.

GENERAL: Your letter of the 25th inst. is received. I do not attach the slightest blame to you for the failure of the movement on Centreville, but to the guide who did not deliver the order to move forward, sent at about eight A. M. to General Holmes and then to you — corresponding in every respect to the one sent to Generals Jones, Bonham, and Longstreet — only their movements were subordinate to yours. Unfortunately no copy, in the hurry of the moment, was kept of said orders; and so many guides, about a dozen or more, were sent off in different directions, that it is next to impossible to find out who was the bearer of the orders referred to. Our guides and couriers were the worst set I ever employed, whether from ignorance or overanxiety to do well and quickly I cannot say; but many regiments lost their way repeatedly on their way toward the field of battle, and of course I can attach no more blame to their commanding officers than I could to you for not executing an order which I am convinced you did not get.

I am fully aware that you did all that could have been expected of you or your command. I merely expressed my regret that my original plan could not be carried into effect, as it would have been a most complete victory with only half the trouble and fighting.

The true cause of countermanding your forward movement after you had crossed was that it was *then* too late, as the enemy was about to annihilate our left flank, and had to be met and checked *there*, for otherwise he would have taken us in flank and rear and all would have been lost.

Yours truly,

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

General R. S. EWELL, Union Mills, Va.

P. S. Please read the above to Major James.

N. B. The order sent you at about eight A. M., to commence the movement on Centreville, was addressed to General Holmes and yourself, as he was to support you, but being nearer Camp Pickens, the headquarters, than Union Mills, where you were, it was to be communicated to him first, and then to you; but he has informed me that it never reached him. With regard to the order sent you in the afternoon to recross the Bull Run (to march toward the Stone Bridge), it was sent you by General J. E. Johnston, as I am informed by him, for the purpose of supporting our left, if necessary. G. T. B.

Do not publish until we know what the enemy is going to do — or reports are out — which I think will make it all right. B.

Names of Western Gun-boats.

MR. A. H. MARKLAND, who had charge of the mail service of the Union armies, and whom General Grant has credited with the origination of that service, but who disclaims the honor in favor of General Grant himself, writes us that General Wallace is in error in speaking of the steamboat which was the headquarters of General Grant during the advance upon Fort Donelson as the *Tigress*. It was not till the Vicksburg campaign that this boat was so used, the *New Uncle Sam* being the vessel referred to at Donelson. By order of General Grant, Mr. Markland took the latter boat from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, with letters for the army. As the Union soldiers marched into the fort on one side, messengers started to meet them from the other with letters from home.

Mr. Markland also challenges Admiral Walke's correctness in calling the boat commanded by the latter at Belmont the *Taylor*. He says: "The boat was never known as the *Taylor* while she was in the service. Some of the officers wrote of her as the *Taylor*, which was probably a slip of the pen. I was personally acquainted with the officers who commanded her after Captain Walke, and without exception they called her the *Tyler* when speaking of her. Every official report of Captain Walke while in command of her speaks of her as the *Tyler*. The official reports of Admiral Porter speak of her as the *Tyler*. In all the correspondence of General Grant, as well as in his official reports, when he refers to her, he refers to the *Tyler*."

To this Admiral Walke makes rejoinder by referring to the reports of the Secretary of the Navy of 1862, where, he says, "It will be found Flag-Officers Foote and Davis and all the commanders of the boat called her the *Taylor* (so named in honor of the memory of General Zachary Taylor) instead of *A. O. Tyler*, the name she had when she was purchased by our Government; and in all my correspondence she retained the name of President Taylor (a national name for a national vessel) while I had command of her and until about a year after, when her name was changed again to *Tyler*. (See Report of Sec'y of Navy, July 11, 1863.)"

EDITOR.

Erratum.

MAJOR D. W. REED, late of the Twelfth Iowa, on behalf of several members of that regiment, calls attention to a clerical error in General Wallace's article on the capture of Fort Donelson, by which the Fourteenth Iowa is credited to both Cook's and Lauman's brigades of General C. F. Smith's division. In the first instance it should be the Twelfth, which was engaged in General Smith's assault. General Wallace probably took the organization of the brigades from the official table of casualties, where the same error occurs.

ED.

THE WORSHIP OF SHAKSPERE.

A FEW years ago an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspere, a fine critic of the plays, an admirable writer, in a lecture on "Antony and Cleopatra," remarking on the death of one of the dramatic characters of Shakspere, who was described as "turning his face to the wall," said, sinking his voice to a reverential whisper: "How did the poet know that? Plutarch does not mention the circumstance; none of the old biographies contains it; Shakspere knew it by divination." The speaker evidently regarded Shakspere as a prodigy of discernment, a prophet and seer, who could look into the deepest recesses of human character and motive; a profound philosopher; a psychologist, to whose all-seeing eye the secret of every heart was disclosed; an intuitive soul; one who could foresee all the contingencies of emotion, and trace to their predetermined results the issues of feeling; a king of spiritual phenomena, whom the highest vision only was adequate fully to understand, and whom none who saw with conventional judgment could understand in any measure; one, therefore, whom the earlier critics misapprehended, and later mastery, with finer discernment, first appreciated; a miraculous, universal, creative man, prodigious, manifold, a paragon of humanity, if indeed he might be called human in any accepted sense of the word. That he was no saint simply proves how far he stood above every kind of technical excellence, surveying like a god all forms of accredited virtue, and from the serene heights of intelligence looking down on the distinctions of the ordinary moral sense. This is the tone of the commanding criticism of our day. Shakspere's brain is presumed to have teemed with thoughts of life and death, of providence and destiny. The book of human existence is supposed to have lain open before him, and our attitude must be simply that of adoring humility. The deepest minds can only partly comprehend his almost divine wisdom; the profoundest spirits can but drop their plummets into this bottomless abyss.

Whoever would get the opposite theory of Shakspere should read M. Taine's chapter in the "History of English Literature." The acute Frenchman gives the poet no credit for superior elevation of mind, but rather ranks him with inordinately passionate natures, below humanity oftener than above it, of infinite variety, but of limited insight, grotesque, excessive, fantastical, heated to inflammation by overwrought fancy, and therefore distorted. "Shakspere spreads metaphors profusely over all he writes." "Metaphor is not his whim, but the form of his thought." "The metaphors are all exaggerated." "His master faculty is an impassioned imagination freed from the fetters of reason and morality." "He does not dream of ennobling but of copying human life." "He accepts nature as a whole, and finds it beautiful." "If Shakspere had framed a psychology, he would have said with Esquirol: 'Man is a nervous machine governed by a mood, essentially unreasoning, a mixture of animal and poet, having no rapture but mind, and led at random by the most determinate and complex circumstances to pain, crime, madness, and death.'" "He had a sympathetic genius." "The most creative that ever engaged in the exact copy of the details of actual existence." "A spirit wide enough to embrace at the same time the two extremes of things." "Equally master of the sublime and the groveling." "All-powerful, excessive." The "Venus and Adonis" M. Taine appears to regard as being Shakspere's most characteristic performance outside of the plays. M. Taine, it may be observed, fits Shakspere into a line of development, as a naturalist might a plant, and has no faith in any theory of idealism that demands abnormal growths of mind. He therefore is indisposed to allow faculties in his subject which do not properly belong to his circumstances. In other words, the poet is a creature of his age, and may not in any important particular transcend it. A poet cannot, strictly speaking, be universal either in his accomplishments or his aims. He is tethered to his generation, and cannot surpass his contemporaries in the substantial qualities of thought.

In curious accord with this estimate of M. Taine, though from a radically different point of view, was the theory proposed by Jones Very nearly fifty years ago. Very was a spiritualist of an extreme type, a believer in the soul's immediate intercourse with God, a Christian who was convinced of the reality of a supersensuous experience through communion with Christ, a friend of Emerson in the early flush of the transcendental period. He wrote an essay on Shakspere which was printed in a little volume published in 1839, under Emerson's auspices, now out of print and rarely found. The

papers are not contained in the recent edition of Very's pieces, which embraces poetical works only. The essay on Shakspere is remarkable for clearness as well as for maturity of conception. The tone is thoughtful; the spirit is pure and sweet. There is not a sentence, not a word, that could give offense to any adoring disciple of the English bard. The effort is simply to get at the soul of the poet. "Shakspere," says the critic, "only elicits our wonder." At the same time the claim to extraordinary insight into spiritual realities is denied. Shakspere was a child of nature, spontaneous and impulsive as a child. He acted on instinct, had no egotism, was full of life. The key to his works is the desire for action. "For him everything lives and moves." He is unconscious, impersonal, "not so much a man as a natural phenomenon." Natural existence was his permanent domain; here he was supreme, unlimited in range, inexhaustible in detail. His fancy was exuberant, and disported itself among phenomena with the playful energy of creative power. His mind was unceasing in its activity; every kind of intellectual production was absorbing to him; every sort of intellectual display interested him. He was not endowed with definite will or purpose so much as with overflowing, resistless force. He had no moral enthusiasm, no moral emotion. Alike to him were high things and low, good things and evil. He was neither religious nor irreligious, neither Christian nor unchristian. He was of no sect in belief, of no school in philosophy. He was not Catholic; he was not Protestant. He was neither realist nor idealist. He was a marvelous creature, but not a divine creator; generate, but not regenerate; instinctive, but not inspired; gifted with spontaneity, but not serene as under law. Such is the notion conveyed by Very. On another occasion, reported by Mr. Andrews in his introductory memoir to the "Poems by Jones Very," while fullest acknowledgment is made of Shakspere's genius, a distinction is drawn between genius and "wisdom." The question, it is suggested, is not one of power, but one concerning the source of power, whether celestial or terrestrial. It is aside from the matter in hand to speak of beauty, for there are kinds of beauty. The verses are sweet until a sweeter is discovered. In the essay Very quotes Wordsworth's line in the "Ode to Duty," in which the poet speaks of those

"Who do God's will and know it not,"

as describing a class to which Shakspere does not belong, as suggesting a species of moral instinct whereof he knew nothing, and with which he could not be in sympathy.

From this passionate feeling of life results the abhorrence of death as the cessation of joyous energy that is so conspicuous a feature in the plays. "The thought of death touched him to the very center." The most forcible expression of this aversion is contained in *Claudio's* appeal to his sister in "Measure for Measure":

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be, worse than worst,
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine, howling! — 'tis too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

This horror of dissolution as the possible end is, it is surmised, the leading thought in the tragedy of "Hamlet," the tormenting agony of the prince, the secret cause of the hero's procrastination.

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

The whole of the famous soliloquy throbs with this one apprehension. "What dreams may come!" "This is the respect that makes calamity of so long life." If death were nothing but a sleep! If one might his *quietus* make with a bare bodkin! His murdered father has reappeared from the grave and talked with him, yet he can speak of "that bourn from which no traveler returns." "The native hue of his resolution is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." He cannot determine, because he cannot make up his mind respecting the future. He has no faith; he is a skeptic. His reluctance to kill his uncle at his prayers may be ascribed to the same uncertainty with regard to the future, may be, in fact, a mere suspicion that "something after death" may be worse than life. This doubt paralyzes his arm, makes him pause before consigning the king to a happier fate than a remorseful life on earth. Death is hideous, but the bare fancy that what may succeed death will possibly be more hideous still checks his hand. He cannot strike, for he cannot decide. His hatred is held in abeyance by his misgiving. A hesitating intellect dominates his moral will. The crafty transaction in the case of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* betrays a distempered mind, overwrought by thinking. The horror of personal dissolution, foreshadowed in the purloined

dispatches, renders him indifferent to the unmerited fate of his companions. Shakspere may here have simply followed the story, but it is easy to see how the leading idea of death and the future runs through the scene and controls the conduct of the prince, which otherwise would be at once treacherous and cruel. His own life must be saved, for the accomplishment of his purpose, ostensibly at all events, as being his life. When at last it becomes evident that he cannot live longer, his purpose is executed in sheer desperation. His doubts are not removed, but he cannot deliberate further. The hour for thinking has expired.

I have no intention of discussing the play of "Hamlet," which so many eminent critics have spent their strength on, but I cannot forbear to mention the circumstances of the conversation with *Horatio* by *Ophelia's* grave, as throwing light on this theory of Very. The possible future of great men, captains, philosophers, clowns, as considered by a skeptical intellect, could not be more vividly portrayed.

The notion that Shakspere was possessed by the spirit of activity, by the joy of superabundant life, that he was instinctive, impersonal, unconscious, a vital force of nature, explains many things that perplex us when we put the man alongside his works. It accounts for the coarseness of which we have heard so much. It is hardly enough to say that this is due to the age he lived in, for it conveys no more pollution than a Venus by Titian or a Grace by Raphael. Indeed, the marvel is that there is no more dirt in the plays. The grossness resembles the ugliness of nature, which is so subordinate to loveliness that we scarcely remark it. The corruption is part of the scheme of things, which could not be conceived without decay and noisomeness. There are some facts that we contemplate with disgust; but an expurgated Shakspere is very much like an expurgated universe, a world without a shadow. The entire system would have to be altered and made over new, if every disagreeable element were excluded. The frolic glee must be checked. The rotting leaves must be swept up. The exuberant animal spirits must be repressed. The riotous creative power must be limited in sway. For the thread of fancy runs through the whole composition, and cannot be drawn out in a portion here and there without injury to the work itself. Were Shakspere the moral, spiritual, or even the intellectual prodigy he has been represented, he would have avoided ugliness and evil, like Philip Sidney, or Thomas Moore, or the author of "Religio Medici"; but he was no philosopher, or ethical teacher, or apostle of the humanities. He was coarse because he was natural, not from conscious purpose or from the contamination of his age so much as from overflow of impulse.

This theory explains the extent of his popular acquaintance with science, art, literature, history, the performances of the human mind in all its variety; his knowledge of law, medicine, divinity, commerce, affairs, the manifold concerns of men. He absorbed information without seeking it. Facts gravitated to him. He knew instinctively what the world was doing. There is no evidence that he searched problems profoundly, that he was versed, as an expert may be expected to be, in knowledges that lay out of his beaten track. The arguments — there are a good many of them — that are constructed to prove that Shakspere belonged to one of the learned professions because he had so much technical learning, are more ingenious than convincing. By dint of vigorous imagination, by straining expressions, by putting into the poet's mind thoughts he never entertained, by forcing popular language to exact conclusions, it is easy to prove him an adept in almost any science; but the words themselves bear no such weight of significance. Among those who were often in his society, there must have been many legal authorities, medical practitioners, experts in public and private affairs. His various sympathy, his affluent conversation, his dazzling wit, his adaptability, his approachableness, must have drawn them to him and induced them to open their stores of experience. His democratic disposition — for we must presume that before such a temperament as his all barriers of rank and class disappeared — made him at home with people of every degree, and elicited from each the peculiar information he possessed. To such a mind there could be no secrets, no hidden places. But it does not follow that there was special knowledge. Indeed, this would be impossible except to Omniscience. No created mind can know everything. Besides, the arguments in question refute each other. Shakspere could not have been master of *all* professions, though he might have imbibed the current ideas of each; nay, could hardly, with his swift intelligence, have avoided doing so. He had but to lie abroad to do that, to act the part of a spider at watch in the center of his web. Many years ago I bought a little book entitled "The Wit and Wisdom of Shakspere," and, on reading it, was struck by the range of consideration, the rapidity of glance, the felicity of phrase, the familiarity with prevalent conceptions, the intimate acquaintance with proverbs, laws, allusions, sentences; but I was

equally impressed by the absence of insight into principles. The province of religious sentiment was particularly vague, thin, unsatisfactory; while of spiritual penetration there was little or nothing,— convincing me of the purely human level of his flight.

The impersonality of the poet is accounted for on this theory of his passion for activity. Instinct is ever impersonal. So is childhood. Nature gives no sign of personal willfulness. It flows inaudibly. One cannot hear the grass grow. Day uttereth wisdom unto day, and night showeth knowledge unto night. There is no speech nor language; their voice is not heard; yet their sound goeth forth to all generations. Whether it be true or not, as Carlyle taught, that self-consciousness is an evidence of depravity, certain it is that the intrusion of private peculiarities, whether personal, intellectual, or moral, is felt to be a deduction from power. It is associated with the controversial temper, with obstinacy, with partisan or sectarian feeling. Saintliness is impersonal, but such impersonality does not belong to Shakspere, who, by general admission, was no saint. He was impersonal as nature is, not as God is; impersonal as one may be who is entirely a creature, who is immersed in the world, not as one may be who is above the world. The ethical indifference of Shakspere has been already referred to. It is the moral unconsciousness of a child who has not experienced the difference between good and evil, not of an angel who dwells serenely aloft in the presence of absolute perfection. One is not sensible of being rebuked by these dramas. At most he wonders at the display of power. He may be astonished; he is not touched or overawed. He does not fall prostrate to the ground. Oftenest he is absorbed as in the unaccountable gambols of a kitten whose torrent of strength is amazing. No sentiment of blame attaches to its recklessness or its cruelty. It is unprincipled, but it is bewitching.

Does not Very's view go far to render conceivable Shakspere's strange disappearance behind his works? One of the hardest problems connected with the authorship of the plays is the difficulty of supposing him to have written them. It is not easy, on any hypothesis of self-centered genius, to put the dramas and their author together. This consideration lends the chief strength to Judge Holmes's argument against the Shaksperian origin of the dramas. One is sometimes tempted to regard them as a literature, the product of an age, not of an individual mind; but such a supposition is rendered extremely improbable by the unity of the whole series, as well as by the early association of the collection with the name of the actor. The failure of all attempts to show that Bacon or any society of wits wrote the pieces for a purpose, political or other, is strong negative proof that they proceeded from the brain of this man. The arguments have so much value, to say the least. Had they not been produced, the case they were meant to overthrow might not have been established. But the mystery remains why Shakspere, having written as he did, so spontaneously and affluently, wrote no more. Why did the flow cease except with life itself? Why were the poet's closing years conventional, commonplace, ordinary, worldly, cheap? Two explanations of this may be offered. On one hand, it may be said, the author had written as much as he was compelled to. He was well-to-do, prosperous, famous. He had attained to the height of his ambition, and could afford to indulge his inclinations, which were those of a quiet citizen of a provincial town. Stratford being his native place, it was natural that, after the turmoil of a metropolitan existence, he should wish to go back there, buy a house, and spend the remainder of his days in respectable ease. This account of the matter would be sufficient if the plays themselves had been of a character different from what they are, less irresistible, more artificially planned and composed. But they are not the work of a man of letters, or of any mere artisan in literature. They do not seem to have been deliberately purposed for an object, to make money, express the feelings of an artist, add to the number of existing manuscripts. They read like the overflow of a living mind. They are a stream from a full fountain that ran because it could not help it. A man who could have produced those plays might, we should suppose, have produced plays without end; nay, must have done so, as inevitably as nature creates grass. It is not a question of age, but merely of creative power. Nature does not sow flowers everywhere. There are sandy wastes and heaps of rocks where no verdure can take root; the conditions for verdure do not exist. So it may have been in the experience of Shakspere. For, on the other hand, it may be urged that the period of energy was ended. May it not be true that instinctive force has a limit; that the flood must ebb as well as flow; that even an ocean is not always at high tide? The years of creative vitality having passed, the teeming mind is at rest, quiet, motionless, if you will. Shakspere becomes an ordinary person, sauntering along the streets, hanging over the gate, chatting with his neighbors, in no way distinguished from other townsmen. His energy is devoted to

the task of gathering up the fragments of his former diligence. He cannot make new dramas; has no intellectual strength to make them. The water is out. It never comes again. He dies exhausted, in the fullness of his physical vigor. What he did abides, but to do more of the same sort was impossible.

Emerson agrees in the main with his friend. His wonderful lecture on Shakspere in "Representative Men" was delivered long after he had read Very's essay. The specific views of that essay do not appear in the lecture, which is learned and brilliant far beyond Very's modest performance. Emerson, nevertheless, suggests the earlier critic's opinion from an independent study of the poet's works. He cannot reconcile the man with the plays, or any theory of conscious effort. Without trying to pull Shakspere down, he will not accord to him all the inspiration that his adorers claim. "He was master of the revels to mankind"; but the office of master of the revels is by no means the highest. The master of the revels is not king or duke, statesman or judge. The impression left by Emerson's lecture is that, in his estimation, Shakspere was a phenomenon, of wonderful beauty, but destitute of spiritual completeness. The absence of moral feeling afflicted that serene and lofty mind. "Are the agents of nature, and the power to understand them, worth no more than a street serenade or the breath of a cigar?" "The world still wants the poet-priest, a reconciler who shall not trifle, with Shakspere the player, but who shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration." "Solitude weighs Shakspere also, and finds him to share the halfness and imperfections of humanity." "He never took a step which seemed inevitable to such genius, namely, to explore the virtue which resides in these symbols and imparts this power,—what is that which they themselves say? He converted the elements which waited on his command into entertainments." It is Emerson's doctrine, to which Shakspere is no exception, but a striking confirmation rather, that great men are great only as they express the burden of thought in humanity. "It is easy to see," he says in this very lecture, "that what is best written or done by genius, in the world, was no man's work, but came by wide social labor, when a thousand wrought like one, sharing the same impulse." "In the composition of such works the time thinks, the market thinks, the mason, the carpenter, the merchant, the farmer, the fop,— all think for us." In conformity with this idea, no individual, it would seem, could far outstrip his generation. All views must be partial.

A serious, profoundly thoughtful man, who had given years to the study of the subject, used to say that Shakspere was deficient in imagination philosophically apprehended. He had infinite fancy, a boundless reach of sympathy, endless variety, a keen sense of beauty, a marvelous fund of imagery; but he was fantastical, eccentric, grotesque, wayward; he lacked the sentiment of order, harmony, symmetry, subordination of lower to higher, that we associate with imagination; his insight into principles was neither sharp nor deep; his perception of analogy between heavenly and earthly things was blunt. In other words, Shakspere was not, in this critic's judgment, a prophet or a seer, but simply a poet whose eye,

"With a fine frenzy rolling,"

took in the appearances of terrestrial phenomena. This man had no patience with clergymen who quoted Shakspere to fortify their opinions. Their duty, he considered, was to proclaim the eternal truths of reason, the intuitions of the soul, the divine messages of God to men, not to indulge in the fanciful lucubrations of the natural understanding. This verdict, though on quite other, indeed on precisely opposite, grounds, corresponds with M. Taine's sentence. Taine is a naturalist who confines himself to the region of visible forms. The person I speak of was a supernaturalist who dwelt in the world of ideas, and believed in celestial creations, in communications through Christ to mankind. The concurrence of two such differently constituted intelligences lends plausibility to their view. There are certainly no more unlike minds than Taine, Very, Emerson, and the thinker I speak of; yet their judgment is essentially, though not formally, the same. Starting from opposite points, calling up different details of illustration, they nevertheless arrive at similar conclusions, namely, that Shakspere was not a seraphic creature; that even as a poet he had his limitations, if not his idiosyncrasies, peculiar to his time and genius.

It is not denied that the "bard of Avon" used a vast accumulation of stories that were current among the playwrights of his day, and in some instances may have followed them literally, as in the tale of the caskets and the quibble about the drop of blood in the "Merchant of Venice," the episodes in "Hamlet," and many instances besides. Some of these remain as inconsistencies in the conception of character, as in the sacrifice of poor *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, the demoniac refusal to assassinate the king at his prayers, which a great actor regarded as a sign of moral depravity in the prince, and quite incompatible with the idea of philosophic

virtue. The words and deeds of the Christians in the "Merchant of Venice" cannot be reconciled with any lofty conception either of justice or of mercy, though strictly according to the sentiment of the age. Sometimes, as in "Antony and Cleopatra," he adhered closely to the story. Plutarch's "Lives" were readily accessible through translations. An immense fund of dramatic literature existed, the property of the theater, not of individual authors, and it was quite permissible for any new playwright to submit plays to fresh treatment. A long line of brilliant men — Marlowe, Greene, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson — preceded or were contemporaries of Shakspere. Into this rich heritage Shakspere entered, and faithfully he used his opportunity. He was an unscrupulous borrower, a debtor in all directions. Malone computes that in "Henry VI." there are 6043 lines, of which 1771 were written by some author preceding Shakspere, 2373 were written by him on the form prescribed by others, while but 1899 were wholly his own. Scarcely a single drama, if one, was of his absolute invention. The argument that quality outranks quantity, that one of Shakspere's lines is worth a thousand by lesser men, that his touch changed dross into gold, his glance turned nebulæ into stars, is valid only where Shakspere's lines are discovered, or his touches detected. Emerson is confident that *Wolsey's* soliloquy in "Henry VIII.," and the subsequent talk with *Cromwell*, betray the first performer's hand. Perhaps he is right, but the passages are of the more obvious description. Can plays of greater subtlety be so analyzed? Is it possible to take to pieces "Othello" or "Macbeth"? "The Tempest" or "As You Like It"? Is not eulogium of Shakspere on this score made on general principles, and more or less in the dark?

That Shakspere was an actor is conceded. The making and producing of dramas was his business — a business then very popular in London, much patronized by the multitude. The player's calling was followed by the brightest wits, as well as by strolling ranters, when they wanted to catch the attention of the people. The conditions of successful labor on the stage were combinations of skill in pleasing. Was not Shakspere, who made money by the profession, obliged to conform to these conditions? Could he venture to play the philosopher even if he were inclined to? Must he not attract the crowd to his theater? Did they go to be instructed, or to be entertained? Did they not demand that their mood should be met? Did they give their shillings for metaphysics, or for high speculations, or for profound psychological analyses of character? Were they not drawn by the hope of finding amusement? The familiar stories must have been in their minds with such flavor of wit or brilliancy as made them welcome to the palate. Dullness or dogmatism or pedantry would have soon emptied even those benches, as none knew better than the manager. The supposition that Bacon and others made these tragedies and comedies the covert vehicle for publishing their political heresies is sane in comparison with the notion that Shakspere used them as a medium for his philosophical lucubrations. The psychology must have been as completely hidden as the statesmanship. Success as a playwright referred directly to popularity, and popularity meant variety combined with ease. It is evident that Shakspere did not go far out of the path of common applause; that he struck the happy mean of truth to the current expectation, and was able, therefore, after a few years, to leave the stage a prosperous man, having reaped the reward of his surprising talent. Had he been a sage in disguise, he would neither have fared so well nor have stopped so soon. His mask would have been stripped off or thrown off. If he could have preserved his incognito as an actor, — which is hardly conceivable, — he had abundant leisure afterwards for expressing his real ideas. The plays were not his amusement, as in Bacon's case they are feigned to have been. They exhausted the mind that made them, yet were the works of a player still.

The plain truth about Shakspere is what we wish to arrive at. No theories about him, whether such as pull him down to the level of his generation or such as exalt him above all generations, are in demand at this juncture. An instance of the latter tendency is found in the common interpretation of the character of *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice." It is customary to make the play end with the trial scene, as if that was the natural close of the piece, the fate of the Jew being regarded as the crowning feature of the plot. The personification of the Israelite by the leading performer, and the interpretation of the character in the light of modern conceptions, add to the illusion. As originally designed, however, *Shylock* was a secondary and incidental personage, intended to represent the comical aspects of the situation. The interest of the play centers in the loves of *Portia* and *Bassanio*, of *Lorenzo* and *Jessica*. *Antonio* is the grand figure. The Christianity of Shakspere's day was a thing of creed and ceremony, not of sentiment, still less of conduct. The Jew was a despised creature,

cringing and base, fit only to spit on and kick about, and laugh at — a contemptible being who can be cheated, robbed, derided with absolute impunity. His daughter steals his jewels and runs away from his house without blame or compunction. The theft is a good joke because it was practiced on a Jew in the interest of a Christian. The elopement is praiseworthy because *Lorenzo* is of the true belief. The traits of *Shylock* are described as being greed for gold and aversion to *Antonio*, whom he hates because he brings down the "rate of usance" in Venice, and because he is "a Christian." As I sat, a few evenings since, and listened to Mr. Irving's *Shylock*, the reflection forced itself upon me that the Hebrew of Shakspere's time was not in any respect the Hebrew of ours, that religion had put on new attributes, and that it is preposterous to apply modern ideas of equity or of pity to the creations of three hundred years ago. Think of *Antonio's* petition to the Duke that *Shylock* might have his life on condition of his becoming a Christian! After all that had happened! Would not the author of the play open his eyes in astonishment if he could see it acted in New York to-day? The picture of a Jew as cherishing pride of race, or any kind of personal pride, would strike him as inconceivably strange. Can it be believed that Shakspere anticipated the authoress of "Daniel Deronda," and the religious hospitality of the nineteenth century; that the ideal Hebrew was in his mind, or the vision of a brotherhood of faiths in his heart?

This example is chosen because it furnishes the most obvious instance of the practice of putting new wine into old bottles. There is no objection to the practice so long as the bottles keep the wine sound and good; but what if the bottles burst? What if the text of "Lear," "Othello," "Hamlet," fails to embody the various interpretations that are put upon the main personages, upon *Iago*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Desdemona*, *Cordelia?* What if the author was quite innocent of any metaphysical intention? An ancient jar, of accustomed or graceful form, may contain water, milk, beer, various kinds of vintage; but surely it is not just to credit the vase with its contents, to say the jar turns the water into wine. We are so much in the habit of imputing to Shakspere premature ideas, that it is exceedingly difficult to measure his language. One is tempted either to make serious deductions from his expressions as being overwrought and excessive, as M. Taine does, or to load them with thoughts which the words may suggest but do not implicitly convey. Either course is vicious, though the first is, perhaps, nearer the truth of criticism as at present apprehended. Even Emerson falls into the vein of eulogy, as when he ascribes to Shakspere the qualities of lover, statesman, humorist, philosopher, sage. I well remember how I was scandalized once by reading in a now forgotten book, entitled "Woman and her Era," how Shakspere painted women according to his notions of the sex, and how unfortunate the man must be who had not met with finer girls than any he described,— or something to that effect. I confess that to this day, though my acquaintance with society has been pretty large, the superiors of *Portia*, *Miranda*, *Rosalind*, *Isabella*, to name these alone, have not been seen. Thus there may be exaggeration on one side and on the other. What we want is the exact truth, if we can find it. Much might be gained if we could make allowance for the imperfections of the plays, their defects of plot and development; their inconsistencies of character; the author's indebtedness to his predecessors and contemporaries; the literary usages of the period; the diction of poets and prose-writers, of historians and wits, of courtiers and leaders of society; the peculiarities of the writer's genius. The Shakspere Society has done something; the critics have done a good deal; but scientific scholarship has still a task before it, and the task in great measure consists in the effort to get rid of the associations that cluster round the name, and render appreciation all but impossible, so that none but people of considerable discernment are able to read Shakspere at all. They who peruse his writings with ordinary eyes cannot understand him, wonder often where his greatness lies. The verdict of general readers, including the multitude of bright-minded men and women, would probably be adverse to the claim of a few that here is a world-wide poet, an "eternal man"; while, if we could get at the estimate of his time, we should possibly be surprised at the difference of their judgment from that of the commentators of our own generation. The grudging commendation of his contemporaries goes for something. Ben Jonson's tribute has been taken for all it is worth, probably for more. It points at qualities which are not usually attributed to the poet, whom we think we know better than he did. With fullest acknowledgment of the likelihood that Jonson thought himself the better poet of the two, the greatness of Shakspere could hardly have been so transcendent if it was so easily overlooked. The silence of his compeers is not without its significance for us. Can all this be ascribed to inadequate perception? Matthew Arnold, in his sonnet to Shakspere, says:

"And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!"

But is not this the very question, whether Shakspere did know the stars and sunbeams, — whether he was self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure? Would he have been unguessed at if he had possessed these high qualities? Of course there is such a thing as unappreciated genius, but a good many have always paid it homage in its living day. No Milton ever was "mute and inglorious" to almost the whole of his contemporaries. There was a large party that confessed his greatness and admired his power. The merely literary beauty was praised more afterwards, when party passion had died away, but the commanding mind was seen and felt as it worked. In the case of Shakspere there was no party passion, and the mind worked freely on materials of its own choosing.

It is a curious if not a noteworthy circumstance that Shakspere flourished near the beginning of the century that is famous for the decline of the sacerdotal and fanatical spirit, and for the advent of the opposite spirit of rationalism in politics as in religion. The obstinate association of his name with that of Lord Bacon, whose reputed authorship of the plays, fanciful in many respects, is yet significant in this, attests the drift of his teaching. With the spread of "humanism," as it is called now, with the final outbreak of the genius of the renascence, the downfall of religious intolerance, the passion for Shakspere augmented. The silence of his contemporaries has been already alluded to. For a hundred years his greatness was not suspected. Two hundred years passed after his death before laudatory voices were raised in any considerable number in his praise. The prevailing traditions of the stage were all of another character — heroic, sentimental, "classical." The first clear notes came from Germany, the land of anti-supernatural speculation, and from Goethe, the apostle of literary excellence as distinguished from evangelical credence, the man of letters, the "realist," as it was the fashion to term him half a century ago. We all remember the penetrating glance that he threw into the motive of *Hamlet*. The eminent merits of Shakspere were made known to the English-speaking world, unless my memory betrays me, by Coleridge, a student of German philosophy. The transcendentalists of New England, men and women who exalted nature and who raised ordinary faculty to the heavenly sphere, celebrated the poet of human nature and human life simultaneously with Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge. Shakspere's fame goes hand in hand with the cause of education, nurture, accomplishment, science, art, elegant cultivation, the varied play of social forces. The serious people who dread dancing, frolic, amusement, joyousness, the revelry of animal spirits, dread the influence of this literature. The renowned dramatist is too secular for them. Should the new doctrine of evolution, with its implications in regard to the origin of mind, come to prevail, we may expect to see the worship of Shakspere disappear; for this doctrine tends to remove the prestige of individual intellects, takes mountains from their place, and substitutes a slow, gradual advance along an inclined plane for abrupt invasions of genius. Until such a time shall come, and it may not arrive within computed distance of years, the name of Shakspere will stand first in the list of those who have glorified humanity in its terrestrial aspects. His tragedies will report the movements of the human conscience and the devices of the human will. His comedies will present the manifold capriciousness of human nature and the singular eventualities of human existence. He will be the favorite of the vigorous and the bright-hearted, but not the companion of the solitary or the oracle of the sage; a rank, luxuriant creature who "warbled his native wood-notes wild," but hardly an authority for the theologian, or a pattern for saintly souls. It is easy to concede his supremacy in his sphere. It is difficult to grant that he was the poet of all time, or of the upper regions of space. To literary men he must always be dear on account of the brilliancy of his style, the terseness of his sentences, the variety and aptness of his illustrations, the momentum and the beauty of his expression; but to purely spiritual insight he will ever seem defective.

O. B. Frothingham.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The "Century" War Series.

THE reception which has been accorded to the first papers of the series on the Civil War has more than confirmed our belief in the timeliness and expediency of non-political discussion of the leading events in the great conflict. We had anticipated a cordial interest in a subject of such immediate historic importance upon which there is little or no systematic popular education; but we were hardly prepared for the almost unbroken response of welcome which has greeted the enterprise, whether in the generous notice of the press, or in the large number of encouraging and helpful letters that have come to us from all sections of the country, or, last and most practical of all, in the extraordinary increase of the circulation of the magazine. For all this support, and especially for the courtesies and valuable suggestions received from officers of the War Department, and of the volunteer and regular armies, and others, it is a pleasure as well as a duty to make grateful acknowledgment here.

If the welcome has been somewhat greater than we expected, so also the series is increasing every week in resources of entertainment and instruction. Its announcement has brought to us unpublished original documents of marked significance, and contributions of both text and illustrations which will noticeably reenforce our plans. As we proceed, there is a larger fund of pictorial material to be drawn upon, especially in the history of the Army of the Potomac. Moreover, as those who had the direction of military affairs awake to the fact that the enterprise has arrested the attention of the public, and that it is conducted without bias, they are increasingly willing to contribute to it.

It must be confessed there are thousands of intelligent people who would be ashamed to be ignorant of the outlines of the Napoleonic wars to whom probably the greatest conflict of ideas and arms of the nineteenth century appears like "men as trees walking." There is something perfunctory and sentimental about the belief in the heroism of past ages; we need to become familiar with the valor of our own times to realize of what mankind is capable. To many a reader of the younger generation who has begun these papers, the war was a sort of miracle concerning which he knew little; as his knowledge of it increases it will be, like nature herself, more and more of a miracle; and when he has reached the Grand Review of 1865 he will then be all the better prepared by inclination and temper for an examination of the real causes of the struggle, concerning which the last word has by no means yet been spoken.

We are aware that the present series is not all history, but even in its errors, its bias, its temper, and its personalities, it is the material of history — what the French call *mémoires pour servir*. It is not too much to claim that when completed it will probably constitute a more authoritative and final statement of the events of the war as seen through the eyes of commanders and participants than has before been made on a single plan. Collected, it will be an intimate and authentic record such as has never before been made of the war for the Union, or indeed of any military conflict.

To literary and historical clubs these papers offer a convenient adjunct and nucleus for a systematic study of the general subject. Various veteran associations are wisely engaged in making record of the personal experiences of their members, and to these a generation hence the historian will resort for the substance of his final judgments. Meanwhile, the civilian and the student have little or no benefit from these rich materials. In every town or city to which THE CENTURY goes a most interesting study of the war could be carried on by the aid of the reminiscences of officers and soldiers, and of the diaries and letters penned in camp and bivouac, to say nothing of the books and documents accessible in every library. Doubtless investigations conducted in a historical spirit would be the occasion of shedding important light on the character of the conflict, or (as recently in the case of a literary club of Cincinnati) the occasion of clearing up misapprehensions concerning its origin.

To the thousands of new readers who have been brought to the magazine by their interest in the war, as well as to those older constituents to whom the war papers are not an attraction,— if such there be,— we recommend special attention to the other contents of the magazine — to the fiction, the travel, the domestic papers, the public discussion, the art, the humor — for the most part drawn from American life. We are well aware that its permanent increase of prosperity will depend, not upon any special series or feature, but upon the general character of the magazine.

An Undesired Guest.

THE recent horrible continental outbreak of Asiatic cholera has stimulated medical investigators generally to make fresh attempts in the direction of penetrating the mysteries of its pathology. Dr. John Chapman, of England, the inventor of and strong believer in an ice-bag, advances in the "Westminster Review" a new theory, viz.: that cholera is essentially a nervous disease which is non-contagious, and owes its genesis to causes which reduce the vigor of the sympathetic nervous system. In riding his hobby, which he does in all sincerity, and in a graceful literary manner, the author puts out of the question to a great degree all the well-established climatic, topographical, and other facts that have been found to play so important an etiological part. The element of local filth seems to have no weight with him, and he regards Koch's microbe theory as of no moment whatever. This is indeed a bold way of accounting for the disease. Dr. Chapman's article is clever and suggestive, but he makes the same mistake that he would if he were to consider typhus and other zymotic diseases as essentially neurotic affections, because the nervous symptoms are dominant. In these diseases, as well as cholera, the great derangement of the cerebro-spinal and sympa-

thetic systems is undoubtedly due to the specific influence of some poison, which we agree with him is but imperfectly known; that it does exist, however, can hardly be gainsaid.

Dr. Chapman points out a fact which is and has been known for a long time, viz.: the serious influence of fright, exhaustion, and other depressing circumstances in their relation to the spread of epidemics. There can be no dispute about the fact that in time of epidemics the ravages of disease are greatly helped by panic and its belongings, and we are furnished with numerous historical instances. The sweating sickness of 1485 and 1506 was largely due to the superstition and ignorance of the soldiers of the army of Henry VII. Before the epidemic of 1506 the fears of the common people were aroused, and a state of superstitious horror was excited by the falling of a large golden eagle from the tower of St. Paul's, which crushed in its way to the ground a black eagle which ornamented a lower building. This with other enfeebling causes so demoralized the inhabitants of London that they fell ready victims to the pestilence.

The psychological interest attached to panic is worthy of close study. "Expectant attention," especially when of a depressive nature, is always likely to lower the energy of all nervous functions. We find isolated evidence of this every day, but there can be no doubt that it has been an important factor in the recent cholera epidemic, especially in Italy, where instances of fanaticism and wild superstitious fear were found among all classes.

The first outbreak of cholera in Moscow was attended by a display of popular insanity which was simply incredible, the mob breaking open the hospitals and killing or wounding the medical officers. From the history of other epidemics, it would appear that the mental disturbance may even amount to hallucinations which are shared by many persons of a community. The prostrating effects of fear are well illustrated in those medical cases where collapse follows the unfavorable dictum of the attending physician, and individuals with a reasonable hope of recovery sink and die. This is precisely what happens in time of epidemic disease. It therefore behooves the public, whenever a visitation of cholera is threatened, to keep cool, to allay the fears of the excitable and to prevent panic. The comparatively slight extent of the disease in America in 1849 was largely due to this self-possession; and one of the English medical writers then expressed himself as follows:

"The manner in which the epidemic that visited us in 1849 was met and submitted to is a decisive proof of this" (self-possession), "and shows that the mental capacity and docility of the masses of mankind are very materially exalted in the scale of moral beings. Our Transatlantic brethren, the Americans of the United States, surpassed us, we must own, in this respect. No superstitious propensities were evinced on either side of the ocean; no fatal delusions, instigating the populace to public outbreaks of a terrifying nature; no disabling panics, no shameless libertinism; nay, no profane outcry, or brutish infidelity. But everything was conducted with the most perfect self-possession—soberly, humanely, and discreetly. The best means, suggested by the best reason and knowledge, as far as they went, were listened to, adopted, and resolutely put into practice."

All this augurs well for the ordeal through which we in America may be obliged to pass next summer. Our present efforts, however, should be directed to the removal of existing nuisances, which may tend to favor the spread of the disease, should it come to us. New York, despite its admirable situation, washed as it is upon either side by rivers with rapid tideway, is badly drained, the space between the piers containing deposits of foul mud, organic matter, and sewerage sediment.* This is due to the fact that the sewer outlets end abruptly at the ends of streets. In no other great city in the world would such a state of things be permitted to exist. Another grave and alarming danger is that which must arise from the scarcity of water. For over two years the occupants of many houses below Thirty-fourth street have not had water above the first floor, and even the most carefully constructed hygienic plumbing must become a disease-breeding nuisance. Upon either side of the city are fat-boilers and "gut-scrapers," while thousands of tons of decaying manure upon the river front fill the air with noxious gases. These and many other evils must be abolished, and such overcrowding as the papers tell us existed not long ago in one house, where there were fifteen cases of typhus fever, should be prevented.

Bearing in mind the fact that cholera is in large measure a disease which begins with gastric derangement, the importance is apparent of a rigid system of food inspection, something much more rational than that now followed.

But New York is not alone in the necessity for prompt and continuous precautions. Every seaboard town should be alive to its particular needs, which in many cases are great indeed. Above all things, let there be pure air and plenty of good water and wholesome food. With these requisites, and with the vigilance of intelligent, systematic officials, cholera, if it should arrive at all, may be kept within bounds, and the danger of a general pestilence may be averted.

Freedom of Discussion.

THOUGHTFUL and unpartisan observers of the Southern situation have long been watching with interest the signs which show that the South is emerging from provincialism into a genuine spirit of nationality and of intellectual freedom. The great test of this advance is the growing liberty of opinion, as manifested in the press and on the platform, and in other quarters as well. Without this liberty of opinion there can be, of course, no genuine solution of any social or political question whatever—in the South or anywhere else.

No essay on the subject of the freedmen published for many years has attracted wider attention than Mr. Cable's "The Freedman's Case in Equity," in the January CENTURY. The reception of this essay in the Southern States (though not unaccompanied by some amusing reminders of the good old-fashioned bowie-knife and fire-eating days) would seem to be a new proof that the Southern people admit of the honest and free discussion of burning questions in a manner which has not always been characteristic of that section. Not only does the South admit the distasteful opinions of

*See Colonel Waring on "The Sanitary Condition of New York," in this magazine for May and June, 1881.

thinkers from other sections, but, what is still more noticeable, it is increasingly tolerant of differences of opinion among its own writers. When one considers the intolerance recently manifested in the North and West in the matter of political independence, and the spirit of "boycotting" shown toward certain Northern leaders and periodicals, and when one sees this new attitude of Southern newspapers and leaders, one has food for reflection. Evidently a great many changes have taken place in this country during the past twenty years.

A number of more or less dissenting essays and "Open Letters" have come to us from the South since the publication of Mr. Cable's last article, but we have thought best to confine the reply, at present, to a single representative essay of some length, which is now in preparation, and which will appear in an early number of THE CENTURY.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Claims of Chicago.

IN the September number of THE CENTURY, 1883, is an article entitled "Will New York be the Final World Metropolis?" in which the author aims to prove the affirmative of this inquiry. Now, while every one is willing to acknowledge that, so far as this country is concerned, New York from the stand-point of to-day is far in advance of any competitor, it is not so very clear that she will ultimately have the predicted world-wide preëminence. But, dismissing all question of competition from other countries, let us consider whether there may not be in our own land, and far removed from salt water, some aspirant to a higher position in population, trade, and finance.

The great majority of mankind "have no way of judging of the future but by the past." In deference to this characteristic trait of the many, let us consider for a while what the world's history thus far teaches us in the way of urban development. The great cities of Europe, notwithstanding the wonderful change which has taken place in the methods by which business has been conducted, maintain very nearly the same relative rank as they did sixty years ago, and the establishment of seaports does not seem materially to affect the cities of the interior. London and Paris, Vienna and Berlin, still hold their own, and a good deal more; and if Venice has long since been "crushed" and gone to seed, it is mainly because it had no territory of its own, and the conditions regulating trade in its day of prosperity, some four or five hundred years ago, have passed away.

It is from the land, and not from the sea, that the larger cities of to-day must derive their main support and continued prosperity. The sea in itself produces but little in comparison, and serves in matters of business chiefly as a highway of communication. It is the land that tells, provided the soil is good and the climate fair. As a gentleman from San Francisco said to the writer, who had made some flattering remarks as to its rapid progress and promising future, "After all, it stands to reason that a city like Chicago, which has land all around it, has a much better show than a city which has land only on one side."

Let us see what time has brought about in some of the older nations.

In China, united under one government, homogeneous in its population, and where a certain facility of communication and a peaceful history have allowed free scope in its business developments, we find by far the most populous and important city situated at or near the center of its most fertile and productive territory,—a city excelling in numbers the aggregate of Canton, Shanghai, and Peking combined, and whose pulsations of trade are felt to the utmost limits of the empire.

Huc, the Jesuit missionary, who spent ten years in China proper, learned its language, and traveled extensively over every part of it, after expressing his surprise at the intense business activity which first met his eyes at the seaports, goes on to say: "And yet, when one has not penetrated to the center of the empire, when one has not seen the great towns of Han-yang, Wochang-fou, and Han-kow, facing one another, it is impossible to form an adequate idea of the amount of its internal trade." The population of this great triple city, situated on the Yang-tse-kiang river at the junction of one of its principal branches, was, before the Taeping rebellion, estimated at eight millions, and Huc was astonished "to see vessels of such size and in such numbers in the very middle of China."

If the same development has not taken place in Hindostan (with its two hundred and fifty millions), it may be attributed to the following causes: First, that there are no navigable rivers connecting with the interior, and until very lately no means of easy communication; secondly, that before the British occupation the country was divided up into diverse and hostile nationalities, creeds, and governments; and, lastly, because the English since they have held sway have as a matter of business and governmental policy endeavored to draw its commerce toward the sea-coast, where it could be more easily supervised and controlled. The other parts of Asia, either in consequence of rigorous climate or sterile and arid soils, are hardly worth considering in this regard.

It may be fairly questioned whether England as a nation, and London as its metropolis, did not at the outset owe their progress to the fact that as a whole the kingdom had the best soil in Europe. London, the world's present center of trade, is a long way in advance of New York, and is situated nearer the greatest aggregations of civilized communities; and it is all useless to consider New York a dangerous competitor so long as she can deal with her foreign customers only through the agency of foreign shipping, notwithstanding this country furnishes the great bulk of the commerce of the Atlantic Ocean. England is different from an extensive and self-sustaining country in its commercial aspect, inasmuch as she is obliged from her limited area and insular position to obtain a

large portion of her supplies of food and raw materials from abroad; and her commerce has kept pace with this growing necessity, a source of power and wealth in time of peace, and of solicitude and weakness on the interruption of amicable relations with other powers. In a limited territory like that of England a strictly central position for its chief city is not of so much importance.

France has the next best soil in Europe, and Paris is the result — a city which holds its own wonderfully well, in spite of its want of a free communication with salt water. It is substantially an interior city, though not so centrally located as Berlin and Vienna, whose rapid progress of late years is a matter of surprise to all those who have not closely considered its causes.

St. Petersburg, at the head of the Gulf of Finland, owes its origin to an imperial mandate, and not to the requirements of trade. It has a considerable territory on all sides of it, but cannot compete in the traffic induced by Moscow's central position. The great trade, where it has free scope, of most of the extensive countries of the world is the internal trade. The exports of a country are mainly of its *surplus products*, while the great internal trade deals in the *aggregate productions*. There is no comparison in this country between the two, the latter being probably ten times the former in quantity and value; and it is to the development of this internal trade that we must look for the development of our larger cities. Wherever there is a very large population in any country, and especially in a civilized country, a large business is a necessary result; and, with free communications from all quarters, that business or trade naturally converges toward the geographical and population center of the territory, if settled uniformly, or approximately so, in point of numbers.

It is generally admitted that the Mississippi Valley is capable of sustaining, and will in the future sustain, an immense population. And yet most persons' opinions in this regard are of a rather crude and indefinite sort, accepting the broad facts without caring to ask why it is so, unless for plain reasons which are patent to every one. The primary reason is that it has the best land in endless quantities. It has also a fair climate, and generally an abundant supply of coal, hardly excelled in this last respect in any portion of this or any other country, the coal area in Illinois alone being four or five times as great as that of Great Britain, and the coal selling at retail in many parts of the State at the low price of one dollar and a half per ton. The earlier settlements in the country naturally clung to the Atlantic coast, and it is only since the commencement of the present century that population began to flow freely into the Western States; while the prestige acquired by the maritime cities has given them an impetus which is still felt, though the cause for their establishment and growth has lost somewhat of its relative power. Now, however, the day of rapid increase has passed away. The Southern States may have a new dawn of prosperity; but at the present time, and for very many years to come, the West and Northwest promise the most rapid increase in numbers and wealth. Let us endeavor to form some estimate of the capabilities of this vast interior region for the sustenance of a dense and enormous population. The valley of the upper Mississippi and its confluents is composed almost entirely of arable and fertile land, and there seems to be no good reason why it should not support as dense a population as any country in the world. England to-day has about 500 inhabitants to the square mile; Belgium has about the same number; and the three most densely populated provinces of China have an average of over 700. The great wheat-field of the continent may be considered as extending from the eastern boundary of Ohio to the western boundary of Nebraska, and from the southern boundary of Kentucky to the Peace River in the British Possessions. Estimating this territory as 1500 miles from east to west, and 2000 miles from north to south, we have an area of 3,000,000 square miles of arable and fertile land. There is no parallel to this on the face of the earth. If we suppose one million out of the three millions of square miles settled to about one-third of the density specified in the above cases, or about 200 to the square mile, we have, as a result, 200,000,000 people, who would consume probably per capita fully twice the amount consumed in other civilized countries, which would, in a business point of view, represent the consumption of 400,000,000 Europeans. 'Tis hardly worth while to expatiate on the immense amount of traffic which such a population will develop, as it must be self-evident. Of course these surmises apply to a distant future. Assuming, then, that a vast volume of business is a necessary consequence in the case, it follows that with such a net-work of railroads and their facilities for the transportation of passengers or freight, in a country yet in a formative process, a greater concentration of its trade will occur than has heretofore resulted in any other nation. As an evidence of this so far, St. Louis and Chicago are almost alone in the division of this great north-western trade, there being in all that immense region only one other city (Milwaukee) that has over 100,000 inhabitants. The next largest city to Chicago in Illinois has less than 40,000. Any reliable information of the size of the cities of China is difficult to obtain, but it is probable there are twenty cities there with a population of over a million each, though we hear of but few besides Canton, Shanghai, and Peking. If this empire had had in times past as perfect facilities of communication as we have here, we should have found much fewer although much larger cities as the result, and even Han-kow would have doubled its former enormous population. As the population increases, we shall consume more of our products of the soil and manufacture more of textile fabrics and other articles that we need, and the occupation of the ports as factors in surplus products both in exports and imports will be relatively diminished; and the main mission of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf of Mexico ports may be as purveyors to the wants and distributers of the products of this great, populous, and central region of the continent, excepting so much as may possibly in the future find its ingress and egress by the way of the lakes and the St. Lawrence River.

Now, as a necessary consequence of the dense settlement of a territory like this, having every requisite for the development of all the agricultural, manufacturing, mining, and commercial industries on the grandest scale, with most perfect transport facilities, must be the establishment and growth of some great central

leading mart, most easily accessible from all parts, where the great exchanges of this region can be the most speedily and advantageously effected. Where will this point be?

The census of 1880, showing that Chicago had 150,000 inhabitants in excess of its strongest competitor (St. Louis), gives it the lead at present of all the cities of the interior, and a lead which, from the outlook of to-day, it seems likely to maintain. Situated at the head of Lake Michigan, the terminus of navigation of these inland waters, and on the watershed of this part of the continent, a canal of less than one hundred miles connects the waters of the lakes with the Illinois River, forming a continuous line of navigation of 5000 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, running through the heart of the country, and of which Chicago is the central point. In addition to this, the old adage that "all roads lead to Rome" may find a new application. If we cast a glance at a good railroad map of the United States, where all the routes are plainly laid down, the eye is instinctively directed to Chicago as the point toward which by far the larger number converge. Five great trunk lines lead to the Atlantic; five more trunk lines will soon be completed to the Pacific; five more to Mexico and its Gulf, with an indefinite number toward the north and north-west, all of which have virtually their termini at this point; and these, with their multifarious branches, necessitate the arrival and departure of a thousand trains a day. Lakes Michigan and Superior extend 500 miles to the north, forming an effectual barrier for a large portion of the year to any direct transit, either of freight or passengers, between the North-west and the East; and all this business of necessity is *forced* for that portion of the year round the head of the lake and through Chicago. This gives it rather an exceptional position, the like of which is to be found in no city of the United States, as all other points can be "flanked" (so to speak) without loss of time or additional expense. With such advantages as these it would seem unnecessary to dwell upon the inevitable result—a large and rapidly growing trade, and a very large population. Few persons at the East have any adequate idea of the activity of the lake trade, and are hardly prepared to learn that the entries and clearances of this port in 1881, for the period of eight months, and as recorded in this Custom House, were 26,029, or 29 more than New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco combined for the whole year. This is exclusively, or nearly so, the trade of the lakes, the vessels employed in the trade being from 100 to 2000 tons burden. The enlarging and deepening of the St. Lawrence Canal will materially increase this amount, and vessels of 1500 to 2000 tons can run with their cargoes direct from foreign to the lake ports, without breaking bulk, for six months in the year. A few years since the writer received a letter from an English firm suggesting the establishment of a line of first-class steamers to run directly from Liverpool to Chicago. The proposition was of course premature, but we may rest well assured that sooner or later it will be accomplished.

The Canadians apparently are not pushing these works with much energy, under the impression that the through passage of these ships might deprive them of the advantages of reshipment which they now enjoy. The idea some of the English merchants have, that an outlet to Europe may be found through Hudson's Bay, is probably chimerical, for it is not likely that more than two months of navigation could be depended upon. Middleton, a navigator who traversed these waters in the early part of the eighteenth century, speaks fully of the dangers he encountered, and states that the period of reasonably safe navigation extends only from the 15th of July to the 15th of September, and that he lost a vessel in the strait nipped by the ice in the middle of that short summer. Not a very encouraging outlook certainly!

So, too, as regards manufacturing as developed in this city, but few persons know that it holds the third rank in the United States, and that more than one-half the population is engaged in such pursuits, one hundred and twenty-seven new factories having been established in 1882 alone—only one, started within six months with eighty looms, being in the line of cotton fabrics.

The writer has no predilection for large cities, and looks upon railroads with less favor than some, inasmuch as they tend to concentrate business, and to foster monopolies and combinations alike prejudicial to good morals and a healthful condition of trade. But such seems to be the tendency in our day; and if there be any one place in the whole country where it will be more manifest than in any other, it is this same city of Chicago. The redundant population of the North-west will one day make it the best market in the world, and the productions and commodities of Europe and the Eastern States, of Asia on the west, and of the tropics on the south, as well as of the boundless wheat, grain, and grazing fields which stretch away to the distant west and north, will some day meet here as on common ground for sale and purchase. These predictions may seem extravagant to residents in the older States, but in the West there are many intelligent men who have a firm and abiding faith that these things will come to pass. During the last forty years the city has grown from a small settlement of 6000 people to a magnificent city of over 600,000, having increased a hundred-fold, and it would not be a whit more surprising if in fifty years more it should increase to five times its present magnitude. The Chinese call their great trading city of Han-kow "The Mouth of the Commercial Marts," and it may be that it will find its counterpart some day in the Garden City of the West. No one is now endowed with the spirit of prophecy, so that no one can say positively that these things will be so; but of one thing we may be reasonably well assured, and that is, that the great emporium of these United States will finally be developed at some point in the interior of the country which is the most accessible from every part, and which will be determined in the days of our children or grandchildren "by the inexorable logic of facts."

George M. Higginson.

Courbet, the Artist.

DR. COAN'S article on Courbet [about a year ago] doubtless seemed to all its readers what it seemed to me—an interesting account of an interesting man. But to those who care about Courbet chiefly as an *artist*, it

will not have been, I think, entirely satisfactory. I may be pardoned, therefore, if I try to explain in a very few words what seems to me his real artistic worth.

To begin with, no strikingly individual artist should be judged wholly by the intrinsic value of his pictures. He should also be judged by the place he holds in the history of art — by the peculiar qualities his works reveal when compared with those of his predecessors and contemporaries, and still more by the influence they have had on subsequent performance. Notably is this the case with Courbet. He was not only a very strong and individual painter, but an *innovator* in the full force of the term. He was the prime mover in what has proved almost a revolution in art, and his example has largely molded the practice of our later day. He and Millet were the first champions of what we call — rather vaguely and incorrectly — "realism" in art. They were offshoots, of course, of the "romantic" movement of the early part of our century — that movement which proclaimed individuality to be the most important factor in art, and showed that a man might see with his own eyes and paint with his own brush, instead of seeing and painting in accordance with traditional, academic formulas. There had been a fierce battle at the outset of this romantic movement,— a battle which had been gained by the romanticists before Courbet's day, but which renewed itself about his work and Millet's. They saw fit to push the new doctrine further than the romanticists had carried it — were the first to insist upon absolute freedom in the choice of material, to say that peasants were as well worth painting as kings, humble contemporary life as history or mythology, and ugliness, upon occasion, as the goddess of beauty herself. Dr. Coan's words give us but a faint idea of the fury with which Courbet especially was attacked. He held a different position from Millet, and not alone in the more aggressive character of his work. Millet could be simply denied for many years all admittance to the Salon. But Courbet had won the right to such admittance when, in his earlier, less revolutionary time, he had gained a second medal. His work was, therefore, thrust constantly before unwilling eyes, and was assailed with corresponding violence. And the scorn which was confined to Millet's pictures was shared by Courbet's person. Never before or since has an artist been so berated, abused, and traduced simply for his pictures' sake. Political were mixed with artistic arguments and prejudices. It was in the year 1850 that Courbet's so-called brutal peasants first made their appearance on the Salon wall — just when the republic was disintegrating and before the *coup d'état* had restored security at the price of liberty. The pictures as such were involved in the wrath and fear excited by their subjects. The prevailing terror of socialism and revolution caused critics and public alike to see in these rustic figures, and in the uncompromising portraits of the "Burial Scene at Ornans," an attempt to exalt a dangerous class and to discredit the priesthood with the people; and the wildest political fury was turned upon them and their creator. Being what he was, Courbet retaliated with the weapons of the enemy, giving back scorn for scorn and rage for rage. But this fact, however it may affect our opinion of him as a man, does not in the least detract from the merit of his course as an artist. It would have given a deserved relief to some of the less noble traits of Courbet's character had Dr. Coan dwelt more strongly on the steady, plucky, indomitable way in which he followed his artistic conscience. If he and Millet had succumbed to their assailants, the world of art to-day would have been immeasurably poorer and less vital — or else some later comers would have had to fight the battle in their stead. And where should we have found another such pair of giants to do the work?

But even when Courbet's art is judged intrinsically, not historically, it seems to most critics, I think, much more worthy of admiration than it does to Dr. Coan. Of course it must not be confounded with his spoken theories. Who does not know how often the things an artist most sincerely holds in theory are belied by the testimony of his work? Driven to bay as Courbet was, moreover, and possessed as he was of a rough, excitable, domineering disposition, we should not go far wrong, perhaps, if we guessed that his words were more radical and uncompromising than were his inner feelings. But be this as it may, we must not conclude that because he reprobated all "idealism" in his speech there is none of it to be found upon his canvas. Idealism in the choice and arrangement and meaning of his subject-matter is, indeed, non-existent. But the true painter's touch is apt to idealize *pictorially* whatever subject it selects. Dr. Coan admits as much when he says that the head in one of Courbet's portraits of himself is "too ideal for Courbet's at any time, unless possibly for the year or two during his college life, when he studied Goethe, and even painted a scene from the 'Walpurgisnacht.'" And could one look, for example, at the "Violoncello-Player," recently exhibited in New York and reproduced in this magazine, and call its creator a quite prosaic artist? Or at the Boston Museum picture? Or at the majority of his superb and splendid waves and skies and landscapes? Who but he has ever shown with such strong and, I must submit, poetic sympathy the majesty of the tumbling surf and the overarching heaven, and the beauty of the deep-green, wet, and rocky woodland glades that were Courbet's peculiar province? Grant that there is no intellectual or spiritual poetry in Courbet's art, we must yet acknowledge that it shows, in spite of any verbal theories he may have seen fit to profess, an immense amount of poetic seeing and poetic rendering.

Nor do I think our author is quite right in saying that Courbet was "in one sense not a painter at all, at least outside of his landscapes. . . . In all his other work he was a story-teller. He did not paint for the sake of painting. . . . He was a born story-teller and satirist, and he painted to tell stories and to satirize." On the contrary, I think all his brethren in art will bear me out in saying that whatever else he was or was not,— perhaps not a great *artist*, for that is another and a wider matter,— he was most certainly a "born painter." His doctrine was that a man should paint only what he saw — not what he imagined, or what he thought he should have seen. After this principle he worked; and it is, I think, a *painter's* principle, if not the whole principle which guides the greatest artists. And his eyes were peculiarly wide-open and clear-sighted and sensitive. He saw an in-

finity of things with pleasure and sympathy, and he painted them all with equal sympathy and pleasure,—ugly things and beautiful things, rare things and common things, landscapes and sea views and figures and animals and fruit and flowers, and sometimes stories and satires too; but even in this last case not often for the sake of the story itself so much as for the sake of the *picture* which that story made before his eyes. He was extremely sensitive to all physical things; and this is what marks the painter born. He was not very sensitive to spiritual things; and this, if you will, is his failing as an artist. If there is one fact proved alike by his life and his work, it is that he *did* paint for the sake of painting. Whether he chose his subjects well or ill is quite another matter — as is also anything he may have *said* about his "mission."

With regard to his technical merits, Dr. Coan says: "As pure art, his works have little value outside of their color; but they have a sturdy material verity." With this judgment, too, I think most artists will disagree. He was often deficient in drawing — as have been, at times, so many great painters before and after, including Titian. And for composition he had commonly no care — though here, I think, he sometimes showed a great if unconventional ability. But his handling had a freedom, a fire, an individuality, and an immensity of vigor we seldom find in modern work. A perfect painter he never was — but a great painter, none the less. It is a curious parallel to set him beside Blake, who was not a painter at all, but a draughtsman of very variable skill. Even the more abstract comparison which would mean that he ever failed as entirely in realizing his conceptions as Blake often failed in realizing his, comes nowhere near the mark. And to say that he was a less able practitioner than Martin leads us very far indeed astray. Surely it is not Courbet's color alone, nor the rather rude vigor and verity which Dr. Coan accords him, that have raised him to so high a rank in recent years; nor yet the extrinsic fact that he was a sturdy pioneer who opened up for us a new and fruitful field in art. No; Courbet's works are admired and studied to-day, purchased at immense prices by his government, and hung with honor in the Louvre, because he was a true if not a great artist, and a great if not a faultless painter.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

Progress in Forestry.

To your inquiry in regard to the progress in forestry recently made in this country an encouraging answer may be given. This subject, old and familiar in Europe, is comparatively new in America. But the last ten years have witnessed an advance unequaled in any other country in the same space of time. The movement, though as yet a mere beginning in this country, starts with such an impetus as to insure its expansion over broad areas. The uninhabited plains of the West, described in the old geographies as "the Great American Desert," are fast filling up with an enterprising and prosperous population. Tree-planting is becoming almost universal on the great prairies of Minnesota, Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska, where it once was believed no tree would grow. Many causes have contributed to this remarkable result, prominent among them being the timber-culture act passed by Congress ten years ago, amended in 1874 and again in 1878. Already 93,246 entries have been made, the area covered by them being 13,677,146 acres. Nearly one-fifth of this vast area was "entered" in 1882, which shows the growing influence of the princely premiums offered by Congress and by many of the Western States to encourage tree-planting. The timber act may need further amendment to prevent frauds, but recent inquiries of those who have had the largest experience and observation in Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas convince me that its benefits have been so manifest as strongly to commend it to the people in those States. Many settlers have planted much more than the required ten acres in their one hundred and sixty acres, or "quarter section." Said a Nebraskan: "We have thousands of trees, thirty to forty feet in height and eight or nine inches in diameter, grown from seedlings or cuttings planted less than ten years ago. The fuel problem is settled for many farmers. The trees and land are already worth three times their cost."

The cottonwood is a prime favorite, on account of the facility of its propagation and rapid growth. The cottonwood, ash, elm, box elder, soft maple, and white willow are well adapted to the soil and climate of the first four of the States above named. These trees planted young and with care are almost certain to grow. A Western forester of large experience said to me: "For economic planting I would not accept as a gift three-year-old trees, when I could buy yearlings. Beginning with such seedlings and with adaptation of kinds to local conditions, timber can be grown at moderate expense and with certainty of success. The old notion that trees could not be grown on the great oceanic prairies has been thoroughly exploded."

The dreaded grasshoppers deserve some credit for the new interest in arboriculture. In recent journeys in the prairie States, I have found the opinion common that timber-belts form the best protection from grasshoppers and other insects injurious to vegetation. The great grasshopper visitations of 1873 and 1876 emphasized the question how to prevent their recurrence; and the most satisfactory answer to the Western mind was, "The planting and culture of forests." George P. Marsh says, "It is only since the felling of the forests of Asia Minor and Cyrene that the locust has become so fearfully destructive in those countries." Michelet says, "The insect has well avenged the bird. In the Isle of Bourbon, for instance, a price was set on the head of the martin. It disappeared, and the grasshopper took possession of the island." The United States Entomological Commission, appointed by Congress in 1877 to report on the best means of preventing the ravages of this pest, say "that it has its homes or breeding-places in the arid plains east of the Rocky Mountains, and that the progress of civilization and colonization, converting those heretofore barren plains into areas of fertility, will gradually lessen the evil."

The practical appreciation of forestry shown by some of the leading railway companies of the West, especially the Northern Pacific, has made a strong impression as to the economic value of tree-planting. With a wise foresight, this company has organized a "Tree-

planting Department" and made liberal provision — $80,000 — for its work. Over one million trees have already been planted, and next spring as many more will be set out. In this way the cuts will be protected from snow-drifts, and long lines of "live fences" be secured. It was my privilege to travel on this railway with the experienced forester who is the superintendent of this department. He has the utmost confidence in the success of this work. He lately bought in Bismarck 100,000 trees for $125, or at the rate of $1.25 per thousand, which is not an uncommon price for *large* orders in the great nurseries of the West. One of these nurseries, located on the Missouri River, sells an average of seven million trees a year.

The Northern Pacific Company also offer liberal premiums to land-holders for the best groves, wind-breaks, or shelter-belts that may be planted along their lines, and circulate gratuitously among the farmers a pamphlet giving needful information for the procuring and planting of trees; and besides all this, they give free transportation of all trees, tree-seeds, and cuttings that may be planted in any of the prairie regions along their lines. The influence of this wise policy can be best appreciated by observation and personal conversation with the settlers.

Ex-Governor Furnas, of Nebraska, who has both personally and officially shown great interest in forestry, says that over 600,000,000 trees have been planted in that State during the last twelve years, and that they thrive in western Nebraska even beyond the 100th meridian, where it has been so confidently asserted that trees will not grow. Where the rainfall is less than twenty inches in a year, however, tree culture is difficult, and with some species impossible. The amount of rainfall in each locality should be taken into account in the selection of trees to be planted there.

Forestry associations, state and national, have awakened new interest in sylviculture. The State Forestry Association of Minnesota was organized in 1876, under the lead of Leonard Bacon Hodges, the pioneer in the forestry movement in that State and the secretary of the association till his death in April last. This association prepared an excellent manual on tree-planting, and distributed over ten thousand copies among the settlers and land-owners of the State. Many farmers were thus led to become their own nurserymen. Similar associations have recently been organized in other Western States, and with like promise of usefulness.

The American Congress of Forestry is strongly pushing on the same work. Its annual sessions at Montreal, St. Paul, Washington, and Saratoga were attended by the most experienced foresters of the country. The United States Commissioner of Agriculture, for two years its president, is encouraging this movement by his strong personal and official influence, having given an elaborate address at each of its annual meetings. The proceedings of the meeting in Montreal were published by order of the Legislative Assembly of Canada and widely circulated. The Hon. J. G. Joly, of Quebec, a practical forester, who has under his control over 100,000 acres, and has had large experience in re-foresting denuded lands in the Province of Quebec, says that these discussions led to important legislative enactments for the increase and protection of forests, and among them, one authorizing "the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to appoint an Arbor-day for the planting of forest trees."

In the Western States, the Arbor-days appointed by the respective governors, usually with the sanction of the legislature, have greatly promoted economic tree-planting. In Minnesota, for example, the number of acres planted on Arbor-day in 1878 was 811; in 1882 the number was 1184; and the whole number of acres planted increased from 18,029 in 1878 to 38,458 in 1882. Similar work has been done in Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, and Dakota, and to some extent in Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio.

According to official reports, the acreage of cultivated woodland in Kansas is 107,000; while in Nebraska it has reached 244,356 acres, besides over 12,000,000 fruit trees and nearly 3,000,000 grape-vines. The large bounties offered for tree-planting secure the collection of such statistics. The abundance and excellence of the fruit, and especially the grapes, in Nebraska was a surprise to me. Ex-Governors Furnas and Morton, the pioneer tree-planters there, are now recognized as the benefactors of Nebraska by their advocacy of arboriculture, alike forest, fruit, and ornamental. It is due to their influence that Nebraska is the banner State in tree-planting. Around "Arbor Lodge," the mansion of Ex-Governor Morton, near Nebraska City, are fine groves of black-walnut and other forest trees, most productive orchards, grape and other fruits, where twenty-seven years ago was a treeless prairie, on which he was told "trees would not grow." I am soon to plant in Connecticut a bushel of nuts grown this year on the trees which sprang from the nuts planted by the hand of Mr. Morton. He was the originator of Arbor-day twelve years ago, when, through his influence, the second Wednesday of April was officially appointed for tree-planting; and so influential was his advocacy of this plan, both by pen and tongue, that over 12,000,000 trees were planted on that one day. The Nebraskans justly view their extensive tree-planting as a great achievement, and by enlarging this work from year to year they are determined to maintain this preëminence. Each governor since 1872 has formally recognized Arbor-day, and now it is observed in schools. Such a day has been set apart in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Colorado, and West Virginia, and with the happiest results in improving and adorning the grounds around the homes as well as the schools. The National Educational Association at its late meeting in Wisconsin, with an attendance of over five thousand, recommended the appointment of such a day in every State. The Wisconsin Teachers' Association, held the same week, passed a similar resolution and appointed an efficient committee to carry out the plan. The Indiana Association initiated a similar movement last spring.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at the Forestry Congress in St. Paul, which included representatives from Canada: "In view of the wide-spread results of the observance of Arbor-day in many States, this Congress recommends the appointment of such a day in all our States and in the provinces and Dominion of Canada."

At its late meeting in Washington, this Association appointed a committee to present the subject to the

governors of those States where no such appointment has been made. The cordial response received from every governor whom I have since met warrants the hope that instead of eight there will be twenty-eight States observing Arbor-day next spring.

B. G. Northrop.

About People.*

In the little volume in which Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells brings a great deal of fresh and honest thinking to various social topics, there are two essays that I find peculiarly interesting. I do not remember seeing elsewhere the "Transitional Woman" dealt with as a fact so intimately and frankly; and the phenomenon of "Caste in American Society" is viewed from a point not hitherto seized. The word caste always suggests to the readily heated imagination of the sympathizer with toil and poverty their oppression by a superior class through invidious social distinctions, if nothing worse. This is the recognized form of caste, and it is perhaps the most odious, but it is not, certainly, the most ridiculous. There is another phase of the same iniquity, which Mrs. Wells's practical relation to questions of social reform has enabled her to study with singular advantages. In every age and in every country the manners, customs, and prejudices of the more enlightened have descended to the less enlightened, like cast-off clothes; and they sit on their possessors at second hand with the edifying grace of old coats and rumpled gowns. In this way it happens that at a moment when cultivated people who think seriously of the matter think with shame and misgiving of the social distinctions which are not based on character and achievement, the lines have never been more sharply drawn between the different sorts and grades of labor. As Mrs. Wells has learned:

"The lower we descend in what is called social life, the more perceptible become its demarkations. . . . A marriage between a laundry maid and a washerwoman's son is contrary to all the rules of propriety, and ends in family feuds. The regular visitant at hotel cupboards who receives pie is further removed from the tattered mendicant at back doors than a member of the diplomatic corps from a native of Washington. . . . Among the working-women is a feeling of exclusiveness most noticeable, while with working-men it is no more prominent than with professional men. 'It is this spirit of caste,' says a working-woman of fifty years, 'which keeps us all down. If we could nag one another it would be some gain; but we avoid one another instead. There is no union among us; never was, except for a little while through the French International Association, which has died out. We never can raise ourselves from the bondage of ill-paid labor till we combine, and most of us would rather starve to death than associate with those beneath us.' Another one complains that 'the skilled workwomen pride themselves too much upon their skill to be willing to pull up the unskilled; just as in the professions a good lawyer or physician will not take a poor partner. It is social ambition, caste, that rules us; it begins with us, and goes up and up to kings and emperors. A woman with many servants despises her with one; and she with one despises the woman who does her own work; and she who does her own work looks down upon her who goes out to work; and the one who goes out to do special house-work scorns the scrub-woman, who is the end of womankind.' . . . In a conversation with several of them, it was asked: 'What is the real grievance of the working-women?' And the general answer was that it was due to the spirit of caste, which prevented combination and coöperation, the two agents that could lighten the burdens of ill-paid labor; yet they had sufficient intelligence to see that social union among themselves must first be effected. The stern self-restraint, the power of self-sacrifice, the delicacy of taste, refinement of feeling, appreciation of knowledge, and acts of touching-kindness to one another that are found among hundreds of them, do not negative the statement that the social line, based on kinds of labor, is closely drawn among them.

"Here is a classification given by one who understands, works, and aids others in various ways: 'Employments of working-people are either subjective or objective; one cannot consort with another. Under the first are included (1) the stenographer, (2) the newspaper hack, (3) the type-writer, (4) those engaged in life-insurance business and in any sort of nursing; the second division embraces (1) mercantile women, (2) saleswomen, (3) tradeswomen, and (4) servants, who are Pariahs, so to speak, in the eyes of all other working-women.'"

These are curious and novel aspects of our democratic civilization; but I suspect that further observation would develop more facts of the same kind. I remember hearing a gentleman who had some official relation to the construction of a large public building, where the workmen were lunched on the premises, say that three different tables were necessary to preserve the different sorts of artisans and laborers from contact at their meals. It is all very droll when it gets down to this, and exclusiveness among carpenters and bricklayers is no more impressive than it is among lawyers and doctors, or their ladies. Perhaps it is even less so, being in the nature, as I said, of a cast-off garment with these humbler swells. The fact shows, however, that we are still indefinitely remote, in every grade of life, from the democratic ideal, which is also the Christian ideal. Very likely the comparative method of observation would discover far greater liberality and generosity in the higher society — even in the thin air of the heights where Fashion sits — than in the world of hunger and hard work, in which we have hitherto taken it for granted that fraternity and equality reigned. We ought,— I am talking as if I were myself a social magnate, whereas I have my pocket full of wholesome snubs of assorted sizes,— in the interest of these poor fellows and silly women who think they elevate themselves by trampling upon those of a lowlier trade, to get rid of what exclusiveness is left us, and let our light down among them. Then, in another generation, we should have a bricklayer eating at the same table with a hod-carrier, and feeling no sort of contamination. But in the mean time let us not smile at the tinsel of his tawdry distinctions; ours are not more genuine or valuable.

* About People. By Kate Gannett Wells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This whole essay of Mrs. Wells's is full of fresh suggestion, and it is pervaded by the same just and humane spirit which characterizes the book. What she chiefly does is to accumulate the facts for you, and then tacitly invite you to do your own thinking about them. Other essays in the volume are more didactic, the one on "Personal Influence" being perhaps the most direct appeal to the sense of brotherly and sisterly responsibility which they all in some measure involve. The paper on the "Transitional Woman," which I began by mentioning, is a study of the characteristics of contemporary life, which portrays the tumult in the feminine mind with the accuracy of feminine touch. One says "mind," in the Hebrew fashion — discovered by Mr. Matthew Arnold — of throwing language out at an object; but it is not exactly "mind" always. Much of this undirected or misdirected yearning and striving on the part of modern womankind is the reverse of mind, as Mrs. Wells distinctly recognizes, with no intent to be satirical of her sex. Money and labor-saving inventions have deprived that respectable sex of the old-fashioned necessity of domestic work; and the fact is that it does not yet know what to do with its leisure. The old-fashioned American wife and mother is extinct, and something better has not been born. In the mean time, we have something very pretty, very brilliant, very cultivated, very ambitious, very amusing; packages of electrical nerves, hysterical inspirations, infinite good intentions, enlightened views, high aims, noble missions, and perpetual unrest and distraction. They are probably quite good enough for the men; but they are not really any better, not more refined or good at heart; and we poor fellows who were brought up with the expectation of having an example set us, do not quite know what to do. The woman must make haste to cease being transitional, if the world is to go forward. Mrs. Wells gives us some vague hope that the woman will do so by and by, and that then the world will have something much better in her way than it has yet had. I think she might make a beginning in the right direction by making a study of Mrs. Wells's study of her. I am sure that if there were a similar study of the Transitional Man submitted to men, we should not be slow in profiting by it. The difficulty with us now is that if we acknowledge the women to be good enough for us, candor compels us to confess that we are also quite good enough for the women; and this is bad for our native modesty, and tends to spiritual pride.

Mrs. Wells's essay recognizes the absurd aspects of the case with sufficiently humorous perception, but it is a more serious affair with her than my report of it might suggest. She has a conscience about it, as she has about every subject she touches, and what she says should have the greater interest because of her position as an anti-suffragist advocate of the cause of woman. She does not flatter her sex, nor sentimentalize it, as women are so apt to do, and she has for this reason almost a unique claim upon the attention of ours when she writes of men's wives, sisters, and daughters. For once, here is a woman's-rights woman who refuses to believe that there is an antagonism in men to their amelioration, and who directly and indirectly advises women to begin their elevation themselves.

D.

The Blue and the Gray.

THE last chapter of "Dr. Sevier" and the recent "Open Letters" from the pen of George W. Cable, and "Old Questions and New," by "A Southern Democrat," in the January CENTURY, voice a sentiment toward the North — the war and its issues — which I firmly believe exists to-day among the progressive and thinking classes of the South, and the testimony of these gentlemen comes most gratifyingly to every true Northern heart.

True, there are those at the South as bitter to-day as twenty years ago. It is likewise true there are in the North a few so blinded by prejudice that they cannot or will not believe in a new South. Feeling that a better knowledge of this sentiment now existing in the South is in every way desirable, I cannot refrain from adding a little testimony within my own knowledge.

In September, 1883, Crocker's Iowa Brigade, comprising the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Iowa, held a reunion in this city, at which was present General D. C. Govan, now of Marianna, Ark., a brave division commander of the Western Confederate forces. He brought with him a flag captured by his command from the Sixteenth Iowa at Atlanta, July 22, 1864, which at his own instance he presented to Colonel A. H. Saunders, in the following words:

"Veterans of Crocker's Iowa brigade: I am unable to find words to express the feelings of pleasure and satisfaction that I feel in standing before you veterans to-night. I feel it a compliment, not only to myself but to every ex-Confederate soldier who served in the late war, that I am permitted to participate in this reunion. They will feel grateful for this honor, and will respond and return it whenever opportunity is offered. I have testified heretofore to the valor of your Iowa soldiers in their heroic resistance at Atlanta; and if I had said nothing, the long list of the killed and wounded of my command would bear mute but irresistible testimony of your courage and valor on that occasion. In behalf of our ex-soldiers I beg leave to return to you the flag won from you on that memorable occasion. I trust you will bear it as honorably as you did on that former occasion; *and I assure you, that should it ever again be assailed, the men who opposed you that day will stand by you in the future and vie with you in its defense. I hope that flag may float as long as the everlasting hills endure over a free, prosperous, happy, and united people,— as long as the waters flow to the great ocean.*"

The general spoke in an earnest manner, with a voice full of emotion, and no one present for a moment doubted his sincerity or the truth of his statements. Surely such spirit must soon remove bitterness — such testimony soon convince skeptics.

C. N. Jenkins.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, January, 1885.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: As Stone Pasha made use of his private griefs to introduce in the June CENTURY a condemnation of British action in Egypt, it seemed not out of place in noticing his letter to show that the trials to which his family were subjected were seen and accepted by him

in advance. He alone is responsible for the publication of his motives, and he ought neither to regard nor characterize their discussion as a personal attack, a thing which, it is hardly necessary to explain, was never meant.

Since people *did* come from Cairo on the day preceding the bombardment and found shelter on board the ships in the roadstead, I may be pardoned for adhering to my original statement as to the accessibility of the refuge.

Regarding the sending away of all British subjects prior to hostilities, the original expression was Stone Pasha's; only the inference was mine. That inference was the abstract proposition that "other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens," which, as an abstract proposition, Commander Batcheller, in the October CENTURY, seems inclined to admit and no one can deny.

Commander Batcheller questions my terming the affair of June 11 a massacre. This subject is treated rather fully in a pithy and interesting brochure * by our consular agent in Alexandria from June 15 to August 26, 1882, a man whose personal and official acquaintance with Egyptian affairs makes him an authority. He is, moreover, free from the grave charge of a leaning toward the British.

I venture to quote a few pertinent lines from this little work, to the eleventh chapter of which, entitled "The Massacre," I take the liberty of referring Commander Batcheller and such of your readers as may think the occurrence in question a mere riot.

Page 130: "It has been charged that the bombardment of the 11th of July was a crime. This was not the feeling of the foreign population in Egypt. The crime was committed in the refusal to land troops on the 11th day of June, and the bombardment one month after was a tardy recognition of this fact."

Page 131: "Arabi had succeeded admirably in proving that he was the power in the country; he had ordered a massacre to prove this, and now he was appealed to to keep order," etc., etc. Yours truly,

C. F. GOODRICH,
Lieut.-Commander U. S. N.

Making Light of It.

IN the lulls between campaigns, the honest newspaper editor everywhere devotes himself to crusading zealously against current social evils, such as, in particular, the alarming increase of divorce and defalcation. At the same time, the editor does much to offset his own labors by ill-placed levity. He writes a thoughtful leader upon the sinfulness of speculating with other people's money, laying the blame rightly on the public which applauds success without regard to the means by which it is attained, rather than upon the few who are detected in wrong-doing and come to grief. But in the next column is a flippant paragraph of the sort the American public is supposed to crave, perhaps upon the attractions of Canada as a winter resort, or the swell society to be found there in exile. Garnished with quotation-marks and other typographical tricks that catch the eye, the paragraph attracts far more readers than the editorial, and goes to strengthen the unavowed popular notion that defalcation is a huge practical joke on the creditors — an impression enforced by facetious headings as well as by funny paragraphs whenever a new exposure is made.

Again, the editor diligently calls upon all good people to uphold the sanctity of the marriage-tie and the sacredness of that divine institution, the family, which is, he says, the basis of society, and to protect and defend the same from all undermining influences. But he allots many a column to grotesque caricatures, or to that utter abomination, the mother-in-law joke, which after years of active service is not permitted the honorable discharge it has earned, while every elopement or divorce is rendered as interesting and spicy as possible by the reporter's art. How can he expect the public to look upon marriage as a solemn thing, or defalcation as a serious crime, or either as anything but a joke, when he freely throws into the opposing scale that unknown quantity — the influence of the funny paragraph? The editor's theory that he must make fun of everything to render his efforts readable is, to be sure, borne out by the popular demand for that species of fun. But there is also a popular demand for the police publications and a good many other things which no reputable editor would touch. To forego all jocoseness in treating of these social evils would be the death of a great number of poor jokes, and would involve a fresh tax on the eternal vigilance of the editor; but it would cut off one way in which loose notions of serious things gain currency, and there would still remain enough bright, pure fun in the prints to save us from becoming an austere and taciturn people.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. *John Stone Pardee.*

* The Three Prophets — Chinese Gordon, El Mahdi, Arabi Pasha. By Colonel Chaillé Long, ex-Chief-of-Staff to Gordon in Africa, ex-United States Consular Agent in Alexandria, etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

WISDOM doesn't take away our folly; it only helps to hide it.

ONE'S own horn is a most delicate instrument to blow.

ORIGINALITY in writing has had its day. Nobody but a quack will strain for it. The best any one can do is to make the trail a little plainer for others to follow.

POPULAR opinions have their day, just like fashions. Every generation has a new set.

ECCENTRICITY, at best, is but a fungus, just as apt to grow out of the soil of a philosopher as of a fool.

THE cheapest thing in life is common sense, but a few people seem to have a corner in it, and are holding for a rise.

WHEN a man preaches morality from the housetops, he is above his business.

Uncle Esek.



NATURAL HISTORY.

Salesman: "That fur, Madam, is the cheapest we have—imitation fitch; but if you take it, I must warn you that the rain will spoil it."
Customer: "Why, what do the little imitation fitches do when it rains?"

A Book of Nature.

THE Winter's a book of poems,
Sorrowful fantasies,
All pictured with empty bird-nests
Held in the lonely trees.

The turquoise skies are the covers,
Begilt with sunbeams long,
The drifts of snow are the pages,
And the moaning winds the Song.

R. K. Munkittrick.

"Tulips Blooming in the Snow."

TULIPS blooming in the snow,
Snow-wreaths melting in the sun,
Sunbeams dancing to and fro,
Glowing clouds when day is done,—
These are like you, every one,
You splendid, vivid, sanguine one,—
Red-lipped, red-cheeked, dark-haired, dark-eyed,
And everything that's good beside.

R. R.

The Tender Heart.

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
  Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face:
  "How *could* you do it, dear?" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
  The songs all hushed — oh, cruel shame!"
Said he, "The partridge never sings."
  Said she, "The sin is quite the same.

"You men are savage through and through.
  A boy is always bringing in
Some string of bird's eggs, white and blue,
  Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angle-worm in anguish dies,
  Impaled, the pretty trout to tease ——"
"My own, we fish for trout with flies ——"
  "Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"
  And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
  And Coleridge on the water-snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
  Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
  His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
  He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
  And swore to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
  And went, with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained),
  To trim her hat with humming-birds.

Helen Gray Cone.

An Untutored Mind.

WHEN I was but a lad of eight,
  And Dorothy was turning seven,
My life seemed spent close by the gate
  Of what I had imagined Heaven;
So sweet was Dorothy, and mild,
  To every fault of mine so tender,
I grew to love her as a child
  Accustomed always to befriend her.

Through school hours I observed her dress
  Until I knew each shade of satin:
The habit often cost recess
  And many weary lines of Latin.
She very seldom turned her face,
  Replete with roses, round and ruddy;
She seemed to think the school a place
  For strict deportment and for study.

In all the classes she was first;
  She graduated,— went to college,—
Returned most wonderfully versed
  In every branch and twig of knowledge.
Alas! I wear no savant's cap;
  My brain is not a book-condenser!
No doubt she'll marry that young chap
  I hear her call "*Dear Herbert Spencer!*"

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Tryst.

I AM stretched on the grass and am watching the sky,
As the sunset clouds go drifting by,
And wondering whether such glorious weather,
Such blush of clouds, and such bloom of heather,
Would grow commonplace if it lasted forever,
And sunsets would pall if they faded never.

There's a red cloud over that seems a boat:
What a charming thing it would be to float
Day after day in a lazy way,
With nothing to do and nothing to say;
With a book perhaps and a pipe no doubt,
And a chance to come down when you got tired out.

There's a rustle of leaves, and a step on the grass,—
I descend from the clouds to see somebody pass.
Somebody's young and very fair,
With a blush on her cheek and a rose in her hair;
She is walking down the path from town,
Dressed in a charmingly dainty gown.

She swings her hat, and the wind, not cold,
Yet not too warm nor overbold,
Just stirs the curls above her brow;
And, if it can wait, or the wind knows how,
It waits, I guess, to stop and press
On her cheek or her lip a light caress.

She waits, she lingers, she stops and turns,
But it isn't for me her fancy yearns;
For — well-a-day! it is hard to say,
But at forty, one is rather *passé*,
And a pretty young maid won't wait, I'm afraid,
For a bachelor gray and beginning to fade.

I hear a whistle, I see her blush;
I fancied it might be a quail or thrush;
But never a bird whose note I've heard
Would have moved her pulses as they've been stirred;
And it wasn't by fear. Ah, it's very clear
That somebody, somebody's coming near.

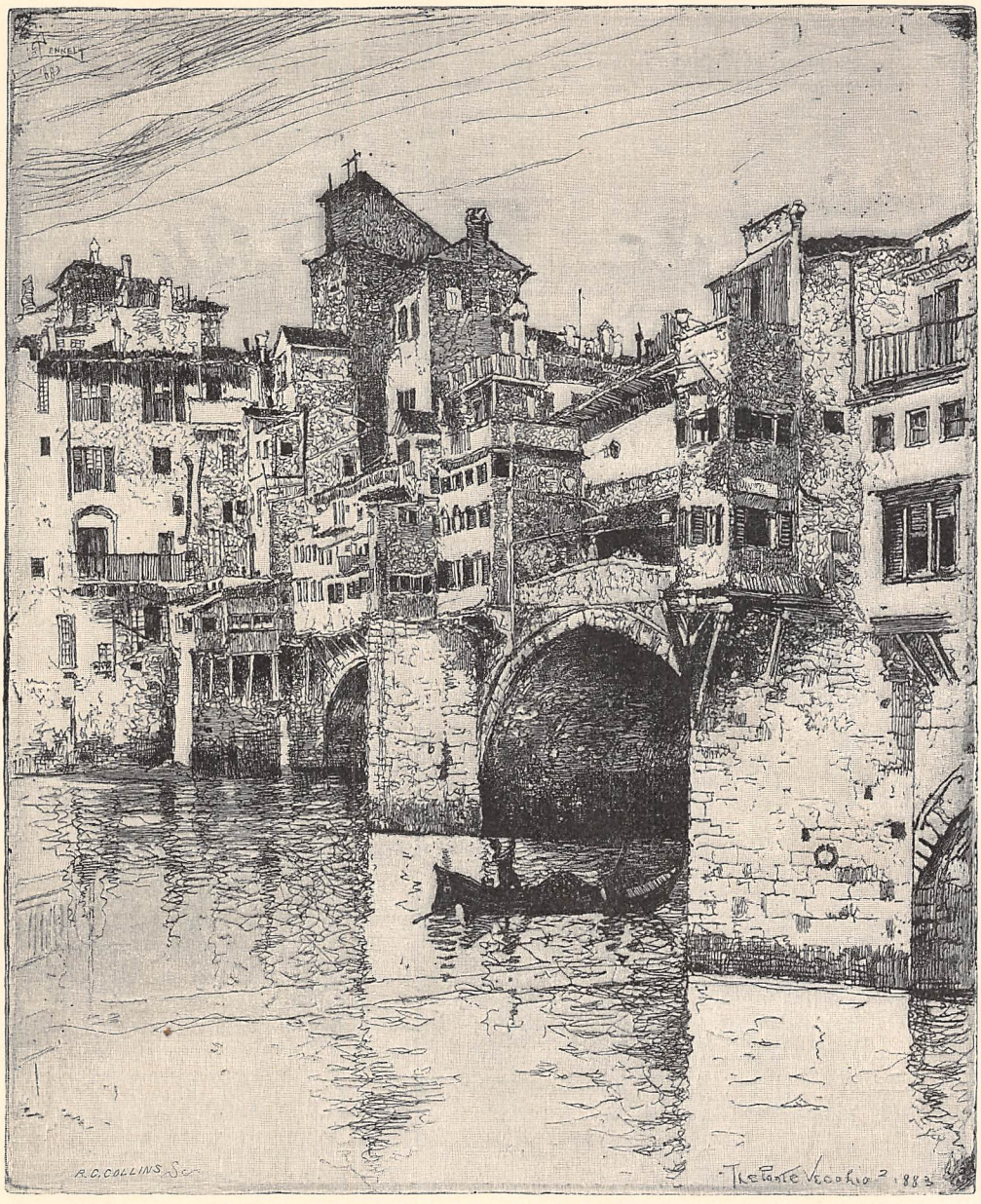
She quickens her pace and she casts down her eyes;
She means to pretend it was all a surprise.
"What! you here?" she will say.— Now he leaps
  o'er the wall.
They have met; he bends down; he is handsome
  and tall.
And though I'm not near, and can't very well hear,
Yet what they are saying is certainly clear.

For the story is old, and has often been told.—
Heigh! the sky's growing gray and the night's get-
  ting cold;
I am off, and they're parting; one left and one right,
Turning back, looking back, till they're both out of
  sight.
And they think, I suppose, that nobody knows
That he gave her a kiss, and she gave him a rose.

Walter Learned.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON writes to a friend who has just left England for America: "You will meet Stockton:

"If I my Stockton should forget,
  It would be sheer depravity,
For I went down with the *Thomas Hyke*,
  And up with the Negative Gravity."



PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

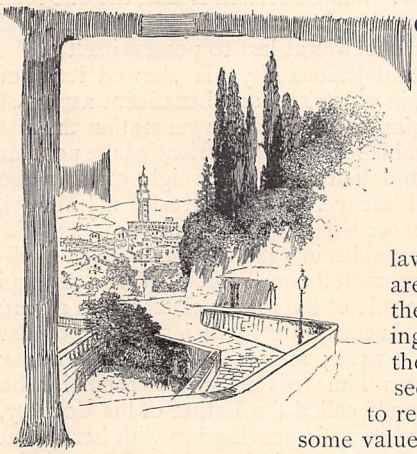
[ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS, AFTER THE ETCHING BY JOSEPH PENNELL.]

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX. APRIL, 1885. No. 6.

A FLORENTINE MOSAIC.

(SECOND PAPER.)



FOR my part, I find it hard to be serious about the tragedy of a people who seem, as one looks back at them in their history, to have lived in such perpetual broil as the Florentines. They cease to be even pathetic; they become absurd, and tempt the observer to a certain mood of triviality, by their indefatigable antics in cutting and thrusting, chopping off heads, mutilating, burning, and banishing. But I have often thought that we must get a false impression of the past by the laws governing perspective, in which the remoter objects are inevitably pressed together in their succession, and the spaces between are ignored. In looking at a painting, these spaces are imagined; but in history, the objects, the events are what alone make their appeal, and there seems nothing else. It must always remain for the reader to revise his impressions, and rearrange them, so as to give some value to conditions as well as to occurrences. It looks very much, at first glance, as if the Florentines had no peace from the domination of the Romans to the domination of the Medici. But in all that time they had been growing in wealth, power, the arts and letters, and were constantly striving to realize in their state the ideal which is still our only political aim—"a government of the people by the people for the people." Whoever opposed himself, his interests or his pride, to that ideal, was destroyed sooner or later; and it appears that if there had been no foreign interference, the one-man power would never have been fastened on Florence. We must account, therefore, not only for seasons of repose not obvious in history, but for a measure of success in the realization of her political ideal. The feudal nobles, forced into the city from their petty sovereignties beyond its gates; the rich merchants and bankers, creators and creatures of its prosperity; the industrious and powerful guilds of artisans; the populace of unskilled laborers,—authority visited each in turn; but no class could long keep it from the others, and no man from all the rest. The fluctuations were violent enough, but they only seem incessant through the necessities of perspective; and somehow, in the most turbulent period, there was peace enough for the industries to fruit and the arts to flower. Now and then a whole generation passed in which there was no upheaval, though it must be owned that these generations seem few. A life of the ordinary compass witnessed so many atrocious scenes, that Dante, who peopled his Inferno with his neighbors and fellow-citizens, had but to study their manners and customs to give life to his picture. Forty years after his exile, when the Florentines rose to drive out Walter of Brienne, the Duke of Athens, whom they

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had made their ruler and who had tried to make himself their master by a series of cruel oppressions, they stormed the Palazzo Vecchio, where he had taken refuge, and demanded certain of his bloody minions; and when his soldiers thrust one of these out among them, they cut him into small pieces, and some tore the quivering fragments with their teeth.

II.

THE savage lurks so near the surface in every man that a constant watch must be kept upon the passions and impulses, or he leaps out in his war-paint, and the poor integument of civilization that held him is flung aside like a useless garment. The Florentines were a race of impulse and passion, and the mob was merely the frenzy of that popular assemblage by which the popular will made itself known, the suffrage being a thing as yet imperfectly understood and only secondarily exercised. Yet the peacefulest and apparently the wholesomest time known to the historians was that which followed the expulsion of the Duke of Athens, when the popular mob, having defeated the aristocratic leaders of the revolt, came into power, with such unquestionable authority that the nobles were debarred from office, and punished not only in their own persons, but in kith and kin, for offenses against the life of a plebeian. Five hundred noble families were exiled, and of those left, the greater part sued to be admitted among the people. This grace was granted them, but upon the condition that they must not aspire to office for five years, and that if any of them killed or grievously wounded a plebeian, he should be immediately and hopelessly reënnobled; which sounds like some fantastic invention of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's, and only too vividly recalls *Lord Tolloller's* appeal in "Iolanthe":

> "Spurn not the nobly born
> With love affected,
> Nor treat with virtuous scorn
> The well-connected.
> High rank involves no shame—
> We boast an equal claim
> With him of humble name
> To be respected."

The world has been ruled so long by the most idle and worthless people in it, that it always seems droll to see those who earn the money spending it, and those from whom the power comes using it. But we who are now trying to offer this ridiculous spectacle to the world ought not to laugh at it in the Florentine government of 1343–6. It seems to have lasted no long time, for at the end of three or four years the divine wrath smote Florence with the pest. This was to chastise her for her sins, as the chroniclers tell us; but as a means of reform it failed apparently. A hundred thousand of the people died, and the rest, demoralized by the terror and enforced idleness in which they had lived, abandoned themselves to all manner of dissolute pleasures, and were much worse than if they had never had any pest. This pest, of which the reader will find a lively account in Boccaccio's introduction to the "Decamerone,"—he was able to write of it because, like De Foe, who described the plague of London, he had not seen it,—seems rather to have been a blow at popular government, if we may judge from the disorders into which it threw the democratic city, and the long train of wars and miseries that presently followed. But few of us are ever sufficiently in the divine confidence to be able to say just why this or that thing happens, and we are constantly growing more modest about assuming to know. What is certain is that the one-man power, foreboded and resisted from the first in Florence, was at last to possess itself of the fierce and jealous city. It showed itself, of course, in a patriotic and beneficent aspect at the beginning, but within a generation the first memorable Medici had befriended the popular cause and had made the weight of his name felt in Florence. From Salvestro de' Medici, who succeeded in breaking the power of the Guelph nobles in 1382, and, however unwillingly, promoted the Tumult of the Ciompi and the rule of the lowest classes, it is a long step to Averardo de' Medici, another popular leader in 1421; and it is again another long step from him to Cosimo de' Medici, who got himself called the Father of his Country, and died in 1469, leaving her with her throat fast in the clutch of his nephew, Lorenzo the Magnificent. But it was the stride of destiny, and nothing apparently could stay it.

III.

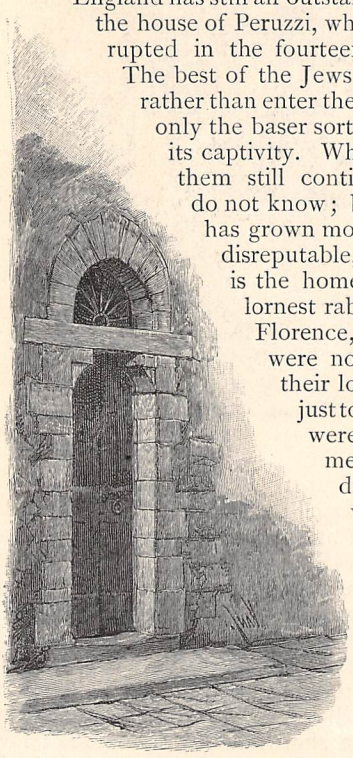
THE name of Lorenzo de' Medici is the next name of unrivaled greatness to which one comes in Florence after Dante's. The Medici, however one may be principled against them, do possess the imagination there, and I could not have helped going for their sake to the Piazza of the Mercato Vecchio, even if I had not wished to see again and again one of the most picturesque and characteristic places in the city. As I think of it, the pale, delicate sky of a fair winter's day in Florence spreads over me, and I seem to stand in the midst of the old square, with its moldering col-



IN THE OLD MARKET.

onnade on one side, and on the other its low, irregular roofs, their brown tiles thinly tinted with a growth of spindling grass and weeds, green the whole year round. In front of me a vast, white old palace springs seven stories into the sunshine, disreputably shabby from basement to attic, but beautiful, with the rags of a plebeian wash-day caught across it from balcony to balcony, as if it had fancied trying to hide its forlornness in them. Around me are peasants and donkey-carts and Florentines of all sizes and ages; my ears are filled with the sharp din of an Italian crowd, and my nose with the smell of immemorial, innumerable market-days, and the rank, cutting savor of frying fish and cakes from a score of neighboring cook-shops; but I am happy — happier than I should probably be if I were actually there. Through an archway in the street behind me, not far from an admirably tumble-down shop full of bric-à-brac of low degree, all huddled — old bureaus and bed-

steads, crockery, classic lamps, assorted saints, shovels, flat-irons, and big-eyed madonnas — under a sagging pent-roof, I enter a large court, like Piazza Donati. Here the Medici, among other great citizens, had their first houses; and in the narrow street opening out of this court stands the little church which was then the family chapel of the Medici, after the fashion of that time, where all their marriages, christenings, and funerals took place. In time this highly respectable quarter suffered the sort of social decay which so frequently and so capriciously affects highly respectable quarters in all cities; and it had at last fallen so low, in the reign of Cosimo I., that when that grim tyrant wished cheaply to please the Florentines by making it a little harder for the Jews than for the Christians under him, he shut them up in the old court. They had been let into Florence to counteract the extortion of the Christian usurers, and upon the condition that they would not ask more than twenty per cent. interest. How much more had been taken by the Christians one can hardly imagine; but if this was a low rate to Florentines, one easily understands how the bankers of the city grew rich by lending to the necessitous world outside. Now and then they did not get back their principal, and Edward III. of England has still an outstanding debt to the house of Peruzzi, which he bankrupted in the fourteenth century. The best of the Jews left the city rather than enter the Ghetto, and only the baser sort remained to its captivity. Whether any of them still continue there, I do not know; but the place has grown more and more disreputable, till now it is the home of the forlornest rabble I saw in Florence, and if they were not the worst, their looks are unjust to them. They were mainly women and children, as the worst classes seem to be everywhere, — I do not know why, — and the air was full of the clatter of their feet and tongues, intolerably reverberated from the high, many-windowed walls of scorbutic brick and stucco. These walls were, of course, garlanded with garments hung to dry from their casements. It is perpetually washing-day in Italy, and the observer, seeing so much linen washed and so little clean, is everywhere invited to the solution of one of the strangest problems of the Latin civilization.



DOOR OF DANTE'S HOUSE.

The ancient home of the Medici has none of the feudal dignity, the baronial pride, of the quarter of the Lamberti and the Buondelmonti; and, disliking them as I did, I was glad to see it in the possession of that squalor, so different from the cheerful and industrious thrift of Piazza Donati and the neighborhood of Dante's house. No touch of sympathetic poetry relieves the history of that race of demagogues and tyrants, who, in their rise, had no thought but to aggrandize themselves, and whose only greatness was an apotheosis of egotism. It is hard to understand through what law of development, from lower to higher, the Providence which rules the affairs of men permitted them supremacy; and it is easy to understand how the better men whom they supplanted and dominated should abhor them. They were especially a bitter dose to the proud-stomached aristocracy of citizens which had succeeded the extinct Ghibelline nobility in Florence; but, indeed, the three pills which they adopted from the arms of their guild of physicians, together with the only appellation by which history knows their lineage, were agreeable to none who wished their country well. From the first Medici to the last, they were nearly all hypocrites or ruffians, bigots or imbeciles; and Lorenzo, who was a scholar and a poet, and the friend of scholars and poets, had the genius and science of tyranny in supreme degree, though he wore no princely title and assumed to be only the chosen head of the commonwealth.

"Under his rule," says Villari, in his "Life of Savonarola," that almost incomparable biography, "all wore a prosperous and contented aspect; the parties that had so long disquieted the city were at peace; imprisoned, or banished, or dead, those who would not submit to the Medicean domination; tranquillity and calm were everywhere. Feasting, dancing, public shows and games amused the Florentine people, who, once so jealous of their rights, seemed to have forgotten even the name of liberty. Lorenzo, who took part in all these pleasures, invented new ones every day. But among all his inventions, the most famous was that of the carnival songs *(canti carnascialeschi)*, of which he composed the first, and which were meant to be sung in the masquerades of carnival, when the youthful nobility, disguised to

represent the Triumph of Death, or a crew of demons, or some other caprice of fancy, wandered through the city, filling it with their riot. The reading of these songs will paint the corruption of the town far better than any



CHURCH WHERE DANTE WAS MARRIED—SAN MARTINO.

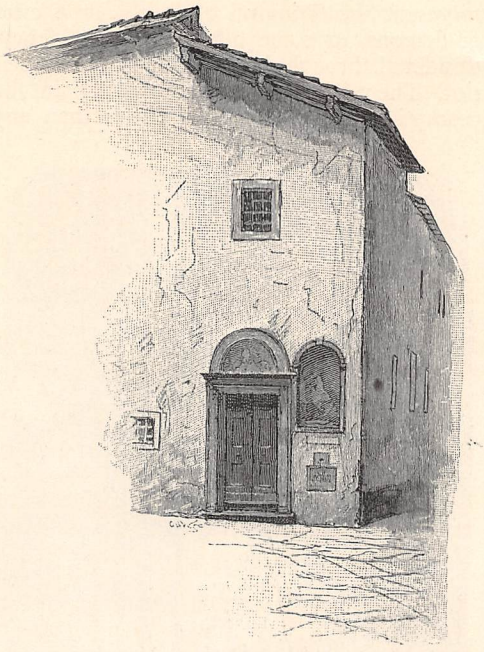
other description. To-day, not only the youthful nobility, but the basest of the populace, would hold them in loathing, and to go singing them through the city would be an offense to public decency which could not fail to be punished. These things were the favorite recreation of a prince lauded by all the world and held up as a model to every sovereign, a prodigy of wisdom, a political and literary genius. And such as they called him then, many would judge him still," says our author, who explicitly warns his readers against Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," as the least trustworthy of all in its characterization. "They would forgive him the blood spilt to maintain a dominion unjustly acquired by him and his; the disorder wrought in the commonwealth; the theft of the public treasure to supply his profligate waste; the shameless vices to which in spite of his feeble health he abandoned himself; and even that rapid and infernal corruption of the people, which he perpetually studied with all the force and capacity of his soul. And all because he was the protector of letters and the fine arts!

"In the social condition of Florence at that time there was indeed a strange contrast. Culture was universally diffused; everybody knew Latin and Greek, everybody admired the classics; many ladies were noted for the elegance of their Greek and Latin verses. The arts, which had languished since the time of Giotto, revived, and on all sides rose exquisite palaces and churches. But artists, scholars, politicians, nobles, and plebeians were rotten at heart, lacking in every public and private virtue, every moral sentiment. Religion was the tool of the government or vile hypocrisy; they had neither civil, nor religious, nor moral, nor philosophic faith; even doubt feebly asserted itself in their souls. A cold indifference to every principle prevailed, and those visages full of guile and subtlety wore a smile of chilly superiority and compassion at any sign of enthusiasm for noble and generous ideas. They did not oppose them or question them, as a philosophical skeptic would have done; they simply pitied them. . . . But Lorenzo had an exquisite taste for poetry and the arts. . . . Having set himself up to protect artists and scholars, his house became the resort of the most illustrious wits of his time, . . . and whether in the meetings under his own roof, or in those of the famous Platonic Academy, his own genius shone brilliantly in that elect circle. . . . A strange life indeed was Lorenzo's. After giving his whole mind and soul to the destruction, by some new law, of some last remnant of liberty, after pronouncing some fresh sentence of ruin or death, he entered the Platonic Academy, and ardently discussed virtue and the immortality of the soul; then sallying forth to mingle with the dissolute youth of the city, he sang his carnival songs, and abandoned himself to debauchery; returning home with Pulci and Politian, he recited verses and talked of poetry; and to each of these occupations he gave himself up as wholly as if it were the sole occupation of his life. But the strangest thing of all is that in all that variety of life they cannot cite a solitary act of real generosity toward his people, his friends, or his kinsmen; for surely if there had been such an act, his indefatigable flatterers would not have forgotten it. . . . He had inherited from Cosimo all that subtlety by which, without being a great statesman, he was prompt in cunning subterfuges, full of prudence and acuteness, skillful in dealing with ambassadors, most skillful in extinguishing his enemies, bold and cruel when he believed the occasion permitted. . . . His face revealed his character; there was something sinister and hateful in it; the complexion was greenish, the mouth very large, the nose flat, and the voice nasal; but his eye was quick and keen, his forehead was high, and his manner had all of gentleness that can be imagined of an age so refined and elegant as

that; his conversation was full of vivacity, of wit and learning; those who were admitted to his familiarity were always fascinated by him. He seconded his age in all its tendencies; corrupt as it was, he left it corrupter still in every way; he gave himself up to pleasure, and he taught his people to give themselves up to it, to its intoxication and its delirium."

IV.

THIS was the sort of being whom human nature in self-defense ought always to recognize as a devil, and whom no glamour of circumstance or quality should be suffered to disguise. It is success like his which, as Victor Hugo says of Louis Napoleon's similar success, "confounds the human conscience," and kindles the lurid light in which assassination seems a holy duty. Lorenzo's tyranny in Florence was not only the extinction of public liberty, but the control of private life in all its relations. He made this marriage and he forbade that among the principal families, as it suited his pleasure; he decided employments and careers; he regulated the most intimate affairs of households in the interest of his power, with a final impunity which is inconceivable of that proud and fiery Florence. The smoldering resentment of his tyranny, which flamed out in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, adds the consecration of a desperate love of liberty to the cathedral, hallowed by religion and history, in which the tragedy was enacted. It was always dramatizing itself there when I entered the Duomo, whether in the hush and twilight of some vacant hour, or in the flare of tapers and voices while some high ceremonial filled the vast nave with its glittering procession. But I think the ghosts preferred the latter setting. To tell the truth, the Duomo at Florence is a temple to damp the spirit, dead or alive, by the immense impression of stony bareness, of drab vacuity, which one receives from its interior, unless it is filled with people. Outside, it is magnificently imposing, in spite of the insufficiency and irregularity of its piazza. In spite of having no such approach as St. Mark's at Venice, or St. Peter's at Rome, or even the cathedral at Milan, in spite of being almost crowded upon by the surrounding shops and cafés, it is noble, and more and more astonishing; and there is the baptistery, with its heavenly gates, and the tower of Giotto, with its immortal beauty, as novel for each new-comer as if freshly set out there overnight for his advantage. Nor do I object at all to the cab-stands there, and the little shops all round, and the people thronging through the piazza, in and out of the half-score of crooked streets opening upon it. You do not get all the grandeur of the cathedral outside, but you get enough, while you come away from the interior in a sort of destitution. One needs some such function as I saw there one evening at dusk in order to realize all the spectacular capabilities of the place. This function consisted mainly of a visible array of the Church's forces "against blasphemy," as the printed notices informed me; but with the high altar blazing, a constellation of candles in the distant gloom, and the long train of priests, choristers, acolytes, and white-cowled penitents, each with his taper, and the archbishop, bearing the pyx, at their head, under a silken canopy, it formed a setting of incomparable vividness for the scene on the last Sunday before Ascension, 1478.



SAN MARTINO — EXTERIOR.

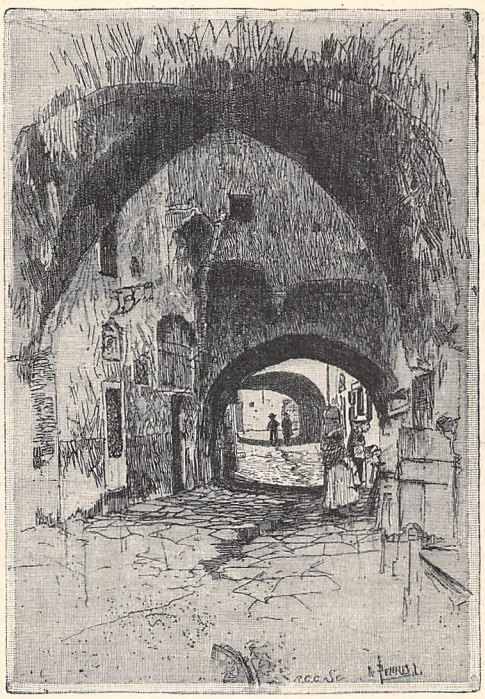
There is, to my thinking, no such mirror of the spirit of that time as the story of this conspiracy. A pope was at the head of it, and an archbishop was there in Florence to share actively in it. Having failed to find Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici together at Lorenzo's villa, the conspirators transfer the scene to the cathedral; the moment chosen for striking the blow is that supremely sacred moment in which the very body of Christ is elevated for the adoration of the kneeling worshipers. What a contempt they all have for the place and the office! In this you read one effect of that study of antiquity which was among the means Lorenzo used to cor-

rupt the souls of men; the Florentines are half repaganized. Yet at the bottom of the heart of one conspirator lingers a mediæval compunction, and though not unwilling to kill a man, this soldier does not know about killing one in a church. Very well, then, give up your dagger, you simple soldier; give it to this priest; *he* knows what a church is, and how little sacred!

The cathedral is packed with people, and Lorenzo is there, but Giuliano is not come yet. Are we to be fooled a second time? Malediction! Send some one to fetch that Medicean beast, who is so slow coming to the slaughter! I am of the conspiracy, for I hate the Medici; but these muttered blasphemies, hissed and ground through the teeth, this frenzy for murder,— it is getting to be little better than that,— make me sick. Two of us go for Giuliano to his house, and being acquaintances of his, we laugh and joke familiarly with him; we put our arms caressingly about him, and feel if he has a shirt of mail on, as we walk him between us through the crowd at the corner of the café there, invisibly, past all the cabmen ranked near the cathedral and the baptistery, not one of whom shall snatch his horse's oat-bag from his nose to invite us phantoms to a turn in the city. We have our friend safe in the cathedral at last,— hapless, kindly youth, whom we have nothing against except that he is of that cursed race of the Medici,— and now at last the priest elevates the host and it is time to strike; the little bell tinkles, the multitude holds its breath and falls upon its knees; Lorenzo and Giuliano kneel with the rest. A moment, and Bernardo Bandini plunges his short dagger through the boy, who drops dead upon his face, and Francesco Pazzi flings himself upon the body, and blindly striking to make sure of his death, gives himself a wound in the leg that disables him for the rest of the work. And now we see the folly of intrusting Lorenzo to the unpracticed hand of a priest, who would have been neat enough, no doubt, at mixing a dose of poison. The bungler has only cut his man a little in the neck! Lorenzo's sword is out and making desperate play for his life; his friends close about him, and while the sacred vessels are tumbled from the altar and trampled under foot in the mellay, and the cathedral rings with yells and shrieks and curses and the clash of weapons, they have hurried him into the sacristy and barred the doors, against which we shall beat ourselves in vain. Fury! Infamy! Malediction! Pick yourself up, Francesco Pazzi, and get home as you may! There is no mounting to horse and crying liberty through the streets for you! All is over! The wretched populace, the servile signory, side with the Medici; in a few hours the Archbishop of Pisa is swinging by the neck from a window of the Palazzo Vecchio; and while he is yet alive you are dragged, bleeding and naked, from your bed through the streets and hung beside him, so close that in his dying agony he sets his teeth in your breast with a convulsive frenzy that leaves you fast in the death-clutch of his jaws till they cut the ropes and you rain hideously down to the pavement below.

V.

ONE must face these grisly details from time to time if he would feel what Florence



AN ARCHED PASSAGE.

was. All the world was like Florence at that time in its bloody cruelty; the wonder is that Florence, being what she otherwise was, should be like all the world in that. One should take the trouble also to keep constantly in mind the smallness of the theater in which these scenes were enacted. Compared with modern cities, Florence was but a large town, and these Pazzi were neighbors and kinsmen of the Medici, and they and their fathers had seen the time when the Medici were no more in the state than other families which had perhaps scorned to rise by their

arts. It would be insufferable to any of us if some acquaintance whom we knew so well, root and branch, should come to reign over us; but this is what happened through the Medici in Florence.

I walked out one pleasant Sunday afternoon to the Villa Careggi, where Lorenzo made a dramatic end twenty years after the tragedy in the cathedral. It is some two miles from the city; I could not say in just what direction; but it does not matter, since if you do not come to Villa Careggi when you go to look for it, you come to something else equally memorable, by ways as beautiful and through landscapes as picturesque. I remember that there was hanging from a crevice of one of the stone walls which we sauntered between, one of those great purple anemones of Florence, tilting and swaying in the sunny air of February, and that there was a tender presentiment of spring in the atmosphere, and people were out languidly enjoying the warmth about their doors, as if the winter had been some malady of theirs, and they were now slowly convalescent. The mountains were white with snow beyond Fiesole, but that was perhaps to set off to better advantage the nearer hill-sides, studded with villas gleaming white through black plumes of cypress, and blurred with long gray stretches of olive orchard; it is impossible to escape some such crazy impression of intention in the spectacular prospect of Italy, though that is probably less the fault of the prospect than of the people who have painted and printed so much about it. There were vineyards, of course, as well as olive orchards on all those broken and irregular slopes, over which wandered a tangle of the high walls which everywhere shut you out from intimate approach to the fields about Florence; you may look up at them, afar off, or you may look down at them, but you cannot look into them on the same level.

We entered the Villa Careggi, when we got to it, through a high, grated gateway, and then we found ourselves in a delicious garden, the exquisite thrill of whose loveliness lingers yet in my utterly satisfied senses. I remember it as chiefly a plantation of rare trees, with an enchanting glimmer of the inexhaustibly various landscape through every break in their foliage; but near the house was a formal parterre for flowers, silent, serene, aristocratic, touched not with decay, but a sort of pensive regret. On a terrace yet nearer were some *putti*, some frolic boys cut in marble, with a growth of brown moss on their soft backs, and looking as if, in their lapse from the civilization for which they were designed, they had begun to clothe themselves in skins.

As to the interior of the villa, every one may go there and observe its facts; its vast, cold, dim saloons, its floors of polished cement, like ice to the foot, and its walls covered with painted histories and anecdotes and portraits of the Medici. The outside warmth had not got into the house, and I shivered in the sepulchral gloom, and could get no sense of the gay, voluptuous, living past there, not even in the prettily painted loggia where Lorenzo used to sit with his friends overlooking Val d'Arno, and glimpsing the tower of Giotto and the dome of Brunelleschi. But there is one room, next to the last of the long suite fronting on the lovely garden, where the event which makes the place memorable has an incomparable actuality. It is the room where Lorenzo died, and his dying eyes could look from its windows out over the lovely garden, and across the vast stretches of villa and village, olive and cypress, to the tops of Florence swimming against the horizon. He was a long time dying, of the gout of his ancestors and his own debauchery, and he drew near his end cheerfully enough, and very much as he had always lived, now reasoning high of philosophy and poetry with Pico della Mirandola and Politian, and now laughing at the pranks of the jesters and buffoons whom they brought in to amuse him, till the very last, when he sickened of all those delights, fine or gross, and turned his thoughts to the mercy despised so long. But, as he kept saying, none had ever dared give him a resolute No, save one; and dreading in his final hours the mockery of flattering priests, he sent for this one fearless soul; and Savonarola, who had never yielded to his threats or caresses, came at the prayer of the dying man, and took his place beside the bed we still see there—high, broad, richly carved in dark wood, with a picture of Perugino's on the wall at the left beside it. Piero, Lorenzo's son, from whom he has just parted, must be in the next room yet, and the gentle Pico della Mirandola, whom Lorenzo was so glad to see that he smiled and jested with him in the old way, has closed the door on the preacher and the sinner. Lorenzo confesses that he has heavy on his soul three crimes: the cruel sack of Volterra, the theft of the public dower of young girls, by which many were driven to a wicked life, and the blood shed after the conspiracy of the Pazzi. "He was greatly agitated, and Savonarola to quiet him kept repeating 'God is good; God is merciful. But,' he added, when Lorenzo had ceased to speak, 'there is need of three things.' 'And what are they,

father?' 'First, you must have a great and living faith in the mercy of God.' 'This I have — the greatest.' 'Second, you must restore that which you have wrongfully taken, or require your children to restore it for you.' Lorenzo looked surprised and troubled; but he forced himself to compliance, and nodded his head in sign of assent. Then Savonarola rose to his feet, and stood over the dying prince. 'Last, you must give back their liberty to the people of Florence.' Lorenzo, summoning all his remaining strength, disdainfully turned his back; and, without uttering a word, Savonarola departed without giving him absolution."

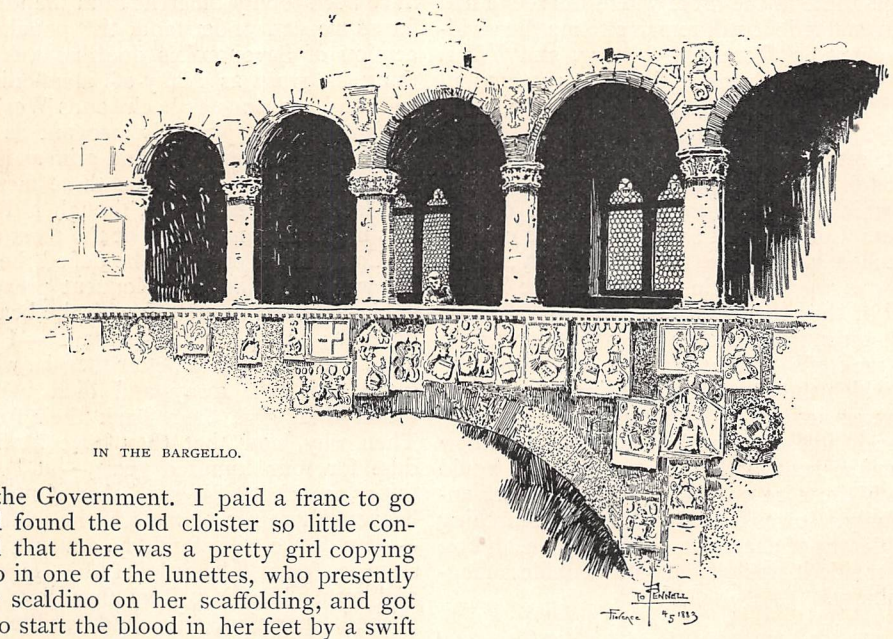
It was as if I saw and heard it all, as I stood there in the room where the scene had been enacted; it still remains to me the vividest event in Florentine history, and Villari has no need, for me at least, to summon all the witnesses he calls to establish the verity of the story. There are some disputed things that establish themselves in our credence through the nature of the men and the times of which they are told, and this is one of them. Lorenzo and Savonarola were equally matched in courage, and the Italian soul of the one was as subtle for good as the Italian soul of the other was subtle for evil. In that encounter, the preacher knew that it was not the sack of a city or the blood of conspirators for which the sinner really desired absolution, however artfully and naturally they were advanced in his appeal; and Lorenzo knew when he sent for him that the monk would touch the sore spot in his guilty heart unerringly. It was a profound drama, searching the depths of character on either side, and on either side it was played with matchless magnanimity.

VI.

After I had been at Careggi, I had to go again and look at San Marco, at the cell to which Savonarola returned from that deathbed, sorrowing. Yet, at this distance of time and place, one must needs wonder a little why one is so pitiless to Lorenzo, so devoted to Savonarola. I have a suspicion, which I own with shame and reluctance, that I should have liked Lorenzo's company much better, and that I, too, should have felt to its last sweetness the charm of his manner. I confess that I think I should have been bored — it is well to be honest with one's self in all things — by the menaces and mystery of Savonarola's prophesying, and that I should have thought his crusade against the pomps and vanities of Florence a vulgar and ridiculous business. He and his monks would have been terribly dull companions for one of my make within their convent; and when they came out and danced in a ring with his male and female devotees in the square before the church, I should have liked them no better than so many soldiers of the Army of Salvation. That is not my idea of the way in which the souls of men are to be purified and elevated, or their thoughts turned to God. Puerility and vulgarity of a sort to set one's teeth on edge marked the excesses which Savonarola permitted in his followers; and if he could have realized his puritanic republic, it would have been one of the heaviest yokes about the neck of poor human nature that have ever burdened it. For the reality would have been totally different from the ideal. So far as we can understand, the popular conception of Savonarola's doctrine was something as gross as Army-of-Salvationism, as wild and sensuous as backwoods Wesleyism, as fantastic, as spiritually arrogant as primitive Quakerism, as bleak and grim as militant Puritanism. We must face these facts, and the fact that Savonarola, though a Puritan, was no Protestant at all, but the most devout of Catholics, even while he defied the Pope. He was a sublime and eloquent preacher, a genius inspired to ecstasy with the beauty of holiness; but perhaps — perhaps! — Lorenzo knew the Florentines better than he when he turned his face away and died unshriven rather than give them back their freedom. Then why, now that they have both been dust for four hundred years, — and in all things the change is such that if not a new heavens there is a new earth since their day, — why do we cling tenderly, devoutly, to the strange, frenzied apostle of the Impossible, and turn, abhorring, from that gay, accomplished, charming, wise, and erudite statesman who knew what men were so much better? There is nothing of Savonarola now but the memory of his purpose, nothing of Lorenzo but the memory of his; and now we see, far more clearly than if the *frate* had founded his free state upon the ruins of the *magnifico's* tyranny, that the one willed only good to others, and the other willed it only to himself. All history, like each little individual experience, enforces nothing but this lesson of altruism; and it is because the memory which consecrates the church of San Marco teaches it in supreme degree that one stands before it with a swelling heart.

In itself the church is nowise interesting or imposing, with that ugly and senseless classicism of its façade, which associates itself with Spain rather than Italy, and the stretch of its plain, low convent walls. It looks South American, it looks Mexican, with its plaza-

like piazza; and the alien effect is heightened by the stiff tropical plants set round the recent military statue in the center. But when you are within the convent gate, all is Italian, all is Florentine again; for there is nothing more Florentine in Florence than those old convent courts into which your sight-seeing takes you so often. The middle space is inclosed by the sheltering cloisters, and here the grass lies green in the sun the whole winter through, with daisies in it, and other simple little sympathetic weeds or flowers; the still air is warm, and the place has a climate of its own. Of course, the Dominican friars are long gone from San Marco; the place is a museum now, admirably kept

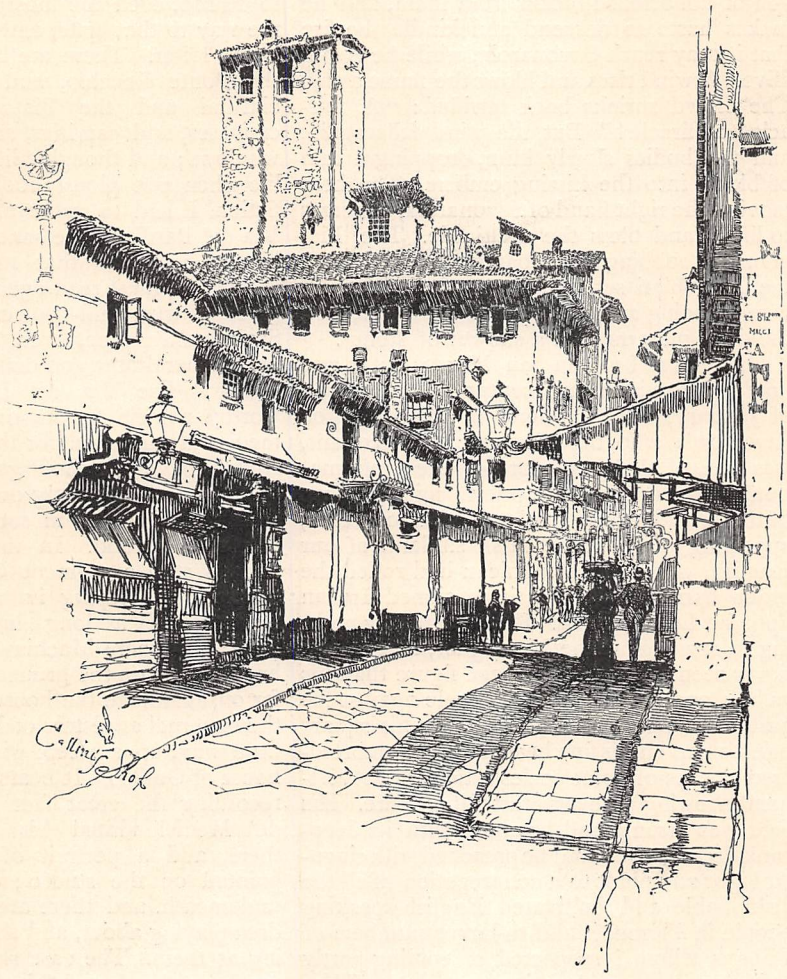


IN THE BARGELLO.

up by the Government. I paid a franc to go in, and found the old cloister so little conventual that there was a pretty girl copying a fresco in one of the lunettes, who presently left her scaldino on her scaffolding, and got down to start the blood in her feet by a swift little promenade under the arches where the monks used to walk, and over the dead whose grave-stones pave the way. You cannot help those things; and she was really very pretty — much prettier than a monk. In one of the cells upstairs there was another young lady; she was copying a Fra Angelico, who might have been less shocked at her presence than some would think. He put a great number of women, as beautiful as he could paint them, in the frescoes with which he has illuminated the long line of cells. In one place he has left his own portrait in a saintly company, looking on at an Annunciation: a very handsome youth, with an air expressive of an artistic rather than a spiritual interest in the fact represented, which indeed has the effect merely of a polite interview. One looks at the frescoes glimmering through the dusk of the little rooms in hardly discernible detail, with more or less care, according to one's real or attempted delight in them, and then suddenly comes to the cell of Savonarola; and all the life goes out of those remote histories and allegories, and pulses in an agony of baffled good in this martyrdom. Here is the desk at which he read and wrote; here are laid some leaves of his manuscript, as if they had just trembled from those wasted hands of his; here is the hair shirt he wore, to mortify and torment that suffering flesh the more; here is a bit of charred wood gathered from the fire in which he expiated his love for the Florentines by a hideous death at their hands. It rends the heart to look at them! Still, after four hundred years, the event is as fresh as yesterday — as fresh as Calvary; and never can the race which still gropes blindly here conceive of its divine source better than in the sacrifice of some poor fellow-creature who perishes by those to whom he meant nothing but good.

As one stands in the presence of these pathetic witnesses, the whole lamentable tragedy rehearses itself again, with a power that makes one an actor in it. Here, I am of that Florence which has sprung erect after shaking the foot of the tyrant from its neck, too fiercely free to endure the yoke of the reformer; and I perceive the waning strength of Savonarola's friends, the growing number of his foes. I stand with the rest before the Palazzo Vecchio waiting for the result of that ordeal by fire to which they have chal-

lenged his monks in test of his claims, and I hear with foreboding the murmurs of the crowd when they are balked of their spectacle by that question between the Dominicans and the Franciscans about carrying the host through the flames; I return with him heavy and sorrowful to his convent, prescient of broken power over the souls which his voice has swayed so long; I am there in San Marco when he rises to preach, and the gathering storm of insult and outrage bursts upon him, with hisses and yells, till the battle begins between his Piagnoni and the Arrabbiati, and rages through the consecrated edifice, and that fiery Peter among his friars beats in the skulls of his assailants with the bronze crucifix caught up from the altar; I am in the piazza before the church when the mob attacks the convent, and the monks, shaking off his meek control, reply with musket-shots from their cells; I am with him when the signory sends to lead him a prisoner to the Bargello; I am there when they stretch upon the rack that frail and delicate body, which fastings and vigils and the cloistered life have wrought up to a nervous sensibility as keen as a woman's; I hear his confused and uncertain replies under the torture when they ask him whether he claims now to have prophesied from God; I climb with him, for that month's respite they allow him before they put him to the question again, to the narrow cell high up in the tower of the Old Palace, where, with the roofs and towers of the cruel city he had so loved far below him, and the purple hills misty against the snow-clad mountains all round the horizon, he recovers something of his peace of mind, and keeps his serenity of soul; I follow him down to the chapel beautiful with Ghirlandajo's frescoes, where he spends his last hours, before they lead him between the two monks who are to suffer with him; and once more I stand among the pitiless multitude in the piazza. They make him taste the agony of death twice in the death of his monks; then he submits his neck to the halter and the hangman thrusts him from the scaffold, where the others hang dangling in their chains above the pyre that is to consume their bodies. "Prophet!" cries an echo of the mocking voice on Calvary, "now is the time for a miracle!" The hangman thinks to please the crowd by play-



ON THE PONTE VECCHIO.

ing the buffoon with the quivering form; a yell of abhorrence breaks from them, and he makes haste to descend and kindle the fire that it may reach Savonarola, while he is still alive. A wind rises and blows the flame away. The crowd shrinks back terrified: "A miracle! a miracle!" But the wind falls again, and the bodies slowly burn, dropping a rain of blood into the hissing embers. The heat moving the right hand of Savonarola, he seems to lift it and bless the multitude. The Piagnoni fall sobbing and groaning to their knees; the Arrabbiati set on a crew of ribald boys, who, dancing and yelling round the fire, pelt the dead martyrs with a shower of stones.

Once more I was in San Marco, but it was now in the nineteenth century, on a Sunday of January, 1883. There, in the place of Savonarola, who, though surely no Protestant, was one of the precursors of the Reformation, stood a Northern priest, chief perhaps of those who would lead us back to Rome, appealing to us in the harsh sibilants of our English, where the Dominican had rolled the organ harmonies of his impassioned Italian upon his hearers' souls. I have certainly nothing to say against the Monsignor, and I have never seen a more picturesque figure than his as he stood in his episcopal purple against the curtain of pale green behind him, his square priest's cap on his fine head, and the embroidered sleeves of some ecclesiastical under-vestment showing at every tasteful gesture. His face was strong, and beautiful with its deep-sunk dreamy eyes, and he preached with singular vigor and point to a congregation of all the fashionable and cultivated English-speaking people in Florence, and to larger numbers of Italians whom I suspected of coming partly to improve themselves in our tongue. They could not have done better; his English was exquisite in diction and accent, and his matter was very good. He was warning us against Agnosticism and the limitations of merely scientific wisdom; but I thought that there was little need to persuade us of God in the church where Savonarola had lived and aspired; and that even the dead, who had known him, and heard him, and who now sent up their chill through the pavement from the tombs below, and made my feet so very cold, were more eloquent of immortality in that place.

VII.

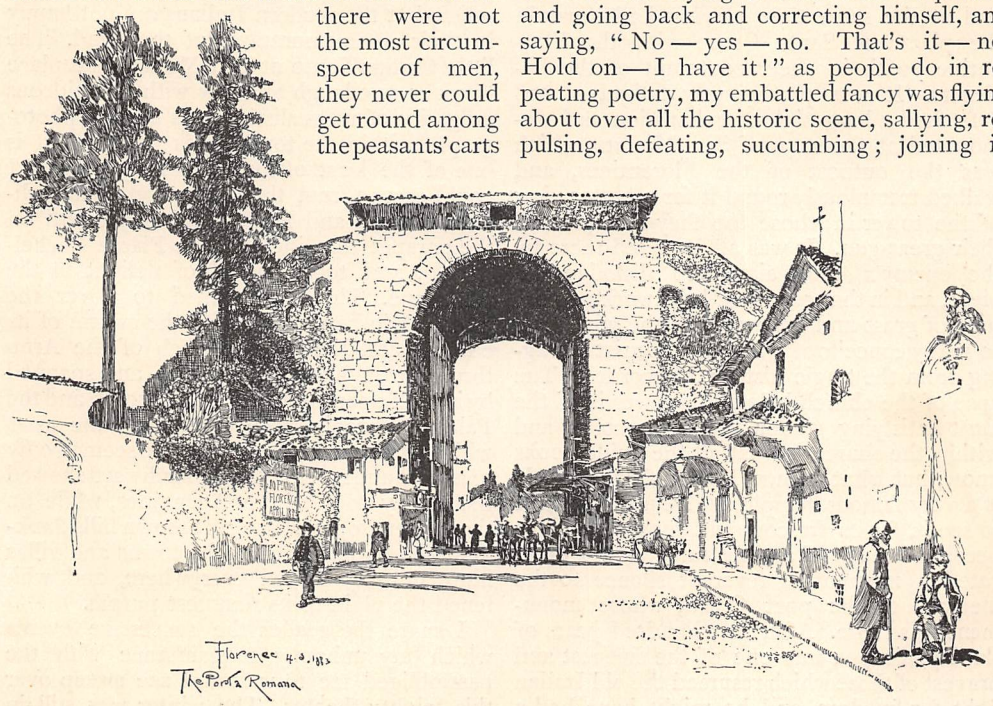
One morning, early in February, I walked out through the picturesqueness of Oltrarno, and up the long ascent of the street to Porta San Giorgio, for the purpose of revering what is left of the fortifications designed by Michael Angelo for the defense of the city in the great siege of 1535. There are many things to distract even the most resolute pilgrim on the way to that gate, and I was but too willing to loiter. There are bric-à-brac shops on the Ponte Vecchio, and in the Via Guicciardini and the Piazza Pitti, with old canvases, and carvings, and bronzes in their windows; and though a little past the time of life when one piously looks up the scenes of fiction, I had to make an excursion up the Via de' Bardi for the sake of Romola, whose history begins in that street. It is a book which you must read again in Florence, for it gives a true and powerful impression of Savonarola's time, even if the author does burden her drama and dialogue with too much history. The Via de' Bardi, moreover, is worthy a visit for its own Gothic-palaced, mediæval sake, and for the sake of that long stretch of the Boboli garden wall backing upon it, with ivy flung over its shoulder, and a murmur of bees in some sort of invisible blossoms beyond. In that neighborhood I had to stop a moment before the house — simple, but keeping its countenance in the presence of a long line of Guicciardini palaces — where Machiavelli lived; a barber has his shop on the ground floor now, and not far off, again, are the houses of the Canigiani, the maternal ancestors of Petrarch. And yet a little way, up a steep, winding street, is the house of Galileo. It bears on its front a tablet recording the great fact that Ferdinand II. de' Medici visited his valued astronomer there, and a portrait of the astronomer is painted on the stucco; there is a fruiterer underneath, and there are a great many children playing about, and their mothers screaming at them. The vast sky is blue without a speck overhead, and I look down on the tops of garden trees, and the brown-tiled roofs of houses sinking in ever richer and softer picturesqueness from level to level below. But to get the prospect in all its wonderful beauty, one must push on up the street a little farther, and pass out between two indolent sentries lounging under the Giottesquely frescoed arch of Porta San Giorgio, into the open road. By this time I fancy the landscape will have got the better of history in the interest of any amateur, and he will give but a casual glance at Michael Angelo's bastions or towers, and will abandon himself altogether to the rapture of that scene.

For my part, I cannot tell whether I am more blest in the varieties of effect which every step of the descent outside the wall reveals in the city and its river and valley, or in the near olive orchards, gray in the sun, and the cypresses, intensely black against the sky. The road next the wall is bordered by a

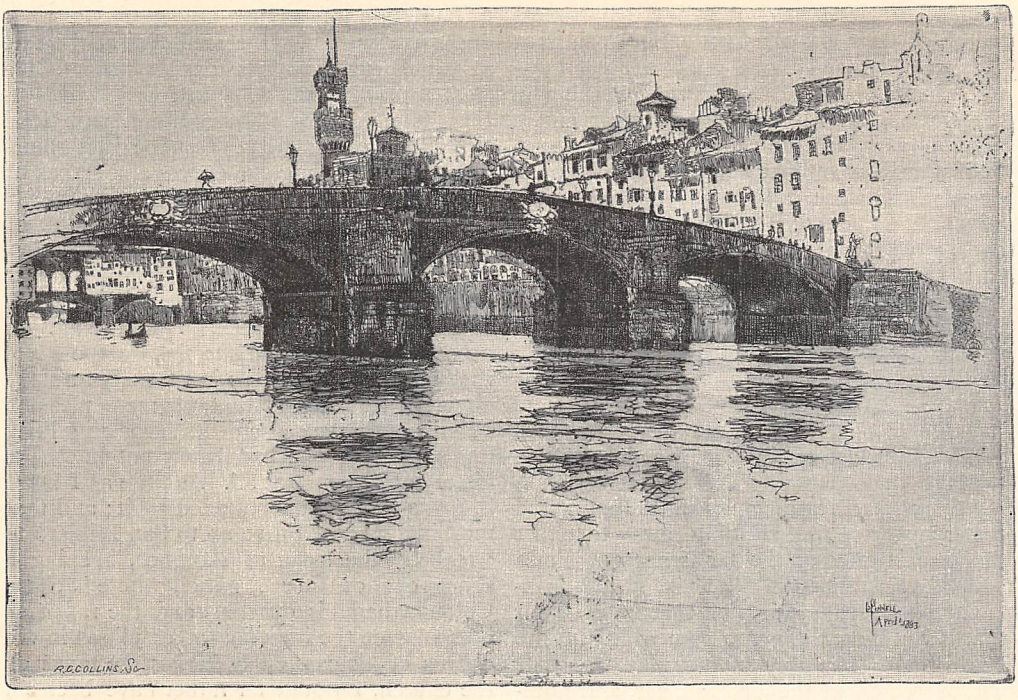
tangle of blackberry vines, which the amiable Florentine winter has not had the harshness to rob of their leaves; they hang green from the canes, on which one might almost hope to find some berries. The lizards, basking in the warm dust, rustle away among them at my approach, and up the path comes a gentleman in the company of two small terrier dogs, whose little bells finely tinkle as they advance. It would be hard to say just how these gave the final touch to my satisfaction with a prospect in which everything glistened and sparkled as far as the snows of Vallombrosa, lustrous along the horizon; but the reader ought to understand.

VIII.

I WAS instructed by the friend in whose tutelage I was pursuing with so much passion my search for historical localities that I had better not give myself quite away to either the associations or the landscapes at Porta San Giorgio, but wait till I visited San Miniato. Afterward I was glad that I did so, for that is certainly the point from which best to enjoy both. The day of our visit was gray and overcast, but the air was clear, and nothing was lost to the eye among the objects distinct in line and color, almost as far as it could reach. We went out of the famous Porta Romana, by which so much history enters and issues that if the customs officers there were not the most circumspect of men, they never could get round among the peasants' carts to tax their wine and oil without trampling a multitude of august and pathetic presences under foot. One shudders at the rate at which one's *cocchiere* dashes through the Past thronging the lofty archway, and scatters its phantoms right and left with loud explosions of his whip. Outside it is somewhat better, among the curves and slopes of the beautiful suburban avenues, with which Florence was adorned to be the capital of Italy twenty years ago. But here, too, history thickens upon you, even if you know it but a little; it springs from the soil that looks so red and poor, and seems to fill the air. In no other space, it seems to me, do the great events stand so dense as in that city and the circuit of its hills; so that, for mere pleasure in its beauty, the sense of its surpassing loveliness, perhaps one had better not know the history of Florence at all. As little as I knew it, I was terribly incommoded by it; and that morning, when I drove up to San Miniato to "realize" the siege of Florence, keeping a sharp eye out for Montici, where Sciarra Colonna had his quarters, and the range of hills whence the imperial forces joined in the chorus of his cannon battering the tower of the church, I would far rather have been an unpremeditating listener to the poem of Browning which the friend in the carriage with me was repeating. The din of the guns drowned his voice from time to time, and while he was trying to catch a faded phrase, and going back and correcting himself, and saying, "No — yes — no. That's it — no. Hold on — I have it!" as people do in repeating poetry, my embattled fancy was flying about over all the historic scene, sallying, repulsing, defeating, succumbing; joining in



THE PORTA ROMANA.



PONTE SANTA TRINITÀ.

the famous *camisada* when the Florentines put their shirts on over their armor and attacked the enemy's sleeping camp by night, and at the same time playing ball down in the piazza of Santa Croce with the Florentine youth in sheer contempt of the besiegers. It was prodigiously fatiguing, and I fetched a long sigh of exhaustion as I dismounted at the steps of San Miniato, which was the outpost of the Florentines, and walked tremulously round it for a better view of the tower in whose top they had planted their great gun. It was all battered there by the enemy's shot aimed to dislodge the piece, and in the crumbling brickwork nodded tufts of grass and dry weeds in the wind, like so many conceits of a frivolous tourist springing from the tragic history it recorded. The apse of the church below this tower is of the most satisfying golden brown in color, and within, the church is what all the guide-books know, but what I own I have forgotten. It is a very famous temple, and every one goes to see it, for its frescoes and mosaics and its peculiar beauty of architecture; and I dedicated a moment of reverent silence to the memory of the poet Giusti, whose monument was there. After four hundred years of slavery, his pen was one of the keenest and bravest of those which resumed the old Italian fight for freedom, and he might have had a more adequate monument. I believe there is an insufficient statue, or perhaps it is only a bust, or may be a tablet with his face in bas-relief; but the modern Italians are not happy in their commemorations of the dead. The little Campo Santo at San Miniato is a place to make one laugh and cry with the hideous vulgarity of its realistic busts and its photographs set in the tombstones; and yet it is one of the least offensive in Italy. When I could escape from the fascination of its ugliness, I went and leaned with my friend on the parapet that incloses the Piazza Michelangelo, and took my fill of delight in the landscape. The city seemed to cover the whole plain beneath us with the swarm of its edifices, and the steely stretch of the Arno thrust through its whole length and spanned by its half-dozen bridges. The Duomo and the Palazzo Vecchio swelled up from the mass with a vastness which the distance seemed only to accent and reveal. To the northward showed the snowy tops of the Apennines, while on the nearer slopes of the soft brown hills flanking the wonderful valley the towns and villas hung densely drifted everywhere, and whitened the plain to its remotest purple.

I spare the reader the successive events which my unhappy acquaintance with the past obliged me to wait and see sweep over this mighty theater. The winter was still in

the wind that whistled round our lofty perch, and that must make the Piazza Michelangelo so delicious in the summer twilight; the bronze copy of the David in the center of the square looked half frozen. The terrace is part of the system of embellishment and improvement of Florence for her brief supremacy as capital; and it is fitly called after Michael Angelo because it covers the site of so much work of his for her defense in the great siege. We looked about till we could endure the cold no longer, and then returned to our carriage. By this time the siege was over, and after a resistance of fifteen months we were betrayed by our leader Malatesta Baglioni, who could not resist the Pope's bribe. With the disgraceful facility of pleasure-seeking foreigners we instantly changed sides, and returned through the Porta Romana, which his treason opened, and, because it was so convenient, entered the city with a horde of other Spanish and German bigots and mercenaries that the empire had hurled against the stronghold of Italian liberty.

IX.

YET, once within the beloved walls,— I must still call them walls, though they are now razed to the ground and laid out in fine avenues, with a perpetual succession of horse-cars tinkling down their midst,— I was all Florentine again, and furious against the Medici, whom after a whole generation the holy league of the Emperor and the Pope had brought back in the person of the bastard Alessandro. They brought him back, of course, in prompt and explicit violation of their sacred word; and it seemed to me that I could not wait for his cousin Lorenzino to kill him — such is the ferocity of the mildest tourist in the presence of occasions sufficiently remote. But surely if ever a man merited murder it was that brutal despot, whose tyrannies and excesses had something almost deliriously insolent in them, and who, crime for crime, seems to have preferred that which was most revolting. But I had to postpone this exemplary assassination till I could find the moment for visiting the Riccardi Palace, in the name of which the fact of the elder Medicean residence is clouded. It has long been a public building, and now some branch of the municipal government has its meetings and offices there; but what the stranger commonly goes to see is the chapel or oratory frescoed by Benozzo Gozzoli, which is perhaps the most simply and satisfyingly lovely little space that ever four walls inclosed. The sacred histories cover every inch of it with form and color; and if it all remains in my memory a sensation of delight, rather than anything more definite, that is perhaps a witness to the efficacy with which the painter wrought. Serried ranks of seraphs, peacock-plumed, and kneeling in prayer; garlands of roses everywhere; contemporary Florentines on horseback, riding in the train of the Three Magi Kings under the low boughs of trees; and birds fluttering through the dim, mellow atmosphere, the whole set dense and close in an opulent yet delicate fancifulness of design, — that is what I recall, with a conviction of the idleness and absurdity of recalling anything. It was like going out-of-doors to leave the dusky splendor of this chapel, which was intended at first to be seen only by the light of silver lamps, and come into the great hall frescoed by Luca Giordano, where his classicistic fables swim overhead in immeasurable light. They still have the air, those boldly foreshortened and dramatically postured figures, of being newly dashed on — the work of yesterday begun the day before; and they fill one with an incomparable gayety: War, Pestilence, and Famine, no less than Peace, Plenty, and Hygienic Plumbing — if that was one of the antithetical personages. Upon the whole, I think the seventeenth century was more comfortable than the fifteenth, and that when men had fairly got their passions and miseries impersonalized into allegory, they were in a state to enjoy themselves much better than before. One can very well imagine the old Cosimo who built this palace having himself carried through its desolate magnificence, and crying that, now his son was dead, it was too big for his family; but grief must have been a much politer and seemlier thing in Florence when Luca Giordano painted the ceiling of the great hall.

In the Duke Alessandro's time they had only got half-way, and their hearts ached and burned in primitive fashion. The revival of learning had brought them the consolation of much classic example, both virtuous and vicious, but they had not yet fully philosophized slavery into elegant passivity. Even a reprobate like Lorenzino de' Medici — "the morrow of a debauch," as De Musset calls him — had his head full of the high Roman fashion of finishing tyrants, and behaved as much like a Greek as he could.

The Palazzo Riccardi now includes in its mass the site of the house in which Lorenzino lived, as well as the narrow street which formerly ran between his house and the palace of the Medici; so that if you have ever so great a desire to visit the very spot where Alessandro died that only too insufficient death, you must wreak your frenzy upon a small passage opening out of the present

court. You enter this from the modern liveliness of the Via Cavour,—in every Italian city since the unification there is a Via Cavour, a Via Garibaldi, and a Corso Vittorio Emmanuele,—and you ordinarily linger for a moment among the Etruscan and Roman marbles before paying your half franc and going upstairs. There is a little confusion in this, but I think upon the whole it heightens the effect; and the question whether the custodian can change a piece of twenty francs, debating itself all the time in the mind of the amateur of tyrannicide, sharpens his impatience, while he turns aside into the street which no longer exists, and mounts the phantom stairs to the vanished chamber of the demolished house, where the Duke is waiting for the Lady Ginori, as he believes, but really for his death. No one, I think, claims that he was a demon less infernal than Lorenzino makes him out in that strange Apology of his, in which he justifies himself to posterity by appeals to antiquity. "Alessandro," he says, "went far beyond Phalaris in cruelty, because, whereas Phalaris justly punished Perillus for his cruel invention for miserably tormenting and destroying men in his brazen Bull, Alessandro would have rewarded him if he had lived in his time, for he was himself always thinking out new sorts of tortures and deaths, like building men up alive in places so narrow that they could not turn or move, but might be said to be built in as a part of the wall of brick and stone, and in that state feeding them and prolonging their misery as much as possible, the monster not satisfying himself with the mere death of his people; so that the seven years of his reign, for debauchery, for avarice and cruelty, may be compared with seven others of Nero, of Caligula, or of Phalaris, choosing the most abominable of their whole lives, in proportion, of course, of the city to the empire; for in that time so many citizens will be found to have been driven from their country, and persecuted, and murdered in exile, and so many beheaded without trial and without cause, and only for empty suspicion, and for words of no importance, and others poisoned or slain by his own hand, or his satellites, merely that they might not put him to shame before certain persons, for the condition in which he was born and reared; and so many extortions and robberies will be found to have been committed, so many adulteries, so many violences, not only in things profane but in sacred also, that it will be difficult to decide whether the tyrant was more atrocious and impious, or the Florentine people more patient and vile. . . . And if Timoleon was forced to kill his own brother to liberate his country, and was so much praised and celebrated for it, and still is so, what authority have the malevolent to blame me? But in regard to killing one who trusted me (which I do not allow I have done), I say that if I had done it in this case, and if I could not have accomplished it otherwise, I should have done it. . . . That he was not of the house of Medici and my kinsman is manifest, for he was born of a woman of base condition, from Castelvecchi in the Romagna, who lived in the house of the Duke Lorenzo [of Urbino], and was employed in the most menial services, and married to a coachman. . . . He [Alessandro] left her to work on the fields, so that those citizens of ours who had fled from the tyrant's avarice and cruelty in the city determined to conduct her to the Emperor at Naples, to show his Majesty whence came the man he thought fit to rule Florence. Then Alessandro, forgetting his duty in his shame, and the love for his mother, which indeed he never had, and through an inborn cruelty and ferocity, caused his mother to be killed before she came to the Emperor's presence."

On the way up to the chamber to which the dwarfish, sickly little tyrannicide has lured his prey, the most dramatic moment occurs. He stops the bold ruffian whom he has got to do him the pleasure of a certain unspecified homicide, in requital of the good turn by which he once saved his life, and whispers to him, "It is the Duke!" Scoronconcolo, who had merely counted on an every-day murder, falters in dismay. But he recovers himself: "Here we are; go ahead, if it were the devil himself!" And after that he has no more compunction in the affair than if it were the butchery of a simple citizen. The Duke is lying there on the bed in the dark, and Lorenzino bends over him with "Are you asleep, sir?" and drives his sword, shortened to half length, through him; but the Duke springs up, and crying out, "I did not expect this of thee!" makes a fight for his life that tasks the full strength of the assassins, and covers the chamber with blood. When the work is done, Lorenzino draws the curtains round the bed again, and pins a Latin verse to them explaining that he did it for love of country and the thirst for glory.

X.

Is it perhaps all a good deal too much like a stage-play? Or is it that stage-plays are too much like facts of this sort? If it were at the theater, one could go away, deploring the bloodshed, of course, but comforted by the justice done on an execrable wretch, the murderer of his own mother, and the pollution of every life that he touched.

But if it is history we have been reading, we must turn the next page and see the city filled with troops by the Medici and their friends, and another of the race established in power before the people know that the Duke is dead. Clearly, poetical justice is not the justice of God. If it were, the Florentines would have had the republic again at once. Lorenzino, instead of being assassinated in Venice, on his way to see a lady, by the emissaries of the Medici, would have satisfied public decorum by going through the form of a trial, and would then have accepted some official employment and made a good end. Yet the seven Medicean dukes who followed Alessandro were so variously bad for the most part that it seems impious to regard them as part of the design of Providence. How, then, did they come to be? Is it possible that sometimes evil prevails by its superior force in the universe? We must suppose that it took seven Medicean despots and as many more of the house of Lorraine and Austria to iron the Florentines out to the flat and polished peacefulness of their modern effect. Of course, the commonwealth could not go on in the old way; but was it worse at its worst than the tyranny that destroyed it? I am afraid we must allow that it was more impossible. People are not put into the world merely to love their country; they must have peace. True freedom is only a means to peace; and if such freedom as they have will not give them peace, then they must accept it from slavery. It is always to be remembered that the great body of men are not affected by oppressions that involve the happiness of the magnanimous few; the affair of most men is mainly to be sheltered and victualed and allowed to prosper and bring up their families. Yet when one thinks of the sacrifices made to perpetuate popular rule in Florence, one's heart is wrung in indignant sympathy with the hearts that broke for it. Of course, one must, in order to experience this emotion, put out of his mind certain facts, as that there never was freedom for more than one party at a time under the old commonwealth; that as soon as one party came into power the other was driven out of the city; and that even within the triumphant party every soul seemed corroded by envy and distrust of every other. There is, to be sure, the consoling reflection that the popular party was always the most generous and liberal, and that the oppression of all parties under the despotism was not exactly an improvement on the oppression of one. With this thought kept before you vividly, and with those facts blinked, you may go, for example, into the Medici Chapel of San Lorenzo and make pretty sure of your pang in the presence of those solemn figures of Michael Angelo's, where his Night seems to have his words of grief for the loss of liberty upon her lips:

"'Tis sweet to sleep, sweeter of stone to be,
And while endure the infamy and woe,
For me 'tis happiness not to feel or see.
Do not awake me therefore. Ah, speak low!"

W. D. Howells.

LOVE'S CHANGE.

I WENT to dig a grave for Love,
But the earth was so stiff and cold,
That though I strove through the bitter night,
I could not break the mold.

And I said; "Must he lie in my house in state?
And stay in his wonted place?
Must I have him with me another day,
With that awful change in his face?"

Anne R. Aldrich.

PHASES OF STATE LEGISLATION.

THE ALBANY LEGISLATURE.

FEW persons realize the magnitude of the interests affected by State legislation in New York. It is no mere figure of speech to call New York the Empire State; and most of the laws directly and immediately affecting the interests of its citizens are passed at Albany, and not at Washington. In fact, there is at Albany a little Home Rule Parliament which presides over the destinies of a commonwealth more populous than any one of two-thirds of the kingdoms of Europe, and one which, in point of wealth, material prosperity, variety of interests, extent of territory, and capacity for expansion, can fairly be said to rank next to the powers of the first class. This little parliament, composed of one hundred and twenty-eight members in the Assembly and thirty-two in the Senate, is, in the fullest sense of the term, a *representative* body; there is hardly one of the many and widely diversified interests of the State that has not a mouth-piece at Albany, and hardly a single class of its citizens — not even excepting, I regret to say, the criminal class — which lacks its representative among the legislators. In the three Legislatures of which I have been a member, I have sat with bankers and brick-layers, with merchants and mechanics, with lawyers, farmers, day-laborers, saloon-keepers, clergymen, and prize-fighters. Among my colleagues there were many very good men; there was a still more numerous class of men who were neither very good nor very bad, but went one way or the other, according to the strength of the various conflicting influences acting around, behind, and upon them; and, finally, there were many very bad men. Still, the New York Legislature, taken as a whole, is by no means as bad a body as we would be led to believe if our judgment was based purely on what we read in the great metropolitan papers; for the custom of the latter is to portray things as either very much better or very much worse than they are. Where a number of men, many of them poor, some of them unscrupulous, and others elected by constituents too ignorant to hold them to a proper accountability for their actions, are put into a position of great temporary power, where they are called to take action upon questions affecting the welfare of large corporations and wealthy private individuals, the chances for corruption are always great, and that there is much viciousness and political dishonesty, much moral cowardice, and a good deal of actual bribe-taking in Albany, no one who has had any practical experience of legislation can doubt; but, at the same time, I think that the good members always outnumber the bad, and that there is never any doubt as to the result when a naked question of right or wrong can be placed clearly and in its true light before the Legislature. The trouble is that on many questions the Legislature never does have the right and wrong clearly shown it. Either some bold, clever parliamentary tactician snaps the measure through before the members are aware of its nature, or else the obnoxious features are so combined with good ones as to procure the support of a certain proportion of that large class of men whose intentions are excellent but whose intellects are foggy.

THE CHARACTER OF THE REPRESENTATIVES.

THE representatives from different sections of the State differ widely in character. Those from the country districts are generally very good men. They are usually well-to-do farmers, small lawyers, or prosperous store-keepers, and are shrewd, quiet, and honest. They are often narrow-minded and slow to receive an idea; but, on the other hand, when they get a good one, they cling to it with the utmost tenacity. They form very much the most valuable class of legislators. For the most part they are native Americans, and those who are not are men who have become completely Americanized in all their ways and habits of thought. One of the most useful members of the last Legislature was a German from a western county, and the extent of his Americanization can be judged from the fact that he was actually an ardent prohibitionist: certainly no one who knows Teutonic human nature will require further proof. Again, I sat for an entire session beside a very intelligent member from northern New York before I discovered that he was an Irishman; all his views of legislation, even upon such subjects as free schools and the impropriety of making appropriations from the treasury for the support of sectarian institutions, were precisely similar to those of his Protestant American neighbors, though he was himself a Cath-

olic. Now a German or an Irishman from one of the great cities would have retained most of his national peculiarities.

It is from these same great cities that the worst legislators come. It is true that there are always among them a few cultivated and scholarly men who stand on a higher and broader intellectual and moral plane than even the country members; but the bulk are very low indeed. They are usually foreigners, of little or no education, with exceedingly misty ideas as to morality, and possessed of an ignorance so profound that it could only be called comic, were it not for the fact that it has at times such serious effects upon our laws. It is their ignorance, quite as much as actual viciousness, which makes it so difficult to procure the passage of good laws or prevent the passage of bad ones; and it is the most irritating of the many elements with which we have to contend in the fight for good government.

DARK SIDE OF THE LEGISLATIVE PICTURE.

MENTION has been made above of the bribe-taking which undoubtedly at times occurs in the New York Legislature. This is what is commonly called "a delicate subject" with which to deal, and, therefore, according to our usual methods of handling delicate subjects, it is either never discussed at all, or else discussed with the grossest exaggeration; but most certainly there is nothing about which it is more important to know the truth.

In each of the last three Legislatures there were a number of us who were interested in getting through certain measures which we deemed to be for the public good, but which were certain to be strongly opposed, some for political and some for pecuniary reasons. Now, to get through any such measure requires genuine hard work, a certain amount of parliamentary skill, a good deal of tact and courage, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the men with whom one has to deal, and of the motives which actuate them. In other words, before taking any active steps, we had to "size up" our fellow legislators, to find out their past history and present character and associates, to find out whether they were their own masters or were acting under the directions of somebody else, whether they were bright or stupid, etc., etc. As a result, and after very careful study, conducted purely with the object of learning the truth, so that we might work more effectually, we came to the conclusion that about a third of the members were open to corrupt influences in some form or other; in certain sessions the proportion was greater, and in some less. Now it would, of course, be impossible for me or for any one else to prove in a court of law that these men were guilty, except perhaps in two or three cases; yet we felt absolutely confident that there was hardly a case in which our judgment as to the honesty of any given member was not correct. The two or three exceptional cases alluded to, where legal proof of guilt might have been forthcoming, were instances in which honest men were approached by their colleagues at times when the need for votes was very great; but, even then, it would have been almost impossible to punish the offenders before a court, for it would have merely resulted in his denying what his accuser stated. Moreover, the members who had been approached would have been very reluctant to come forward, for each of them felt ashamed that his character should not have been well enough known to prevent any one's daring to speak to him on such a subject. And another reason why the few honest men who are approached (for the lobbyist rarely makes a mistake in his estimate of the men who will be apt to take bribes) do not feel like taking action in the matter is that a doubtful lawsuit will certainly follow, which will drag on so long that the public will come to regard all of the participants with equal distrust, while in the end the decision is quite as likely to be against as to be for them. Take the Bradly-Sessions case, for example. This was an incident that occurred at the time of the faction-fight in the Republican ranks over the return of Mr. Conkling to the Senate after his resignation from that body. Bradly, an assemblyman, accused Sessions, a State senator, of attempting to bribe him. The affair dragged on for an indefinite time; no one was able actually to determine whether it was a case of blackmail on the one hand, or of bribery on the other; the vast majority of people recollected the names of both parties, but totally forgot which it was that was supposed to have bribed the other, and regarded both with equal disfavor; and the upshot has been that the case is now merely remembered as illustrating one of the most unsavory phases of the famous Half-breed-Stalwart fight.

DIFFICULTIES OF PREVENTING AND PUNISHING CORRUPTION.

FROM the causes indicated, it is almost impossible to actually convict a legislator of bribe-taking; but, at the same time, the character of a legislator, if bad, soon becomes a matter of common notoriety, and no dishonest legislator can long keep his reputation good with honest men. If the constituents

wish to know the character of their member, they can easily find it out, and no member will be dishonest if he thinks his constituents are looking at him; he presumes upon their ignorance or indifference. I do not see how bribe-taking among legislators can be stopped until the public conscience, which is, even now, gradually awakening, becomes *fully* awake to the matter. Then it will stop fast enough; for just as soon as politicians realize that the people are in earnest in wanting a thing done, they make haste to do it. The trouble is always in rousing the people sufficiently to make them take an *effective* interest, — that is, in making them sufficiently in earnest to be willing to give a little of their time to the accomplishment of the object they have in view.

Much the largest percentage of corrupt legislators come from the great cities; indeed, the majority of the assemblymen from the great cities are "very poor specimens" indeed, while, on the contrary, the congressmen who go from them are generally pretty good men. This fact is only one of the many which go to establish the curious political law that in a great city the larger the constituency which elects a public servant, the more apt that servant is to be a good one; exactly as the mayor is almost certain to be infinitely superior in character to the average alderman, or the average city judge to the average civil justice. This is because the public servants of comparatively small importance are protected by their own insignificance from the consequences of their bad actions. Life is carried on at such a high pressure in the great cities, men's time is so fully occupied by their manifold and harassing interests and duties, and their knowledge of their neighbors is necessarily so limited, that they are only able to fix in their minds the characters and records of a few prominent men; the others they lump together without distinguishing between individuals. They know whether the aldermen, as a body, are to be admired or despised; but they probably do not even know the name, far less the worth, of the particular alderman who represents their district; so it happens that their votes for aldermen or assemblymen are generally given with very little intelligence indeed, while, on the contrary, they are fully competent to pass and execute judgment upon as prominent an official as a mayor or even a congressman. Hence it follows that the latter have to give a good deal of attention to the wishes and prejudices of the public at large, while a city assemblyman, though he always talks a great deal about the people, rarely, except in certain extraordinary cases, has to pay much heed to their wants. His political future depends far more upon the skill and success with which he cultivates the good-will of certain "bosses," or of certain cliques of politicians, or even of certain bodies and knots of men (such as compose a trade-union, or a collection of merchants in some special business, or the managers of a railroad) whose interests, being vitally affected by Albany legislation, oblige them closely to watch, and to try to punish or reward, the Albany legislators. These politicians or sets of interested individuals generally care very little for a man's honesty so long as he can be depended upon to do as they wish on certain occasions; and hence it often happens that a dishonest man who has sense enough not to excite attention by any flagrant outrage may continue for a number of years to represent an honest constituency.

THE CONSTITUENTS LARGELY TO BLAME.

MOREOVER, a member from a large city can often count upon the educated and intelligent men of his district showing the most gross ignorance and stupidity in political affairs. The much-lauded intelligent voter — the man of cultured mind, liberal education, and excellent intentions — at times performs exceedingly queer antics.

The great public meetings to advance certain political movements irrespective of party, which have been held so frequently during the past few years, have undoubtedly done a vast amount of good; but the very men who attend these public meetings and inveigh against the folly and wickedness of the politicians will sometimes on election day do things which have quite as evil effects as any of the acts of the men whom they very properly condemn. A recent instance of this is worth giving. In 1882 there was in the Assembly a young member from New York, who did as hard and effective work for the city of New York as has ever been done by any one. It was a peculiarly disagreeable year to be in the Legislature. The composition of that body was unusually bad. The more disreputable politicians relied upon it to pass some of their schemes and to protect certain of their members from the consequences of their own misdeeds. Demagogic measures were continually brought forward, nominally in the interests of the laboring classes, for which an honest and intelligent man could not vote, and yet which were jealously watched by, and received the hearty support of, not only mere demagogues and agitators, but also a large number of perfectly honest though misguided working men. And, finally, certain wealthy corpora-

tions attempted, by the most unscrupulous means, to rush through a number of laws in their own interest. The young member we are speaking of incurred by his course on these various measures the bitter hostility alike of the politicians, the demagogues, and the members of that most dangerous of all classes, the wealthy criminal class. He had also earned the gratitude of all honest citizens, and he got it — as far as words went. The better class of newspapers spoke well of him; cultured and intelligent men generally — the well-to-do, prosperous people who belong to the different social and literary clubs, and their followers — were loud in his praise. I call to mind one man who lived in his district who expressed great indignation that the politicians should dare to oppose a reëlection; when told that it was to be hoped he would help to insure the legislator's return to Albany by himself staying at the polls all day, he answered that he was very sorry, but he unfortunately had an engagement to go quail-shooting on election-day! Most respectable people, however, would undoubtedly have voted for and reëlected the young member had it not been for the unexpected political movements that took place in the fall. A citizens' ticket, largely non-partisan in character, was run for certain local offices, receiving its support from among those who claimed to be, and who undoubtedly were, the best men of both parties. The ticket contained the names of candidates only for municipal offices, and had nothing whatever to do with the election of men to the Legislature; yet it proved absolutely impossible to drill this simple fact through the heads of a great many worthy people, who, when election-day came round, declined to vote anything but the citizens' ticket, and persisted in thinking that if no legislative candidate was on the ticket, it was because, for some reason or other, the citizens' committee did not consider any legislative candidate worth voting for. All over the city the better class of candidates for legislative offices lost from this cause votes which they had a right to expect, and in the particular district under consideration the loss was so great as to cause the defeat of the sitting member, or rather to elect him by so narrow a vote as to enable an unscrupulously partisan legislative majority to keep him out of his seat.

It is this kind of ignorance of the simplest political matters among really good citizens, combined with their timidity, which is so apt to characterize a wealthy *bourgeoisie*, and with their short-sighted selfishness in being unwilling to take the smallest portion of time away from their business or pleasure to devote to public affairs, which renders it so easy for corrupt men from the city to keep their places in the Legislature. In the country the case is different. Here the constituencies, who are usually composed of honest though narrow-minded and bigoted individuals, generally keep a pretty sharp lookout on their members, and, as already said, the latter are apt to be fairly honest men. Even when they are not honest, they take good care to act perfectly well as regards all district matters, for most of the measures about which corrupt influences are at work relate to city affairs. The constituents of a country member know well how to judge him for those of his acts which immediately affect themselves; but, as regards others, they often have no means of forming an opinion, except through the newspapers,— more especially through the great metropolitan newspapers,— and they have gradually come to look upon all statements made by the latter with reference to the honesty or dishonesty of public men with extreme distrust. This is because the newspapers, including those who professedly stand as representatives of the highest culture of the community, have been in the habit of making such constant and reckless assaults upon the characters of public men, even fairly good ones, as to greatly detract from their influence when they attack one who is really bad.

PERILS OF LEGISLATIVE LIFE.

HOWEVER, there can be no question that a great many men do deteriorate very much morally when they go to Albany. The last accusation most of us would think of bringing against that dear, dull, old Dutch city is that of being a fast place; and yet there are plenty of members coming from out-of-the-way villages or quiet country towns on whom Albany has as bad an effect as Paris sometimes has on wealthy young Americans from the great seaboard cities. Many men go to the Legislature with the set purpose of making money; but many others, who afterwards become bad, go there intending to do good work. These latter may be well-meaning, weak young fellows of some shallow brightness, who expect to make names for themselves; perhaps they are young lawyers, or real-estate brokers, or small shopkeepers; they achieve but little success; they gradually become conscious that their business is broken up, and that they have not enough ability to warrant any expectation of their continuing in public life; some great temptation comes in their way (a corporation which expects to be relieved of perhaps a million dollars of taxes by the passage of a bill

can afford to pay high for voters); they fall, and that is the end of them. Indeed, legislative life has temptations enough to make it unadvisable for any weak man, whether young or old, to enter it.

ALLIES OF VICIOUS LEGISLATORS.

THE array of vicious legislators is swelled by a number of men who really at bottom are not bad. Foremost among these are those most hopeless of beings who are handicapped by having some measure which they consider it absolutely necessary for the sake of their own future to "get through." One of these men will have a bill, for instance, appropriating a sum of money from the State Treasury to clear out a river, dam the outlet of a lake, or drain a marsh; it may be, although not usually so, proper enough in itself, but it is drawn up primarily in the interest of a certain set of his constituents who have given him clearly to understand that his continuance in their good graces depends upon his success in passing the bill. He feels that he must get it through at all hazards; the bad men find this out, and tell him he must count on their opposition unless he consents also to help their measures; he resists at first, but sooner or later yields; and from that moment his fate is sealed,—so far as his ability to do any work of general good is concerned.

A still larger number of men are good enough in themselves, but are "owned" by third parties. Usually the latter are politicians who have absolute control of the district machine, or who are, at least, of very great importance in the political affairs of their district. A curious fact is that they are not invariably, though usually, of the same party as the member; for in some places, especially in the lower portions of the great cities, politics become purely a business; and in the squabbles for offices of emolument it becomes important for a local leader to have supporters among all the factions. When one of these supporters is sent to a legislative body, he is allowed to act with the rest of his party on what his chief regards as the unimportant questions of party or public interest, but he has to come in to heel at once when any matter arises touching the said chief's power, pocket, or influence.

Other members will be controlled by some wealthy private citizen who is not in politics, but who has business interests likely to be affected by legislation, and who is, therefore, willing to subscribe heavily to the campaign expenses of an individual or of an association so as to insure the presence in Albany of some one who will give him information and assistance.

On one occasion there came before a committee of which I happened to be a member a perfectly proper bill in the interest of a certain corporation; the majority of the committee, six in number, were thoroughly bad men, who opposed the measure with the hope of being paid to cease their opposition. When I consented to take charge of the bill, I had stipulated that not a penny should be paid to insure its passage. It therefore became necessary to see what pressure could be brought to bear on the recalcitrant members; and, accordingly, we had to find out who were the authors and sponsors of their political being. Three proved to be under the control of local statesmen of the same party as themselves, and of equally bad moral character; one was ruled by a politician of unsavory reputation from a different city; the fifth, a Democrat, was owned by a Republican Federal official; and the sixth by the president of a horse-car company. A couple of letters from these two magnates forced the last members mentioned to change front on the bill with surprising alacrity.

There are two classes of cases in which corrupt members get money. One is when a wealthy corporation buys through some measure which will be of great benefit to itself, although, perhaps, an injury to the public at large; the other is when a member introduces a bill hostile to some moneyed interest, with the expectation of being paid to let the matter drop. The latter, technically called a "strike," is much the most common; for, in spite of the outcry against them in legislative matters, corporations are more often sinned against than sinning. It is difficult, for reasons already given, in either case to convict the offending member, though we have very good laws against bribery. The reform has got to come from the people at large. It will be hard to make any very great improvement in the character of the legislators until respectable people become more fully awake to their duties, and until the newspapers become more truthful and less reckless in their statements.

It is not a pleasant task to have to draw one side of legislative life in such dark colors; but as the side exists, and as the dark lines never can be rubbed out until we have manfully acknowledged that they are there and need rubbing out, it seems the falsest of false delicacy to refrain from dwelling upon them. But it would be most unjust to accept this partial truth as being the whole truth. We blame the Legislature for many evils the ultimate cause for whose existence is to be found in our own shortcomings.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

THERE is a much brighter side to the picture, and this is the larger side, too. It would be impossible to get together a body of more earnest, upright, and disinterested men than the band of legislators, largely young men, who during the past three years have averted so much evil and accomplished so much good at Albany. They were able, at least partially, to put into actual practice the theories that had long been taught by the intellectual leaders of the country. And the life of a legislator who is earnest in his efforts to faithfully perform his duty as a public servant, is harassing and laborious to the last degree. He is kept at work from eight to fourteen hours a day; he is obliged to incur the bitterest hostility of a body of men as powerful as they are unscrupulous, who are always on the watch to find out, or to make out, anything in his private or his public life which can be used against him; and he has on his side either a but partially roused public opinion, or else a public opinion roused, it is true, but only blindly conscious of the evil from which it suffers, and alike ignorant and unwilling to avail itself of the proper remedy.

This body of legislators, who, at any rate, worked honestly for what they thought right, were, as a whole, quite unselfish, and were not treated particularly well by their people. Most of them soon got to realize the fact that if they wished to enjoy their brief space of political life (and most though not all of them did enjoy it), they would have to make it a rule never to consider, in deciding how to vote upon any question, how their vote would affect their own political prospects. No man can do good service in the Legislature as long as he is worrying over the effect of his actions upon his own future. After having learned this, most of them got on very happily indeed. As a rule, and where no matter of principle is involved, a member is bound to represent the views of those who have elected him; but there are times when the voice of the people is anything but the voice of God, and then a conscientious man is equally bound to disregard it.

In the long run, and on the average, the public will usually do justice to its representatives; but it is a very rough, uneven, and long-delayed justice. That is, judging from what I have myself seen of the way in which members were treated by their constituents, I should say that the chances of an honest man being retained in public life were about ten per cent. better than if he were dishonest, other things being equal. This is not a showing very creditable to us as a people; and the explanation is to be found in the shortcomings peculiar to the different classes of our honest and respectable voters,—shortcomings which may be briefly outlined.

SHORTCOMINGS OF THE PEOPLE WHO SHOULD TAKE PART IN POLITICAL WORK.

THE people of means in all great cities have in times past shamefully neglected their political duties, and have been contemptuously disregarded by the professional politicians in consequence. A number of them will get together in a large hall, will vociferously demand "reform," as if it were some concrete substance which could be handed out to them in slices, and will then disband with a feeling of the most serene self-satisfaction, and the belief that they have done their entire duty as citizens and members of the community. It is an actual fact that nine out of ten of our wealthy and educated men, of those who occupy what is called good social position, are really ignorant of the nature of a caucus or a primary meeting, and never attend either; and this is specially true of the young men. Now, under our form of government, no man can accomplish anything by himself; he must work in combination with others; and the men of whom we are speaking will never carry their proper weight in the political affairs of the country until they have formed themselves into some organization, or else, which would be better, have joined some of the organizations already existing. But there seems often to be a certain lack of virility, an unmanly absence of the robuster virtues, in our educated men, which makes them shrink from the struggle and the inevitable contact with rude and unprincipled politicians (who often must be very roughly handled before they can be forced to behave), which must needs accompany all participation in American political life. Another reason why this class is not of more consequence in politics, is that it is often really out of sympathy — or, at least, its more conspicuous members are — with the feelings and interests of the great mass of the American people; for it is a sad and discreditable fact that it is in this class that what has been recently most aptly termed the "colonial" spirit still survives. There sometimes crops out among our educated men in politics the same curious feeling of dependence upon foreign opinion that makes our young men of fashion drive clumsy vehicles of English model, rather than the better-built and lighter American ones; and that causes a certain section of our minor novelists to write the most emasculated nonsense that ever flowed from American pens. Until this

survival of the spirit of colonial dependence is dead, those in whom it exists will serve chiefly as laughing-stocks to the shrewd, humorous, and prejudiced people who form nine-tenths of our body politic, and whose chief characteristics are their intensely American habits of thought, and their surly intolerance of anything like subservience to outside and foreign influences.

From different causes, the laboring classes, thoroughly honest of heart, often fail to appreciate honesty in their representatives. They are frequently not well informed in regard to the character of the latter, and they are apt to be led aside by the loud professions of the so-called labor reformers, who are always promising to procure by legislation the advantages which can only come to working men, or to any other men, by their individual or united energy, intelligence, and forethought. Very much has been accomplished by legislation for laboring men by procuring mechanics' lien laws, factory laws, etc.; and hence it often comes that they think legislation can accomplish all things for them, and it is only natural, for instance, that a certain proportion of their number should adhere to the demagogue who votes for a law to double the rate of wages, rather than to the honest man who opposes it. When people are struggling for the necessaries of existence, and vaguely feel, whether rightly or wrongly, that they are also struggling against an unjustly ordered system of life, it is hard to convince them of the truth that an ounce of performance on their own part is worth a ton of legislative promises to change in some mysterious manner that life-system.

In the country districts justice to a member is somewhat more apt to be done. When, as is so often the case, it is not done, the cause is usually to be sought for in the numerous petty jealousies and local rivalries which are certain to exist in any small community whose interests are narrow and most of whose members are acquainted with each other; and besides this, our country vote is essentially a Bourbon or Tory vote, being very slow to receive new ideas, very tenacious of old ones, and hence inclined to look with suspicion upon any one who tries to shape his course according to some standard differing from that which is already in existence.

The actual work of procuring the passage of a bill through the Legislature is in itself far from slight. The hostility of the actively bad has to be discounted in advance, and the indifference of the passive majority, who are neither very good nor very bad, has to be overcome. This can usually be accomplished only by stirring up their constituencies; and so, besides the constant watchfulness over the course of the measure through both houses and the continual debating and parliamentary fencing which is necessary, it is also indispensable to get the people of districts not directly affected by the bill alive to its importance, so as to induce their representatives to vote for it. Thus, when the bill to establish a State park at Niagara was on its passage, it was found that the great majority of the country members were opposed to it, fearing that it might conceal some land-jobbing scheme, and also fearing that their constituents, whose vice is not extravagance, would not countenance so great an expenditure of public money. It was of no use arguing with the members, and instead the country newspapers were flooded with letters, pamphlets were circulated, visits and personal appeals were made, until a sufficient number of these members changed front to enable us to get the lacking votes.

LIFE IN THE LEGISLATURE.

As already said, some of us who usually acted together took a great deal of genuine enjoyment out of our experience at Albany. We liked the excitement and perpetual conflict, the necessity for putting forth all our powers to reach our ends, and the feeling that we were really being of some use in the world; and if we were often both saddened and angered by the viciousness and ignorance of some of our colleagues, yet, in return, the latter many times furnished us unwittingly a good deal of amusement by their preposterous actions and speeches. Some of these are really too good to be lost, and are accordingly given below. The names and circumstances, of course, have been so changed as to prevent the possibility of the real heroes of them being recognized. It must be understood that they stand for the exceptional and not the ordinary workings of the average legislative intellect. I have heard much more sound sense than foolishness talked in Albany, but to record the former would only bore the reader. And we must bear in mind that while the ignorance of some of our representatives warrants our saying that they should not be in the Legislature, it does not at all warrant our condemning the system of government which permits them to be sent there. There is no system so good that it has not some disadvantages. The only way to teach Paddy how to govern himself, and the only way to teach Sambo how to save himself from oppression, is to give each the full rights possessed by other American citizens; and it is not to be wondered at if they at first show themselves unskillful in the exercise of these rights. And it has been my experience

in the Legislature that when Paddy does turn out well, there are very few native Americans who are his equal. There were no better legislators in Albany than the two young Irishmen who successively represented one of the districts of Kings County; and when I had to name a committee which was to do the most difficult, dangerous, and important work that came before the Legislature at all during my presence in it, I chose three of my four colleagues from among those of my fellow-legislators who were Irish either by birth or descent. The best friend I have ever had or hope to have in politics, and the most disinterested, is an Irishman, and is also as genuine and good an American citizen as is to be found within the United States.

A good many of the Yankees in the house would blunder time and again; but their blunders were generally merely stupid and not at all amusing, while, on the contrary, the errors of those who were of Milesian extraction always possessed a most refreshing originality.

INCIDENTS OF LEGISLATIVE EXPERIENCE.

In 1882 the Democrats in the house had a clear majority, but were for a long time unable to effect an organization, owing to a faction-fight in their own ranks between the Tammany and anti-Tammany members, each side claiming the lion's share of the spoils. After a good deal of bickering, the anti-Tammany men drew up a paper containing a series of propositions, and submitted it to their opponents, with the prefatory remark, in writing, that it was an *ultimatum*. The Tammany members were at once summoned to an indignation meeting, their feelings closely resembling those of the famous fish-wife whom O'Connell called a parallelopipedon. None of them had any very accurate idea as to what the word *ultimatum* meant; but that it was intensely offensive, not to say abusive, in its nature, they did not question for a moment. It was felt that some equivalent and equally strong term by which to call Tammany's proposed counter address must be found immediately; but, as the Latin vocabulary of the members was limited, it was some time before a suitable term was forthcoming. Finally, by a happy inspiration, some gentleman of classical education remembered the phrase "*ipse dixit*"; it was at once felt to be the very phrase required by the peculiar exigencies of the case, and next day the reply appeared, setting forth with self-satisfied gravity that, in response to the County Democracy's "*ultimatum*," Tammany herewith produced her "*ipse dixit*." Some of us endeavored to persuade the County Democratic leaders to issue a counter-blast, which could be styled either a *sine qua non* or a *tempus fugit*, according to the taste of the authors; but our efforts were not successful, and the *ipse dixit* remained unanswered.

Nor is it only Latin terms that sometimes puzzle our city politicians. A very able and worthy citizen, Mr. D., had on one occasion, before a legislative committee, advocated the restriction of the powers of the Board of Aldermen, instancing a number of occasions when they had been guilty of gross misconduct, and stating that in several other instances their conduct had been "identical" with that of which he had already given examples. Shortly afterwards the mayor nominated him for some office, but the aldermen refused to confirm him, one of them giving as his reason that Mr. D. had used "abusive and indecorous language" about the Board. On being cross-examined as to what he referred to, he stated that he had heard "with his own ears" Mr. D. call the aldermen "identical"; and to the further remark that "identical" could scarcely be called either abusive or indecorous, he responded triumphantly that the aldermen were the best judges of matters affecting their own dignity. And Mr. D.'s nomination remained unconfirmed.

Shortly afterwards the aldermen fell foul of one of their own number, who, in commenting on some action of the Board, remarked that it was robbing Peter to pay Paul. Down came the gavel of the acting president, while he informed the startled speaker that he would not tolerate blasphemous language from any one. "But it was not blasphemous," returned the offender. "Well, if it wasn't, it was vulgar, and that's worse," responded the president, with dignity; and the admiring Board sustained him with practical unanimity in his position of censor-extraordinary over aldermanic morals.

Public servants of higher grade than aldermen sometimes give adjectives a wider meaning than would be found in the dictionary. In many parts of the United States, owing to a curious series of historical associations (which, by the way, would be interesting to trace out), anything foreign and un-English is called "Dutch," and it was in this sense that a West Virginian member of the last Congress used the term when, in speaking in favor of a tariff on works of art, he told of the reluctance with which he saw the productions of native artists exposed to competition "with Dutch daubs from Italy"; a sentence pleasing alike from its alliteration and from its bold disregard of geographic trivialities.

Often an orator of this sort will have his attention attracted by some high-sounding word, which he has not before seen, and which he treasures up to use in his next rhetorical flight, without regard to the exact meaning. There was a laboring man's advocate in the last Legislature, one of whose efforts attracted a good deal of attention from his magnificent heedlessness of technical accuracy in the use of similes. He was speaking against the convict contract-labor system, and wound up an already sufficiently remarkable oration with the still more startling ending that the system "was a vital cobra which was swamping the lives of the laboring men." Now, he had evidently carefully put together the sentence beforehand, and the process of mental synthesis by which he built it up must have been curious. "Vital" was, of course, used merely as an adjective of intensity; he was a little uncertain in his ideas as to what a "cobra" was, but took it for granted that it was some terrible manifestation of nature, possibly hostile to man, like a volcano, or a cyclone, or Niagara, for instance; then "swamping" was chosen as describing an operation very likely to be performed by Niagara, or a cyclone, or a cobra; and, behold, the sentence was complete.

Sometimes a common phrase will be given a new meaning. Thus, the mass of legislation is strictly local in its character. Over a thousand bills come up for consideration in the course of a session, but a very few of which affect the interests of the State at large. The latter and the more important private bills are, or ought to be, carefully studied by each member; but it is a physical impossibility for any one man to examine the countless local bills of small importance. For these we have to trust to the member for the district affected, and when one comes up the response to any inquiry about it is, usually, "Oh, it's a local bill, affecting so-and-so's district; he is responsible for it." By degrees, some of the members get to use "local" in the sense of unimportant, and a few of the assemblymen of doubtful honesty gradually come to regard it as meaning a bill of no pecuniary interest to themselves. There was a smug little rascal in one of the last Legislatures, who might have come out of one of Lever's novels. He was undoubtedly a bad case, but had a genuine sense of humor, and his "bulls" made him the delight of the house. One day I came in late, just as a bill was being voted on, and meeting my friend, hailed him, "Hello, Pat, what's up? what's this they're voting on?" to which Pat replied, with contemptuous indifference to the subject, but with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Oh, some unimportant measure, sorr; some local bill or other—*a constitootional amendment!*"

The old Dublin Parliament never listened to a better specimen of a bull than was contained in the speech of a very genial and pleasant friend of mine, a really finished orator, who, in the excitement attendant upon receiving the governor's message vetoing the famous five-cent fare bill, uttered the following sentence: "Mr. Speaker, I recognize the hand that crops out in that veto; *I have heard it before!*"

One member rather astonished us one day by his use of "shibboleth." He had evidently concluded that this was merely a more elegant synonym of the good old word shillelah, and in reproving a colleague for opposing a bill to increase the salaries of public laborers, he said, very impressively, "The trouble wid the young man is, that he uses the wurrd economy as a shibboleth, wherewith to strike the working man." Afterwards he changed the metaphor, and spoke of a number of us as using the word "reform" as a shibboleth, behind which to cloak our evil intentions.

A mixture of classical and constitutional misinformation was displayed a few sessions past in the State Senate, before I was myself a member of the Legislature. It was on the occasion of that annual nuisance, the debate upon the Catholic Protectory item of the Supply Bill. Every year some one who is desirous of bidding for the Catholic vote introduces this bill, which appropriates a sum of varying dimensions for the support of the Catholic Protectory, an excellent institution, but one which has no right whatever to come to the State for support; each year the insertion of the item is opposed by a small number of men, including the more liberal Catholics themselves, on proper grounds, and by a larger number from simple bigotry—a fact which was shown two years ago, when many of the most bitter opponents of this measure cheerfully supported a similar and equally objectionable one in aid of a Protestant institution. On the occasion referred to there were two senators, both Celtic gentlemen, who were rivals for the leadership of the minority: one of them a stout, red-faced little man, who went by the name of "Commodore," owing to his having seen service in the navy; while the other was a dapper, voluble fellow, who had at one time been on a civic commission and was always called the "Counselor." A mild-mannered countryman was opposing the insertion of the item on the ground (perfectly just, by the way) that it was unconstitutional, and he dwelt upon this objection at some length. The Counselor, who knew nothing of the constitution, except that it was continually

being quoted against all of his favorite projects, fidgeted about for some time, and at last jumped up to know if he might ask the gentleman a question. The latter said, "Yes," and the Counselor went on, "I'd like to know if the gintleman has ever personally seen the Catholic Protectoree?" "No, I haven't," said the astonished countryman. "Then, phwat do you mane by talking about its being unconstitootional, I'd like to know? It's no more unconstitootional than you are! Not one bit! I know it, for I've been and seen it, and that's more than you've done." Then, turning to the house, with slow and withering sarcasm, he added, "The throuble wid the gintleman is that he okkipies what lawyers would call a kind of a quasi-position upon this bill," and sat down amid the applause of his followers.

His rival, the Commodore, felt he had gained altogether too much glory from the encounter, and after the nonplussed countryman had taken his seat, he stalked solemnly over to the desk of the elated Counselor, looked at him majestically for a moment, and said, "You'll excuse my mentioning, sorr, that the gintleman who has just sat down knows more law in a wake than you do in a month; and more than that, Counselor Shaunnessy, phwat do you mane by quotin' Latin on the flure of this house, *when you don't know the alpha and omayga of the language!*" and back he walked, leaving the Counselor in humiliated submission behind him.

The Commodore was at that time chairman of a Senate committee, before which there sometimes came questions affecting the interests or supposed interests of labor. The committee was hopelessly bad in its composition, the members being either very corrupt or exceedingly inefficient. The Commodore generally kept order with a good deal of dignity; indeed, when, as not infrequently happened, he had looked upon the rye that was flavored with lemon-peel, his sense of personal dignity grew till it became fairly majestic, and he ruled the committee with a rod of iron. At one time a bill had been introduced (one of the several score of preposterous measures that annually make their appearance purely for purposes of buncombe), by whose terms all laborers in the public works of great cities were to receive three dollars a day — double the market price of labor. To this bill, by the way, an amendment was afterwards offered in the house by some gentleman with a sense of humor, which was to make it read that all the inhabitants of great cities were to receive three dollars a day, and the privilege of laboring on the public works if they chose; the original author of the bill questioning doubtfully if the amendment "didn't make the measure a trifle too sweeping." The measure was, of course, of no consequence whatever to the genuine laboring men, but was of interest to the professional labor agitators; and a body of the latter requested leave to appear before the committee. This was granted, but on the appointed day the chairman turned up in a condition of such portentous dignity as to make it evident that he had been on a spree of protracted duration. Down he sat at the head of the table, and glared at the committeemen, while the latter, whose faces would not have looked amiss in a rogues' gallery, cowered before him. The first speaker was a typical professional laboring man; a sleek, oily little fellow, with a black mustache, who had never done a stroke of work in his life. He felt confident that the Commodore would favor him, — a confidence soon to be rudely shaken,— and began with a deprecatory smile:

"Humble though I am ——"

Rap, rap, went the chairman's gavel, and the following dialogue occurred:

Chairman (with dignity). "What's that you said you were, sir?"

Professional Workingman (decidedly taken aback). "I — I said I was humble, sir."

Chairman (reproachfully). "Are you an American citizen, sir?"

P. W. "Yes, sir."

Chairman (with emphasis). "Then you're the equal of any man in this State! Then you're the equal of any man on this committee! *Don't let me hear you call yourself humble again! Go on, sir!*"

After this warning the advocate managed to keep clear of the rocks until, having worked himself up to quite a pitch of excitement, he incautiously exclaimed, "But the poor man has no friends!" which brought the Commodore down on him at once. Rap, rap, went his gavel, and he scowled grimly at the offender, while he asked with deadly deliberation:

"What did you say that time, sir?"

P. W. (hopelessly). "I said the poor man had no friends, sir."

Chairman (with sudden fire). "Then you lied, sir! I am the poor man's friend! so are my colleagues, sir!" (Here the rogues' gallery tried to look benevolent.) "Speak the truth, sir!" (with sudden change from the manner admonitory to the manner mandatory). "Now, you, sit down quick, or get out of this somehow!"

This put an end to the sleek gentleman, and his place was taken by a fellow-professional of another type — a great, burly man, who would talk to you on private matters in a perfectly natural tone of voice, but who, the

minute he began to speak of the Wrongs (with a capital W) of Labor (with a capital L), bellowed as if he had been a bull of Bashan. The Commodore, by this time pretty far gone, eyed him malevolently, swaying to and fro in his chair. However, the first effect of the fellow's oratory was soothing rather than otherwise, and produced the unexpected result of sending the chairman fast asleep sitting bolt upright. But in a minute or two, as the man warmed up to his work, he gave a peculiarly resonant howl which waked the Commodore up. The latter came to himself with a jerk, looked fixedly at the audience, caught sight of the speaker, remembered having seen him before, forgot that he had been asleep; and concluded that it must have been on some previous day. Hammer, hammer, went the gavel, and —

"I've seen you before, sir!"

"You have not," said the man.

"Don't tell me I lie, sir!" responded the Commodore, with sudden ferocity. "You've addressed this committee on a previous day!"

"I've never —" began the man; but the Commodore broke in again:

"Sit down, sir! The dignity of the chair must be preserved! No man shall speak to this committee twice. The committee stands adjourned." And with that he stalked majestically out of the room, leaving the committee and the delegation to gaze sheepishly into each other's faces.

OUTSIDERS.

After all, outsiders furnish quite as much fun as the legislators themselves. The number of men who persist in writing one letters of praise, abuse, and advice on every conceivable subject is appalling; and the writers are of every grade, from the lunatic and the criminal up. The most difficult to deal with are the men with hobbies. There is the Protestant fool, who thinks that our liberties are menaced by the machinations of the Church of Rome; and his companion idiot, who wants legislation against all secret societies, especially the Masons. Then there are the believers in "isms," of whom the woman-suffragists stand in the first rank. Now, to the horror of my relatives, I have always been a believer in woman's rights, but I must confess I have never seen such a hopelessly impracticable set of persons as the woman-suffragists who came up to Albany to get legislation. They simply would not draw up their measures in proper form; when I pointed out to one of them that their proposed bill was drawn up in direct defiance of certain of the sections of the Constitution of the State, he blandly replied that he did not care at all for that, because the measure had been drawn up so as to be in accord with the Constitution of Heaven. There was no answer to this beyond the very obvious one that Albany was in no way akin to Heaven. The ultra-temperance people — not the moderate and sensible ones — are quite as impervious to common sense.

A member's correspondence is sometimes amusing. A member receives shoals of letters of advice, congratulation, entreaty, and abuse, half of them anonymous. Most of these are stupid, but one received by a friend broke the monotony by the charming frankness with which it began, "Mr. So-and-so — Sir: Oh, you goggle-eyed liar!" — a sentence which thus combined a graphic estimate of my friend's moral worth together with a delicate allusion to the fact that he wore eye-glasses.

I had some constant correspondents. One lady in the western part of the State wrote me a weekly disquisition on woman's rights. A Buffalo clergyman spent two years on a one-sided correspondence about prohibition. A gentleman of ——— wrote me such a stream of essays and requests about the charter of that city that I feared he would drive me into a lunatic asylum; but he anticipated matters by going into one himself. A New Yorker at regular intervals sent up a request that I would "reintroduce" the Dongan charter, which had lapsed about the year 1720. A gentleman interested in a proposed law to protect primaries took to telegraphing daily questions as to its progress — a habit of which I broke him by sending in response telegrams of several hundred words each, which I was careful not to prepay.

There are certain legislative actions which must be taken in a purely Pickwickian sense. Notable among these are the resolutions of sympathy for the alleged oppressed patriots and peoples of Europe. These are generally directed against England, as there exists in the lower strata of political life an Anglophia quite as objectionable, though not as contemptible, as the Anglomania at present prevailing in the higher social circles.

As a rule, these resolutions are to be classed as simply *bouffe* affairs; they are commonly introduced by some ambitious legislator — often, I regret to say, a native American — who has a large foreign vote in his district (the famous O'Donnell resolution in Congress is a particularly unfortunate recent instance). During my term of service in the Legislature, resolutions were introduced demanding the recall of Minister Lowell, assailing the Czar for his conduct towards the Russian Jews, sympathizing with the Land League and the

Dutch Boers, etc., etc.; the passage of each of which we strenuously and usually successfully opposed, on the ground that while we would warmly welcome any foreigner who came here, and in good faith assumed the duties of American citizenship, we had a right to demand in return that he should not bring any of his race or national antipathies into American political life. Resolutions of this character are sometimes undoubtedly proper, but are in nine cases out of ten wholly unjustifiable. An instance of this sort of thing which took place not at Albany may be cited. Recently the Board of Aldermen of one of our great cities received a stinging rebuke, which it is to be feared the aldermanic intellect was too dense to fully appreciate. The aldermen passed a resolution "condemning" the Czar of Russia for his conduct towards his fellow-citizens of Hebrew faith, and "demanding" that he should forthwith treat them better; this was forwarded to the Russian Minister with a request that it be sent to the Czar. It came back forty-eight hours afterwards, with a note on the back by one of the under-secretaries of the legation, to the effect that as he was not aware that Russia had any diplomatic relations with the Philadelphia Board of Aldermen, and as, indeed, Russia was not officially cognizant of their existence, and, moreover, was wholly indifferent to their opinions on any conceivable subject, he herewith returned them their kind communication.

In concluding, I would say that while there is so much evil at Albany, and so much reason for our exerting ourselves to bring about a better state of things, yet there is no cause for being disheartened or for thinking that it is hopeless to expect improvement. On the contrary, the standard of legislative morals is certainly higher than it was fifteen years ago or twenty-five years ago, and, judging by appearances, it seems likely that it will continue slowly and by fits and starts to improve in the future; keeping pace exactly with the gradual awakening of the popular mind to the necessity of having honest and intelligent representatives in the State Legislature.

I have had opportunity of knowing something about the workings of but a few of our other State Legislatures; from what I have seen and heard, I should say that we stand about on a par with those of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Illinois, above that of Louisiana, and below those of Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Dakota, as well as below the National Legislature at Washington.

Theodore Roosevelt.

WAYSIDE MUSIC.

I passed them in the bleak, cold street;
Strolling musicians, quaintly dressed.
They played an old air; strong and sweet
It rose, and fell, and sank to rest.

Yet still my heart, responsive, beat;
And with the tune my steps kept time.
A magic music moved my feet
Like that which makes a poem rhyme.

May it not be that sometimes, too,
Soldiers in fight have forward pressed,
Still thinking their dead bugler blew,
Because the notes still fired each breast!

And then my fancy strayed away
To youthful dreams too dear to tell;
When joy outlived the longest day,
And grief was but a word to spell!

Then every morning music brought,
And time with gladness sped along;
No Ariel thought escaped uncaught,
And every sound was turned to song.

It comes again, the glorious sound,
Immortal, wonderful, and strange!
It wakes my pulses with a bound,
And sets a step that shall not change.

Sweet, o'er the hills that hide my youth,
I hear the bells of morning chime:
They ring for honor, love, and truth,
And head and heart are keeping time!

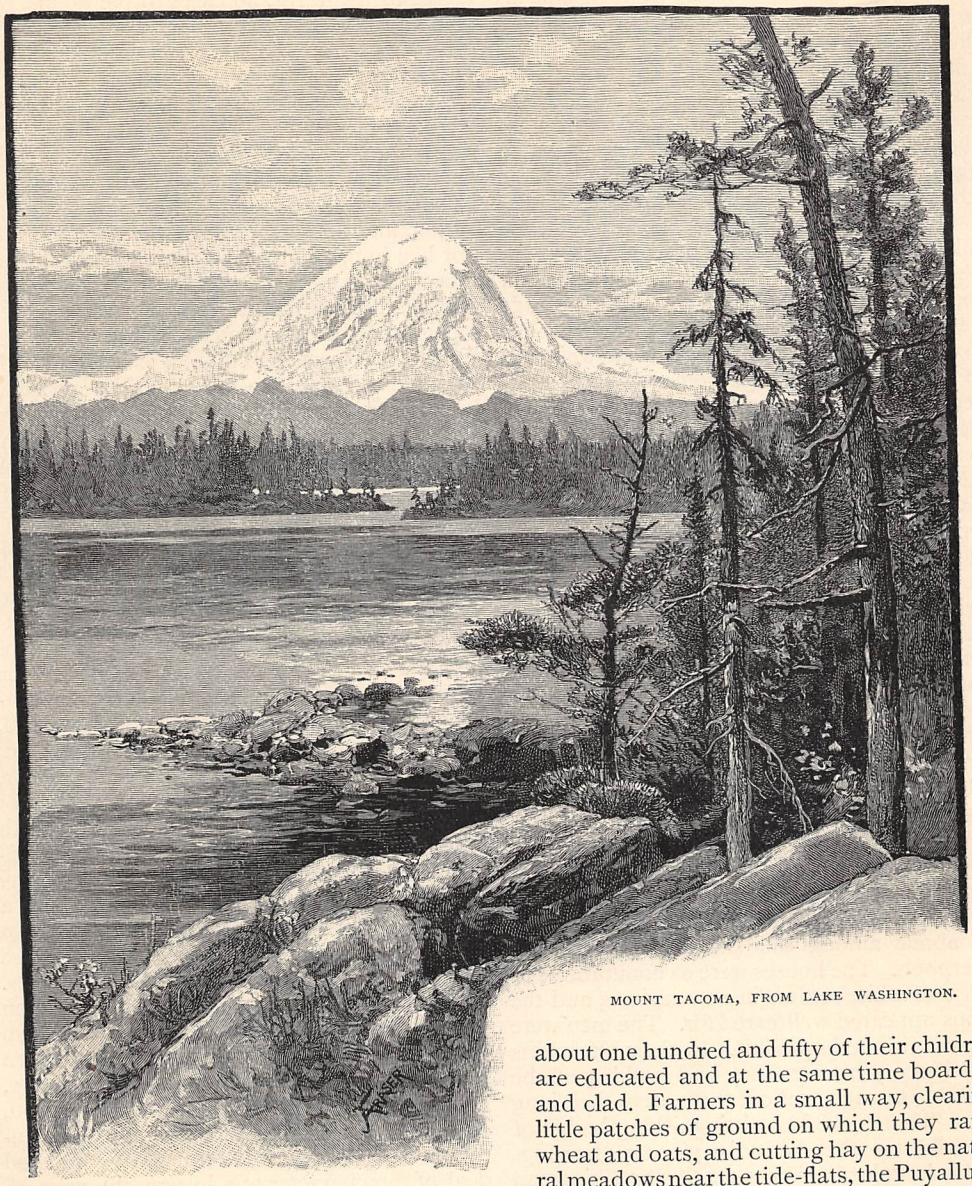
C. H. Crandall.

FROM PUGET SOUND TO THE UPPER COLUMBIA.

SEEN from the piazza of the hotel in the new city of Tacoma, the enormous double-crowned peak of Mount Tacoma dominates the whole landscape. The range of the Cascade Mountains, above which it rears its vast snow-fields and its eight great glaciers, looks like a low, green wall by comparison, though its most insignificant summits are higher than the loftiest mountains of the Atlantic States. And wherever you may find yourself on Puget Sound or its shores, be it in the cherry groves of Olympia, or on the lonely waters of Hood's Canal, or on the populous hill-side of Seattle, or by forest-rimmed Lake Washington, or on Port Townsend's high plateau, there is the superb mountain — if the atmosphere be clear, seemingly close at hand, clean-cut, and luminous; in other conditions of the air, looking "far, faint, and dim," but never much nearer or more remote, no matter from what point of view it is seen. It is by far the most impressive and the most beautiful of American snow-peaks, with the possible exception of Mount St. Elias in Alaska, with which I cannot claim acquaintance. Its glaciers feed five swift rivers: the Cowlitz, flowing to the Columbia; the Chehalis, which empties into the Pacific; and the Nisqually, Puyallup, and White, which send their milky waters to Puget Sound. I should, perhaps, here explain that Mount Tacoma is the Mount Rainier of the old maps, to which tourists and the dwellers in the Sound country, except those who live in Seattle, are endeavoring to restore its musical Indian name, meaning "the nourishing breast." Its altitude is 14,440 feet, nearly 3000 more than that of the sharp pyramid of Mount Hood, the sentinel of the Willamette Valley and the Lower Columbia, and the special pride of the people of Portland. Its glaciers have lately been made accessible by the cutting of trails through the forest at its base. When you survey them through a glass, comfortably seated in an easy-chair on the hotel piazza, a trip thither seems no difficult undertaking. Apparently you have them right under your hand, and can study the topography of their glittering surfaces; and you are astonished when the guide tells you that to go to the foot of one of the glaciers and return takes five days, and that if you get upon the ridge overlooking the chief glacier, you must add two days to the journey. He further explains that the little brown streak on the left of this glacier is a sheer precipice of rock over one thousand feet high, and that the small cracks in the ice-fields are enormous crevasses, over the sides of which you can peer down into dizzy depths and see raging torrents cutting their way through green walls of ice. A visit to these glaciers is not, however, a formidable undertaking to persons who do not mind a few days in the saddle, a little rough camp life, and a fatiguing climb over snow-fields. Tourists go in parties of five or six, provided with horses and camp equipage, and with spiked shoes, iron-pointed staves, and ropes, quite in the Alpine fashion.

The fascinating mountain was not the goal of the journey to be described in this article. My plan was to traverse the wilderness at its foot, cross the Cascade Range by a pass some thirty miles north of it, strike the head-waters of the Yakima River and follow that stream down to its junction with the Columbia, and finally to reach a railroad at Ainsworth, at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia. The distance to be traversed was about two hundred and fifty miles, mainly through an uninhabited country. Before setting out, let us take another glance from our outlook on the high plateau in the town. Here, at our feet, is a broad arm of the Sound, called Commencement Bay. Just beyond are meadows, on the eastern forest rim of which stands the friendly group of buildings of the Puyallup Indian Agency. All the rest of the landscape seems an unbroken forest. We can look over it for sixty miles to the crest of the mountains and the notch which indicates the pass where we are to cross. This wilderness appearance is deceptive though, for hidden behind the trees are one hundred and sixty Indian farms, and beyond the reservation containing them lie three little strips of marvelously fertile valleys, those of the Puyallup, Stuck, and White rivers, which together form the most productive hop region for its size in the world. Up the Puyallup Valley for thirty miles runs a railroad which brings coal down from mines near the slopes of Mount Tacoma — a brown, crumbling, dirty-looking coal, but so rich in carbon that it is sent by the ship-load to San Francisco for steam-fuel.

Our first halt on the journey eastward into the wilderness is at the agency on the reservation. The Puyallups are good Indians, but not in the Western sense of being dead Indians. The inhabitants of the ambitious town of



MOUNT TACOMA, FROM LAKE WASHINGTON.

Tacoma, which overlooks their little domain, would like to have them die off, or at least go somewhere else; but they are well-behaved and tolerably industrious, and no plea for their removal can be made. Besides, they have lately received patents from the Government to their farms, each head of a family getting one hundred and sixty acres, and these patents cover the whole area of the reservation; so the hope that any part of it will be opened to white settlement has been abandoned. These Indians are self-supporting, their annuities having long ago expired. All the Government does for them is to pay the cost of the schools, where about one hundred and fifty of their children are educated and at the same time boarded and clad. Farmers in a small way, clearing little patches of ground on which they raise wheat and oats, and cutting hay on the natural meadows near the tide-flats, the Puyallups make shift to live in a simple fashion, being helped out in the problem of existence by the fish and clams of the neighboring Sound, and by wages earned every year in the hop-fields up the valley during the picking season. They own horses and cattle, and build for themselves comfortable little houses. They are a home-staying folk, the dense forests around them offering no inducements for roaming, and their only excursions being short trips on the Sound in their graceful, high-prowed pirogues. On the whole, I think they are the most creditable specimens of civilized Indians to be found in the Far West. They govern

themselves in most matters, through officials of their own choosing, the agent keeping a close supervision over them, but rarely being called upon to exercise the arbitrary power which he, like all Indian agents, legally possesses. A board of Indian magistrates punishes criminals and decides civil actions, and a few Indian police under the command of the schoolmaster at the agency keep order on the reservation. If whisky could be kept out, the police might be dispensed with, for the Indians when sober are never quarrelsome, and their honesty is superior to that of the average white man. The agent holds a theory that the inordinate craving of the Indian for whisky is an effect of the change from savage to civilized diet and modes of living, and that it will disappear in time, when the race gets wonted to its new conditions. In the schools I heard the Indian children read in the "fourth reader" about as well, save for a curious accent, as children of the same ages in the district schools of the States. They wrote a fair hand, too, and sang Moody and Sankey hymns. Arithmetic, the teacher said, is their hardest task. The dormitories and dining-room were very neat, and the whole place was cheery and home-like. The more capable pupils, when they arrive at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are sent to the industrial school at Forest Grove, Oregon, where they are taught trades. The others return to their homes after receiving an ordinary common-school education.

The agent, who is the son of one of the first missionaries among the Oregon Indians, and has himself been many years in the work of civilizing the tribes of Puget Sound, drove us about among the Indian farms all one afternoon. The houses were as comfortable as those of white settlers in new regions, and the crops appeared well cared for. The men were at work in the hop-fields. In their blue shirts and hickory trousers they had nothing of the look of the savage about them, save their long hair. That is the last distinguishing badge of the wild state that the Indian gives up; he clings to his long locks as persistently as a Chinaman to his queue. The agent addressed all whom we met in Chinook, inquiring after their families and their crops, and answering questions about the children in the agency school. Chinook, the curious jargon invented by the Hudson's Bay Company's agents about a hundred years ago, is the language of business and social intercourse among all the tribes of the North Pacific coast. It is to this region what French is to Europe. With a knowledge of its three hundred words, an Indian or a white trader or missionary can travel among the numerous tribes west of the Rocky Mountains and make himself understood. There are no moods or tenses to the verbs, no cases to the nouns, no comparison of the adjectives, and only one preposition. Gestures and emphasis must be relied upon to help out the meager vocabulary, which is a droll mixture of Indian, English, and French words. I heard an amusing story on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains of a Boston gentleman who undertook to translate Chinook by its sound. He was visiting the Yakima Reservation, and for some reason the Indians did not like him, and were in the habit of calling him "hyas cultus Boston man." The visitor remarked to his friends that even the savages recognized the superiority of Boston culture, for they always spoke of him as a highly cultured Boston man. It was not until the joke had been a long time enjoyed that he was told that "hyas" meant very, and "cultus" bad or worthless, and that "Boston man" was the Chinook term for all Americans,—Englishmen and Canadians being called "King George men."

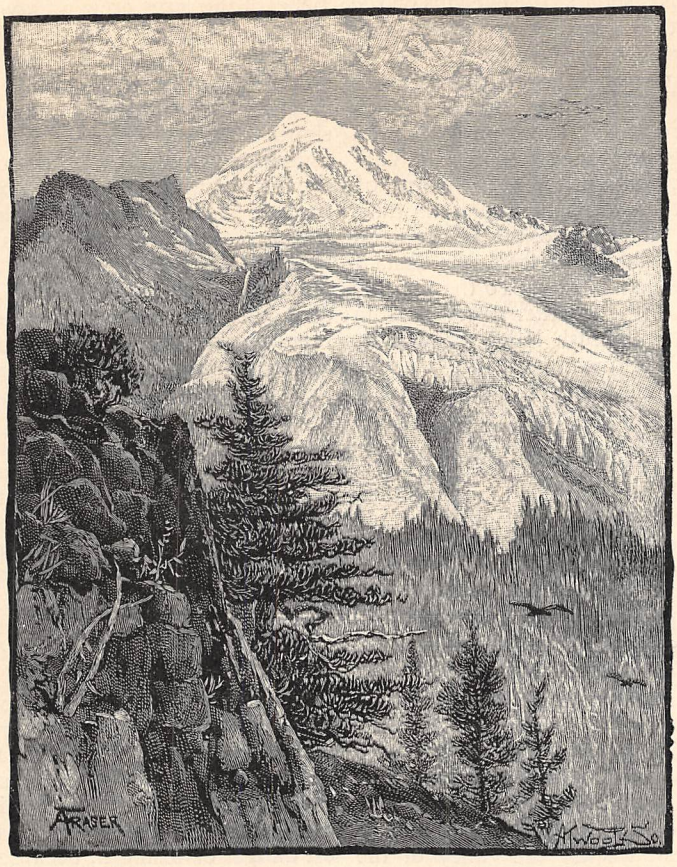
Beyond the Indian farms in the Puyallup Valley lie the hop-fields, reaching up the river towards Mount Tacoma for ten miles, and also along the Stuck River, a slough connecting the Puyallup with the White, and for perhaps a dozen miles on the banks of the latter stream. Only the maple and alder bottoms near the streams make good hop land, and they are so productive that wild land, which costs eighty dollars an acre to clear, sells for from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. Hop land in good condition, with poles and growing vines, but without buildings, is worth three hundred dollars an acre. Whoever possesses a twenty-acre field, with a drying-house, is comfortably well off. An average yield is fifteen hundred pounds to the acre; a large one, twenty-five hundred pounds. A veteran hop-raiser who has been thirteen years in the business told me that it costs two hundred dollars an acre to make and market a crop. Including picking, drying, and binding, he figured the cost at ten cents per pound, of which the picking alone is six. The industry is a fascinating one, having a good deal of the character of a lottery, the price of hops having run up and down during the past few years over the wide range of from ten cents to one dollar. My informant expected to get thirty-five cents this year. His forty acres would yield him eighty thousand pounds, he thought, which would bring him twenty-eight thousand dollars. The cost to him at ten cents per pound would be eight thousand dollars, leaving a profit of twenty thousand dollars. There are not many ways of getting so large an amount of money out of forty acres of ground. The thorough cultivation of these little valleys reminds one of the vineyard countries of Europe, but the resem-

blance vanishes as soon as the eye falls on the forest walls that encompass them on all sides.

In the hop-picking season there occurs a remarkable pilgrimage from the Indian tribes of Washington Territory and British Columbia. The Indians come in their pirogues from Puget Sound, from Frazer River, from Vancouver's Island, and even from the shores of the Pacific. Others cross the mountain trails on ponies from the valleys of the Yakima and the Upper Columbia and from the distant forests of the Cœur d'Alènes. To the number of five thousand, they gather every year in the hop region to furnish labor for picking. Of course, for the most part, the workers are women and children, the men spending much of their time in gambling, smoking, and lounging. This great influx of savagery produces no alarm among the white settlers; indeed, they would be helpless to gather their crop without the abundant supply of red labor. By the Indians the hop-picking season is looked forward to all the year with pleasant anticipation as the one great break in the monotony of their lives — a time of travel, excitement, sociability, love-making, and marrying, as well as of earning money to buy blankets, clothing, trinkets, and sugar. They give the white people very little trouble, being neither rowdyish nor thievish. The farmers sleep with their doors unlocked while the neighboring woods are alive with Indian camps.

Well mounted and equipped for camp life in the wilderness, we left the valley of the Puyallup near the South Prairie coal-mine, and, scrambling up a steep bluff, struck into the dense forest on a trail that meandered about to avoid fallen tree trunks. The timber growth was composed of enormous firs and cedars, having trunks eight or ten feet in diameter at their base, and sending their straight columns up into the air to a height of fully two hundred and fifty feet. The processes of life and death were going on side by side in this forest, uprooted trees that had lived out their time cumbering the ground and filling the air with the peculiar odor of decaying wood. In places the dead trunks would lie across each other in confused masses. Sometimes the trail would go beneath a gigantic trunk caught in the arms of two standing trees, or would make a detour to go around the cliff-like wall formed by the uptorn roots of one of these dead monarchs of the woods. A dense underbrush of alders and young cedars made it impossible to see a dozen yards from the trail; and to add to the jungle-like appearance of the forest, the ground was covered with a growth of gigantic ferns, usually taller than a man's head, and often high enough to conceal a man on horseback. Beneath the ferns grew a grayish-green moss, as soft as a velvet carpet and ten times as thick.

The trail led across a plateau and then descended sharply to the White River, a swift, glacier-fed stream drawing its waters from the slopes of Mount Tacoma. A few settlers have established themselves on the upper waters of this river, and made farms on small natural prairies in the shadows of the great forest, where they raise hops and oats. We forded the river, the water coming up above the saddle-girths, and the unwilling horses picking their way cautiously over the stones in the rapid, murky current. The afternoon's ride took us through a "big burn." These "burns" are marked features of Cascade Mountain scenery. The name is applied to a strip of plateau or mountain-side where a fire has ravaged the forest, devouring the underbrush, consuming all the dead trees and many of the living ones, and leaving those that have not perished in its devastating progress standing naked and brown. Nature rapidly covers the scene of the ruin with a mantle of ferns, and the "burn" soon looks rather cheerful than otherwise, because it resembles a clearing and affords a view of the sky. Two settlers' cabins were passed that afternoon, occupied by farmers who had come in last year from Kansas, and had already redeemed a few acres from the forest, and could show flourishing fields of wheat and oats. Towards evening the trail became more difficult. There was not the slightest danger of losing it, because a horse could not possibly have gone his length into the intricate maze of young cedars and fallen fir trunks on either side; but progress upon it was an active athletic exercise, involving leaping over or dodging under tree trunks, pushing through barricades of bushes and brambles, mounting and dismounting a dozen times in every mile. The difficulties of the tangled track had not discouraged an enterprising German from taking his wife and three babies over it, and making a home on the border of a "burn" and on the banks of a little lake. We reached his cabin just at nightfall of our first day's journey. He is the most advanced settler towards the Stampede Pass in the Cascade Range. The two doors and three windows of his house he packed in on the back of a horse, but all the rest of the edifice he had made with his axe out of cedar poles and one fallen cedar-tree, splitting out the siding, the shingles, and the flooring. In like manner he had built a barn, a chicken-house, and a kennel for his big Newfoundland dog, and had fenced in with palings a bit of a door-yard, where his wife had made a few flower-beds in which bachelor's-buttons, poppies, and portulacas flourished. The man had also



TYLER GLACIER, MOUNT TACOMA. ALTITUDE AT FACE, 5800 FEET.

managed to clear a three-acre field, where he was raising a fine crop of potatoes. All this he had done between May and August — actually creating a home, a field, and a garden in five months' time, with the unaided labor of his own hands. And he was a little fellow too, but he was always jolly, and perhaps that was the secret of his wonderful achievements. All the time he was singing his old Westphalian songs, and his flaxen-haired wife was jolly too; and any living creatures jollier than those three tow-headed children I never saw. What did he get to eat? Why, he could knock over a dozen pheasants any morning in the nearest thicket, and the lake was full of trout. After a few years it would not be all wilderness about him, he said; the railroad would come, and by that time he would have eighty acres of good cleared land. Would he not be lonesome in the long winter? Oh, no! he would have plenty to do "slashing," *i. e.*, cutting down the trees preparatory to burning them,— the usual process of clearing land where there is no market for the timber.

We camped very comfortably that night on a pile of hay in the settler's shed-barn, a structure half roofed over, but still wanting sides, and were early on the trail next morning, after a breakfast of ham, bread, and coffee. The profuse and luxuriant vegetation continued. A noticeable plant, called the devil's club from the brier-like character of its stem, spread out leaves as large as a Panama hat, and thrust up a spear-like bunch of red berries. The wild syringa perfumed the air. There were two varieties of the elder — the common one of the East, having black berries, and one growing much higher and bearing large red berries. Thimbleberry bushes grew in dense thickets. The little snowball berry cultivated in eastern door-yards was seen, and also whortleberries and blueberries. Among the flowers was a "bleeding-heart," in form like the familiar garden flower, but much smaller, and of a pale purple color. The most common bloom was the gay *Erigeron canadensis*, or "fire-weed," which occupied every spot where it could find a few rays of sunlight. About noon of this second day's march we descended by a steep zigzag path to the south

bank of Green River, a handsome trout-stream, brawling over rocks or resting in quiet dark-green pools. A great field of excellent bituminous coal, partly explored, and waiting for a railroad to make it valuable, lies in veins from six to ten feet thick under the forests that border this stream. It is the best coal thus far discovered in Washington Territory. In its vicinity lie beds of rich iron ore. So here, hidden in this tangled wilderness, are the elements of a great industry, which in the future will make these solitudes populous.

The trail turned up the narrow valley of Green River, and thence on for many miles it clambered up steep slopes and plunged down into the lateral ravines formed by the tributary streams — up or down nearly all the way, with rarely a hundred yards of tolerably level ground. It was a toilsome day for men and animals, but for the riders enlivened with the sense of adventure, and with thoughts now and then of what would happen if a horse should make a false step on the verge of a precipice where the path clung to a mountain wall a thousand feet above the roaring river. Travel on a mountain trail is never monotonous. Your perceptive faculties are kept on the alert to dodge projecting branches and watch for all the various chances and changes of the track. Then there are ascents too steep for your horse to carry you, and descents too abrupt for safe riding; streams to ford, quagmires to flounder through, and divers other incidents to enliven the journey.

Our second night on the trail was spent at a camp of engineers engaged in locating the line of a railroad over the Cascade Mountains to connect eastern Washington with the Puget Sound country. This project of surmounting the formidable barrier of the Cascades is as old as the time when Governor Isaac I. Stevens conducted a government expedition from St. Paul to Puget Sound, in 1853, to determine the feasibility of a northern route for a railroad to the Pacific. It was on Stevens's report that there were passes in the range practicable for a railroad that the original charter of the Northern Pacific Company, granted by Congress in 1862, designated a route from the Upper Columbia to the Sound for the main line of that road. This was amended by Congress in 1870, and the main line was changed so as to run down the Columbia River to Portland, and thence northward to the Sound, getting through the mountains by the only gap opened by nature, that of the great gorge of the Columbia. At the same time the short line across the mountains was designated as the Cascade Branch. Surveys to find a feasible pass for this branch have been prosecuted with more or less diligence and with several long intermissions ever since 1870. During the past three years a great deal of money has been spent upon these surveys. How expensive they have been may be judged from the fact that to run a reconnaissance line through the dense forests, encumbered by prostrate timber, which clothe the western slope of the Cascades, requires the services of ten axemen to open a path along which the engineers can advance a mile or two a day with their instruments. All this labor and expenditure of money has been crowned with success, however, and a pass has been found up which a railroad can be built, but at the summit a tunnel nearly two miles long must be excavated. It will be the longest tunnel in America with the exception of that through the Hoosac Mountains in Massachusetts.

The engineers' camp on the bank of the brawling torrent of Green River was so cheerful a spot, with its white tents and blazing fires, that, although it was early in the afternoon, saddles and packs were taken off the horses and the decision made to go no farther that day. The midsummer air in the mountains was so cool that the warmth of the fires was grateful. So were the hot biscuits and steaming coffee provided by the cook, and the pink-fleshed trout caught in the river. Stories of encounters with cougars and bears were told around the crackling fir logs that evening. The cinnamon bear is apt to be an ugly customer, it was agreed, but the black bear is not dangerous unless it be a she-bear with cubs. The cougar, or mountain lion, is the most redoubtable beast of these wilds. Perhaps the best way to deal with one of these huge felines is that adopted by an Irish axeman, who thus narrated his adventure: "I was a-coming along the trail with me blankets on me back, and with niver as much as a stick to defind mesilf, when all at onst I saw a terrible big cougar not two rods ahead of me, twistin' his tail and getting ready fer to jump. I come upon him that suddent that it was hard to tell which was the most surprised, me or the baste. Well, sor, I trimbled like a man with the ager. But I saw that something had to be done, and dom'd quick too. So I threw down me blankets and gave one hiduous yell. That was onexpected by the cougar. He niver heard such a noise before, and he just turned tail and jumped into the brush. I picked up me blankets and made the best time into camp that was ever made on that trail."

The civil engineers engaged in the railroad surveys are educated young men from the East, the younger ones often fresh from college. They spend the greater part of the year

immured in the forest, with no communication with the world save that furnished by the pack-train which comes in once a week to bring supplies. A good story was told at the camp fire of one of the engineers who, after he had been eight months in the woods, went back to the settlements. Approaching a house, he saw a woman's calico gown hanging on a line. The sight so affected him that he got off his horse and kissed the hem of the garment. The faded gown was emblematic to the young man's mind of all the graces and refinements of civilization, of woman's tenderness and love, of his far-off Massachusetts home, and the mother, sisters, and sweetheart he had left there.

The third day of our journey through the forest led up the narrow gorge of Green River, the trail now skirting the river's bank, and now climbing over mountain shoulders thrust out into the stream. The forest, if possible, grew more dense as we advanced. The damp ground, never reached by the sun's rays, was covered with a thick growth of gigantic ferns and of the broad-leaved devil's-club. I saw cedar-trees ten feet in diameter above the point where their trunks spread out to take a firm hold upon the ground. There were many queer tree growths. Tall fir saplings grew out of prostrate, decaying trunks. From the roots of an enormous dead cedar, whose broken column was still standing, arose four large young trees, each at least one hundred and fifty feet high, and standing so close to each other and to the dead parent tree that there was not more than two yards' space between them. Near by a fir and a cedar had grown together for a few yards above the ground, so as to form a common trunk. Fallen trees and often the trunks and lower limbs of live ones were thickly sheathed in moss — not the trailing tree-moss of the Rocky Mountain forests, but a thick, tufted, carpet-like moss, of the same variety as that growing upon the ground. After a hard day's march we forded the river towards sunset and camped upon the north bank. The fire was soon made, the biscuits were baked in the tin reflector oven, the coffee was boiled, the ham was fried, and the horses were fed with the barley they had carried on their backs. Then the tent-fly was set up with one end against two enormous firs that grew side by side, and luxurious beds were made of moss and hemlock boughs, and we went to sleep, happy in the thought that the next day's march would take us up to the summit of the pass and down on the eastern slope of the mountains.

Next morning we left the main stream of Green River, already diminished to a narrow torrent, and began to follow up the course of Sunday Creek, the trail clinging to the steep slopes of the mountain walls. About noon the actual ascent of the divide began. An hour of hard climbing, crossing from side to side of a narrow ravine, or zigzagging along its wooded walls, the forest thinning out a little as we went up, brought us to a little lake. Just above was a "big burn," where the timber had been swept clean off by fire save a few blackened stumps, and in the middle of this "burn" was Stampede Pass, a narrow notch with a sharp ascent on both sides. Our horses quickened their pace, as if knowing that the long, hard climb was almost over; and after a few seconds' dash over ashes and charcoal we stood on the ridge of the pass. The first glance was naturally on beyond to the eastward. Far down in a deep valley, placid and green, lay Lake Kichilas. Farther on were mountain ranges, not densely timbered like those of the western slopes of the Cascades, but showing bare places, and, where wooded, covered with the Rocky Mountain pine, which grows in an open way, with little underbrush. The reddish trunks of these trees give color to an entire mountain-side. It was to the westward, however, that the view was most striking; for there, towering far above the green ridges of the Cascades, rose the dazzling snow-fields and glaciers of Mount Tacoma. Above them rested a girdle of clouds, and above the clouds, serene in the blue ether, glittered the white summits. The peak seemed much higher than when seen from the sea-level of the Sound. Mountains of great altitude always show to best advantage when seen from considerable elevations. We had been climbing all day to reach our point of view, and yet the gigantic peak towered aloft into the sky to a height that seemed incredible, as if it were only the semblance of a mountain formed by the clouds.

Stampede Pass got its name four years ago, when a party of trail-cutters, camped at the little lake near its summit, not liking the treatment they received from their boss, stampeded in a body and returned to the settlements. Later, the engineers called it Garfield Pass, because there the news of President Garfield's assassination came to them; but the first name is the one generally used. The elevation of the pass is about five thousand feet, or double that of the point where the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the Alleghany Mountains. The descent eastward to the streams that form the Yakima River is only moderately abrupt, and one can ride down the zigzag trail with no great danger of pitching over his horse's head. The character of the forest growth is very different from that on the western slopes of the mountains, the gigantic firs and cedars disappear-

ing as soon as the summit is crossed, and in their places appearing a species of small mountain fir, growing thickly, but with little underbrush and no intricate barricades of fallen trunks. The flowers are of new species, and the pine-grass grows in the woods. Evidently the climatic conditions are widely dissimilar to those on the western side of the great range, the moisture-laden atmosphere of the Puget Sound country, which produces a phenomenal vegetable growth, not crossing the mountain-wall. Probably there is nowhere on the globe as marked a climatic boundary as that of the Cascade Mountains in both Washington Territory and Oregon. West of this boundary the winters are mild, with much rain and little snow, and the summers cool and showery; while east of it the winters are sharp and dry, with abundant snowfall, and the summers very hot, little rain falling between the first of June and the first of October. On Puget Sound you have the climate of Ireland, while just across the mountains in the valley of the Yakima weather and landscapes in summer recall northern California.

Our fourth day's march was the longest on the trail. We made twenty-five miles, and came at sunset to a wagon-road and a fenced field, evidences of settlement that were greeted with enthusiasm. There was a house, too, tenanted by the most advanced settler mountainwards in the Yakima Valley. He kept a toll-gate, and levied a tax on emigrants about to struggle over the Snoqualmie Pass to the Sound country. Nominally there is a wagon-road through this pass all the way to Seattle, and stout wagons lightly loaded are somehow gotten across the mountains by courageous emigrants who carve their way with their axes through the fallen timber. The chief utility of the road, however, is for the driving of cattle. All the Sound country, and much of British Columbia, get their beef supply from the bunch-grass plains east of the Cascades. It takes seven days to drive a herd of cattle from the Upper Yakima to Seattle, which is the beef market of the Sound. The night was spent in a deserted cabin on beds of boughs eked out with a little hay which the last occupant had left. Breakfast on the grass next morning was enlivened by a visit from a flock of Hudson's Bay birds that attempted to share the meal, and, after carrying off several crackers, made an attack on the remains of a ham. These familiar brown birds, sometimes called lumberman's friends or whisky-jacks, discern the smoke of a camp-fire miles away, and are speedily on hand to clear up the crumbs.

Our horseback journey was now at end. A good friend in Portland had sent a team and spring wagon a hundred and fifty miles from the Lower Yakima to meet us at the end of the wagon-road. Our excellent Scotch guide, with the cook, the packer, the saddle-horses, and the pack-animals, turned back to retrace their steps over the long trail to the Puyallup Valley. Blankets and bags were transferred to the wagon, and we set off through the open pine woods, over a very fair road, down the valley of the Yakima. The road did not follow the stream closely, but only kept its general course, taking across the hills to avoid the cañons and muddy bottoms. Only one house was seen in the forenoon's drive. It was inhabited by three Germans, who had "taken up" a natural timothy meadow, and were getting rich cutting a hundred tons of hay every year, and selling it to herders on their way to the Sound at twenty-five dollars a ton. They had an irrigated garden full of all sorts of vegetables. About noon another farm was reached, where a Maine man was raising fine crops of oats and wheat by irrigation. A big barn filled with hay and a comfortable log-house flanked by apple-trees were invitations to rest not to be refused in a wild country. The housekeeper prepared a surprisingly good dinner — the first civilized meal the travelers had eaten since leaving the hotel at Tacoma. There were fresh vegetables and roast beef, coffee and cream that defied criticism, and an apple-pie that could not be surpassed in New England. We sat upon benches, and in the parlor the only furniture was three wooden chairs and a rude table; but there were chintz curtains at the windows, hanging from cornices made of moss, and on the table were many newspapers and a copy of THE CENTURY.

The next house on the road belonged to Indian John, a famous character among the whites of the Upper Yakima country, and a *sockalee tyee*, or big chief, among the Kittitas Indians. John has a few well-fenced fields of grain, and a good log-cabin, windowless and with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke from the fire burning on the ground in the middle of the one room. The women of his household were busy drying service-berries, but when our driver told them in Chinook that we were going to take a photograph of the place, the younger ones hurried into the cabin and speedily put on what finery they possessed in the shape of blue gowns, brass bracelets, and girdles of bead-work studded with brass nails. John wore civilized clothes, but a young Indian, presumably the husband of the squaw with the baby, was attired in scarlet leggins, green breech-cloth, and blue tunic, and his face was liberally adorned with vermilion paint. John is a thrifty fellow, and

when his relations come to visit him and live upon him Indian fashion, he sets them to work building fences or hoeing potatoes. He wants to marry his youngest daughter to a white man. He says the *siwashes* (Indians) are *cultus*, which in Chinook means "no good." The girl might be thought rather too buxom to suit a critical taste, and objections might also be made to her mouth and feet on the score of their size; but as to her good-nature there could be no doubt after she had smiled all over her face at each of the travelers and merrily winked her black eyes.

A few miles beyond Indian John's ranch the forest stops abruptly on the crest of a hill, and the bunch-grass plains begin. They are not plains in the sense of being at all level. On the contrary, they are heaved up in hills and ridges and low bare mountain ranges, and creased by many valleys and cañons; but they are destitute of timber, save along the streams, and are sere, yellow, and dusty, and thus conform to the Far-Western meaning of the word plains. The soil is composed of disintegrated basaltic rock, and, whether on lofty crests or steep slopes or in deep ravines, is alike covered with the same monotonous vegetation of bunch-grass, wild sunflowers, sage-brush, and grease-wood. The colors of the landscapes are dirty browns and yellows and faded sage-green, save where a belt of alders and willows skirts a creek. In May and June, when the grass is fresh and the sunflowers are in bloom, the country seems carpeted with fresh green and gold; but this season of verdure and blossoms only lasts a few weeks, and then comes the long, dry, dusty summer. The plains of the great Columbia basin occupy a stretch of country of almost circular form, and of about three hundred miles across, surrounded by the Cascade Mountains on the west, the Blue Mountains on the south, the Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alène Mountains on the east, and the Peshastin, Colville, and other ranges on the north. From north to south, nearly midway of the basin's width, flows the Columbia. The eastern part of the basin is mainly drained by the Snake, the Palouse, and the Spokane rivers, and the western part by the Yakima and its tributaries.

In the afternoon of the first day's travel by wagon, and the fifth of our journey from Puget Sound, we entered the Kittitas Valley, and saw its market-town of Ellensburg lying in white spots against a brown hill-side fifteen miles distant. This valley is the most extensive and most thickly settled between the Cascade Mountains and the Columbia. It is twenty miles long and from three to ten miles wide, and, being well watered and easy to irrigate, has attracted a thrifty farming population. With a few small tributary valleys, it is said to contain two thousand five hundred people, of whom some four hundred live in the town. Forty bushels of wheat to the acre and four hundred of potatoes are average yields on the rich irrigated lands. In spite of their isolation from markets,— the valley is one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest accessible transportation line,— the farmers appear prosperous, their houses and barns being of a better character than are usually seen in new countries. Settlement in the valley dates back ten years; but most of the people have come in during the past four or five years, attracted by the prospect of a railroad as well as by the fertility of the soil.*

Of Ellensburg little need be said. It is a creditable frontier village for one so new and so remote, supporting two weekly newspapers and an academy. The Yakima River flows by the town in a swift, deep current, fed by snows but not by glaciers, as its clear, blue waters testify. From a high ridge south of the town the top of Mount Tacoma can be seen, but it is much less impressive from this point of view than is Mount Stuart, the highest peak of the Peshastin Range, which bounds the prospect on the north. I confess never to have heard the name of this range before, yet it is immeasurably grander than the White Mountains or the Adirondacks. Mount Stuart, usually called Monument Peak, is ten thousand feet high, and is as bold and peculiar in its form as the Matterhorn in Switzerland. The whole range is savage and precipitous, a serrated ridge of brown rock, with many jagged peaks, too steep to carry much snow save in the deep ravines. At the foot of these magnificent mountains lie four deep, green, forest-rimmed lakes — Kichilas, Kachees, Kitallum, and Cleellum. The region is wild and little known, and is very inviting to adventurous explorers. Veins of copper carrying considerable gold and silver have recently been discovered there, and a vein of coal so good for blacksmithing purposes that it is hauled down to the Kittitas Valley and sold for thirty dollars a ton.

Going southward from Ellensburg, there is no settlement after leaving the Kittitas Valley until the Wenass Valley is reached, a distance of twenty miles. The Yakima plunges into a deep cañon with sides so steep that there is no room for a road. So the road climbs over two bare, brown ridges, one high enough to figure on the maps as a mountain range. From its crest the squares of green and gold

* The journey described in this article was made in the summer of 1884. Since then the railroad-building up the Yakima Valley has advanced as far as Yakima City.— E. V. S.

formed by the fields of oats and ripened wheat in the Kittitas Valley made a very pretty landscape effect. The ridges separating the narrow valleys are covered with an abundant growth of bunch-grass, and are good summer ranges for stock; but the snow lies on them too deeply in winter for cattle to range, as in Montana, all the year round; consequently there is but little stock in the country. The Wenass is a tributary of the Yakima, and it makes a good agricultural valley, twenty miles long, but only one or two farms wide. About three hundred people inhabit it. Ten miles farther south come the Nachess Valley, wider, but not so long as the Wenass, and the Coweechee Valley, narrower and longer than the Nachess. Both are well settled. On a farm at the mouth of this valley, where we halted for supper, apples, plums, cherries, raspberries, and blackberries grew luxuriantly, and in an irrigated garden all sorts of vegetables flourished. The Nachess debouches into the Yakima Valley, a name applied locally to only about fifteen miles of the course of the Yakima River, where there is an irrigable plain eight or ten miles wide, partly under cultivation, and supporting the town of Yakima City, with its eight hundred inhabitants. We reached the "city" about dark, having traversed forty miles of good road without meeting a single person traveling in the opposite direction. Save a few herds of cattle and bands of horses and numerous flocks of grouse, there was no life on the grassy slopes and ridges. Yakima City stands at the junction of the Attanam Creek with the Yakima River, and on the east side of the river there is a third inhabited valley, called the Moxee. In all these valleys farming by irrigation is very successful. The soil is a fine powder, carrying no trace of sand; the whole region was once volcanic and later the bed of a lake. A little water applied to this rich soil, with the aid of the heat of the long summer days, causes all the cereals and vegetables of the temperate zone, and all the fruits, save peaches, to flourish amazingly. One acre will produce as much as three of good farm-land in the Eastern States. The town is a medley of cheap wooden buildings and vegetable gardens, shaded by Lombardy poplars, and backed up against a ridge of bulging brown hills. In summer the mercury frequently goes up to one hundred degrees; but the climate is remarkably healthy, owing, no doubt, to the dryness of the air and soil. The inhabitants think the place beautiful, and so it is when contrasted with the hot, wearisome expanses of sage-brush and bunch-grass and powdery dust one must traverse to reach it. Little streams of clear water run along the sides of the streets and are sluiced off into the gardens. The town is the trade center of all the region between the Cascades and the Columbia, and is waiting impatiently for the railroad advancing up the Yakima to augment its business and population. At present the merchants haul their goods from the Dalles, about a hundred miles distant, and thither go such products of the country as can profitably be transported so far in wagons. When the railroad goes through the mountains, all these fertile little irrigated valleys, drained by the Yakima, will get rich raising fruits, vegetables, grain, and cattle for the Sound cities, which now get their supplies almost entirely from San Francisco. Ditch enterprises on a large scale will then reclaim thousands of acres that now grow nothing but sage-brush.

I heard a good deal of talk in Yakima City of a project on the part of the railroad company to create a new town near the junction of the Nachess and Yakima rivers, with the view of making it a model place of wide streets, deep lots, shade-trees, flowers, and running streams, by the aid of the abundant waters of the Nachess, available for irrigation. The future city, which as yet hardly exists on paper, is already in imagination the flourishing capital of the great State of Washington. Its proposed site is now a waste of dust and sage-brush, but, with plenty of water and plenty of money, the project of making this desert blossom like the rose would be perfectly feasible.

Leaving Yakima City and traveling in a south-easterly direction, our road ran for about fifty miles through an Indian reservation belonging to a number of tribes gathered from the entire region between the Cascade Mountains and the Upper Columbia — Yakimas, Klickitats, Kittitas, and others whose names are only known locally. About three thousand souls belong upon this reservation, but there are probably not more than half that number actually living on it, the others preferring their old homes in the mountains, where they can hunt, or on the banks of the Columbia, where the salmon furnish an abundant food supply. Those upon the reservation are partly civilized, cultivating small fields of grain and herding cattle. Nominally they have all been Christianized, and Methodists and Catholics compete for the honor of saving their souls; but a considerable number render secret homage to an old humpbacked Indian prophet, named Smohallo, who has invented a religion of his own. This dusky Mahomet lives in the desert, near Priests' Rapids, on the Columbia, where he has a village of adherents, and is constantly visited by admirers from the reservation, who bring him tribute.

He goes into trances and professes to have communion with the Great Spirit. An army officer, who recently visited Smohallo's village to see if the old fellow was brewing any mischief, told me that he witnessed a singular religious ceremony in a tent. The prophet sat on a hassock with a bell in his hand. In front of him were twelve Indians in red shirts, on one side six maidens in white gowns, and on the other six in red gowns. The ringing of the bell was a signal for them to kneel or rise. The service consisted of chants and a discourse by the prophet. At one time he fell on the ground in a trance, and after a few minutes arose and announced a pretended revelation from the heavenly powers. Smohallo was educated by the Jesuit fathers at the Cœur d'Alène Mission, and evidently has borrowed his ceremonials from those he saw there. He is a disturbing element among the Indians, because he tries to dissuade them from industry, saying that the earth is their mother, and that to plow the ground is to scratch her skin, to dig ditches is to wound her breast, and to open mines is to crack her bones, and that she will not receive them after they die if they thus abuse her.

The Yakima Reservation lies between the river and the Simcoe Mountains. Most of it is sage-brush land, but for three hours we drove through a green country covered with rye-grass standing higher than our horses' heads, with rich pasturage of smaller herbage among it. Opposite, on the white man's side of the valley, there is little or no settlement, but the land lies favorably for reclamation by ditches taken from the river. Some of the Indians live in frame houses evidently built by the Government, for they are of one pattern; others have built log structures for themselves, while many still adhere to the "wicky-up" — a shapeless hut made from a combination of brush and mats woven from reeds. They have adopted white customs in one respect, at least, for they have set up a toll-gate and tax travelers fifty cents for driving across their country. The toll-gate keeper was in a morose frame of mind. He had recently been arrested by the agent, put in the "skookum-house" (jail), and fined sixty dollars for having two wives. He said he could not see what the harm was as long as the women were both satisfied, and grumbled about the loss of the money he had saved to buy a new horse-rake.

Our noonday halt was at a ranch on the north side of the river. The ranchman ferried the team across on a flatboat, and invited us to rest in rocking-chairs on a piazza roofed with green cottonwood boughs while his wife got dinner. He had taken up a green spot in the sage-brush waste, and was making butter from fifty cows, and putting up great stacks of hay for their winter feed. He was a shrewd and prosperous man, and his success had already attracted other settlers. The afternoon's journey was through a country wholly desolate. The river itself seemed to get discouraged, and ran with a sluggish current through the parched and thirsty land, which constantly robbed it of its waters, so that its volume diminished as it advanced. Hidden by the bare hills that bounded the southern horizon lay, however, a grassy valley, called Horse Heaven, where fifty families have settled during the past year. Northward the landscape was all a burning-hot, dusty sage-brush plain sloping up to the Rattlesnake Mountains. The night was spent restfully on clean blankets in an engineers' camp, on the line of the advancing railroad. A mile away was a settlement started by an ex-Congressman from Tennessee, who hopes that ditch enterprises and the water-power of the falls of the Yakima will develop a town on his lands.

The next day — the tenth since we left Puget Sound — was the most trying of the whole journey. The heat was intolerable. Probably it would have been about 105° Fahrenheit in the shade if there had been any shade. What it was in the sun nobody attempted to estimate. The dust covered the faces of the travelers with yellow masks and penetrated their clothing, forming a thick deposit all over their bodies. Eighteen miles in a wagon brought us to the end of the railway track built last year, but not yet operated, and not put in order since the winter rains, so that a locomotive could not get over it. Here we transferred ourselves to a hand-car. The three passengers sat in front, with their feet hanging down over the ties and knocking against the weeds and sand-heaps. Four stout fellows at the levers got an average speed of nearly ten miles an hour out of the little machine. To the heat of the direct rays of the sun was added that reflected from the rails, the sandy embankment, and the sides of the cuts. With what joy we descried in the early afternoon the broad, blue flood of the Columbia! What a satisfaction it was to rest in the shade of a tent by the margin of the cool waters! In the evening a diminutive steamboat, aptly called *The Kid*, ferried us down to Ainsworth, a little town at the confluence of the Snake and the Columbia,— rivers as mighty in volume here as the Mississippi and Missouri where they join, and as strikingly different in the character of their waters. At Ainsworth the journey described in this article ended, and the homeward trip in a Pullman car began.

Eugene V. Smalley.

THE MEDIATIONS OF MR. ARCHIE KITTRELL.

"And thanne with here scharpe speris stronge
They foyneden ech at other."

The Knightes Tale.

I.

THE traditions respecting the origin of the name "Hello" of a certain militia district in one of the older counties of Middle Georgia are so ancient and variant that I do not feel myself called upon, at least in this connection, to recite them. My present purpose is to tell of a few persons resident therein at a period many years back, whilst Josiah Cofield, Esq., presided in the Justice's Court. This magistrate had long considered himself as familiar as any judge need be with principles governing judicial trials. The drift of cases wherein his rulings had been reversed on *certiorari* to the Superior Court had been mainly in the line of exceptions taken to his jurisdiction, about the limits of which he was suspected to be not without the jealousy common to all tribunals not the highest. His temptation to overstep was, perhaps, enhanced by an enormous fondness for his court costs. It was his habit, therefore, to put upon his docket all cases brought by persons known by him to be responsible for these, without concerning himself about the eventual disposition of the condemnation-money.

I make these observations regarding him, preparatory to the introduction of some persons of yet more importance.

Fully a mile above, owner of a considerable body of land, extending as far as the fork where William's and Turkey Creeks merge their waters and their names in Long Creek, dwelt Mr. Archie Kittrell, now well spent in years, yet with gratifying remains of strength and activity, bodily and mental. His estate was bounded on the east by Turkey Creek and the Peevys, on the west by William's and the Templins's.

It had been fortunate heretofore, for both the Peevys and Templins, that such a man as Archie Kittrell resided between them. In a hill region the number is limited of those who can live persistently, without any hurt to friendly neighborhood, on opposite sides of a creek-line. A benevolent and usually a remarkably calm man was Mr. Kittrell, although it was known that he could become excited on occasion. For very many years he had held not only peaceful but most friendly relations with these neighbors, in spite of the varying channels that the two streams often made before reaching the confluence where the Long began its straightforward, determined course to the Ogeechee. He put his fences sufficiently behind high-water mark, and, instead of complaining of infringements upon doubtful riparian soil, he was often known to express placid sympathy when the Templin or the Peevy fence, on occasions of extraordinary rains, would resolve itself into its constituent elements, and every rail go madly rushing in search of more reliable shores. Both Mr. Templin and Mr. Peevy had deceased some years ago; but their relicts were women of much energy, and, with aid of the counsels of their intermediate friend, managed their estates to much advantage.

What separated these ladies yet further than the two creeks was their difference in religious faith. Three miles north of the fork stood the William's Creek Baptist Church, so named partly from its geographical position, but mainly, as was suggested by one of the deacons at its foundation, because, like Enon of old, there was much water there. One mile south of the fork, on a high land, at the foot of which was a noble spring of water, was the Methodist meeting-house, younger than its rival, and weaker in membership. Its name was Big Spring.

The Templins worshiped at the upper, and the Peevys at the lower house. Both these ladies were pronounced in doctrinal opinions, and therefore neither visited the other often, though each was very familiar at the Kittrells's. If they had been of the same religious faith, they must have been cordial friends. As it was, each must sometimes warm into temporary resentment when one would hear of uncharitable words expressed by the other concerning herself or her meeting-house. It had been observed that such misunderstandings had increased considerably of late, and notably since Miss Priscilla Mattox had been sojourning in the neighborhood.

Whatever worship the Kittrells did was mainly beneath their own vine. Mr. Kittrell, his wife, and his two sons, William and Joseph (always called Buck and Jodie), attended service at both meeting-houses, and, though not professors, were as good respecters of religion as the best. Hopes had been

indulged, I dare not say how long, by the William's Creek people that Mrs. Kittrell, whose mother in her time was a Baptist, might feel it her duty, before it would be too late, to knock at their door.

"As perfect a patron of a woman as is," Mrs. Templin would often say, "ef she were jest only a Babtis, and which she can't but be obleeged to know it's her juty to foller her own blessed mother that she can have no doubts of her being of now a saint in heaven."

As for Mr. Kittrell, who was at least a score of years older than his wife, it was quite possible that some of the delay in his church affiliation was due to the thoughtful apprehension that any action in that matter so pronounced on the part of so great a man might impart to the denomination with which he should connect himself a preponderance that might operate discouragingly upon the other, particularly in the case of his two nearest neighbors. His views and expectations in this behalf, thus far, had not become known to the public, who were wont to speculate that avowed opinions and definite action would depend, if ever to exist at all, upon accidents possible to occur on the borders of the two creeks. The lads, Buck, nearly twenty-one, and Jodie, turned of nineteen, not only went habitually to both meeting-houses, but they were specially fond of visiting at the Templin and Peevy mansions. For this fondness no person ever could have had the face to blame them; no person, I mean, who had seen and known what fine girls were Caroline Templin, aged sixteen, and Sarah Ann Peevy, fifteen years, each only surviving child and heir presumptive of her mother.

II.

ALTHOUGH nobody ever had any doubt as to the pride that Mr. Kittrell had in his wife, his two sons, and his fine plantation so snug in the fork, yet this pride was never or seldom a matter of distinct public avowal. Not so that he felt in being nigh neighbor to such women as Mrs. Templin and Mrs. Peevy.

"A couple of as fine females and widders as any man mout ever express his desires to go anywheres, makes no defuerence wheres, and locate hisself, and settle hisself, and live neighbor to the said female persons as I've done every sense ary one or both o' their husbands took sick and diseased from this mortual speres. One of 'em's a Babtuis, and the tother a Methudis, and thar they'r both as solid as two bricks sot in mortar in two sip'rate chimblies; but nother that ner them henders nary one of 'em from of bein' of two as fine females and widders as this county, nor as to that, this whole State o' Georgy, can pejuce. Ef they wants, and it's thar desires to stand up to thar warous churches, and they feels it thar juty to argy for 'em, whose bisuiness is it to hender 'em? and speshual them that takes it on theirselves (and I'm a-namin' o' no names) to go about a-repeatin' of what one have said about the other, and her sanctufication and the fallin' from grace, and what's the tother say in respects of the finual pesseveunce o' the saints, or the dippin' or the pourin' o' water, mo' or less? Ef people'd keep thar mouths shet about them two fine wimming (and 'member, I'm a-namin' o' no names), they'd be as friendly 'ith one 'nother as they both are and is 'ith my wife; and anyhow, I say it open and above board, I knows not ner I don't know the equils o' them nor nary one of 'em. And, as for Calline Templing and Sarann Peevy, ef I wer'n't a ve' ole man as I am, an' already got my quimpanion, my opinions o' them childern is, I wouldn't posuitive, I would n't know how ner when ner which to forbar."

Benevolent, calm man as was Mr. Kittrell, he had withal an eye ever watchful for the interests of his family. That eye, for many years, had been growing more and more watchful until now, when he was sure in his mind that the time had come for him and his boys to move towards the consummation of a project that was the very nearest to his heart. From time to time he had sounded Buck and Jodie together and apart. He was delighted with the exquisite modesty and slyness with which he had discovered to them his own plans, and the facility which they, dutiful, splendid boys as they were, suffered themselves to be put forward by himself. But he knew they were very young, and somehow both, especially Jodie, had inherited rather more of their mother's sentiment and artlessness than he considered quite well for perfectly successful careers, in what he would have styled "in a bisuiness point of view," and that his own aged and wise head must take the lead. He always talked freely with his wife, who was a woman of few words, and whom he well knew to have been ever thankful for having married, when a poor girl, a man of his property and intelligence, and, therefore, was a most faithful recipient of his confidences.

"I jes tell you, Jincy, what the fact o' the bisuiness is. The good Lord never flung these three plantations in the sitiuation they are, and is and has been every sense I've knowed 'em, and a-diwidued out the childern that's now are of a-waitin' to be thar ars and egzekitors, so to speak o' the case at the present bare, 'ithout he'd of had some meanin'



JODIE WAS FOND OF VISITING.

of His idees along of all up an' down, in an' out, along both o' the banks o' them crooked an' oncertain meanduerin creeks. For I hain't the littlest idee myself but what He have freckwent got tired o' hearin' o' the everulastin fussins o' people that has creek-lines both betwix' an' between, and no yeend of sputin about water-gaps, and stock a-breakin' in bottom fields, and which, twere'nt I were a peasuable man, I mout of been cats and dogs with both them wimming; and they ain't no doubt about it in my mind but what these three plantations oughtn't to be — finually, I mean — they oughtn't to be but two, with the lines a-tuck off'n them creeks and run into one line high and dry plump through the middle o' this one, and Buck, him a-havin' o' the Turkey Creek side, and Jodie, him the Williamses, when *in* cose my head and yourn git cold, and the famblies, both they and them and Buck and Jodie, a-nunited and jinded together in sich a jint and — well, I would now say compactuous way, that nobody nor nothin' exceptions o' death *er* debt could never sip'rate 'em no mo' ner never henceforrards. And it's perfec plain to my mind — for I've been a-pickin' all of around of both o' them boys, and it's perfec plain to my mind that they both has and have the same priminary idees, only they're nary one o' the pushin' kind o' boys, I would of some of ruther of saw, and in which they don't take arfter the Kittrells quite as much as I should desires, and mo' arfter the Kitchenses; not that, as you monstrous well knows, my dear honey, that my wife were a Kitchens, and no man never got a better, but which a-not'ith-understandin' them boys is the obeduentest and splendidenest boys in this county, and them wimming and them gals is obleeged to know the same, only it's a marter that need pushin', because they're all grownded, at leastways in size, and it's a marter that it ain't to be kep' a-puttin' off."

Mrs. Kittrell listened with the usual profound deference to her husband, and ventured only a remark that they were all very young, and that, as for her part, her ideas had always been that marriages were made in heaven.

Mr. Kittrell smiled benevolently at suggestions that he knew were not intended to be pressed, and revolved how he was to begin. At supper that night he grew more assured than ever when Buck had so much to say in special praise of the Turkey Creek side. Jodie said but little about either of the girls. But Mr. Kittrell knew the peculiar modesty of Jodie. Besides, intending himself to lead in the important enterprise, he did not know but what he rather preferred not to be em-



"AND I'M A-NAMIN' O' NO NAMES."

barrassed by too great a multitude of counsel, even in his own family.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Kittrell, when Buck and Jodie had retired, "hadn't we better let them boys manage for theirselves? Because I'm not shore ——"

"My dear Jincy," interrupted Mr. Kittrell, not impatiently, but with the decisiveness of tone which a great man employs when he is talking with an inferior being. "WE — yes; *we*. *You'll* have to keep still as a mouse, and lay low. This here case take a man o' expeunce and obserwation, and it won't do to be meddled with. You don't mean to insinooate that them boys ain't speshual fond o' them gals, Jincy?"

"Oh no; but I ain't adzactly made up in my mind as to which ——"

"'Nough said," Mr. Kittrell again interrupted, waving his hand. "Stick a pin right thar, and keep her stuck; lay low and wait and see what a man o' expeunce and obserwation can do."

It would not be possible to express the kind condescension with which these words were uttered. The consciousness of being one of the greatest of mankind was not able to make Mr. Archie Kittrell forget what was due to the mother of his children.

III.

ON the following day Mr. Kittrell rode extensively over his domain. He had been heard often to say that of the thinking he had done, and he might go far enough to say that, in his opinion, his friends and neighbors would bear him out in claiming to have done a right smart of thinking in his day and generation, the biggest part had been done on horseback. On this day, therefore, he made what he would have styled a perusual of his whole plantation, after which he crossed both creeks consecutively on visits to his nearest neighbors.

"And how is Missuis Templing this fine mornin' like? Busy, I see; busy as a bee, if she'll take the rhyme in time, though I don't but sildom make 'em, at leastways not intentual. And whar's Calline? Gone to see Sarann, eh? All right, bless her heart. Look so well, neighbors' children a-wisitin, when they too busy and too much occuepied to wisit tharselves."

Mrs. Templin, now about fifty years of age, stout and comely, was noted for good housekeeping and hospitality. If she was somewhat aggressive in the matter of her religious faith, it was, as she often candidly contended, from no reason on the good Lord's blessed earth, but because she pitied the ign'ance and predigice of people who, if they ever took the Bible into their hands, it seemed like they could never learn when to open and how to read it. She had been heard often to admit that but for Mrs. Peevy's ign'ance, but 'specially her predigice, she would be a great deal better person than herself was or ever hoped to be. As for the Kittrells, she believed in her heart that their becoming Baptists was only a question of time, when, as she was wont to express it, they could see their way clear to mansions in the skies.

I may not delay to repeat all the conversation of the occasion of the visit. What dwelling Mr. Kittrell made longest was when he spoke of his own great age, now sixty-eight, and a-going on to sixty-nine, and the provision a man at his time of life might naturally be expected to wish to make for his children. There is a pathos which parents are gifted withal when speaking fondly of those dearest to them that sensibly affects persons even less responsive than Mrs. Templin. She felt for her handkerchief more than once, and not finding it, tenderly drew up a corner of her apron.

"Yes, yes," continued the father. "I'm a gittin' of what ef a body moutn't call old, they'd go as fur as to call at leastways aijuable, and it 'pears like that as I'm the onlest father them boys has got ——"

Soft-hearted woman as Mrs. Templin was, her apron could not but do its becoming service at this tender pause.

"Now, Jodie," Mr. Kittrell resumed, when he felt that he had partially recovered his strength, "as for Jodie, it seem like that boy — boy I calls him, but *he* feel like he's a man, Jodie do; and which it weren't no longer'n last Sadday, I see him with my own eyes fling down Buck in a wrastle, and Buck say Jodie's the onlest man in the county, white or black, that can put his back to the ground — now, Jodie, I spishuons, he have a likin' for this here side o' the plantation, and I have notussed that he 'pearantly some ruther go to William's Creek than Big Spring, while, I ain't shore in my mind, but my spishuons of Buck is and are of his bein' of a Turkey Creek man, and possuable a Big Springer. Now, when Jodie want to settle hisself, and a not with of understandin', Jodie is a silence an' a by no means of a pushin' of a b-b—, but I 'sposen I has *got* to call him a young man now sence he's the onlest man any whars about that can put Buck Kittrell's back to the ground, and has the idees of a man in the bargain,—my opinions is, Jodie is arfter a settlement o' some kind; and I'll have to lay off a toler'ble siz'able piece o' the plantation next to and a-jinden of you and Calline, and you an' Jodie an' Calline'll have to settle it be-

twixt you three the same as me an' you has an' have done about gates an' water-gaps. An' a-speakin' o' Calline, I do think, upon my soul, I never see a daughter mo' like a mother in every respects, though I were never a person that in the payin' o' compuments to female wimming, and speshual them that kyars



"SOFT-HEARTED WOMAN AS MRS. TEMPLIN WAS."

thar age like some I've knowed, to actilly name names. And, *as* for Jodie,—Jodie Kittrell I'm a-talkin' about now,—well, Jincy say, and she's a relijuouser person 'n what I am, she give it as her 'pinuons that marriages is made in heaven; and ef so be it, I can't but hope the good Lord won't send Jodie, who, 'twa'n't for me he'd be a orphing, too fur and too illconwenant from home for his quimpanions."

Then he cast a brief melancholy look towards the far distance adown Long Creek. But it was too forlorn for a father so fond and aged, so he withdrew his eyes and fixed them, with soft appealing, upon Mrs. Templin.

"And I don't think," she said to her daughter that night, on her return from the Peevys', "nor neither do I believe, that I ever see a person more 'fectionate as a parrent, and more fittin', ef he jest only see his way cle'r, to give up and give in a expeunce and march straight into Rock-hole pool; and what he said, Calline, of me an' you of bein' of adzackly alike, —well, my ap'on — for I had drap' my hankercher somewhars — but my ap'on were positive wet. And it's astonishin' that of two brothers, Jodie Kittrell, and him the youngest, would be so much more knowin' what were his juty in the warous churches it were his juty to stand up to ef not to jind imegiant out an' out; and I wouldn't desires to hear more dilicater langwidges than that same man have insiniwated about the settlin' o' Jodie on this side o' his plantation."

Caroline, tall, blooming, merry-eyed, smiled, well pleased at the report, and made no further reply than that, in her opinion, a finer young man in the whole State of Georgia was not to be found than Jodie Kittrell.

From Mrs. Templin's Mr. Kittrell rode by the nearest way straight on to Mrs. Peevy's, and one who had witnessed the gayety of his recent salutation might have been surprised at the solemnity with which he greeted his neighbor to the left. Of about the same age as Mrs. Templin, though shorter and thinner, she was more reticent and serious, and showed more of the wear of time. Mr. Kittrell's voice had a most respectful and kind tremor when he said how thankful he was to see her looking so remockable well. In answer to her inquiry about himself and his family, he answered, after a brief, thoughtful pause:

"All of us is in middlin' fa'r health, Missuis Peevy, thank the good Lord, exceptions of Buck."

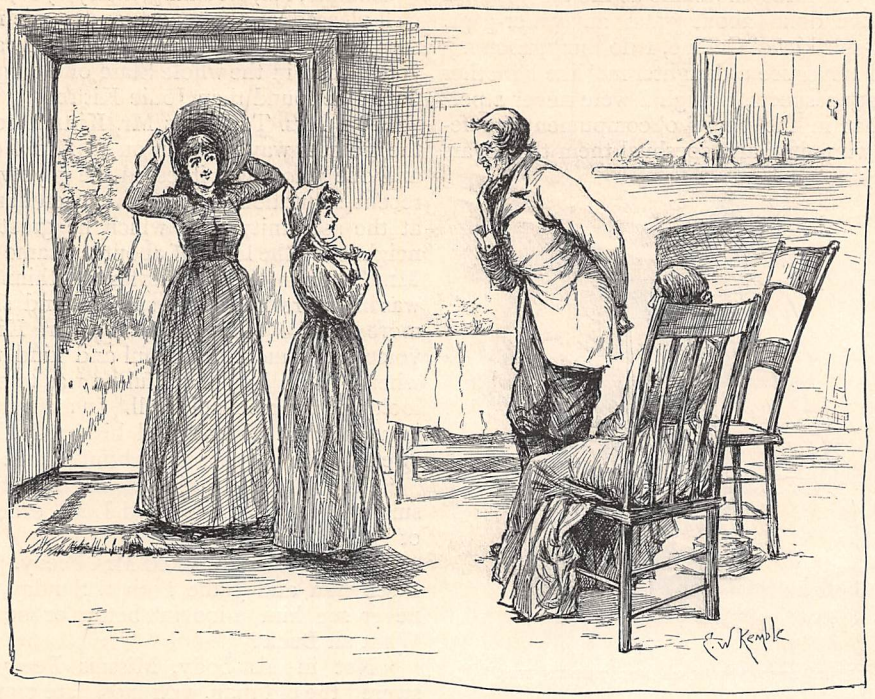
"Buck?" quickly asked Mrs. Peevy. "Why, I see him and Jodie both a Sunday, and I never see him a-lookin' better or healthier. What ail Buck?"

"Not in his body, Missuis Peevy," answered the old man, with moderate gratitude; "not in his body, I don't mean. In Buck's body, and I mout say in all his warous limbs, Buck Kittr'l's sound as a roach, strong as a mule, active as a cat, an' industrous as they genuilly makes 'em. It's the boy's mind that's a-makin' o' me oneasy."

"Buck's *mind*, Mr. Kittr'l?" she asked, in candid anxiety, for she liked both the boys well. "Why, what upon the yearth?"

"Yes, madam, his mind. You see, Buck have got now to whar he's a-goin' on, and that monstuous pow'ful rapid, to his one-an'-twenty, and he know it, an' when an' at which time he can wote, an' be a man besides, an' which, though Buck hain't told me so in them many words, yit I consate that Buck want to settle hisself; and he, a-bein' o' my oldest son, and a studdy, and of afectuonate natur', a parrent, speshual when he know hisself on the vargin o' the grave, mout natchel be anxuous about what perwision to make for him who ain't one o' them sort that'll up an' out 'ith what he want, but'll take what his parrent father 'lows him and never cherrip. For my desires is to settle them boys, or leastways Buck, before my head git cold, and not to be a-leadin' 'em to the temptations o' wantin' gone the only father they've got, and that before his time come to go."

Mr. Kittrell paused, took out his white, square-spotted, red silk handkerchief, and mildly blew his nose. Mrs. Peevy making no reply, he continued:



"SOMEHOW MR. KITTRELL FELT A LITTLE EMBARRASSED AT MEETING THEM TOGETHER."

"This here side o' my plantation that lays on Turkey Creek and perpuendickler betwix' me and them that I've said it freckuent, open an' above bode, nobody oughtn't to never desires to have a better neighbor, and which, ef I weren't a-settin' in thar peazzer at this minute, I should name thar names, and which some people say this the best side o' my plantation, and mout natchel expect for me to lay it off to my oldest son, and which they ain't no doubts on my mind that Buck have a sly leanin' to-wards this side, and possuable may be mout be to cross the creek and go as fur as Big Spring, which— But bless my soul! whar's Sarann? I don't know how I could of been here this long 'ithout a-askin' for that lovely child, which my wife declare she's the very picter of her mother in all an' every p'ints of view."

"Sarann and Calline rid over to Mr. Ivy's this evenin'," answered Mrs. Peevy.

"Umph—humph! Love to see young people a-goin' a-wisitin' when it's done in reason. As for Buck, 'pears like he never here lately seems to keer about a-wisitin' no great deals, exceptions he's evident a Turkey Creeker thoout its muanderins, and the child's mind seem to be of a-occuepied here lately. I hope it'll all come right, and I'm a-studdin' about him a-constant, and a-constant a-askin' myself in pow'ful langwidges, what do Buck Kittr'l mean by his constant a-muanderin' up and down Turkey Creek on both sides of her and to-wards Big Spring? And ef I know myself, and it 'pears like a man o' my age ought to know hisself, I wants and desires to do a parrent's part, and speshual along 'ith them that's the oldest, a-goin' on rapid to thar one-and-twenty, and a-lookin' forrards 'ith the serous and solemn p'ints of view that boy been here lately a-evident a-takin' o' matters an' things in gener'l and speshual o' hisself. And you say the gals rid to Joel Ivy's?"

"Yes, sir. Calline said she heerd Prissy Mattix's feelin's ——"

"She thar?" asked Mr. Kittrell, quickly.

"Yes, sir; a-doin' o' some weavin' for Misses Ivy; and Calline was afeard, she said, that Prissy's feelin's was hurted by her mother a-givin' the weavin' of her jeans and stripes to Sophy Hill; and so she and Sarann rid over jes natchel, and to ast to see Prissy well as Misses Norris."

"Umph—humph!" Mr. Kittrell prolonged the exclamation, and was ruminating what remark he should make about Miss Mattox, whom he both disliked and feared, when the two girls came cantering up to the gate. Somehow Mr. Kittrell felt a little embarrassed at meeting them together. Yet he shook hands heartily with both, as alighting from their horses they came running in. Sarann,

somewhat *petite*, but as rounded, as well developed, and as pretty as Caroline, was not quite so demonstrative, though in her own home, as the latter. Yet she said with simple candor that she was glad to see Mr. Kittrell.

"Now, Godamighty bless both of you, your souls and your bodies," he said gallantly. Somehow he could not see his way clear as to what to say to each in the presence of the other; and so, after a few general observations, he took his leave. On the way home he soliloquized much. One of the subjects of this interior conversation may be guessed from an audible remark that he made to his horse, while the latter was drinking at the ford of Turkey Creek.

"Selom," said he, pointing and slowly shaking his finger at the beast's head, "ef any flaw is to come to this bisuiness, you hear me, it'll be flung in by ole Priss Mattix."

He looked quickly all around to see if possibly this unintentional exclamation had been overheard; then, tightening the reins, he urged Selim on. On reaching home he informed his wife of the events of his visits, and said:

"My opinions is, Jincy, and my believes is, that at the Templings' the iron are hot, and at the Peevys', ef not hot, it's of a-beginnin' to git warm. Ef only ole Priss Mattix will keep her everulastin' mouth shet, it'll go through sleek as a bean, or a ingun, which of the two you mind to choosen. But to save my life I can't but be a little afeard o' that ole creeter."

He said as much to Buck and Jodie. The younger looked at his brother with a face partly gay and partly serious. Buck received the news with hearty satisfaction, saying boldly that in his opinion a finer girl than Sarann Peevy the State of Georgia never produced, but that the sooner the name *Peevy* was changed to Kittrell, a thing he was glad to hope was possible in time, the better it would be for— Here Buck and Jodie both blushed somewhat; for, great, stalwart, fine, glorious fellows as they were, they were modest and gentle, and this was the main reason why their father felt it to be his duty to take the lead and urge them to follow in this most delicate pursuit.

"You two keep cle'r o' ole Priss ef you can," said Mr. Kittrell, in conclusion; "or ef you meet up along 'ith her, be monstous perlite. 'Twa'n't for hurtin' o' Sophy Hill's feelin's, I'd git her to weave my jeans. And you can't be too peticualar in keepin' both your bisuiness a secret, and speshual from her."

IV.

Miss Priscilla Mattox, who had come up from one of the wire-grass counties below, I believe it was never precisely known which, had been making temporary sojourns the while with various families in the county, for whom she had been doing jobs at weaving. Tall, thin, wiry, and of extremely uncertain age, she had gotten the reputation among many of being as swift with her tongue as with the shuttle. She might have been the equal, even the superior, of Miss Sophy Hill in counterpanes; but in jeans and stripes Mrs. Templin, at least, who had tried both, preferred the latter, and at this very time Miss Hill was engaged at her house on a job in this special department. The preference hurt Miss Mattox's feelings, as she frankly confessed, and the more because she felt that she knew Mrs. Templin had shown her partiality for Miss Hill mainly because of herself being poor and — as she expressed it — a furriner.

Miss Mattox had not yet connected herself with either William's Creek or Big Spring; but if Mrs. Templin and Mrs. Peevy had been put upon their oaths, each would have been compelled to say that she had thought she had had reason to expect that Miss Mattox, at no very distant day, would feel it her duty not longer to delay proceeding to the place where she was obliged to know she belonged. Indeed, most lately, ever since the disappointment in the matter of the jeans and stripes, Mrs. Peevy particularly must have been rather pronounced in such opinion, even upon the witness stand.

Now, it so happened that Mr. Kittrell, in pursuance of the double project so near his heart, had been engaged for some time, as preliminary to and believed by himself likely to assist and expedite its consummation, in making two small clearings on the high ground in the woods on either side of his mansion, and had blazed the trees on what seemed to be intended as an avenue to lead from each of the clearings, one to the ford of William's Creek, the other to that of Turkey. Such action was obliged to be talked about, and Mr. Kittrell well knew it. So he counseled his wife, whom he knew to be entirely artless, rather too artless indeed, to keep herself at home for a while, and refer all inquirers to himself. He was conscious of being too shrewd a man to be caught divulging important intentions relating to his own business. Therefore he smiled inwardly when away, and laughed broadly when in the bosom of his family, at the one answer he had given to all inquiries — that he was clearing places to set some traps. For, indeed, everybody had to complain of the ravages made by crows and blackbirds on the newly planted low-ground corn.

It was one of those things that could never be satisfactorily accounted for how the suspicion came to the mind of Miss Priscilla Mat-

tox, a few weeks after Mr. Kittrell's visits to his neighbors, that Buck Kittrell had dropped Sarann Peevy, to whom lately he had been paying marked attention, and was now doing his utmost to supplant his brother Jodie in the regard of Caroline Templin. Miss Sophy Hill, indeed, had admitted that she had suspected of late that Caroline had seemed to her rather more fond of Buck's than Jodie's closest society. But the relations between the two distinguished weavers were well known to be far from cordial. Besides, Miss Hill declared upon her honor that she had not so much as spoken to Miss Mattox since the eventful change in the relation of the latter to the Templins; and, moreover, that she had communicated her own suspicions only to three or four, or, at least, to not more than from five to six of her lady acquaintances, and even then in the strictest confidence. However, the suspicion had gotten into the mind of Miss Mattox, and she resolved to hunt for its foundation. The result of her search may be surmised from the report Mr. Kittrell made to Buck one evening of an accidental visit he had made to one of his neighbors.

"I stopped at Jeemes Lazenberry's on my way from town, and I'm sorry I done it, and I wouldn't of done ef I'd of knew that ole Priss Mattix were thar, and which I didn't know it untwill I were plump in the peazzer. The ole creeter, soon as I come nigh and in an' about, at me she did about them clerruins; and when I ans'ered as I ans'ered everybody else to thar satersfactuon, blame ef she didn't show plain as that crooked ole nose on her face, that she didn't believe nary singuil one, ner nary blessuid word; and when she 'lowed she had heerd that you was a-courtin' o' Calline Templing, I couldn't, not to save my life, I couldn't keep from bein' of a little confuseded in my mind, though I don't think she see it; for I tuck out my hankercher and blowed my nose tremenjuous; and I told her that, pine-blank, it weren't so. I were thankful she were on the back track; but I tell you now, you boys better hurry up, for that ole nose of hern, to my opinion, have a scent same as a hound; and when she see Buck's track to-wards Missuis Templings of gittin' of cold, you'll hear her a-yelpin back across Turkey Creek, and have him an' Sarann treed same as a possum in a simmon."

Buck laughed heartily at his father's report, and assured him that he had no apprehension of harm of any sort from Miss Mattox.

On the next day Miss Mattox, having gotten from Mrs. Lazenberry's a brief release, hastened over to Mrs. Peevy's, and reported to her the conversation she had held with Mr. Kittrell the day before, and his confusion when she told him that everybody knew that Buck Kittrell was courting Caroline Templin, and almost knew he was engaged to her. Mrs. Peevy was acutely pained at this news. She hoped, vainly indeed, that Miss Mattox did not observe her emotion.

"Why, lawsy me. didn't you know that, Missis Peevy?"

"I did not," answered Mrs. Peevy, faintly.

"It's so, shore as you're settin' in that



"THEM WAS NOT ONLY HER WORDS, BUT HER WERY LANGWIDGES."

cheer. And I can tell ye how it come about to my 'pinions; and my 'pinions, Missis Peevy, is things that gen'ally knows what they're about. Polly Templin's at the bottom o' all the business. Now, I ain't a person that meddles with other people's business, a-not-'ithunderstandin' she have tuck from me the weavin' o' her stripes and jeans; but she's at the bottom of it, and when she heerd, as everybody else did, that Buck Kittr'll were a-freck-went crossin' o' Turkey Creek, a-goin' to Big Spring, and to another place, and which it is too dilicate for me to forb'ar where that other place are, and she went for him, and she sot that Calline arfter him ——"

"Stop right thar, Prissy," interrupted Mrs. Peevy. "I can't think Calline'd o' done anything that ain't modest."

"Well," said Miss Mattox, shrugging her shoulders, "drap her out o' the case; but her mammy have been a-pessecutin' o' that boy, and tryin' to clinch the nail on him, and as shore's you're born'd she's got him; and they'll all do of their level best to make a bachelder out o' Jodie, and which he's jes' that kind o' good-natur'd feller as'll let 'em do it, an'

everybody been a-notisin' how low-sperrited Jodie is, an' him and Buck scacely speaks."

"Well," said Mrs. Peevy, in a low, constrained voice, "I'm shore — I don't know that it's any business o' mine." Yet a tear was in her eye.

"May be not," replied Miss Mattox; "but I jest natchel hates to see people a-meddlin' 'ith other people's business, and I used to try my level best to keep Polly Templin from runnin' on in the scand'lous way about some people that she know are her betters, a-believin' in sancterfercation, and fallin' from grace, and how she said that she knowed of things about them people that — well, she jest out and said that it were perfec ridicklous when Malviny Peevy sot herself up for one o' them saints that's been dead every sence the 'pistles o' the 'Postle Paul."

"Did she say them words, Prissy Mattix?" asked Mrs. Peevy, panting.

"To the best o' my ricollections, Missis Peevy, them was not only her words, but her wery langwidges. But, oh, my dear Missis Peevy! if I was in your place, I'd let Polly Templin go, and I should desires, by no manner o' means, for my name to be named. Because, as everybody know, I'm a orphin person, and has to work for my livin', and tharfo' and wharfo' I ain't o' them that'd wish to make innimies."

Mrs. Peevy rose and walked up and down the room for a minute or two, then stopped and quietly asked Miss Mattox if she would stay to dinner. But, bless her heart, Miss Mattox had left the shickle in the loom and was promised to return. When she was gone, Mrs. Peevy ruminated the livelong day. But a short time before the arrival of Miss Mattox, Sarann had gone to Mrs. Templin's to spend the day. The mother resisted the first impulse to send for her. Sarann returned in the evening, and the innocent heartiness with which she spoke both of Caroline and Mrs. Templin touched her mother's heart so sensibly that she had never before realized so fully how dearly loved was her only child. That night, after Sarann had gone to bed, she sat up far beyond the usual time. When she had risen at last to retire, she went softly into her daughter's chamber, a small shed-room next her own, and, shading the candle, looked upon the face of the sleeper, while tears ran down her cheeks. After gazing upon her several moments, she leaned over and softly kissed her forehead. Sarann momentarily smiled, and then gently sighed. The mother went silently back, then, throwing herself upon her knees by her own bed, wept sorely.

The next morning, after breakfast, she said to Sarann:

"I'm goin' to Hello on a little bit o' business, precious; I sha'n't be gone long. Give out what you ruther have for dinner. I hain't much appetite to-day."

V.

TAKE it all in all, the experience of Mr. Kittrell during the greater part of this day was the most excited and painful in his recollection. "Because," as he would sometimes remark when recurring to it, "I'm a man that never likes to git mad, and it's because when I does, ef it's ragin', viguous mad, thar's danger o' my hurtin' somebody or somethin', a-powiduin' they don't git out o' my way."

It was about ten o'clock. Buck was out overseeing the plow and Jodie the hoe hands. Mr. Kittrell, having returned from a meditative ride over both fields, was sitting in his piazza, indulging the pleasing, anxious pains of incubation over his plans, with an occasional inward affectionate chiding of his boys for not being more pushing each in his own most fond endeavor, when he saw a negro riding a mule which he urged with kicks and a hickory on the road that led from Mrs. Templin's. It proved to be her man Si.

"Marse Archie," said Si, "mistess say come dar quick's your hoss can fetch you."

"My good-ness grasuous, Si, what *can* be the matter?"

"Don't know, marster. Marse Jim Hutchin' fotch a paper which mistess say have ruin' her. *Never* see mistess so 'flicted, not even when marster died and leff her."

"Ride on back and tell her I'm a-comin', and that amejuant."

"What can the matter be, honey?" asked Mrs. Kittrell, in great anxiety.

"Don't ast me, Jincy," answered her husband, almost angrily, painfully humiliated by not being able to answer the question of one so far his inferior. "I knoweth not, ner neither doth I know."

While his horse was being brought out, he walked up and down the piazza, muttering to himself. His wife, knowing what a desperate man he was capable of becoming, was appalled at overhearing him say:

"No, no; the tech-hole's stopped up and the cock's broke, and it hain't even a ramrod. 'Twouldn't be no manner o' use." He looked as if he could have wept from disappointment.

"My dear honey, what *are* you a-talkin' about?" exclaimed Mrs. Kittrell, pale with horror.

"My pischuel, 'oman, my PISCHUEL!"

"My Lord!" she cried, throwing up both arms and bowing her head.



"IT'S LIKE THE KITTR'LLS HAS BEEN FROM EVERULASTIN' AND FOREVERMORE." (SEE PAGE 854.)

Now, Mr. Kittrell had not only great affection but much considerateness for his wife.

"Oh, Jincy, if you don't want me, I sha'n't take her. Tell Buck; no, tell Jodie; no, tell nary one of 'em to do nary blessed thing ontell I find out what's turned up all creeation, and can then tell what can be done and what can be did."

"Be calm, my precious husband, be c-ca-alm-alm!"

"I'll try to be calm, Jincy," he answered, in sepulchral tone.

"WHEN I got thar," said Mr. Kittrell, later in the day, "thar were Missuis Templing, red as a beet, hot as a piece o' i'on jes' out'n the hath, and a-holdin' in her trembluin' hands a piece o' paper. Calline, she were rid over to Harrell's stow, and conshuequently she weren't thar. The minute I lay my eyes on the back o' the writin', I see it were Joe Cofield, and I says to myself, High! name o' goodness, high! for I knowed that 'oman were afeard o' debt as she were o' the grave; and I did not supposinged she owed nary dollar ner nary cent to nobody, let alone of Missuis Peevy. But, lo and behold, Missuis Peevy have sued her for thirty dollars for *scandle;* and not only so, but Jim Hutchins, the constuable, he had to tell her that the plantuff'd of fotch for a hundred, exceptions that Joe Cofield told her she couldn't sue in his cote for but thirty dollars, 'ithout she'd diwide up the words and fetch on three of 'em for thirty and one for ten, but that Missuis Peevy wouldn't diwide the words, because she were onnly arfter keepin' Missuis Templing's mouth shet. Befo' I have sot down in a blessed cheer, I says to her, 'Missuis Templing,' says I, 'to my opinions, it's Priss Mattix. But, howbe-ever, Joe Cofield ought to be 'shamed o' hisself for fetchin' of a case that he know, well as I know, belong not to his little ole cote. But that's jest Joe Cofield. When he's shore o' his cost, he'll put on his everlastin' docket whomsoever'll ask him. Why, didn't he let Bias Buggamy sue a stray stump-tail yearlin' for breakin' in his field; and didn't Bias call for bail, and stan' bail for the said yearlin' and take possession of him? And didn't he git a jedgment, and a execution; and didn't Jim Hutchins level on and put up and sell the said yearlin' in Bias Buggamy's cuppin'? And didn't Bias Buggamy buy him in for the cost, and kill him, and skin him, and eat him? *The* good a'mighty! Why, I tell you, madam,' says I, 'anybody that he know good for cost, he'd let 'em fetch suit in his cote ag'in the moon for spilin' a

string o' fish or a pot o' soap. And as for Priss Mattix — but she's a female person, and ——' "

" Ef her everdence is Prissy Mattix," said Mrs. Templin, suddenly, " she have told me worse things of Malviny Templin's a-sayin' ag'in me than she have sued me for sayin' ag'in her."

" Thar it is now, thar it is," said Mr. Kittrell, his eyes sparkling with gratification.

" Didn't she tell me that Malviny Peevy called me the 'Postle Paul, and made game o' me, and say nobody but me could of p'inted his 'pistle to the Romans ? "

" Ah, ha! umph, humph! ah, ha! and it were to keep you from takin' from her the weavin' o' your stripes and jeans, and she sot Missuis Peevy ag'in you because you did. Now, don't you know, Missuis Templing, that Priss Mattix know, ef she know anything, that Missuis Peevy know you ain't no 'Postle Paul, nor couldn't be, a-bein' of a female, and that the whole of it is her inwentions ? "

Other conferences the friends had which, being confidential, I leave to be inferred rather than mentioned in detail.

In less than an hour after Mr. Kittrell's departure, Mrs. Templin was at Hello district court. Calling for the docket, she read :

Missis Malviny Peevy
vs.
Missis Polly Templin. } Debt for scandle.

She left for home immediately after the justice had made underneath the following entry :

Missis Polly Templin
vs.
Missis Malviny Peevy. } Debt for mene an' oudacious insiniwations.

" Jincy," said Mr. Kittrell, after giving his wife a hurried account of the suit of Mrs. Peevy, without mention of the cross-action, " I must go to town on a little bisuiness, and sha'n't be back tell late this evenin'."

And he rode off straightway. It was the first time that Mr. Kittrell had ever run away from the prospect of being called upon to assist a neighbor. This is what he did; for he had had little doubt but that Mrs. Peevy would send for him when the summons should be carried to her, and he could not see how, at least yet, he was to deport himself towards her after the counsel he had given, or at least hinted, to her adversary. Intent upon bringing about peace, he knew, at the same time, that his influence with Mrs. Peevy, because of her more serious, determined character, was less than with Mrs. Templin; so he deemed it the part of prudence to get out of the way for a brief time.

" I were never a person that were usened to dodgin', but I had it to do, and I done it. I wanted to see how the hoarhound were a workin' all around, and then I wanted to cool off a little bit afore I see Joe Cofield. Po' ole Priss wer' a female; I knowed that, and she wer' beyant me; but when I thought about Joe Cofield, I tell you I were oneasy for him. But I promised Jincy to be cool and calm as possuble, and so I concluded to let things lay for that day."

It was supper-time when he returned. The boys had just returned from some visits they had made in the afternoon. Both seemed concerned, notwithstanding an occasional smile on Buck's face which would immediately disappear. The mother had been full of anxiety all day, in spite of the gratitude she felt that her husband had not taken his pistol. Not a word was said for some time after they had sat at the table. Suddenly, with impatience Mr. Kittrell cried out :



" MISSIS POLLY TEMPLIN *vs.* MISSIS MALVINY PEEVY. DEBT FOR MENE AN' OUDACIOUS INSINIWATIONS."

" Ef anybody know anything, can't they tell it ? Is it got so that people's own famblies can't talk to 'em ? Is everybody done gone and got mad and distracted ? Have Missuis Peevy sent words to me ? "

" No, sir. You know, pa," said Buck, with great respect, " that Mrs. Peevy have sued Mrs. Templin."

" I should some ruther supposing I did, havin' saw the summons that Joe Cofield sent her."

" Well, now Mrs. Templin have sued Mrs. Peevy."

"Who said so?" asked Mr. Kittrell, firmly, yet casting down his eyes the while.

"Mrs. Templin told me this evenin', and Mrs. Peevy told Jodie."

"Missuis Templin told who?"

"Me."

"Missuis Peevy told who?"

"Jodie."

Mr. Kittrell looked dazedly at one and another of his family.

"Can anybody tell me how come them boys at them houses in that kind o' style, and in skenes like the present?"

"We both went on business, pa."

"Bisuiness!" and Mr. Kittrell opened his eyes and his mouth.

"Yes, sir. Pa, I and Jodie have done wrong; that is, I have,—that is, me and Calline,—and we overpersuaded Jodie and Sarann, which they didn't want to do it, but we overpersuaded 'em."

"Buck Kittr'l," said his father, "for ef my 'membuance an' my riculection ain't clean gone, that were your name, or at leastways it usened to be, what you mean by you and Calline, and by Jodie and Sarann?"

"I mean, pa, that I went to ask Mrs. Templin for Calline, and Jodie went to ask Mrs. Peevy for Sarann."

Mr. Kittrell gazed fixedly at Buck for several moments, then at Jodie, then at his wife. Then looking up towards the ceiling, he combed with his fingers his hair from the left side of his head to the right, then from the right to the left. Then lowering his head, he seemed to be carefully endeavoring to make an accurate parting in the middle. Then he said in a mournful voice:

"Ef my fambly Bible don't tell no lies, and she were the fambly Bible of my parrents that's dead and goned, and she have never been caught in nary one that I've ever knewed of ner heerd of, I'm of sixty-eight year old the tent o' March, and which I've freckwent heerd my father and my mother also an' likewise say it were the time o' the last plantin' o' corn, and by good rights, if I live ontell the next tent o' March, I shall be to my sixty-nine; and in my time I've saw of swappin', and heerd of swappin', and done some of swappin' myself. Buck Kittrell," he suddenly demanded fiercely, "is you a-foolin' o' me? and ef you ain't, when did you and Jodie swap, and how come you to swap? *The* good a'mighty!"

"We are not foolin' you now, pa, but we have been. When we found that you made the mistake of my bein' for Sarann, and Jodie for Calline, as you sort o' fixed it in your mind, I and Calline thought we'd play a little joke on all of you, and we overpersuaded Jodie and Sarann to jine in it. We didn't mean to keep it up but a fortni't more, when poor Miss Prissy, she come in yistiday and spilet the joke by tellin' o' Missis Peevy that Calline and me was engaged, when you know you'd hinted to Missis Peevy that I wanted Sarann, and poor Miss Prissy told her a whole lot of stuff besides about the Templins, which all hurt Missis Peevy's feelin's so much that she give way to 'em, and is now sorry for it. Miss Prissy,—you see how it is, pa,—she spilet the joke."

"Yes, she'd spile a pan o' milk jes' from the cow by lookin' at it, and, quicker'n vinegar, turn it to clabber."

"I'm sorry for it all, pa," said Buck, humbly, "and I beg your pardon; but it's me and not Jodie that's to blame for it!"

"No, pa—no, sir," remonstrated Jodie. "If Buck's to be blamed, I want my share. He went in seein' the fun of it, and I went in not seein' it. I think I'm even more to blame than Buck. But, pa, I know you would ruther we'd both marry them we love best."

Tears came pouring from the father's eyes. "Jincy," he said, softly, "didn't you say weddin's was made in heb'n? I think you did, and now I know it's so, an' I 'knowledge I were mistakened to deny it."

He rose, walked to a corner of the room, leaned his head against the wall, and wept for several moments in his limitless joy. Then he turned, beckoned them to come to him, and sobbed first upon Buck's shoulder, then Jodie's, then his wife's.

"Ef anybody," he said, when he had strength to speak, "ef anybody'd a-told me to-day that I'd of felt as good as I do now, and at the present time, both afore and before of my goin' to bed, I should of told 'em they was a liar. Yes, yes— But hello thar! did them wimming give thar consents, and thar permissions, and thar——"

"Oh, yes."

"*The* Lord of mighty! what *did* they think of me?—but let that all go. Yes, it wer' a powerful good joke. Them's allays good jokes, my boys, that eends well. 'Member that. Allays let your jokes be them that's to eend well. I don't blame Jodie and Sarann for not seein' the fun, because they're young, and bless old Jodie's heart for not of wantin' his brother to have all the blame. It's like the Kittr'lls has been from everulastin' and forevermore. And now, to-morrow morning yearly—but, ef you'll believe me, Jincy, the anexities I've been through this blessed day has made me that sleepy that I got to go to bed."

He went straightway to his room, and five minutes after they heard as hearty snoring as the most affectionate of wives and children

could have desired. Mrs. Kittrell gently chided her sons, especially Buck, for the untimely jest. Buck was the more penitent because of the deep regret which Mrs. Peevy felt for having brought the action against Mrs. Templin. The fact was that neither of the mothers, each restrained by natural delicacy and self-respect, had inquired of her daughter respecting her relations with the lads; and though both had possibly dreamed of alliance with the Kittrells, they would have been among the last so to admit, even to their own daughters, until knowing that decisive movements had been made by their suitors. Oh, how Mrs. Peevy that night did wish that she had never laid eyes upon Miss Priscilla Mattox!

"Your pa's the man to settle it, Jodie," she had said to the latter that evening. "Tell him to please see Squire Cofield, and see what the damages is for stoppin' o' the case. I sha'n't git no sleep, that is no healthy sleep, until it are stopped; and I do think I ought to pay Polly Templin her thirty dollars, though Prissy Mattix know I never used them words, nor neither do I believe now that Polly Templin used hern."

VI.

MR. KITTRELL rose next morning, his countenance exhibiting extreme satisfaction, with brief intervals of vast indignation. When a great man has become exasperated with anger, it is not to be expected that he should at once subside, even when what originated it has been found to be without adequate foundation, or the foundation has been removed. If Mr. Kittrell had thought to employ a figure of speech about his own condition of mind that morning, it is not impossible that he might have compared himself with the lion who, while conscious of the full security of the objects of his care, however young or however frail, yet deems it not improper sometimes to go forth and roar in hearing of the insignificant beasts that had dared to molest their hitherto tranquil existence. So, before saying another word to anybody, he ordered his horse and urged the breakfast to be hurried.

"Pa," said Jodie, "Mrs. Peevy asked me to tell you to please see Mr. Cofield for her."

Mr. Kittrell smiled compassionately, and gave only answer:

"Like I weren't goin' to do that, and that amejuant."

On arriving at Hello, and hitching his horse at the rack, he walked with solemn firmness to the court-room, a small unceiled and otherwise airy house, situate on a corner of the justice's lot.

"Do, Mr. Kittrell," said the magistrate and his constable simultaneously.

"Do, your honor; do, Mr. Hutchins," answered the comer in a voice that neither of the officials remembered to have ever heard from him before.

"My bisuiness here, your honor, may it please the cote, is to fetch severial suits; and ef it's the same to you, and you will be so kind and so conduescendin' as to lend me your pen, I would wish and desires to enter 'em up myself, as some of 'em's dilicate cases, and would wish and my desires 'd be that they're dictatued right."

"Cert'nly," answered the squire with alacrity, handing him a pen. Knowing that Mr. Kittrell had a good deal of money out, he attributed his manner to his well-known aversion to press any of his debtors. So, as Mr. Kittrell, deeply sighing, began to write, he thought he would offer a word of consolation.

"People, Mr. Kittrell, has to know that people they owes money to has to sue sometimes; and them that has it to do, hate it as they mout, ought to try to git riconciled to it."

Mr. Kittrell looked up at the squire solemnly for a moment, then continued to write, and write, and write.

"Monstous good man," whispered Mr. Hutchins; "wonder he don't call us Jim and Joe, jes' dry so, like he allays do."

At length Mr. Kittrell rose, and, thanking his honor and Mr. Hutchins for their kindness, walked slowly to his horse, and, preparatory to mounting, looked at the stirrup-leathers, throat-latch, and martingale. In this while the officials were reading over the entries, holding the docket alternately close to their eyes and at arm's length, until, at last, they dropped it upon the table and looked at each other with dismay. There were suits of Archibald Kittrell against Turkey Creek and William's Creek for "breakin' inter his bottom corn-fields corntrary to law." One was the State of Georgia "against warous persons, o' warous sections not yit quite found out who they is and air, for tattlin' and raisin' fusses betwixt warous females and widders, in warous neighborhoods in the county and State aforesaid." Then there were an action and cross-action between Turkey and William's Creeks each against other for "crossing one 'nother's banks onbenownst an' onlawful." The list wound up with

The State of Georgia *vs.* Josiah Cofield and James Hutchins.	J'intly and severially for misdemeniors of warous kind.

"*Mister* Kittr'l," said the squire, rushing out as the former had just mounted his horse,

"I don't understand them cases, and special them that's ag'in them two creeks and ag'in me and Jim."

"Why, w'at the matter 'ith the creeks, Joe Cofield?"

"I don't see," said Joe, in candid remonstrance, "how we're to send summonses to them peop — to them — creeters."

"Didn't you send one to that stray stump-tail yearlin' what broke in Bias Buggamy's field?"

"Yes, sir, but Bias 'knowledge service."

"Well, sir," answered Mr. Kittrell, growing louder and more loud, "can't I, or can't Missuis Peevy, or can't Missuis Templing 'knowledge service for them creeks, as we all three of us is linded and bounded by 'em? And as for the case ag'in you and Jim Hutchins, I supposuing that the State o' Georgy ought to know how to take keer o' *her* cases, both them everywhar else and them at the present bare."

Then, lifting high his arm, and standing heavily upon the stirrups, Mr. Kittrell roared in a way that — well, both his auditors declared upon honor afterwards that "if anybody had of told them that the ole man Kittr'l could of got mad as he were then, they should have been obleeged to call 'em a liar."

"I got no *time*," said Mr. Kittrell, foaming at the mouth, "to tarry along o' you and Jim Hutchins about the p'ints o' law in your little ole cote o' suin' o' creeks and stump-tail yearlin's. They can be 'tended to on *sossorarers* to the s'perior cote. You two men, both o' you, knows that ef I'm a man of not many words as some, I allays *means* 'em when I says 'em; and sence this Hello deestric' is open, 'pears like, for all kind o' suin', man *an'* beast, maled *an'* femaled, widders *an'* widders,—mark what I say, *widders an' widders*,—I ain't goin' to stop tell I find out who started this bisuiness, not ef I has to sue the nuniversual *world*. And as for your *witnesses*—but go 'long, Selom. If I stay here, I mout git to cussin'. Go on, Selom, and less leave this awful place."

Selim dashed off in a canter, as if eager, equally with his master, to turn his back upon the scene.

"The fact of the whole bisuiness were," said the old man, in telling it, "I were that mad that I daresn't begin on Joe Cofield and Jim Hutchins ontell I got on top o' Selom ready to leave 'em. For I didn't want to skeer the po' creeters out'n thar very hides; but even the gentuil cautions I let out on 'em come a-nigh of doin' of it, an', as I knewed it would, scattered thar perseduances to the four cornders of the yearth."

Jim Hutchins used to give a brief account of his first actions after Mr. Kittrell's departure.

"Joe said I better go amejiant to Jim Lazenberry's and see ole Miss Priss. I found her in the weavin'-room, and she hilt her shickle ready to put her through the warp. I told her how Missis Peevy have sued Missis Templing, and how she have sued back on to Missis Peevy, and both a-countin' on her for everdence. That made her turn pale. Then I up, I did, and told her of the ole man Kittr'll a-fetchin suit ag'in me and Joe, and ag'in both the creeks, and them ag'in one 'nother, and the way he talk, I were a-spectin' he'd begin soon on the two meetin'-houses; and, the fact were, they warn't no tellin' whar the ole man would stop, he were that mad about Missis Templing and Missis Peevy of bein' of onuseless put ag'in one 'nother by onknown people; and I wouldn't be 'sprised ef he didn't stop ontell he had fotch suit ag'in every man, 'oman, and child, black and white, in the neighborhood, and the 'Geeche River to boot. The ole lady dropped her shickle, slid off the loom-bench, gethered her things in a hankercher, and scooted. Whar she halted and put up at I never knowed."

If Mr. Kittrell became a little "disguised" at the infair, from apple-jack, as he rather admitted afterwards, it was the first and only time in his married life, and was due to a fond intention to set his boys, at the outset of their adult careers, an example of "giving and taking," by imbibing toddy out of what he named Buck's bar'l (that had been distilled at the latter's birth), to Buck and Calline, and another to Jodie and Sarann, and afterwards reversing from Jodie's bar'l. "I were arfter settin' a egzampuil, an' the mixin' o' defernt sperrits, I'm afeard, made me kyar the thing a leetle too fur." He ever was fond to speak at length of the profound wisdom evinced by himself in the reconciliation of the Templins and Peevys, and its just reward, the obtainment of Calline and Sarann for his daughters-in-law.

"Hadn't been for me, them wimming ud of been cats-an'-dogs now an' forevermore; and, as for Calline and Sarann, they'd a-been scattered to Dan *and* Basherby."

Calline having made a Baptist of Buck, and Sarann a Methodist of Jodie, Mr. Kittrell knew that it would never do to ruin, or at least discourage and perhaps demoralize, Big Spring or William's Creek, by throwing the weight of his mighty influence upon its rival; so he continued to maintain with calm firmness the balance of power.

"Yes, yes, yes," he would often say blandly, yet with decision — "oh, yes. It's your Babtuis, and your Methudis, and it's your sprinkuling, and your pedestruinashing, and it's all right; but my moto is — you all will 'member them words, and not forgit 'em — my moto is — egzampuil."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.



IN APRIL.

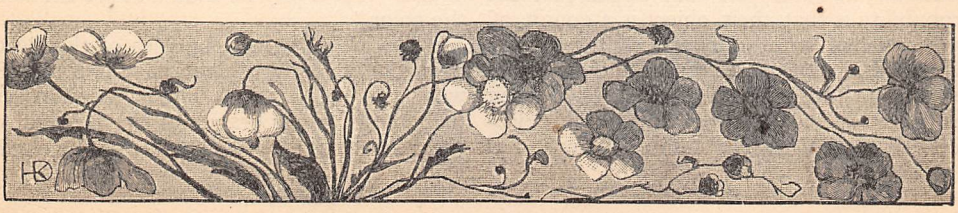
WHAT did the sparrow do yesterday?
Nobody knew but the sparrows;
He were too bold who should try to say;
They have forgotten it all to-day.
Why does it haunt my thoughts this way,
With a joy that piques and harrows,
As the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast?

There's a maple-bud redder to-day;
It will almost flower to-morrow;
I could swear 'twas only yesterday,
In a sheath of snow and ice it lay,
With fierce winds blowing it every way;
Whose surety had it to borrow,
Till birds should fly past,
And chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

"Was there ever a day like to-day,
So clear, so shining, so tender?"
The old cry out; and the children say,
With a laugh, aside: "That's always the way,
With the old, in spring; as long as they stay,
They find in it greater splendor,
When the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!"

Then that may be why my thoughts all day—
I see I am old, by the token—
Are so haunted by sounds, now sad, now gay,
Of the words I hear the sparrows say,
And the maple-bud's mysterious way
By which from its sheath it has broken,
While the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

Helen Jackson.



THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XIII.

HAVING distinctly given up the project of asking the Laphams to dinner, Mrs. Corey was able to carry it out with the courage of sinners who have sacrificed to virtue by frankly acknowledging its superiority to their intended transgression. She did not question but the Laphams would come; and she only doubted as to the people whom she should invite to meet them. She opened the matter with some trepidation to her daughters, but neither of them opposed her; they rather looked at the scheme from her own point of view, and agreed with her that nothing had really yet been done to wipe out the obligation to the Laphams helplessly contracted the summer before, and strengthened by that ill-advised application to Mrs. Lapham for charity. Not only the principal of their debt of gratitude remained, but the accruing interest. They said, What harm could giving the dinner possibly do them? They might ask any or all of their acquaintance without disadvantage to themselves; but it would be perfectly easy to give the dinner just the character they chose, and still flatter the ignorance of the Laphams. The trouble would be with Tom, if he were really interested in the girl; but he could not say anything if they made it a family dinner; he could not feel anything. They had each turned in her own mind, as it appeared from a comparison of ideas, to one of the most comprehensive of those cousinships which form the admiration and terror of the adventurer in Boston society. He finds himself hemmed in and left out at every turn by ramifications that forbid him all hope of safe personality in his comments on people; he is never less secure than when he hears some given Bostonian denouncing or ridiculing another. If he will be advised, he will guard himself from concurring in these criticisms, however just they appear, for the probability is that their object is a cousin of not more than one remove from the censor. When the alien hears a group of Boston ladies calling one another, and speaking of all their gentlemen friends, by the familiar abbreviations of their Christian names, he must feel keenly the exile to which he was born; but he is then, at least, in comparatively little danger; while these latent and tacit cousinships open pitfalls at every step around him, in a society where Middlesexes have married Essexes and produced Suffolks for two hundred and fifty years.

These conditions, however, so perilous to the foreigner, are a source of strength and security to those native to them. An uncertain acquaintance may be so effectually involved in the meshes of such a cousinship, as never to be heard of outside of it; and tremendous stories are told of people who have spent a whole winter in Boston, in a whirl of gayety, and who, the original guests of the Suffolks, discover upon reflection that they have met no one but Essexes and Middlesexes.

Mrs. Corey's brother James came first into her mind, and she thought with uncommon toleration of the easy-going, uncritical good-nature of his wife. James Bellingham had been the adviser of her son throughout, and might be said to have actively promoted his connection with Lapham. She thought next of the widow of her cousin, Henry Bellingham, who had let her daughter marry that Western steamboat man, and was fond of her son-in-law; she might be expected at least to endure the paint-king and his family. The daughters insisted so strongly upon Mrs. Bellingham's son, Charles, that Mrs. Corey put him down — if he were in town; he might be in Central America; he got on with all sorts of people. It seemed to her that she might stop at this: four Laphams, five Coreys, and four Bellinghams were enough.

"That makes thirteen," said Nanny. "You can have Mr. and Mrs. Sewell."

"Yes, that is a good idea," assented Mrs. Corey. "He is our minister, and it is very proper."

"I don't see why you don't have Robert Chase. It is a pity he shouldn't see her — for the color."

"I don't quite like the idea of that," said Mrs. Corey; "but we can have him too, if it won't make too many." The painter had married into a poorer branch of the Coreys, and his wife was dead. "Is there any one else?"

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"There is Miss Kingsbury."

"We have had her so much. She will begin to think we are using her."

"She won't mind; she's so good-natured."

"Well, then," the mother summed up, "there are four Laphams, five Coreys, four Bellinghams, one Chase, and one Kingsbury — fifteen. Oh! and two Sewells. Seventeen. Ten ladies and seven gentlemen. It doesn't balance very well, and it's too large."

"Perhaps some of the ladies won't come," suggested Lily.

"Oh, the ladies always come," said Nanny.

Their mother reflected. "Well, I will ask them. The ladies will refuse in time to let us pick up some gentlemen somewhere; some more artists. Why! we must have Mr. Seymour, the architect; he's a bachelor, and he's building their house, Tom says."

Her voice fell a little when she mentioned her son's name, and she told him of her plan, when he came home in the evening, with evident misgiving.

"What are you doing it for, mother?" he asked, looking at her with his honest eyes.

She dropped her own in a little confusion. "I won't do it at all, my dear," she said, "if you don't approve. But I thought —— You know we have never made any proper acknowledgment of their kindness to us at Baie St. Paul. Then in the winter, I'm ashamed to say, I got money from her for a charity I was interested in; and I hate the idea of merely *using* people in that way. And now your having been at their house this summer — we can't seem to disapprove of that; and your business relations to him ——"

"Yes, I see," said Corey. "Do you think it amounts to a dinner?"

"Why, I don't know," returned his mother. "We shall have hardly any one out of our family connection."

"Well," Corey assented, "it might do. I suppose what you wish is to give them a pleasure."

"Why, certainly. Don't you think they'd like to come?"

"Oh, they'd like to come; but whether it would be a pleasure after they were here is another thing. I should have said that if you wanted to have them, they would enjoy better being simply asked to meet our own immediate family."

"That's what I thought of in the first place, but your father seemed to think it implied a social distrust of them; and we couldn't afford to have that appearance, even to ourselves."

"Perhaps he was right."

"And besides, it might seem a little significant."

Corey seemed inattentive to this consideration. "Whom did you think of asking?" His mother repeated the names. "Yes, that would do," he said, with a vague dissatisfaction.

"I won't have it at all, if you don't wish, Tom."

"Oh, yes, have it; perhaps you ought. Yes, I dare say it's right. What did you mean by a family dinner seeming significant?"

His mother hesitated. When it came to that, she did not like to recognize in his presence the anxieties that had troubled her. But "I don't know," she said, since she must. "I shouldn't want to give that young girl, or her mother, the idea that we wished to make more of the acquaintance than — than you did, Tom."

He looked at her absent-mindedly, as if he did not take her meaning. But he said, "Oh, yes, of course," and Mrs. Corey, in the uncertainty in which she seemed destined to remain concerning this affair, went off and wrote her invitation to Mrs. Lapham. Later in the evening, when they again found themselves alone, her son said, "I don't think I understood you, mother, in regard to the Laphams. I think I do now. I certainly don't wish you to make more of the acquaintance than I have done. It wouldn't be right; it might be very unfortunate. Don't give the dinner!"

"It's too late now, my son," said Mrs. Corey. "I sent my note to Mrs. Lapham an hour ago." Her courage rose at the trouble which showed in Corey's face. "But don't be annoyed by it, Tom. It isn't a family dinner, you know, and everything can be managed without embarrassment. If we take up the affair at this point, you will seem to have been merely acting for us; and they can't possibly understand anything more."

"Well, well! Let it go! I dare say it's all right. At any rate, it can't be helped now."

"I don't wish to help it, Tom," said Mrs. Corey, with a cheerfulness which the thought of the Laphams had never brought her before. "I am sure it is quite fit and proper, and we can make them have a very pleasant time. They are good, inoffensive people, and we owe it to ourselves not to be afraid to show that we have felt their kindness to us, and his appreciation of you."

"Well," consented Corey. The trouble that his mother had suddenly cast off was in his tone; but she was not sorry. It was quite time that he should think seriously of his attitude toward these people if he had not thought of it before, but, according to his father's theory, had been merely dangling.

It was a view of her son's character that

could hardly have pleased her in different circumstances; yet it was now unquestionably a consolation if not wholly a pleasure. If she considered the Laphams at all, it was with the resignation which we feel at the evils of others, even when they have not brought them on themselves.

Mrs. Lapham, for her part, had spent the hours between Mrs. Corey's visit and her husband's coming home from business in reaching the same conclusion with regard to Corey; and her spirits were at the lowest when they sat down to supper. Irene was downcast with her; Penelope was purposely gay; and the Colonel was beginning, after his first plate of the boiled ham,— which, bristling with cloves, rounded its bulk on a wide platter before him, — to take note of the surrounding mood, when the door-bell jingled peremptorily, and the girl left waiting on the table to go and answer it. She returned at once with a note for Mrs. Lapham, which she read, and then, after a helpless survey of her family, read again.

"Why, what *is* it, mamma?" asked Irene; while the Colonel, who had taken up his carving-knife for another attack on the ham, held it drawn half across it.

"Why, *I* don't know what it *does* mean," answered Mrs. Lapham tremulously, and she let the girl take the note from her.

Irene ran it over, and then turned to the name at the end with a joyful cry and a flush that burned to the top of her forehead. Then she began to read it once more.

The Colonel dropped his knife and frowned impatiently, and Mrs. Lapham said, "You read it out loud, if you know what to make of it, Irene." But Irene, with a nervous scream of protest, handed it to her father, who performed the office.

"DEAR MRS. LAPHAM:

"Will you and General Lapham——"

"I didn't know I was a general," grumbled Lapham. "I guess I shall have to be looking up my back pay. Who is it writes this, anyway?" he asked, turning the letter over for the signature.

"Oh, never mind. Read it through!" cried his wife, with a kindling glance of triumph at Penelope, and he resumed:

"—and your daughters give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday, the 28th, at half-past six.

"Yours sincerely,

"ANNA B. COREY."

The brief invitation had been spread over two pages, and the Colonel had difficulties with the signature which he did not instantly surmount. When he had made out the name and pronounced it, he looked across at his wife for an explanation.

"*I* don't know what it all means," she said, shaking her head and speaking with a pleased flutter. "She was here this afternoon, and I should have said she had come to see how bad she *could* make us feel. I declare, I never felt so put down in my life by anybody."

"Why, what did she do? What did she say?" Lapham was ready, in his dense pride, to resent any affront to his blood, but doubtful, with the evidence of this invitation to the contrary, if any affront had been offered. Mrs. Lapham tried to tell him, but there was really nothing tangible; and when she came to put it into words, she could not make out a case. Her husband listened to her excited attempt, and then he said, with judicial superiority, "*I* guess nobody's been trying to make you feel bad, Persis. What would she go right home and invite you to dinner for, if she'd acted the way you say?"

In this view it did seem improbable, and Mrs. Lapham was shaken. She could only say, "Penelope felt just the way I did about it."

Lapham looked at the girl, who said, "Oh, *I* can't prove it! I begin to think it never happened. I guess it didn't."

"Humph!" said her father, and he sat frowning thoughtfully awhile — ignoring her mocking irony, or choosing to take her seriously. "You can't really put your finger on anything," he said to his wife, "and it ain't likely there *is* anything. Anyway, she's done the proper thing by you now."

Mrs. Lapham faltered between her lingering resentment and the appeals of her flattered vanity. She looked from Penelope's impassive face to the eager eyes of Irene. "Well — just as you *say*, Silas. I don't know as she *was* so very bad. I guess may be she was embarrassed some——"

"That's what I told you, mamma, from the start," interrupted Irene. "Didn't I tell you she didn't mean anything by it? It's just the way she acted at Baie St. Paul, when she got well enough to realize what you'd done for her!"

Penelope broke into a laugh. "Is *that* her way of showing her gratitude? I'm sorry I didn't understand that before."

Irene made no effort to reply. She merely looked from her mother to her father with a grieved face for their protection, and Lapham said, "When we've done supper, you answer her, Persis. Say we'll come."

"With one exception," said Penelope.

"What do you mean?" demanded her father, with a mouth full of ham.

"Oh, nothing of importance. Merely that I'm not going."

Lapham gave himself time to swallow his morsel, and his rising wrath went down with it. "I guess you'll change your mind when the time comes," he said. "Anyway, Persis, you say we'll all come, and then, if Penelope don't want to go, you can excuse her after we get there. That's the best way."

None of them, apparently, saw any reason why the affair should not be left in this way, or had a sense of the awful and binding nature of a dinner-engagement. If she believed that Penelope would not finally change her mind and go, no doubt Mrs. Lapham thought that Mrs. Corey would easily excuse her absence. She did not find it so simple a matter to accept the invitation. Mrs. Corey had said "Dear Mrs. Lapham," but Mrs. Lapham had her doubts whether it would not be a servile imitation to say "Dear Mrs. Corey" in return; and she was tormented as to the proper phrasing throughout and the precise temperature which she should impart to her politeness. She wrote an unpracticed, uncharacteristic round hand, the same in which she used to set the children's copies at school, and she subscribed herself, after some hesitation between her husband's given name and her own, "Yours truly, Mrs. S. Lapham."

Penelope had gone to her room, without waiting to be asked to advise or criticise; but Irene had decided upon the paper, and, on the whole, Mrs. Lapham's note made a very decent appearance on the page.

When the furnace-man came, the Colonel sent him out to post it in the box at the corner of the square. He had determined not to say anything more about the matter before the girls, not choosing to let them see that he was elated; he tried to give the effect of its being an every-day sort of thing, abruptly closing the discussion with his order to Mrs. Lapham to accept; but he had remained swelling behind his newspaper during her prolonged struggle with her note, and he could no longer hide his elation when Irene followed her sister upstairs.

"Well, Pers," he demanded, "what do you say now?"

Mrs. Lapham had been sobered into something of her former misgiving by her difficulties with her note. "Well, I don't know what *to* say. I declare, I'm all mixed up about it, and I don't know as we've begun as we can carry out in promising to go. I presume," she sighed, "that we can *all* send some excuse at the last moment, if we don't want to go."

"I guess we can carry out, and I guess we sha'n't want to send any excuse," bragged the Colonel. "If we're ever going to be anybody at all, we've got to go and see how it's done. I presume we've got to give some sort of party when we get into the new house, and this gives the chance to ask 'em back again. You can't complain now but what they've made the advances, Persis?"

"No," said Mrs. Lapham, lifelessly; "I wonder why they wanted to do it. Oh, I suppose it's all right," she added in deprecation of the anger with her humility which she saw rising in her husband's face; "but if it's all going to be as much trouble as that letter, I'd rather be whipped. *I* don't know what I'm going to wear; or the girls, either. I do wonder — I've heard that people go to dinner in low-necks. Do you suppose it's the custom?"

"How should *I* know?" demanded the Colonel. "I guess you've got clothes enough. Any rate, you needn't fret about it. You just go round to White's, or Jordan & Marsh's, and ask for a dinner dress. I guess that'll settle it; they'll know. Get some of them imported dresses. I see 'em in the window every time I pass; lots of 'em."

"Oh, it ain't the dress!" said Mrs. Lapham. "I don't suppose but what we could get along with that; and I want to do the best we can for the children; but *I* don't know what we're going to talk about to those people when we get there. We haven't got anything in common with them. Oh, I don't say they're any better," she again made haste to say in arrest of her husband's resentment. "I don't believe they are; and I don't see why they should be. And there ain't anybody has got a better right to hold up their head than you have, Silas. You've got plenty of money, and you've made every cent of it."

"I guess I shouldn't amounted to much without you, Persis," interposed Lapham, moved to this justice by her praise.

"Oh, don't talk about *me!*" protested the wife. "Now that you've made it all right about Rogers, there ain't a thing in this world against you. But still, for all that, I can see — and I can feel it when I can't see it — that we're different from those people. They're well-meaning enough, and they'd excuse it, I presume, but we're too old to learn to be like them."

"The children ain't," said Lapham, shrewdly.

"No, the children ain't," admitted his wife, "and that's the only thing that reconciles me to it."

"You see how pleased Irene looked when I read it?"

"Yes, she was pleased."

"And I guess Penelope'll think better of it before the time comes."

"Oh, yes, we do it for them. But whether

we're doing the best thing for 'em, goodness knows. I'm not saying anything against *him*. Irene'll be a lucky girl to get him, if she wants him. But there! I'd ten times rather she was going to marry such a fellow as *you* were, Si, that had to make every inch of his own way, and she had to help him. It's *in* her!"

Lapham laughed aloud for pleasure in his wife's fondness; but neither of them wished that he should respond directly to it. "I guess, if it wa'n't for me, he wouldn't have a much easier time. But don't you fret! It's all coming out right. That dinner ain't a thing for you to be uneasy about. It'll pass off perfectly easy and natural."

Lapham did not keep his courageous mind quite to the end of the week that followed. It was his theory not to let Corey see that he was set up about the invitation, and when the young man said politely that his mother was glad they were able to come, Lapham was very short with him. He said yes, he believed that Mrs. Lapham and the girls were going. Afterward he was afraid Corey might not understand that he was coming too; but he did not know how to approach the subject again, and Corey did not, so he let it pass. It worried him to see all the preparation that his wife and Irene were making, and he tried to laugh at them for it; and it worried him to find that Penelope was making no preparation at all for herself, but only helping the others. He asked her what should she do if she changed her mind at the last moment and concluded to go, and she said she guessed she should not change her mind, but if she did, she would go to White's with him and get him to choose her an imported dress, he seemed to like them so much. He was too proud to mention the subject again to her.

Finally, all that dress-making in the house began to scare him with vague apprehensions in regard to his own dress. As soon as he had determined to go, an ideal of the figure in which he should go presented itself to his mind. He should not wear any dress-coat, because, for one thing, he considered that a man looked like a fool in a dress-coat, and, for another thing, he had none — had none on principle. He would go in a frock-coat and black pantaloons, and perhaps a white waistcoat, but a black cravat, anyway. But as soon as he developed this ideal to his family, which he did in pompous disdain of their anxieties about their own dress, they said he should not go so. Irene reminded him that he was the only person without a dress-coat at a corps-reunion dinner which he had taken her to some years before, and she remembered feeling awfully about it at the time. Mrs. Lapham, who would perhaps have agreed of herself, shook her head with misgiving. "I don't see but what you'll have to get you one, Si," she said. "I don't believe they *ever* go without 'em to a private house."

He held out openly, but on his way home the next day, in a sudden panic, he cast anchor before his tailor's door and got measured for a dress-coat. After that he began to be afflicted about his waistcoat, concerning which he had hitherto been airily indifferent. He tried to get opinion out of his family, but they were not so clear about it as they were about the frock. It ended in their buying a book of etiquette, which settled the question adversely to a white waistcoat. The author, however, after being very explicit in telling them not to eat with their knives, and above all not to pick their teeth with their forks,—a thing which he said no lady or gentleman ever did,—was still far from decided as to the kind of cravat Colonel Lapham ought to wear: shaken on other points, Lapham had begun to waver also concerning the black cravat. As to the question of gloves for the Colonel, which suddenly flashed upon him one evening, it appeared never to have entered the thoughts of the etiquette man, as Lapham called him. Other authors on the same subject were equally silent, and Irene could only remember having heard, in some vague sort of way, that gentlemen did not wear gloves so much any more.

Drops of perspiration gathered on Lapham's forehead in the anxiety of the debate; he groaned, and he swore a little in the compromise profanity which he used.

"I declare," said Penelope, where she sat purblindly sewing on a bit of dress for Irene, "the Colonel's clothes are as much trouble as anybody's. Why don't you go to Jordan & Marsh's and order one of the imported dresses for yourself, father?" That gave them all the relief of a laugh over it, the Colonel joining in piteously.

He had an awful longing to find out from Corey how he ought to go. He formulated and repeated over to himself an apparently careless question, such as, "Oh, by the way, Corey, where do you get your gloves?" This would naturally lead to some talk on the subject, which would, if properly managed, clear up the whole trouble. But Lapham found that he would rather die than ask this question, or any question that would bring up the dinner again. Corey did not recur to it, and Lapham avoided the matter with positive fierceness. He shunned talking with Corey at all, and suffered in grim silence.

One night, before they fell asleep, his wife said to him, "I was reading in one of those books to-day, and I don't believe but what

we've made a mistake if Pen holds out that she won't go."

"Why?" demanded Lapham, in the dismay which beset him at every fresh recurrence to the subject.

"The book says that it's very impolite not to answer a dinner invitation promptly. Well, we've done that all right,—at first I didn't know but what we had been a little too quick, may be,—but then it says if you're not going, that it's the height of rudeness not to let them know at once, so that they can fill your place at the table."

The Colonel was silent for a while. "Well, I'm dumned," he said finally, "if there seems to be any end to this thing. If it was to do over again, I'd say no for all of us."

"I've wished a hundred times they hadn't asked us; but it's too late to think about that *now*. The question is, what are we going to do about Penelope?"

"Oh, I guess she'll go, at the last moment."

"She says she won't. She took a prejudice against Mrs. Corey that day, and she can't seem to get over it."

"Well, then, hadn't you better write in the morning, as soon as you're up, that she ain't coming?"

Mrs. Lapham sighed helplessly. "I shouldn't know how to get it in. It's so late now; I don't see how I could have the face."

"Well, then, she's got to go, that's all."

"She's set she won't."

"And I'm set she shall," said Lapham, with the loud obstinacy of a man whose women always have their way.

Mrs. Lapham was not supported by the sturdiness of his proclamation.

But she did not know how to do what she knew she ought to do about Penelope, and she let matters drift. After all, the child had a right to stay at home if she did not wish to go. That was what Mrs. Lapham felt, and what she said to her husband next morning, bidding him let Penelope alone, unless she chose herself to go. She said it was too late now to do anything, and she must make the best excuse she could when she saw Mrs. Corey. She began to wish that Irene and her father would go and excuse her too. She could not help saying this, and then she and Lapham had some unpleasant words.

"Look here!" he cried. "Who wanted to go in for these people in the first place? Didn't you come home full of 'em last year, and want me to sell out here and move somewheres else because it didn't seem to suit 'em? And now you want to put it all on me! I ain't going to stand it."

"Hush!" said his wife. "Do you want to raise the house? I *didn't* put it on you, as you say. You took it on yourself. Ever since that fellow happened to come into the new house that day, you've been perfectly crazy to get in with them. And now you're so afraid you shall do something wrong before 'em, you don't hardly dare to say your life's your own. I declare, if you pester me any more about those gloves, Silas Lapham, I won't go."

"Do you suppose I want to go on my own account?" he demanded furiously.

"No," she admitted. "Of course I don't. I know very well that you're doing it for Irene; but, for goodness gracious sake, don't worry our lives out, and make yourself a perfect laughing-stock before the children."

With this modified concession from her, the quarrel closed in sullen silence on Lapham's part. It was the night before the dinner, and the question of his gloves was still unsettled, and in a fair way to remain so. He had bought a pair, so as to be on the safe side, perspiring in company with the young lady who sold them, and who helped him try them on at the shop; his nails were still full of the powder which she had plentifully peppered into them in order to overcome the resistance of his blunt fingers. But he was uncertain whether he should wear them. They had found a book at last that said the ladies removed their gloves on sitting down at table, but it said nothing about gentlemen's gloves. He left his wife where she stood half hook-and-eyed at her glass in her new dress, and went down to his own den beyond the parlor. Before he shut his door he caught a glimpse of Irene trailing up and down before the long mirror in *her* new dress, followed by the seamstress on her knees; the woman had her mouth full of pins, and from time to time she made Irene stop till she could put one of the pins into her train; Penelope sat in a corner criticising and counseling. It made Lapham sick, and he despised himself and all his brood for the trouble they were taking. But another glance gave him a sight of the young girl's face in the mirror, beautiful and radiant with happiness; and his heart melted again with paternal tenderness and pride. It was going to be a great pleasure to Irene, and Lapham felt that she was bound to cut out anything there. He was vexed with Penelope that she was not going, too; he would have liked to have those people hear her talk. He held his door a little open, and listened to the things she was "getting off" there to Irene. He showed that he felt really hurt and disappointed about Penelope, and the girl's mother made her console him the next evening before they all drove away without her. "You try to look on the bright side of it, father. I guess you'll see that it's best I didn't go when you get

there. Irene needn't open her lips, and they can all see how pretty she is; but they wouldn't know how smart I was unless I talked, and may be then they wouldn't."

This thrust at her father's simple vanity in her made him laugh; and then they drove away, and Penelope shut the door, and went upstairs with her lips firmly shutting in a sob.

XIV.

THE Coreys were one of the few old families who lingered in Bellingham Place, the handsome, quiet old street which the sympathetic observer must grieve to see abandoned to boarding-houses. The dwellings are stately and tall, and the whole place wears an air of aristocratic seclusion, which Mrs. Corey's father might well have thought assured when he left her his house there at his death. It is one of two evidently designed by the same architect who built some houses in a characteristic taste on Beacon street opposite the Common. It has a wooden portico, with slender fluted columns, which have always been painted white, and which, with the delicate moldings of the cornice, form the sole and sufficient decoration of the street front; nothing could be simpler, and nothing could be better. Within, the architect has again indulged his preference for the classic; the roof of the vestibule, wide and low, rests on marble columns, slim and fluted like the wooden columns without, and an ample staircase climbs in a graceful, easy curve from the tessellated pavement. Some carved Venetian *scrigni* stretched along the wall; a rug lay at the foot of the stairs; but otherwise the simple adequacy of the architectural intention had been respected, and the place looked bare to the eyes of the Laphams when they entered. The Coreys had once kept a man, but when young Corey began his retrenchments the man had yielded to the neat maid who showed the Colonel into the reception-room and asked the ladies to walk up two flights.

He had his charges from Irene not to enter the drawing-room without her mother, and he spent five minutes in getting on his gloves, for he had desperately resolved to wear them at last. When he had them on, and let his large fists hang down on either side, they looked, in the saffron tint which the shop-girl said his gloves should be of, like canvased hams. He perspired with doubt as he climbed the stairs, and while he waited on the landing for Mrs. Lapham and Irene to come down from above, before going into the drawing-room, he stood staring at his hands, now open and now shut, and breathing hard. He heard quiet talking beyond the *portière* within, and presently Tom Corey came out.

"Ah, Colonel Lapham! Very glad to see you."

Lapham shook hands with him and gasped, "Waiting for Mis' Lapham," to account for his presence. He had not been able to button his right glove, and he now began, with as much indifference as he could assume, to pull them both off, for he saw that Corey wore none. By the time he had stuffed them into the pocket of his coat-skirt his wife and daughter descended.

Corey welcomed them very cordially too, but looked a little mystified. Mrs. Lapham knew that he was silently inquiring for Penelope, and she did not know whether she ought to excuse her to him first or not. She said nothing, and after a glance toward the regions where Penelope might conjecturably be lingering, he held aside the *portière* for the Laphams to pass, and entered the room with them.

Mrs. Lapham had decided against low-necks on her own responsibility, and had intrenched herself in the safety of a black silk, in which she looked very handsome. Irene wore a dress of one of those shades which only a woman or an artist can decide to be green or blue, and which to other eyes looks both or neither, according to their degrees of ignorance. If it was more like a ball dress than a dinner dress, that might be excused to the exquisite effect. She trailed, a delicate splendor, across the carpet in her mother's somber wake, and the consciousness of success brought a vivid smile to her face. Lapham, pallid with anxiety lest he should somehow disgrace himself, giving thanks to God that he should have been spared the shame of wearing gloves where no one else did, but at the same time despairing that Corey should have seen him in them, had an unwonted aspect of almost pathetic refinement.

Mrs. Corey exchanged a quick glance of surprise and relief with her husband as she started across the room to meet her guests, and in her gratitude to them for being so irreproachable, she threw into her manner a warmth that people did not always find there. "General Lapham?" she said, shaking hands in quick succession with Mrs. Lapham and Irene, and now addressing herself to him.

"No, ma'am, only Colonel," said the honest man, but the lady did not hear him. She was introducing her husband to Lapham's wife and daughter, and Bromfield Corey was already shaking his hand and saying he was very glad to see him again, while he kept his artistic eye on Irene, and apparently could not take it off. Lily Corey gave the Lapham

ladies a greeting which was physically rather than socially cold, and Nanny stood holding Irene's hand in both of hers a moment, and taking in her beauty and her style with a generous admiration which she could afford, for she was herself faultlessly dressed in the quiet taste of her city, and looking very pretty. The interval was long enough to let every man present confide his sense of Irene's beauty to every other; and then, as the party was small, Mrs. Corey made everybody acquainted. When Lapham had not quite understood, he held the person's hand, and, leaning urbanely forward, inquired, "What name?" He did that because a great man to whom he had been presented on the platform at a public meeting had done so to him, and he knew it must be right.

A little lull ensued upon the introductions, and Mrs. Corey said quietly to Mrs. Lapham, "Can I send any one to be of use to Miss Lapham?" as if Penelope must be in the dressing-room.

Mrs. Lapham turned fire-red, and the graceful forms in which she had been intending to excuse her daughter's absence went out of her head. "She isn't upstairs," she said, at her bluntest, as country people are when embarrassed. "She didn't feel just like coming to-night. I don't know as she's feeling very well."

Mrs. Corey emitted a very small "O!"—very small, very cold,—which began to grow larger and hotter and to burn into Mrs. Lapham's soul before Mrs. Corey could add, "I'm very sorry. It's nothing serious, I hope?"

Robert Chase, the painter, had not come, and Mrs. James Bellingham was not there, so that the table really balanced better without Penelope; but Mrs. Lapham could not know this, and did not deserve to know it. Mrs. Corey glanced round the room, as if to take account of her guests, and said to her husband, "I think we are all here, then," and he came forward and gave his arm to Mrs. Lapham. She perceived then that in their determination not to be the first to come, they had been the last, and must have kept the others waiting for them.

Lapham had never seen people go down to dinner arm-in-arm before, but he knew that his wife was distinguished in being taken out by the host, and he waited in jealous impatience to see if Tom Corey would offer his arm to Irene. He gave it to that big girl they called Miss Kingsbury, and the handsome old fellow whom Mrs. Corey had introduced as her cousin took Irene out. Lapham was startled from the misgiving in which this left him by Mrs. Corey's passing her hand through his arm, and he made a sudden movement forward, but felt himself gently restrained. They went out the last of all; he did not know why, but he submitted, and when they sat down he saw that Irene, although she had come in with that Mr. Bellingham, was seated beside young Corey, after all.

He fetched a long sigh of relief when he sank into his chair and felt himself safe from error if he kept a sharp lookout and did only what the others did. Bellingham had certain habits which he permitted himself, and one of these was tucking the corner of his napkin into his collar; he confessed himself an uncertain shot with a spoon, and defended his practice on the ground of neatness and common sense. Lapham put his napkin into his collar too, and then, seeing that no one but Bellingham did it, became alarmed and took it out again slyly. He never had wine on his table at home, and on principle he was a prohibitionist; but now he did not know just what to do about the glasses at the right of his plate. He had a notion to turn them all down, as he had read of a well-known politician's doing at a public dinner, to show that he did not take wine; but, after twiddling with one of them a moment, he let them be, for it seemed to him that would be a little too conspicuous, and he felt that every one was looking. He let the servant fill them all, and he drank out of each, not to appear odd. Later, he observed that the young ladies were not taking wine, and he was glad to see that Irene had refused it, and that Mrs. Lapham was letting it stand untasted. He did not know but he ought to decline some of the dishes, or at least leave most of some on his plate, but he was not able to decide; he took everything and ate everything.

He noticed that Mrs. Corey seemed to take no more trouble about the dinner than anybody, and Mr. Corey rather less; he was talking busily to Mrs. Lapham, and Lapham caught a word here and there that convinced him she was holding her own. He was getting on famously himself with Mrs. Corey, who had begun with him about his new house; he was telling her all about it, and giving her his ideas. Their conversation naturally included his architect across the table; Lapham had been delighted and secretly surprised to find the fellow there; and at something Seymour said the talk spread suddenly, and the pretty house he was building for Colonel Lapham became the general theme. Young Corey testified to its loveliness, and the architect said laughingly that if he had been able to make a nice thing of it, he owed it to the practical sympathy of his client.

"Practical sympathy is good," said Bromfield Corey; and, slanting his head confiden-

tially to Mrs. Lapham, he added, "Does he bleed your husband, Mrs. Lapham? He's a terrible fellow for appropriations!"

Mrs. Lapham laughed, reddening consciously, and said she guessed the Colonel knew how to take care of himself. This struck Lapham, then draining his glass of sauterne, as wonderfully discreet in his wife.

Bromfield Corey leaned back in his chair a moment. "Well, after all, you can't say, with all your modern fuss about it, that you do much better now than the old fellows who built such houses as this."

"Ah," said the architect, "nobody can do better than well. Your house is in perfect taste; you know I've always admired it; and I don't think it's at all the worse for being old-fashioned. What we've done is largely to go back of the hideous style that raged after they forgot how to make this sort of house. But I think we may claim a better feeling for structure. We use better material, and more wisely; and by and by we shall work out something more characteristic and original."

"With your chocolates and olives, and your clutter of bric-à-brac?"

"All that's bad, of course, but I don't mean that. I don't wish to make you envious of Colonel Lapham, and modesty prevents my saying that his house is prettier,— though I may have my convictions,— but it's better built. All the new houses are better built. Now, your house ——"

"Mrs. Corey's house," interrupted the host, with a burlesque haste in disclaiming responsibility for it that made them all laugh. "*My* ancestral halls are in Salem, and I'm told you couldn't drive a nail into their timbers; in fact, I don't know that you would want to do it."

"I should consider it a species of sacrilege," answered Seymour, "and I shall be far from pressing the point I was going to make against a house of Mrs. Corey's."

This won Seymour the easy laugh, and Lapham silently wondered that the fellow never got off any of those things to him.

"Well," said Corey, "you architects and the musicians are the true and only artistic creators. All the rest of us, sculptors, painters, novelists, and tailors, deal with forms that we have before us; we try to imitate, we try to represent. But you two sorts of artists create form. If you represent, you fail. Somehow or other you do evolve the camel out of your inner consciousness."

"I will not deny the soft impeachment," said the architect, with a modest air.

"I dare say. And you'll own that it's very handsome of me to say this, after your unjustifiable attack on Mrs. Corey's property."

Bromfield Corey addressed himself again to Mrs. Lapham, and the talk subdivided itself as before. It lapsed so entirely away from the subject just in hand, that Lapham was left with rather a good idea, as he thought it, to perish in his mind, for want of a chance to express it. The only thing like a recurrence to what they had been saying was Bromfield Corey's warning Mrs. Lapham, in some connection that Lapham lost, against Miss Kingsbury. "She's worse," he was saying, "when it comes to appropriations than Seymour himself. Depend upon it, Mrs. Lapham, she will give you no peace of your mind, now she's met you, from this out. Her tender mercies are cruel; and I leave you to supply the context from your own scriptural knowledge. Beware of her, and all her works. She calls them works of charity; but heaven knows whether they are. It don't stand to reason that she gives the poor *all* the money she gets out of people. I have my own belief" — he gave it in a whisper for the whole table to hear — "that she spends it for champagne and cigars."

Lapham did not know about that kind of talking; but Miss Kingsbury seemed to enjoy the fun as much as anybody, and he laughed with the rest.

"You shall be asked to the very next debauch of the committee, Mr. Corey; then you won't dare expose us," said Miss Kingsbury.

"I wonder you haven't been down upon Corey to go to the Chardon street home and talk with your indigent Italians in their native tongue," said Charles Bellingham. "I saw in the 'Transcript' the other night that you wanted some one for the work."

"We did think of Mr. Corey," replied Miss Kingsbury; "but we reflected that he probably wouldn't talk with them at all; he would make them keep still to be sketched, and forget all about their wants."

Upon the theory that this was a fair return for Corey's pleasantry, the others laughed again.

"There is one charity," said Corey, pretending superiority to Miss Kingsbury's point, "that is so difficult I wonder it hasn't occurred to a lady of your courageous invention."

"Yes?" said Miss Kingsbury. "What is that?"

"The occupation, by deserving poor of neat habits, of all the beautiful, airy, wholesome houses that stand empty the whole summer long, while their owners are away in their lowly cots beside the sea."

"Yes, that is terrible," replied Miss Kingsbury, with quick earnestness, while her eyes grew moist. "I have often thought of our great, cool houses standing useless here, and

the thousands of poor creatures stifling in their holes and dens, and the little children dying for wholesome shelter. How cruelly selfish we are!"

"That is a very comfortable sentiment, Miss Kingsbury," said Corey, "and must make you feel almost as if you had thrown open No. 931 to the whole North End. But I am serious about this matter. I spend my summers in town, and I occupy my own house, so that I can speak impartially and intelligently; and I tell you that in some of my walks on the Hill and down on the Back Bay, nothing but the surveillance of the local policeman prevents me from personally affronting those long rows of close-shuttered, handsome, brutally insensible houses. If I were a poor man, with a sick child pining in some garret or cellar at the North End, I should break into one of them, and camp out on the grand piano."

"Surely, Bromfield," said his wife, "you don't consider what havoc such people would make with the furniture of a nice house!"

"That is true," answered Corey, with meek conviction. "I never thought of that."

"And if you were a poor man with a sick child, I doubt if you'd have so much heart for burglary as you have now," said James Bellingham.

"It's wonderful how patient they are," said Mr. Sewell, the minister. "The spectacle of the hopeless luxury and comfort the hard-working poor man sees around him must be hard to bear at times."

Lapham wanted to speak up and say that he had been there himself, and knew how such a man felt. He wanted to tell them that generally a poor man was satisfied if he could make both ends meet; that he didn't envy any one his good luck, if he had earned it, so long as he wasn't running under himself. But before he could get the courage to address the whole table, Sewell added, "I suppose he don't always think of it."

"But some day he *will* think about it," said Corey. "In fact, we rather invite him to think about it, in this country."

"My brother-in-law," said Charles Bellingham, with the pride a man feels in a mentionably remarkable brother-in-law, "has no end of fellows at work under him out there at Omaha, and he says it's the fellows from countries where they've been kept from thinking about it that are discontented. The Americans never make any trouble. They seem to understand that so long as we give unlimited opportunity, nobody has a right to complain."

"What do you hear from Leslie?" asked Mrs. Corey, turning from these profitless abstractions to Mrs. Bellingham.

"You know," said that lady in a lower tone, "that there is another baby?"

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"No! I hadn't heard of it!"

"Yes; a boy. They have named him after his uncle."

"Yes," said Charles Bellingham, joining in. "He is said to be a noble boy and to resemble me."

"All boys of that tender age are noble," said Corey, "and look like anybody you wish them to resemble. Is Leslie still homesick for the bean-pots of her native Boston?"

"She is getting over it, I fancy," replied Mrs. Bellingham. "She's very much taken up with Mr. Blake's enterprises, and leads a very exciting life. She says she's like people who have been home from Europe three years; she's past the most poignant stage of regret, and hasn't reached the second, when they feel that they *must* go again."

Lapham leaned a little toward Mrs. Corey, and said of a picture which he saw on the wall opposite, "Picture of your daughter, I presume?"

"No; my daughter's grandmother. It's a Stuart Newton; he painted a great many Salem beauties. She was a Miss Polly Burroughs. My daughter *is* like her, don't you think?" They both looked at Nanny Corey and then at the portrait. "Those pretty old-fashioned dresses are coming in again. I'm not surprised you took it for her. The others" — she referred to the other portraits more or less darkling on the walls — "are my people; mostly Copleys."

These names, unknown to Lapham, went to his head like the wine he was drinking; they seemed to carry light for the moment, but a film of deeper darkness followed. He heard Charles Bellingham telling funny stories to Irene and trying to amuse the girl; she was laughing and seemed very happy. From time to time Bellingham took part in the general talk between the host and James Bellingham and Miss Kingsbury and that minister, Mr. Sewell. They talked of people mostly; it astonished Lapham to hear with what freedom they talked. They discussed these persons unsparingly; James Bellingham spoke of a man known to Lapham for his business success and great wealth as not a gentleman; his cousin Charles said he was surprised that the fellow had kept from being governor so long.

When the latter turned from Irene to make one of these excursions into the general talk, young Corey talked to her; and Lapham caught some words from which it seemed that they were speaking of Penelope. It vexed him to think she had not come; she could have talked as well as any of them; she was just as bright; and Lapham was aware that Irene was not as bright, though when he looked at her face,

radiant with its young beauty and happiness, he said to himself that it did not make any difference. He felt that he was not holding up his end of the line, however. When some one spoke to him he could only summon a few words of reply, that seemed to lead to nothing; things often came into his mind appropriate to what they were saying, but before he could get them out they were off on something else; they jumped about so, he could not keep up; but he felt, all the same, that he was not doing himself justice.

At one time the talk ran off upon a subject that Lapham had never heard talked of before; but again he was vexed that Penelope was not there, to have her say; he believed that her say would have been worth hearing.

Miss Kingsbury leaned forward and asked Charles Bellingham if he had read "Tears, Idle Tears," the novel that was making such a sensation; and when he said no, she said she wondered at him. "It's perfectly heart-breaking, as you'll imagine from the name; but there's such a dear old-fashioned hero and heroine in it, who keep dying for each other all the way through and making the most wildly satisfactory and unnecessary sacrifices for each other. You feel as if you'd done them yourself."

"Ah, that's the secret of its success," said Bromfield Corey. "It flatters the reader by painting the characters colossal, but with his chin and lips, so that he feels himself of their supernatural proportions. You've read it, Nanny?"

"Yes," said his daughter. "It ought to have been called 'Slop, Idle Slop.'"

"Oh, not quite *slop*, Nanny," pleaded Miss Kingsbury.

"It's astonishing," said Charles Bellingham, "how we do like the books that go for our heart-strings. And I really suppose that you can't put a more popular thing than self-sacrifice into a novel. We do like to see people suffering sublimely."

"There was talk some years ago," said James Bellingham, "about novels going out."

"They're just coming in!" cried Miss Kingsbury.

"Yes," said Mr. Sewell, the minister. "And I don't think there ever was a time when they formed the whole intellectual experience of more people. They do greater mischief than ever."

"Don't be envious, parson," said the host.

"No," answered Sewell. "I should be glad of their help. But those novels with old-fashioned heroes and heroines in them — excuse me, Miss Kingsbury — are ruinous!"

"Don't you feel like a moral wreck, Miss Kingsbury?" asked the host.

But Sewell went on: "The novelists might be the greatest possible help to us if they painted life as it is, and human feelings in their true proportion and relation, but for the most part they have been and are altogether noxious."

This seemed sense to Lapham; but Bromfield Corey asked: "But what if life as it is isn't amusing? Aren't we to be amused?"

"Not to our hurt," sturdily answered the minister. "And the self-sacrifice painted in most novels like this ——"

"Slop, Idle Slop?" suggested the proud father of the inventor of the phrase.

"Yes — is nothing but psychical suicide, and is as wholly immoral as the spectacle of a man falling upon his sword."

"Well, I don't know but you're right, parson," said the host; and the minister, who had apparently got upon a battle-horse of his, careered onward in spite of some tacit attempts of his wife to seize the bridle.

"Right? To be sure I am right. The whole business of love, and love-making and marrying, is painted by the novelists in a monstrous disproportion to the other relations of life. Love is very sweet, very pretty ——"

"Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Sewell," said Nanny Corey in a way that set them all laughing.

"But it's the affair, commonly, of very young people, who have not yet character and experience enough to make them interesting. In novels it's treated, not only as if it were the chief interest of life, but the sole interest of the lives of two ridiculous young persons; and it is taught that love is perpetual, that the glow of a true passion lasts forever; and that it is sacrilege to think or act otherwise."

"Well, but isn't that true, Mr. Sewell?" pleaded Miss Kingsbury.

"I have known some most estimable people who had married a second time," said the minister, and then he had the applause with him. Lapham wanted to make some open recognition of his good sense, but could not.

"I suppose the passion itself has been a good deal changed," said Bromfield Corey, "since the poets began to idealize it in the days of chivalry."

"Yes; and it ought to be changed again," said Mr. Sewell.

"What! Back?"

"I don't say that. But it ought to be recognized as something natural and mortal, and divine honors, which belong to righteousness alone, ought not to be paid it."

"Oh, you ask too much, parson," laughed his host, and the talk wandered away to something else.

It was not an elaborate dinner; but Lap-

ham was used to having everything on the table at once, and this succession of dishes bewildered him; he was afraid perhaps he was eating too much. He now no longer made any pretense of not drinking his wine, for he was thirsty, and there was no more water, and he hated to ask for any. The ice-cream came, and then the fruit. Suddenly Mrs. Corey rose and said across the table to her husband, "I suppose you will want your coffee here." And he replied, "Yes; we'll join you at tea."

The ladies all rose, and the gentlemen got up with them. Lapham started to follow Mrs. Corey, but the other men merely stood in their places, except young Corey, who ran and opened the door for his mother. Lapham thought with shame that it was he who ought to have done that; but no one seemed to notice, and he sat down again gladly, after kicking out one of his legs which had gone to sleep.

They brought in cigars with coffee, and Bromfield Corey advised Lapham to take one that he chose for him. Lapham confessed that he liked a good cigar about as well as anybody, and Corey said: "These are new. I had an Englishman here the other day who was smoking old cigars in the superstition that tobacco improved with age, like wine."

"Ah," said Lapham, "anybody who had ever lived off a tobacco country could tell him better than that." With the fuming cigar between his lips he felt more at home than he had before. He turned sidewise in his chair and, resting one arm on the back, intertwined the fingers of both hands, and smoked at large ease.

James Bellingham came and sat down by him. "Colonel Lapham, weren't you with the 96th Vermont when they charged across the river in front of Pickensburg, and the rebel battery opened fire on them in the water?"

Lapham slowly shut his eyes and slowly dropped his head for assent, letting out a white volume of smoke from the corner of his mouth.

"I thought so," said Bellingham. "I was with the 85th Massachusetts, and I sha'n't forget that slaughter. We were all new to it still. Perhaps that's why it made such an impression."

"I don't know," suggested Charles Bellingham. "Was there anything much more impressive afterward? I read of it out in Missouri, where I was stationed at the time, and I recollect the talk of some old army men about it. They said that death-rate couldn't be beaten. I don't know that it ever was."

"About one in five of us got out safe," said Lapham, breaking his cigar-ash off on the edge of a plate. James Bellingham reached him a bottle of Apollinaris. He drank a glass, and then went on smoking.

They all waited, as if expecting him to speak, and then Corey said: "How incredible those things seem already! You gentlemen *know* that they happened; but are you still able to believe it?"

"Ah, nobody *feels* that anything happened," said Charles Bellingham. "The past of one's experience doesn't differ a great deal from the past of one's knowledge. It isn't much more probable; it's really a great deal less vivid than some scenes in a novel that one read when a boy."

"I'm not sure of that," said James Bellingham.

"Well, James, neither am I," consented his cousin, helping himself from Lapham's Apollinaris bottle. "There would be very little talking at dinner if one only said the things that one was sure of."

The others laughed, and Bromfield Corey remarked thoughtfully, "What astonishes the craven civilian in all these things is the abundance — the superabundance — of heroism. The cowards were the exception; the men that were ready to die, the rule."

"The woods were full of them," said Lapham, without taking his cigar from his mouth.

"That's a nice little touch in 'School,'" interposed Charles Bellingham, "where the girl says to the fellow who was at Inkerman, 'I should think you would be so proud of it,' and he reflects awhile, and says, 'Well, the fact is, you know, there were so many of us.'"

"Yes, I remember that," said James Bellingham, smiling for pleasure in it. "But I don't see why you claim the credit of being a craven civilian, Bromfield," he added, with a friendly glance at his brother-in-law, and with the willingness Boston men often show to turn one another's good points to the light in company; bred so intimately together at school and college and in society, they all know these points. "A man who was out with Garibaldi in '48," continued James Bellingham.

"Oh, a little amateur red-shirting," Corey interrupted in deprecation. "But even if you choose to dispute my claim, what has become of all the heroism? Tom, how many club men do you know who would think it sweet and fitting to die for their country?"

"I can't think of a great many at the moment, sir," replied the son, with the modesty of his generation.

"And I couldn't in '61," said his uncle. "Nevertheless they were there."

"Then your theory is that it's the occasion that is wanting," said Bromfield Corey. "But why shouldn't civil-service reform, and the resumption of specie payment, and a tariff for revenue only, inspire heroes? They are all good causes."

"It's the occasion that's wanting," said James Bellingham, ignoring the *persiflage*. "And I'm very glad of it."

"So am I," said Lapham, with a depth of feeling that expressed itself in spite of the haze in which his brain seemed to float. There was a great deal of the talk that he could not follow; it was too quick for him; but here was something he was clear of. "I don't want to see any more men killed in my time." Something serious, something somber must lurk behind these words, and they waited for Lapham to say more; but the haze closed round him again, and he remained silent, drinking Apollinaris.

"We non-combatants were notoriously reluctant to give up fighting," said Mr. Sewell, the minister; "but I incline to think Colonel Lapham and Mr. Bellingham may be right. I dare say we shall have the heroism again if we have the occasion. Till it comes, we must content ourselves with the every-day generosities and sacrifices. They make up in quantity what they lack in quality, perhaps."

"They're not so picturesque," said Bromfield Corey. "You can paint a man dying for his country, but you can't express on canvas a man fulfilling the duties of a good citizen."

"Perhaps the novelists will get at him by and by," suggested Charles Bellingham. "If I were one of these fellows, I shouldn't propose to myself anything short of that."

"What: the commonplace?" asked his cousin.

"Commonplace? The commonplace is just that light, impalpable, aërial essence which they've never got into their confounded books yet. The novelist who could interpret the common feelings of commonplace people would have the answer to 'the riddle of the painful earth' on his tongue."

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope," said the host; and Lapham looked from one to the other, trying to make out what they were at. He had never been so up a tree before.

"I suppose it isn't well for us to see human nature at white heat habitually," continued Bromfield Corey, after a while. "It would make us vain of our species. Many a poor fellow in that war and in many another has gone into battle simply and purely for his country's sake, not knowing whether, if he laid down his life, he should ever find it again, or whether, if he took it up hereafter, he should take it up in heaven or hell. Come, parson!" he said, turning to the minister, "what has ever been conceived of omnipotence, of omniscience, so sublime, so divine as that?"

"Nothing," answered the minister, quietly. "God has never been imagined at all. But if you suppose such a man as that was Authorized, I think it will help you to imagine what God must be."

"There's sense in that," said Lapham. He took his cigar out of his mouth, and pulled his chair a little toward the table, on which he placed his ponderous fore-arms. "I want to tell you about a fellow I had in my own company when we first went out. We were all privates to begin with; after a while they elected me captain — I'd had the tavern stand, and most of 'em knew me. But Jim Millon never got to be anything more than corporal; corporal when he was killed." The others arrested themselves in various attitudes of attention, and remained listening to Lapham with an interest that profoundly flattered him. Now, at last, he felt that he was holding up his end of the rope. "I can't say he went into the thing from the highest motives, altogether; our motives are always pretty badly mixed, and when there's such a hurrah-boys as there was then, you can't tell which is which. I suppose Jim Millon's wife was enough to account for his going, herself. She was a pretty bad assortment," said Lapham, lowering his voice and glancing round at the door to make sure that it was shut, and she used to lead Jim *one* kind of life. "Well, sir," continued Lapham, synthetizing his auditors in that form of address, "that fellow used to save every cent of his pay and send it to that woman. Used to get me to do it for him. I tried to stop him. 'Why, Jim,' said I, 'you know what she'll do with it.' 'That's so, Cap,' says he, 'but I don't know what she'll do without it.' And it did keep her straight — straight as a string — as long as Jim lasted. Seemed as if there was something mysterious about it. They had a little girl,— about as old as my oldest girl,— and Jim used to talk to me about her. Guess he done it as much for her as for the mother; and he said to me before the last action we went into, 'I should like to turn tail and run, Cap. I ain't comin' out o' this one. But I don't suppose it would do.' 'Well, not for you, Jim,' said I. 'I want to live,' he says; and he bust out crying right there in my tent. 'I want to live for poor Molly and Zerrilla'— that's what they called the little one; I dunno where they got the name. 'I ain't ever had half a chance; and now she's doing better, and I believe we should get along after this.' He set there cryin' like a baby. But he

wa'n't no baby when he went into action. I hated to look at him after it was over, not so much because he'd got a ball that was meant for me by a sharp-shooter—he saw the devil takin' aim, and he jumped to warn me — as because he didn't look like Jim; he looked like — fun; all desperate and savage. I guess he died hard."

The story made its impression, and Lapham saw it. "Now I say," he resumed, as if he felt that he was going to do himself justice, and say something to heighten the effect his story had produced. At the same time, he was aware of a certain want of clearness. He had the idea, but it floated vague, elusive, in his brain. He looked about as if for something to precipitate it in tangible shape.

"Apollinaris?" asked Charles Bellingham, handing the bottle from the other side. He had drawn his chair closer than the rest to Lapham's, and was listening with great interest. When Mrs. Corey asked him to meet Lapham he accepted gladly. "You know I go in for that sort of thing, Anna. Since Leslie's affair we're rather bound to do it. And I think we meet these practical fellows too little. There's always something original about them." He might naturally have believed that the reward of his faith was coming.

"Thanks, I will take some of this wine," said Lapham, pouring himself a glass of Madeira from a black and dusty bottle caressed by a label bearing the date of the vintage. He tossed off the wine, unconscious of its preciousness, and waited for the result. That cloudiness in his brain disappeared before it, but a mere blank remained. He not only could not remember what he was going to say, but he could not recall what they had been talking about. They waited, looking at him, and he stared at them in return. After a while he heard the host saying, "Shall we join the ladies?"

Lapham went, trying to think what had happened. It seemed to him a long time since he had drunk that wine.

Miss Corey gave him a cup of tea, where he stood aloof from his wife, who was talking with Miss Kingsbury and Mrs. Sewell; Irene was with Miss Nanny Corey. He could not hear what they were talking about; but if Penelope had come he knew that she would have done them all credit. He meant to let her know how he felt about her behavior when he got home. It was a shame for her to miss such a chance. Irene was looking beautiful, as pretty as all the rest of them put together, but she was not talking, and Lapham perceived that at a dinner party you ought to talk. He was himself conscious of having talked very well. He now wore an air of great dignity, and, in conversing with the other gentlemen, he used a grave and weighty deliberation. Some of them wanted him to go into the library. There he gave his ideas of books. He said he had not much time for anything but the papers; but he was going to have a complete library in his new place. He made an elaborate acknowledgment to Bromfield Corey of his son's kindness in suggesting books for his library; he said that he had ordered them all, and that he meant to have pictures. He asked Mr. Corey who was about the best American painter going now. "I don't set up to be a judge of pictures, but I know what I like," he said. He lost the reserve which he had maintained earlier, and began to boast. He himself introduced the subject of his paint, in a natural transition from pictures; he said Mr. Corey must take a run up to Lapham with him some day, and see the Works; they would interest him, and he would drive him round the country; he kept most of his horses up there, and he could show Mr. Corey some of the finest Jersey grades in the country. He told about his brother William, the judge at Dubuque; and a farm he had out there that paid for itself every year in wheat. As he cast off all fear, his voice rose, and he hammered his arm-chair with the thick of his hand for emphasis. Mr. Corey seemed impressed; he sat perfectly quiet, listening, and Lapham saw the other gentlemen stop in their talk every now and then to listen. After this proof of his ability to interest them, he would have liked to have Mrs. Lapham suggest again that he was unequal to their society, or to the society of anybody else. He surprised himself by his ease among men whose names had hitherto overawed him. He got to calling Bromfield Corey by his surname alone. He did not understand why young Corey seemed so preoccupied, and he took occasion to tell the company how he had said to his wife the first time he saw that fellow that he could make a man of him if he had him in the business; and he guessed he was not mistaken. He began to tell stories of the different young men he had had in his employ. At last he had the talk altogether to himself; no one else talked, and he talked unceasingly. It was a great time; it was a triumph.

He was in this successful mood when word came to him that Mrs. Lapham was going; Tom Corey seemed to have brought it, but he was not sure. Anyway, he was not going to hurry. He made cordial invitations to each of the gentlemen to drop in and see him at his office, and would not be satisfied till he had exacted a promise from each. He told Charles Bellingham that he liked

him, and assured James Bellingham that it had always been his ambition to know him, and that if any one had said when he first came to Boston that in less than ten years he should be hobnobbing with Jim Bellingham, he should have told that person he lied. He would have told anybody he lied that had told him ten years ago that a son of Bromfield Corey would have come and asked him to take him into the business. Ten years ago he, Silas Lapham, had come to Boston, a little worse off than nothing at all, for he was in debt for half the money that he had bought out his partner with, and here he was now worth a million, and meeting you gentlemen like one of you. And every cent of that was honest money,— no speculation,— every copper of it for value received. And here, only the other day, his old partner, who had been going to the dogs ever since he went out of the business, came and borrowed twenty thousand dollars of him! Lapham lent it because his wife wanted him to: she had always felt bad about the fellow's having to go out of the business.

He took leave of Mr. Sewell with patronizing affection, and bade him come to him if he ever got into a tight place with his parish work; he would let him have all the money he wanted; he had more money than he knew what to do with. "Why, when your wife sent to mine last fall," he said, turning to Mr. Corey, "I drew my check for five hundred dollars, but my wife wouldn't take more than one hundred; said she wasn't going to show off before Mrs. Corey. I call that a pretty good joke on Mrs. Corey. I must tell her how Mrs. Lapham done her out of a cool four hundred dollars."

He started toward the door of the drawing-room to take leave of the ladies; but Tom Corey was at his elbow, saying, "I think Mrs. Lapham is waiting for you below, sir," and in obeying the direction Corey gave him toward another door he forgot all about his purpose, and came away without saying good-night to his hostess.

Mrs. Lapham had not known how soon she ought to go, and had no idea that in her quality of chief guest she was keeping the others. She staid till eleven o'clock, and was a little frightened when she found what time it was; but Mrs. Corey, without pressing her to stay longer, had said it was not at all late. She and Irene had had a perfect time. Everybody had been very polite; on the way home they celebrated the amiability of both the Miss Coreys and of Miss Kingsbury. Mrs. Lapham thought that Mrs. Bellingham was about the pleasantest person she ever saw; she had told her all about her married daughter who had married an inventor and gone to live in Omaha — a Mrs. Blake.

"If it's that car-wheel Blake," said Lapham, proudly, "I know all about him. I've sold him tons of the paint."

"Pooh, papa! How you do smell of smoking!" cried Irene.

"Pretty strong, eh?" laughed Lapham, letting down a window of the carriage. His heart was throbbing wildly in the close air, and he was glad of the rush of cold that came in, though it stopped his tongue, and he listened more and more drowsily to the rejoicings that his wife and daughter exchanged. He meant to have them wake Penelope up and tell her what she had lost; but when he reached home he was too sleepy to suggest it. He fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, full of supreme triumph.

But in the morning his skull was sore with the unconscious, night-long ache; and he rose cross and taciturn. They had a silent breakfast. In the cold gray light of the morning the glories of the night before showed poorer. Here and there a painful doubt obtruded itself and marred them with its awkward shadow. Penelope sent down word that she was not well, and was not coming to breakfast, and Lapham was glad to go to his office without seeing her.

He was severe and silent all day with his clerks, and peremptory with customers. Of Corey he was slyly observant, and as the day wore away he grew more restively conscious. He sent out word by his office-boy that he would like to see Mr. Corey for a few minutes after closing. The type-writer girl had lingered too, as if she wished to speak with him, and Corey stood in abeyance as she went toward Lapham's door.

"Can't see you to-night, Zerrilla," he said bluffly, but not unkindly. "Perhaps I'll call at the house, if it's important."

"It is," said the girl, with a spoiled air of insistence.

"Well," said Lapham; and, nodding to Corey to enter, he closed the door upon her. Then he turned to the young man and demanded: "Was I drunk last night?"

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

THE COLONISTS AT HOME.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I.

THE HOUSE.



COCKED HAT. (FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "NEW YORK GAZETTE," 1765.)

STRANGE expedients for shelter were adopted by some of the first colonists and by those secondary pioneers who were ever planting new settlements in the wilderness. The sheltering foliage of a dense tree was the first house of some of the earliest Pennsylvanians. Almost as primitive was the life of certain backwoods Virginians of a later period, who dwelt in the capacious trunks of hollow sycamores, and lost their corn by irruptions of buffaloes. In parts of New England, in New Netherland, and in Pennsylvania, many of the first-comers began the new world as cave-dwellers in cellars, which were usually formed by digging into a bank; the earth at the sides was supported by timbers; the roofs were of bark, or, better, of turf. To account these warm burrows merely a novel device evolved to meet the exigency of the situation might be an error, since there were at that time in the midland counties of England, as well as in parts of France, people living in subterranean caves and others in cabins of "mud." The primitive house of clay, built above ground, appears to have been known on the Delaware, where at least one such house was standing as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. Men can with difficulty originate, even in a new hemisphere; perhaps the most the earlier colonists could do was to modify some device already known in the familiar life of Europe, or to improve upon some shift borrowed from the savages about them. Of thirty buildings on Manhattan in 1626, all but one were of bark; the bark wigwam was, indeed, a very common resort of American pioneers. In the Middle and South this took the form of the "half-faced camp," which was a wigwam with one side open. The open side served for door, for window, and for fire-place, the fire being directly in front of it. The half-faced camp was sometimes built more substantially of logs, and at the South it was in some cases only a booth with sides and roof of palmetto leaves. Even that most American of houses, the log-cabin, cannot be said to have originated with the settlers. It has probably been known to every race of people who constructed dwellings in a well-wooded country. In the time of Tacitus, the Teutonic tribes built with "rude, unhewn timbers," and the Indians of the Muscogee confederacy had winter houses of logs. The hut of round logs, notched at the corners, with open cracks, and without floor or loft, was the rudest form known to the American settlers; the addition of a floor of rough puncheons hewn out with an axe was a first step in its evolution. Then came the chinking of the cracks with bits of wood and the daubing of these with clay. There were many cabins without chinking or daubing; one man had his head bitten by a hungry wolf which thrust its nozzle through the open cracks of his dwelling while he was asleep. Some lightly covered the cracks by attaching long, rough shingles, called clapboards, by pegs, to the outside of the logs; some, quite omitting the logs, made a slighter house by hanging the clapboards on a frame. The dwellers in these undaubed and windy structures, whether of logs or clapboards, burned their faces by the fire to keep from freezing, and sometimes watched at night by turns to keep the great fire from going down. On the frontier, the house of logs from which the bark had been peeled was a mark of gentility, and a second story was a luxury, although the most honored guest might have to reach his chamber under the roof-poles by ascending steps on the outside, or by climbing up a perpendicular ladder within the house. A dwelling of logs hewn and squared with the broad-axe and adze was the highest of the kind; in some places it distinguished its owner as a man of superior wealth and social dignity.

Nails were scarce and wrought by hand on the anvils of the colonial blacksmiths; lawless people were accustomed to procure them by burning down uninhabited dwellings. Very many houses were built without iron; the hinges and latches were of wood, and the shingles or clapboards of the roof were held

in place by "weight timbers." The nipping draughts that whistled through the crevices of the log walls, the puncheon floor, and the clapboard roof rendered necessary a huge uproaring fire within the fire-place, which was of a size proportioned to the coldness of the house and the inexhaustible supply of fuel. The chimneys were usually built of sticks of wood and well plastered on the inside with clay. These "katted" chimneys, as they were called in New England, often took fire, and in the towns were a constant source of anxiety during the earlier years of the colonies, when conflagrations could only be extinguished by forming lines of men to pass up pails of water. The fire-engines, where there were any, could only throw water which had been poured into them from pails; it was after more than a quarter of the eighteenth century had elapsed that engines were brought which had "suction." Throughout the whole colonial period the chimney-sweep was in request; hanging his blanket across the wide fire-place, he worked his way to the top, where, thrusting his sooty head out, he gave notice of the completion of his task by singing:

"Sweep O! sweep O!
There are sweepers in high life as well as in low."

"Bring oiled paper for your windows," writes one of the Plymouth pilgrims to some who were about to come over. Window-glass was not then in general use in England, and oiled paper for a long time let a dusky light into the obscure rooms of many settlers' houses. The Swedish pioneers on the Delaware used sheets of mica — "muscovy-glass," it was called — for the same purpose. Farther toward the south, where winter was less feared, a board shutter, sometimes "made very pretty and convenient," was at first the main device for closing a window, but about 1700 "windows shasht with crystal glass" — that is, with glass that one could see through — are spoken of as a luxury recently affected by the Virginia gentry.

Many of the earliest houses were far from being rude. Five years after the first landing, the Jamestown colonists began to build the lower story of their "competent and decent houses" of brick of their own burning. In New England some substantial houses were erected very early; New Haven people built city houses at the outset; but primitive Carolina dwellings were of rough clapboards nailed to a frame; and the houses of the poor were generally left unplastered, not only in Carolina, but as far north as Connecticut. Paint was rarely seen outside of the larger towns. Oyster-shell lime was the material most commonly in use for plastering; often the walls were covered with mortar from the nearest clay-bank, and whitewashed with shell lime. A concrete of oyster shells, called "tabby," was much used on the southern coast; walls and columns of this material, built before the Revolution, are still standing. Oglethorpe, true to his military ideals, had all freeholders' houses in Savannah, his own included, made exactly alike: twenty-four feet long and sixteen broad, inclosed with feather-edge clapboards, roofed with shingles, and floored with deals. It was a city of shanties — a fixed military encampment. Penn planned a somewhat larger house for his colonists, to be divided into two rooms, the walls clapboarded outside and in, the intervening space filled with earth, the ground floor of clay, and a loft floor of boards. He reckoned that such a house might last ten years. A common form of cottage in parts of New England was built eighteen feet square with eaves seven feet high, and a loft in the peak of the roof. To these pioneer dwellings we must add the New Jersey house, introduced by the Swedish pioneers. The sides of this were palisades of split timbers, set upright. Nor should I omit from the list the abodes of some of the aquatic Dutch, who dwelt with their families all the year round aboard their sloops plying in the rivers and bays about New York, and up the Hudson to Albany, just as their ancestors, the Holland boatmen, had lived upon the rivers and canals of the Low Countries, and as their New York successors to-day rear families on far-wandering lighters and canal-boats.

Life in the pioneer houses was necessarily simple and generally rude. With the ambitious settler, a cave-house or cabin was but a rough thoroughfare to a better lot, when the stubborn phalanx of forest trees should have been gradually beaten back, and when the disencumbered fields should yield a surplus, and leisure and comfort compensate for hard beginnings. But there was another class whose congenial home was the puncheon floor and mud-daubed walls. These people, who had not yet emerged from Saxon barbarism, were hereditary pioneers. As soon as neighbors approached them, the log-cabin dwellers sold their little clearings to a race of thriftier men, and pushed farther into the woods, where wild food was plentiful and where manners and morals were unfettered. Their social pleasures were marked by rude jollity without any attempt at luxury or display, or any regard for the restraints of refinement; they were hospitable, generous, fierce, coarse, superstitious, and fond of strong drink; given to fighting, and some of them to the barbarous

diversion of gouging out one another's eyes. Indian wars and their own barbarity have wrought the extermination of some of the worst strains in this tribe of log-hut builders.

The finer American houses* were for the most part imitated from the forms prevailing at the same period in England. The large room called "the hall"— a relic of the primitive undivided Anglo-Saxon dwelling — was the most striking feature of many of the better dwellings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There exist to-day examples of colonial architecture in which a great hall that served for an assembly-room dominates the whole building. For instance, Drayton Hall, on the Ashley River, in South Carolina, is a brick dwelling in a style seen in some English country houses of the same period. In front there are steps, leading up to a stately portico. One enters thence into a spacious room in the middle of the house, for the only unvarying trait of a "hall" is that it is always entered directly on passing the main door. In the Drayton house the living-rooms are grouped at either end of the great hall like little satellites depending on a central sun. There are wood-carvings on the elaborate chimney-pieces and on the moldings about the wainscotings, and the balusters of the double stairway that rises from a lobby in the rear of the hall are carved. This weather-stained house, despoiled of many of its ornaments by lawless tourists during the war period, is still a legible record of the social fabric of the colony. Such mansions were built, not for domestic retirement, but for festivity. They were the abodes of rich and hospitable planters, whose delight it was to live surrounded by friends and guests and to rival one another in the magnificence of their great assemblies. William Penn built a similar mansion on his manor at Pennsbury, the great room of which was called the audience hall; here the proprietor met his council and held parleys with the Indians. In Virginia and Maryland the great houses were built on a similar plan, but in some cases a curious modification of the old English hall appears to have taken place out of deference to the climate. The central room became in many houses a wide, open passage through the middle of the dwelling. It was still called "the hall," and in it the family sat to receive guests, except in cold weather, when the wainscoted parlor that adjoined was cheered by a crackling fire. Perhaps this opening of the hall into a spacious passageway was a trait borrowed from the double log-houses which were built in the pioneer period, and which were virtually two cabins joined by an "entry," open at both ends, whose width was regulated by the convenient and usual length of the log cut for house-building.

The great proprietors, though perhaps more numerous in the tobacco colonies than elsewhere, were vastly outnumbered by the middling planters, a class from whose ranks sprang the Washingtons and Lees of the Revolution. Gentlemen of this class, like the English squires of the time, often carried their pride and personal independence to the verge of rudeness, and yet were generous, hospitable, and many of them intelligent. They lived mainly in sober one-story houses, or in houses whose curb-roofs were broken by dormer windows that gave light to a low second story. Such dwellings were probably built at that period in all the colonies. Some of them are yet standing about New York. The plainer Virginia house also had the passage through the middle, "for an air-draught in summer," as a writer of Spotswood's time tells us. But some of the earlier middling houses, in Virginia as at the North, were built about a great stack of chimneys, which stood like a core in the middle. Bricks for the chimneys and for the walls of the finer houses at the South were usually brought from England as ballast. Most Virginia and Maryland dwellings stood fronting to the rivers, so as to be easily reached by the shipping. All Southern houses of pretension were approached by a drive through a lawn, and most of them were embowered in trees. All the planters had kitchens detached from the dwelling, except where the house was built in imitation of the "Italian style," so called; then the kitchen was placed in the extremity of one of the long wings. The buildings were adapted to the climate and to the domestic service of negro slaves. In the towns in both Carolinas many houses stood gabling to the street, with a long veranda, light and airy, at the side, through which one passed to the cool and sheltered rooms.

In parts of Maryland, and in Pennsylvania and southern New Jersey, the Quakers and Germans had founded a different society. The traveler toward the North might note the gradual disappearance of the overseer's cabin, the negro quarters, and the detached kitchen. The houses were generally of hewed logs, those of the richer farmers of stone. Everywhere one saw substantial comfort and frugality. The smoke-house was a little smaller than that of the planter to the southward, but the barns were large, sometimes vast. The protracted battle with the

* See the engravings of some colonial houses that accompany the article on "Social Conditions in the Colonies" in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for September, 1884.

primeval forest had begotten a hostility to trees; the Pennsylvania house, even of the better sort, often confronted a midsummer sun with no shade to intervene. A little clay oven stood by each house, and on some slope near by there was usually a low hut, beneath which the spring running cold from between the limestone strata spread its water over a flat rock. In the almost icy shallows of this "spring house" stood earthen crocks of milk and jars of butter, with perhaps some large water-melons cooling for use in the middle of the day. Such farm-houses were the homes of yeomanry, who had little leisure to cultivate the social refinements of their neighbors at the South, but who lived comfortably and exemplified what one of the early historians of their thrift calls the "republican virtues."

There were worse dwellings than these in the back country of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and there were better ones near the cities. In Philadelphia the houses, except those of the poor, were very early built of brick and stone. Almost all of them about 1700 had balconies running the entire length of the upper story. At the time of the Revolution Philadelphia houses were of various styles, and straggling in arrangement. The uniform rows of monotonous red were thought a great improvement when they were first brought in, some years after the close of the war. In 1771 four hundred Philadelphia houses had private wells, and there were two hundred pumps in the streets. The finer suburban and country houses of the middle region were large, and were often surrounded by cedars, which were pruned into pyramids and cones. Penn had set the fashion of planting Lombardy poplars, and there were rows of these grenadier-like trees both in Philadelphia and along the roads which ran into the country. These, with the cedars, must have given a trim regularity to the prospect. The gardens were also stiff and English in appearance, with "walks and alleys nodding to their brothers."

In New York and the region about the Hudson River, the foundation form of the early dwelling was the Dutch house built, like many other colonial town houses, with its gable to the street. The top of the gable wall was notched into corbel steps, and the black fire-bricks of the kiln were laid alternating with red or yellow ones to make checks on the gable front. The date of erection and the initials of the owner were sometimes wrought with bricks of diverse colors; sometimes these were shown by letters and figures in iron on the front; and this rather childish decoration was usually completed by a weather-cock surmounting the whole. The primitive thatched roofs gave way after a while to Dutch tiles. Within, one found the incredible Dutch cleanliness; the walls of the houses were whitewashed and hung with small pictures; the wood-work was painted a bluish gray, as were the walls of the alcoves for beds, which were constructed on each side of the chimney. In some of the better houses porcelain tiles with pictures of Scripture subjects were built in and around the fire-places. In New York, as in Pennsylvania, the little stoop before the front door was almost universal. In these outdoor lodges the family sat in summer evenings, and often in the day-time, receiving informal calls from gossiping neighbors. In Albany the gargoyles projected so as to pour rain-water from the roof far into the street, and the town retained its quaint Dutch character until after the Revolution. An Italian traveler compares it to "those antique villages represented in the paintings of Teniers."

After 1700 the English taste modified the form of the houses in New York. They were built large, some of them with a touch of magnificence; they no longer stood with gables to the street, and many of them had balconies on the roofs, which afforded a cool and more private retreat than the stoop-benches, while the outlook over the waters and islands of the bay and rivers was very agreeable. Sycamores, water-beech, and locusts, with some basswood trees and elms, made abundant shade in the New York streets. Kalm, the Swedish traveler, declares that promenading in New York in 1750 was like walking through a garden. The vociferous notes of tree-frogs sometimes made it difficult to hear conversation.

In the country houses of the landed gentry of New York we find a curious resemblance to the houses of the great planters of the South. Here were the same large porticoes, and often the same wide hallway running through the house, and here were also detached kitchens for use in the summer. The conditions of life were somewhat similar to those at the South; for, though the broad acres of a great New York or New Jersey proprietor were farmed by tenants, the house was always filled with domestic slaves. On the Hudson, as at the South, there was a tendency of the landed gentry to imitate the life of the English country families, so far as the surrounding conditions permitted.

Besides houses in other styles, New England had one very common form of building that was almost peculiar to the North-east — a house two stories high in front, the roof of which from a sharp gable sloped down at the back to a low story. This low portion in the rear was called the "lean-to"; it was sometimes written by the colonists, as it is still



DUTCH HOUSE IN ALBANY, N. Y. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

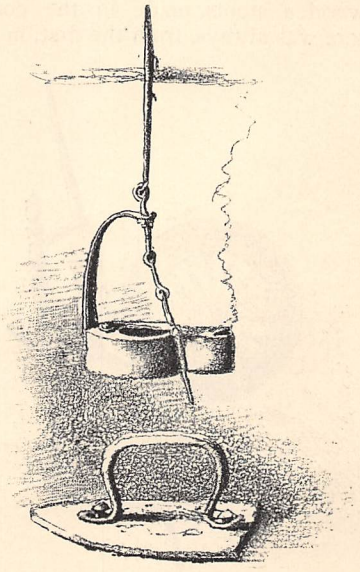
pronounced by many old-fashioned people, "linter." Houses in New England usually faced exactly south, so that noon-time was marked by the sun's shining straight into the front door. The sides were covered with rived clapboards, the walls filled in with clay; the ceiling overhead was left unplastered; the floor-boards were thick and fastened with wooden pins; the ample chimney, which usually stood in the middle, was of stone or brick. The lower floor was sometimes laid below the sills, leaving those great beams projecting into the room. Some of the dwellings of the rich were very commodious; the house of Eaton, the first governor of New Haven colony, had nineteen fire-places, and that of Davenport, the first minister of New Haven, had thirteen. In these early houses the "hall," which was entered directly by the front door, was ample. It did not change into an open passage through the house, as in Virginia; the New England climate suggested an opposite transformation, and some early houses were altered after building by dividing the hall into smaller rooms.

In Boston the later colonial buildings were generally of white pine, inclosed with overlapped siding. They were two or three stories high, and, like similar houses in New York, had a belvedere on the roof for the enjoyment of fresh air in summer evenings. Though the roofs were generally of the prevailing cedar, a single trait of the more solid covering of the English house remained: these shingle roofs were capped with a row of ridge-tiles until after the Revolution.

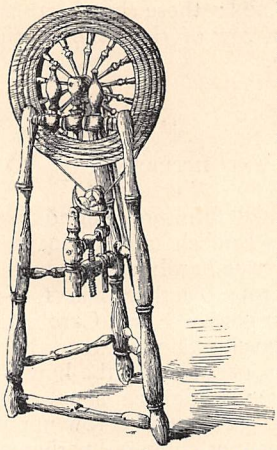
II.

FURNITURE AND INTERIORS.

A STUDY of colonial furniture reminds us that life with many English families in the seventeenth century was hardly a step above that of their barbarous Anglo-Saxon forefathers. In the ruder part of North Carolina, for example, the traveler Smyth found but one bed in the house, occupied by the householder and his wife; while the sons and daughters and the guest slept in a row upon the floor, after the manner common, perhaps, in King Alfred's day. Spotswood lodged with one poor planter who had no bed at all, nor was such destitution very uncommon in pioneer regions. But the puncheon floor was often a little mitigated for sleeping purposes by spreading deer, buffalo, or bear skins upon it. The pallet on the floor—"the kermis bed," as the Dutch called it—was an occasional resort even in good houses. The Labadist travelers in 1688 sojourned in a New Jersey tavern that put its guests to sleep on a horse-bedding of hay before the fire; and, a hundred years later, Chateaubriand found an inn on the New York frontier where everybody slept about a central post that upheld the roof, heads outward and feet toward the center. Such poor people in the colonies as had tastes too luxurious to enjoy a deer-skin



WROUGHT-IRON LAMP AND SAD-IRON. (NEW YORK STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY, ALBANY.)

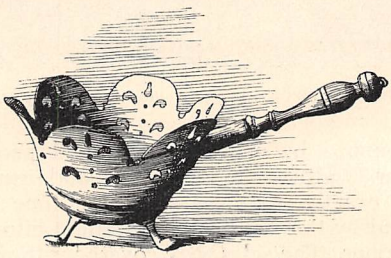


IRISH IMMIGRANT'S FLAX-WHEEL.

on the hearth were accustomed to fill their bed-sacks and pillows with fibrous mistletoe, the down of the cat-tail flag, or with feathers of pigeons slaughtered from the innumerable migrating flocks. The cotton from the milkweed, then called "silk-grass," was used for pillows and cushions.

In the houses of the prosperous, good feather and even down beds were in use. The Pennsylvania German smothered and roasted himself between two of these even in summer nights, and sometimes without sheets or pillows. Trundle-beds, pushed under the standing beds in the day-time, were commonly used; the stove-heated room of a German settler's house often held two standing and two trundle beds.

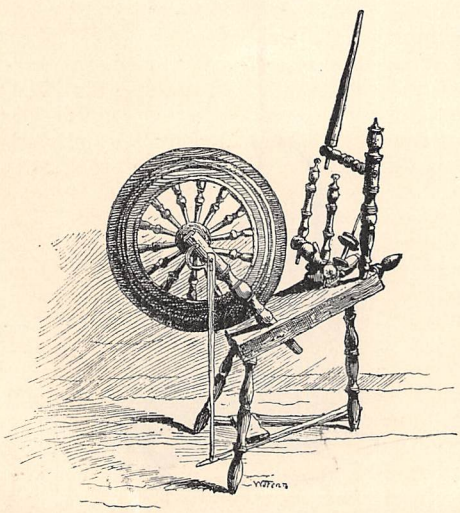
Robert Beverley, the Virginia historian, who lived in plenty and entertained friends and strangers with the most cordial and insistent hospitality, was probably a type of a class of men of competent fortunes who had been nurtured in pioneer conditions and were content to live in substantial plainness — were even defiant of habits of luxury and ostentation. He had good beds, but, for a wonder, no curtains to them; while for chairs he had only wooden stools, made in the country. But there was always, from the first, in every colony, a gentry that valued very highly their elegant furniture, particularly the bed that stood in the parlor. And in the quarter of a century or more before the Revolution, when large fortunes had been acquired in trade, in agriculture, and by the increase in the value of lands, there came to be a very considerable number of people in the several colonies able to live with luxury and ostentation. These rich provincials spent money freely in fine furniture, seeking to purchase at one swoop outfits that should rival the accumulations of generations in old English houses. In the dwellings of the richer colonial gentry, as in the mansions of similar people in England, there was a household idol, known as the state bed, very much adored, and kept shut up from vulgar eyes, to be exhibited only on rare occasions. It was in all ways extravagantly costly; its coverlets and hangings were sometimes richly embroidered in divers colors; but it was stiff, ugly, uninviting, and useless,



A COMFORTIER, OR CHAFING-DISH. (NEW YORK STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY, ALBANY.)

as idols are wont to be. No ordinary family friend was ever allowed to occupy it. In this later and richer time wealthy householders came to prefer the newly introduced mahogany wood from the West Indies to native walnut and cherry; some of them even had chimney-pieces, door-casings, wainscotings, and balusters of mahogany elaborately carved.

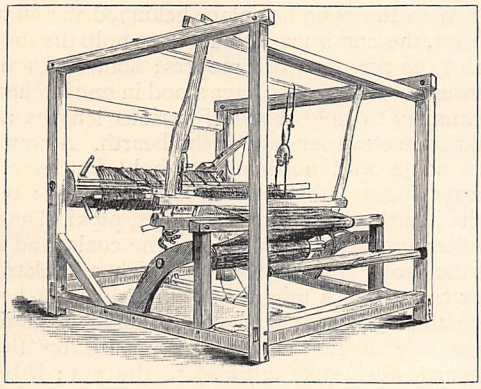
Since this is not the place for an antiquary's list, I must content myself with a passing mention of the ancient "dresser" of the earlier colonial time, with its stock of pewter, the dignified "chest of drawers," the carved oaken chest for linen, and the high-backed chairs of various grades with bottoms of hair-cloth, of serge, of rushes, or of wood. Carpets were little known in England and were hardly known at all in America until near the middle of the eighteenth century. Floors were swept with brooms of birch or hemlock twigs, with Indian brooms of shaved wood or of corn-husks, or with imported brooms of hair; sometimes the floor was dry-rubbed with sand; sometimes the parlor floor was strewn with sand laid off in ornamental figures. Clocks and watches were exceedingly rare at first;



A COLONIAL FLAX-WHEEL.

the noon-mark at the door told the dinner-hour, and in some cases a sun-dial indicated the time of day when the sun shone. In school, in church, and in a few houses there were hour-glasses; but most people depended upon their expertness in estimating time by the sun's altitude or by guess. When two persons, however slightly acquainted, met upon the road, it was but an ordinary civility for them to exchange their reckonings of the hour, as ships give latitude and longitude to one another at sea. "Passing the time of day" is the well-worn phrase yet used in the country for the exchange of commonplace courtesies between acquaintances. The beating of a drum in the street, and, at a later period, the ringing of the church bells, were necessary warnings for religious and other assemblies. In the larger towns a curfew-bell was sometimes rung at nine in the evening, and the cry of the hour at night by the watchman with a hand-bell must have been very convenient where time-pieces were so scarce.

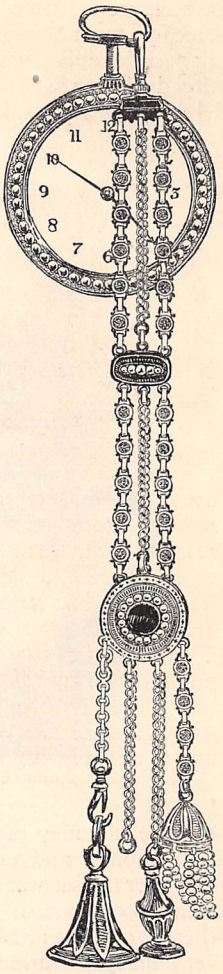
During the eighteenth century fine pier-glasses and dressing-glasses were affected. For these there were frames of walnut, of olive-wood, and of glass, as well as frames gilt and japanned. The walls of the opulent, from the earliest period, were sometimes hung with rich cloth, with linen, or with tapestry representing stories from the ancient classics and other subjects. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century paper-hangings began to come into vogue. The prints which adorned the rooms in that day were of several sorts,



COLONIAL LOOM. (WARREN COUNTY, N. Y.)

such as "landskips," pictures of ships, battle-pieces, historical scenes, and representations of "noblemen's and gentlemen's feasts." The paintings which hung alongside these were portraits, made in England, of ancestors, or more recent portraits, made by some struggling provincial "limner"—that was the genteel word—or by some English painter "of the highest fashion," to whom the wealthy colonist had sat on a visit "home," as the phrase of the time ran.

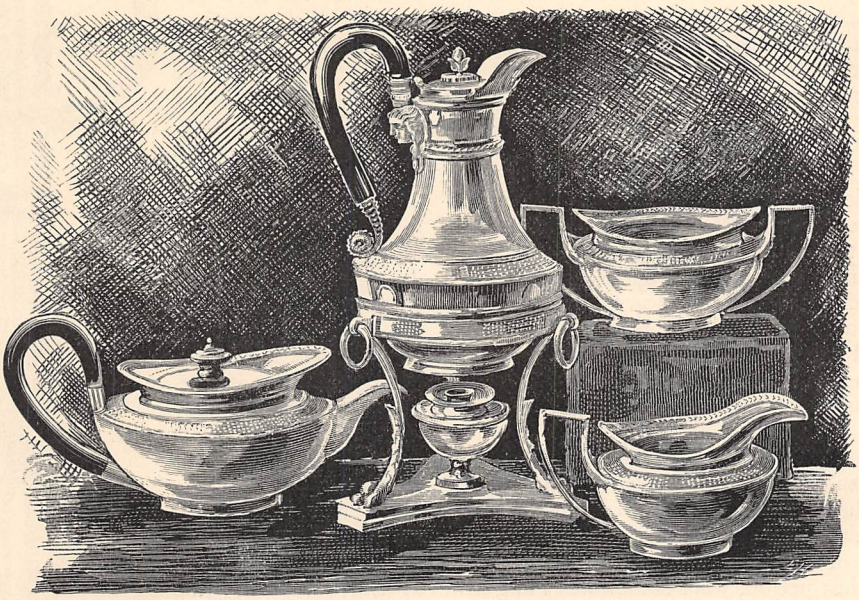
That which more than all else lent character to the interior of the average colonial house was the fire-place, sometimes wide enough to drive a cart and horses between the jambs. The living-room in the plainer houses served also for dining-room and kitchen; and here the devouring fire made in summer an insufferable heat, while in winter its tremendous draught produced disagreeable air-currents. But fire-places so open did not always draw well, on which account a "chimney-cloth" had to be used at times to close the upper part of the fire-place and keep the smoke from escaping into the room. Logs were sometimes drawn on to the ample hearth by a horse; the children, in the chimney-corners of some houses, might see the stars through the capacious chimney-top; and the myriads of mosquitoes that infested the woods found ready entrance by this opening when the fire lay dormant under the ashes in the oppressive summer nights. The bonfires built in these gaping fire-places were in accord with the rude and hearty life of the time. One is not surprised to learn that by such firesides "Chevy Chase" and other ancient ballads of blood and slaughter were sung. Stories of more recent encounters with the Indians must have mingled well with old English folk-songs; and witch and marvel tales had no difficulty in obtaining credence when the last flickering blaze had died away, and the dim light of smoldering embers left the corners of the room and the rugged recesses of the blackened chimney to be peopled by the excited fancy.



WATCH AND CHAIN OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD, IN POSSESSION OF COL. CHARLES DRAYTON, OF DRAYTON HALL, S. C.

In the finer houses the fire-places, at least in the smaller rooms, were not so large, and

as fuel grew scarce some of the large fire-places in town houses were reduced by building "little chimneys" within the big ones. Already in 1744 Franklin, living in Philadelphia, could speak of the great fire-place back-plate of the stove. The manifest economy of the German stoves probably moved Franklin to introduce, in 1742, his "New Pennsylvania Fire-place," which was a complicated arrangement, somewhat different from the "Franklin



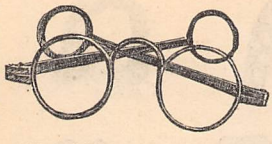
COLONIAL TEA-SET OF GOLD, BELONGING TO THE DRAYTONS, OF DRAYTON HALL, S. C.

as "the chimney of our fathers." In Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, coal brought from over the sea was found cheaper than wood in the later years of the colonial time. Even where wood was abundant the Pennsylvania Germans gained an economical advantage over their neighbors by the use of stoves. Of these they had more than one kind; the most curious was made like "a box with one side out." The open side of this stove was outside of the room, sometimes quite outside of the house itself, so that while the back of the stove projected through the wall into the room, the fire was fed from without. A traveler in the middle colonies could tell at sight that a house with a single chimney in the middle was inhabited by Germans, and warmed with stoves; the English settler had two chimneys, and a fire-place at either end of his house. The stoves, and especially the drums, with which last the "Pennsylvania Dutch" heated the second-story rooms of their dwellings, were a continual wonder to their English neighbors and to travelers. There was at least one Quaker meeting-house in Pennsylvania furnished with a German stove opening outside. The men warmed themselves by the fire before going into meeting; the women sat in the end of the room heated by the stove" as we know it. There were also so-called "stoves" in Boston soon after 1700, but these were perhaps the open grates used at that time in London, which stood within the fire-places and bore the name of stoves.

With the open fire-place belonged the andirons, the cob-irons with hooks to hold the spit, and the fire-dogs or creepers; sometimes all three kinds appear to have stood in one kitchen chimney to hold wood of various lengths at different elevations above the hearth. A crane or chain with pot-hooks to hold kettles always hung within the kitchen chimney; on the hearth were skillets, griddles, pipkins, and other vessels for cooking over the coals, and a little three-legged trivet on which a tankard or coffee-boiler might sit with live coals beneath; and there was often a small oven in the side of the chimney. The fire on the hearth was rarely allowed to die out; if by chance the embers expired, coals were usually brought from a neighbor's house,—a practice that was very dangerous in towns and villages, especially where roofs were of thatch.

For light our ancestors learned from the savages to burn, on the hearth or in a torch, the bright-blazing pitch-pine, called "candlewood" in New England and "lightwood"

at the South. A rough iron lamp filled with grease of any sort was used in some parts of the country. Tallow "dips" were common, molded tallow candles less so, but a candle made of the wax of the wax-myrtle berry was much used; it shed a balsamic perfume when blown out. Spermaceti candles, a fruit of the colonial whaleries, probably suited better than any others the gilt and carved sconces, and the "sconces with fine brass arms," which are advertised in New York, and such chandeliers as one sees yet in the Bull-Pringle mansion at Charleston. Candlesticks were of pewter, of iron, of brass, and of silver; one pair is noted in a Connecticut inventory of 1640 as of "wyer"—that is, perhaps, of twisted metal.



SPECTACLES WORN BY PATRICK HENRY.

III.

MEATS AND DRINKS.

THE most brilliant and accomplished Virginia gentleman of his time laid it down as a maxim, in 1728, that "pewter bright" was the mark of a good housewife, and the same standard was accepted in New England. Indeed, the colonial period might be called the pewter age. Pewter was getting the better of wooden ware when America was settled, and it was yielding to porcelain at the era of American Independence. The first colonists in many cases used great wooden platters to serve meats in. Their plates were sometimes mere square blocks of wood; but some of these were rounded into form on the lathe. One finds the trade of dish-turning followed in New Jersey as late as 1675. But from the first planting of the colonies well-to-do people affected pewter, and an ample collection of this ware was a sign of prosperity. All kinds of household vessels, even bottles, were made of pewter. People drank from "cans" or mugs of pewter, glass, or silver; they ate their porridge and their Indian mush from small bowl-shaped pewter porringers, which, like the cans, had handles. From pewter plates or wooden trenchers the first-comers ate without forks. There were spoons of pewter, or better of a mixed metal called "alchymy," but fingers were much more serviceable at the table then than now.

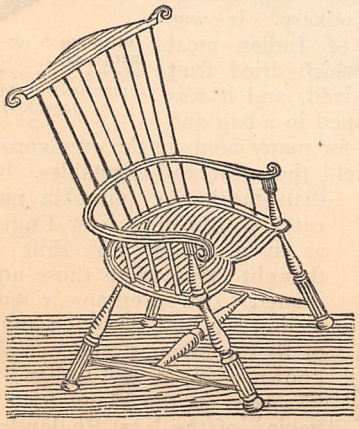
It was characteristic of the seventeenth century that, along with a rather scant assortment of articles necessary and convenient, there should be many things whose chief use was display. A considerable part of the estate of a well-to-do family was invested in household plate; partly, perhaps, because secure investments for capital were not easy to find. In the house of a leading man, an ample reserve of silverware stood always ready to outshine on state occasions the burnished pewter of every-day life. The incoming of tea and coffee opened a new field for the silversmith in the eighteenth century. To silver tankards, beakers, and double-handled cups for stronger liquors, there were added tea-services of silver and even of gold.



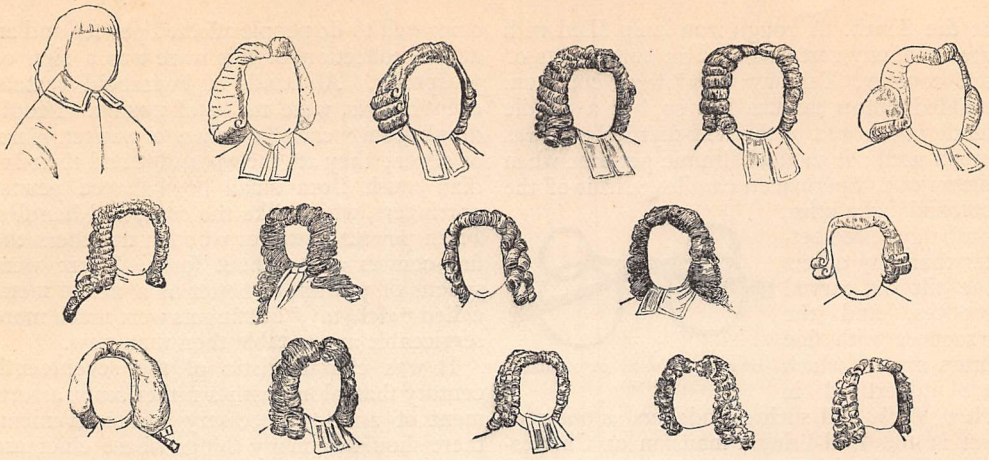
ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY GAZETTE AND POST-BOY." (1765.)

With the new "china drink" came china cups and saucers, and from that moment porcelain began to threaten the reign of pewter, which, however, gave ground but slowly. The early tea-cups contained about a gill; the tea-pot was a little globular vessel holding about a pint. Sometimes, by way of extra finery, the pretty china tea-pot had its nozzle tipped off with silver.

English usages held their own for a while in the colonies, in affairs relating to food. The New England town community in some cases provided bolting-mills, where each man might bolt his own flour. People in the more considerable towns of the colonies long preserved the English custom of buying their bread fresh at the baker's, and the price and weight of bread were regularly fixed by authority. Among the "happy blessings" for which a writer of 1698 thinks the people of Philadelphia should be devoutly thankful, are



WINDSOR CHAIR. FACSIMILE OF A CUT IN THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY GAZETTE AND POST-BOY." (1765.)



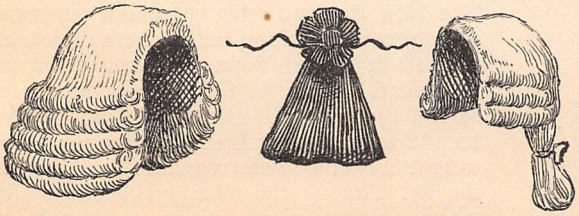
COLONIAL WIGS. (DRAWN FROM PORTRAITS IN MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AND THE ROOMS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

"several cook-shops, both Roasting and Boyling, as in the city of London." Fish-days — not the Fridays and fast-days of "popish" observance, but good Protestant fish-days — had long been prescribed in England. This was in order that the reformation of religion might not increase the consumption and enhance the price of meat, and especially that the fisheries might not fail of support, and so the naval strength of a Protestant nation be weakened by the decrease of sailors. Following this example, the Massachusetts people dutifully ate salt cod-fish dressed with butter and hard-boiled eggs on Saturdays, the year round, and this lasted until after the Revolution.

The conflict between old habits and the pressure of new conditions, which extended to every department of life, showed itself curiously in the preparation of food. The breakfast which the English settlers transplanted from England was a frugal one, consisting of "a draught of beer and a toast, or a hunk of bread and cheese, or a wooden noggin of good porridge and bread." "Milk and bread boiled, or tea with bread and butter, or milk coffee" with similar accompaniments appear to have been later forms a little less frugal. The thin porridge of peas and beans, with but a savor of meat, seems to have been a common breakfast. In some parts of New England this porridge appears to have lingered through the whole colonial period, though its place was disputed by the new mush of Indian meal to which the people of the north-eastern colonies transferred the name "hasty-pudding,"—a name applied to a porridge of oatmeal in some parts of England. But mush and milk was oftener used for supper among frugal people. In the Middle and South breakfast very early came to be a substantial meal, with a basis of some kind of salt meat. One of the commonest dinner dishes in New England, especially in winter, was the Indian pudding, which was almost an exact copy from aboriginal cookery. It was made of Indian meal with which dried fruit was mixed, and it was enveloped in a bag and boiled for many hours in the omnivorous pot that held the meat and vegetables. But Indian meal, like pumpkin pie, was eaten by the first New Englanders as an unwelcome makeshift; it was thought injurious to those not habituated to it. Perhaps it was this feeling which led to the invention of that compound and compromise known as "rye and Indian," which was used in the Wednesday bread-baking of the New Englander, and also to make a sort of johnny-cake.



HEAD-DRESS OF A CITY BELLE, 1776. (FROM THE MSS. OF JOHN F. WATSON, IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.)



WIGS AND WIG-BAG. FACSIMILE OF A CUT IN THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY GAZETTE AND POST-BOY." (1771.)

The Dutch in Albany and New York, like the New Englanders, seem to have held on to certain habits of the fatherland, retaining an especial liking for great salads with bacon and "picked buttermilk." An English clergyman of the time explains that it was in consequence of this diet that the New York Dutch were obliged to smoke so much: "to keep their phlegm from coagulating and curdling."



Costume of Thomas Hancock. Black velvet coat, waistcoat, and breeches. (About 1755.) *

The abundance of Indian corn did more than anything else to change the diet of the colonists. Where mills could not be erected, it was pounded in mortars, or ground in querns after having been soaked. Hominy, at first merely the coarser bits left in the rude grinding or pounding, was usually cooked in milk where milk was to be had, and formed the staple food of the poor in the middle and southern regions. Although the upper class made it a point to have wheaten bread upon the table, many of them preferred the pone baked from the meal of Indian corn. As early as 1720, the Southern habit of having a wheaten loaf warm from the oven every day was remarked upon, and the custom remains today as fixed and characteristic as the equally ancient and persistent custom of having Sunday baked beans in New England.



Collar of Gov. Edward Winslow. (About 1645.)



Collar of Gov. John Endicott. (About 1655.)

The broiling of meats of all kinds upon the bare live coals was one of the resorts by which pioneer life made amends for the scarcity of utensils, and those accustomed to meat thus prepared easily came to account it more delicate and savory than that which was cooked with the intervention of a gridiron. So, also, potatoes, green corn, sweet potatoes, and squashes were accounted delicious when roasted in the Indian way, by burying in the hot ashes. Apples and eggs and "ro'sin' ears," or green corn, were sometimes baked by laying them between the andirons in front of the fire. Cakes of Indian corn meal, of buckwheat flour, or of "rye and Indian," were baked on a stone, or a hoe, or an oak board, or a pewter plate, before the fire. One finds "a good baking stone" advertised for sale at Princeton, New Jersey, in 1750. These modes of cooking were probably of Indian derivation, as was, beyond doubt, the baking of the "ash-cake" under the ashes. The fruits of the country were all pressed into service to give variety to the settler's diet; dried peaches were cooked with meats when vegetables were scarce in Pennsylvania, and the North Carolinians even made puddings and what they called tarts of the American papaw. Besides the salads familiar to us, some of the early colonists, following a very ancient English practice, used violets and roses both for salads and to flavor broth; they also made a salad of the flowers of the sassafras, but the blossoms of the red-bud tree were esteemed the best of all. Sassafras flowers, "when gathered from the husky bud," made a "curious preserve," and poke leaves were boiled for spinach, as were many other plants. It was in a search after salads or plants for "greens" that some of the soldiers in Bacon's rebellion discovered the poisonous properties of stramonium. After eating its leaves, they suffered a delirium of several days, whence the plant got its name of Jamestown weed, long since corrupted to its present form of "jimson weed."



Cuff of Nicholas Boylston. (About 1760.)



Costume of Thomas Boylston. White satin waistcoat, gold trimming. (About 1720.)

The change of dietary habits which was wrought partly by Indian corn in the middle and Chesapeake colonies was probably, in the Carolinas, due more to the sweet potato, which was so abundant that even the slaves ate it. The root was cooked in many ways; it was was roasted under the ashes, it was boiled, it was made into puddings, it was used as a substitute for bread, it was made into pancakes, which were eaten with tea for breakfast, and which to a foreigner tasted "as though composed of sweet almonds."



Costume of Peter Faneuil. Velvet coat, cloth waistcoat, velvet ruffles. (About 1740.)

Except in the houses of the higher classes, the table provision in England in the period of American settlement was meager. The abundance of wild food and the fertility of the soil made the living in America somewhat more plentiful and varied; but even

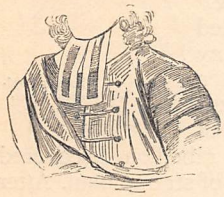
* All of the illustrations of costume in this article are from portraits of Americans resident in the colonies, except where otherwise described. Many of these are from the collection in Memorial Hall, Cambridge, and that of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

during the Revolution the diet of a Connecticut farmer was said to be "like that of the ancient patriarchs." "Vegetables, maize, milk, and butter" were "their ordinary nourishment," according to the Abbé Robin; "the use of the insipid beverage," tea, was the only luxury. The lower classes in Virginia ate more meat and drank no tea. "Meat, bread, and milk was the ordinary food of all my acquaintance," says Jarratt. On the other hand, the tables of the rich in all the colonies were lavishly supplied; there was, indeed, a general conviction that Americans ate too much meat.



Costume of Gov. Thomas Hutchinson. Brocade waistcoat, stiff frill, velvet coat — collar not rounded. (About 1765.)

Alcoholic stimulants were not held in as low repute as they are by the majority of Americans to-day; they were not even ranked as luxuries, but were about as necessary a provision as bread. In the reign of James I. the sailors in the king's navy were supplied with a gallon of beer daily; a gallon of beer was served with every pound of bread. Bradford, the pilgrim governor, complains of his deprivation of beer; and Higginson, the pioneer minister of Salem, makes it a matter for boast that he could and did "oftentimes drink New England water very well." Many repented their coming during the first winter in Salem, when beer was scarce; it was thought a great mark of fortitude that "even the most honored as well as others" contentedly rejoiced "in a cup of cold water," for water in that day was rarely drunk at all. In 1627 it was a proof of returning prosperity in Virginia that "few of the upper planters drinke any water." But twenty-nine years later beer had already grown scarce in Virginia. In many places in 1656 the distressed traveler could find nothing stronger than water, or milk and water, or "beverige," which last appears to have been a drink made of molasses and water. One of the earliest signs of the change of English habits in the new environment was this decline of malt liquors, which was petulantly attributed to "idle good-wives," too lazy to brew. Bristol beer continued to be imported and highly esteemed in Virginia, and English malt was also brought over. But barley was not a chief grain, and brewing was inconvenient in a new country. Rum, or "kill-devil," as it was everywhere called, was rendered plentiful by the trade with the West Indies and by the New England stills. It was cheap, portable, and strong enough to bear dilution in punch, toddy, flip, and grog. The abundant growth of apples made cider more abundant even than rum. Trade brought various kinds of wines from Spain, Portugal, and the Canaries; but Madeira was the favorite drink of the fashionable and luxurious in all the colonies.



Costume of Rev. Thomas Prince. Black silk coat and scarf. (About 1740.)



Costume of Benjamin Pollard. (About 1755.)

A people so full of ingenious makeshifts as the English settlers naturally tried many new experiments, and applied many old devices for producing stimulant drinks. Cider they reënforced by distilling it into "pupelo," or brandy; and, wherever the supply of rum was inadequate on account of the distance from seaports or lack of trade, a common resort was a destructive brandy distilled from the great quantities of peaches raised on every farm. Brandy was also made from cherries, plums, persimmons, wild crab-apples, and grapes; in some regions there was a still in nearly every house. The Irish, Scotch, and German immigrants made whisky from rye, wheat, barley, and potatoes, and it was soon found that Indian corn would serve as well. The colonists brought from England the ancient art of making metheglin or mead from honey and water. That made in the colonies was praised on all hands; it was "as good as Malaga sack." A so-called metheglin was made from the sweet bean of the honey-locust, and some projectors in Virginia even set out plantations of that thorniest of all trees. People of delicate tastes ground pears to make perry, but the "quince-drink" was preferred by epicures to all other liquors of the country. Innumerable weaker drinks, as substitutes for home-brewed beer, were tried by colonists whose race had long lost the art of drinking water. One of the earliest of these was made by putting molasses with bran or Indian corn in water. When fermented, this produced a refreshing beverage still used in Virginia. "Beer" was also made from Indian corn meal dried like malt,



Costume of John Wentworth, Lt.-Gov. of N. H. Neck scarf and slashed sleeve. (About 1770.)



Costume of Gov. Jonathan Belcher. Lace fall from neck, lace ruffles, rich gold lace on coat and waistcoat, velvet coat. (About 1745.)



Costume of Charles Paxton, Commissioner of Customs. Velvet coat, scarlet edge, embroidered waistcoat, tie, wig, shirt ruffled, stiff lawn. (About 1770.)



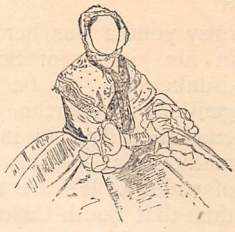
From portrait of Mrs. Simeon Stoddard. (About 1725.)



From portrait of Mrs. Anna Gee. (About 1745.)



From portrait of Mrs. Mary Sinibert. (About 1735.)



From portrait of Mrs. Thomas Boylston. (About 1765.)

COSTUMES OF WOMEN IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

from baked cakes of a paste of persimmons, from the green stalks of the Indian corn cut small and bruised, from potatoes, and from Jerusalem artichokes. These were Virginia methods. The commonest small beer of the northern colonies was made by mixing a decoction from spruce or birch or sassafras twigs with molasses and water, or, better still, by boiling the twigs in the sap of the sugar maple. Arts like this came in some form, no doubt, from England, since early Massachusetts colonists, deprived of beer, boast, in an ancient ballad:

"We can make liquor to sweeten our lips
Of pumpkins, and parsnips, and walnut-tree chips."

These mild drinks, of which there were varieties that I have not thought it worth while to name, were chiefly for women and children, whose heads could not bear much rum, and for men between times and when rum was scarce. There was no class in the colonies that could be called temperate, if judged by modern American standards; our forefathers were a most thirsty people. Even their wines were of those fiery kinds which are backed up with brandy. Drinking was universal. The birth of a child, the moving into a new house, the taking possession of a piece of land, the induction of a new minister, an election of officers, the assembling of a court, of a body of clergymen, of a Quaker yearly meeting, weddings, funerals, auctions, buyings and sellings, arrivals and departures, and even religious meetings in private houses, were occasions for drinking. In Boston, and perhaps elsewhere, the great punch-bowl came on the table first of all; the master of the house, after setting an example, sent around the table the cup that he had drunk from, that each guest might drink in turn. A "generous bottle" of fiery Madeira topped off every dinner among the gentry in New York. In Virginia a host now and then showed his hospitality by locking the door and cheerily notifying his guests that no man might depart until all were drunk.

Even after Puritan magistrates had ceased to punish the habitual drunkard by hanging a letter D about his neck, and when they no longer sent an officer to watch a stranger lest he drink too much, there was less of downright intemperance in Massachusetts than elsewhere; but there was an abundance of distressing excess even in Massachusetts. The outspoken Governor Belcher officially expressed his fear that the people of Massachusetts would "be deluged with spirituous liquors." In 1744 an effort was made to work a reform by persuading men to abstain from "unreasonable tippling in the forenoon"; and there was a similar movement in Pennsylvania. The potency and frequency of drams increased as one went southward. It was estimated early in the eighteenth century that about one building in every ten in Philadelphia was used in some way for the sale of rum. In a diary we find the young lady guests at a Virginia country house having their beds moved into the chamber of a married lady, in anticipation of the return of the young gentlemen of the house from a dinner-party, drunk. "The gentlemen arrived, and we had to scamper. Both tipsy!" writes the young lady diarist, with evident enjoyment of the adventure, though one of the

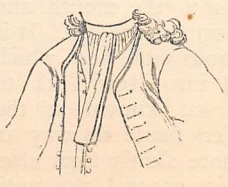


From portrait of the wife of Governor Dudley.

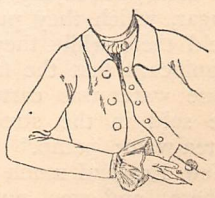


From portrait of Mrs. Nathaniel Appleton. (About 1760.)

COSTUMES OF WOMEN IN THE COLONIES.



From portrait of Major Robert Pike. (About 1690.)



From portrait of Jonathan Mason. (About 1695.)

COSTUMES OF MEN IN THE COLONIES.

tipsy youths was her brother. Dr. Ramsay, in his history of South Carolina, declares drunkenness to be endemic there. Many gentlemen of fortune in that province shortened their days by intemperance, and hence many great estates were in the control of widows. We are told by a writer of the time that South Carolina ladies rarely drank anything but water, and this certainly could not be said of any other class in the colonies.



Cuff and buttons, from velvet coat of John Adams. (About 1760.)

Trivial as it may seem, the coming in of chocolate, tea, and coffee marks a considerable advance in refinement. The tea-party was often insipid; but it was society on its good behavior, while the rival "drinking frolic" was beastliness in good clothes. Tea and coffee began to get a foothold in England at the Restoration; they first appear in the statute-book in 1660, and they were rare for years after that date. Early in the eighteenth century, tea, accompanied by porcelain from which to drink it, and sometimes lacquered tables to serve it on, began to make some figure in the houses of the colonial gentry, who readily followed an English fashion. Before 1725, tea — "green and bohea" — had not only become established in the larger towns, but had found a secure lodgment among the country gentry of Virginia and the Carolinas; in North Carolina the "better sort" early showed a preference for such "sober liquors." When "beaux" were announced in the afternoon, Virginia young ladies were accustomed to go out into the hall and pour tea for them. The Dutch of New York became very fond of the new beverage; they drank it after a fashion of their own, laying by each cup a lump of sugar, which they put into the mouth and held there while they sipped the tea. It is significant that the famous well from which pure water was carted into New York to be sold in the street was known as the "tea-water pump." Tea made its way in New England much more slowly than elsewhere, and was not in general use until about the middle of the century. There is a pretty well authenticated story of some young ladies in Connecticut who, in their eagerness to test the new drink, boiled it in a kettle and served it like broth, with the leaves for thickening. Coffee was never so generally drunk as tea in any of the colonies.

The excessive and destructive use of strong liquors attracted less attention than the rapid advance of tea-drinking, which excited many ludicrous fears in the breasts of conservative people. It was urged in the "New York Gazette" of 1730 that tea produced fatal effects on the health, and was especially injurious to the mind. The frequent loss of teeth in America was set down to the account of tea, when it had hardly been in general use for one generation. "Our people," says the colonial historian of New York in 1756, "are shamefully gone into tea-drinking," and an Annapolis broadside of 1774 calls it "that detestable weed, tea." In 1742 Benjamin Lay, the Quaker Elijah, went into the market-place in Philadelphia at noon-time, during a general meeting of the Society of Friends, and "bore a testimony" against tea-drinking by mounting a huckster's stall and breaking piece by piece with a hammer a valuable lot of china-ware that had belonged to his deceased wife. In vain the crowd sought to stay his hand by offering to buy the dainty cups and saucers; the people at last pushed the enthusiast down and carried off what was left of the china. The great popularity of tea-drinking was probably due in part to the widespread notion that it was a novel and rather dangerous dissipation. But all the effects supposed to come from tea-drinking were not bad, for the Abbé Robin, who says that the Americans took tea at least twice a day, attributes to this beverage the ability of the Revolutionary soldiers to endure the military punishment of flogging.



Knee-buttons and clasp, shoe-buckle and shoe. (John Adams.)



Quaker bonnet.



Black silk bonnet.



Musk-melon bonnet.

(FROM THE MSS. OF JOHN F. WATSON, IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.)

The fondness for tobacco was general. In Virginia pipes were eagerly lighted as soon as the minister had made an end of the services. In New York women of fashion opened their snuff-boxes at the table, and, if we may believe the satirist, tendered a pinch to the church-warden when he came around with the collection-box. The "irreverant habit" of taking snuff and chewing tobacco in meeting was frequently reprobated by the Society of Friends. But Boston was the best market for snuff. The early law-makers of Massachusetts had sought to put tobacco under ban, or at least to hamper it, after the example set in England, where tobacco was



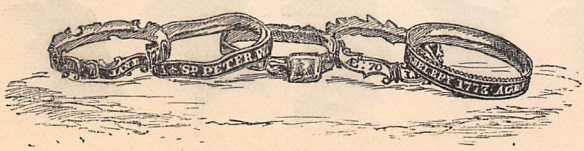
Costume of a Virginia lady. (From a colonial portrait.)

forbidden in ale-houses because it was believed to excite a thirst for strong drink. But revered preachers became fond of the pipe, and the restrictions were quite broken down by their example. Groups of New England ministers were wont to fill a room so full of smoke that it became stifling. Long before the close of the seventeenth century, ladies of social standing in New England "smoked it," as the phrase ran; and in 1708 one finds the Governor of Massachusetts showing friendly feeling by sociably smoking a pipe with the wife of Judge Sewall. The wide fire-places of the early time were convenient outlets for tobacco smoke, and Franklin suggested that where his stove was substituted a hole should be made directly into the flue, so arranged that it could be opened when a room became too full of smoke. But the New York Dutch probably excelled all the other colonists in unintermitting devotion to the pipe; a writer who knew them in the last years of the seventeenth century calls them "obstinate and incessant smokers."

IV.

DRESS.

DRESS was an affair of some solemnity with our forefathers. Clothes were a badge of rank: to dress above one's station was an affront to superiors; and disrespect to rank and dignity was a kind of minor blasphemy in the seventeenth century. In 1623 no Virginians but those who were of the governor's council were allowed to wear silk; and in 1651, thirty years after the last sumptuary law had been passed in the British Islands, the General Court of Massachusetts expressed its "utter detestation and dislike that men or women of meane condition, educations and callinges should take uppon them the garbe of gentlemen, by the wearinge of gold or silver lace, or buttons, or poynts at theire knees, to walke in greate boots, or women of the same ranke to weare silke or tiffany hoodes or scarfes." But magistrates and public officers, and their families, and persons of property of a certain amount, are by this act "left to theire discretion in wearinge of apparrill."



Mourning Rings. (Permission of Dr. G. E. Manigault, Charleston, S. C.)

Part of the New England sumptuary legislation had its origin in a puritanic aversion to display and extravagance, but in the act cited above there is evident a desire to repress unbecoming self-assertion in people of the lower orders. In like manner, the titles Mr. and Mrs. were only given to those of a certain rank; a plain man was addressed as "Goodman" So-and-so, and a woman in the same station as "Goodwife"; this last was often abbreviated to "Goody." No one might enlist in the Massachusetts Cavalry unless he were a man of a certain amount of property. Lads in college had their names arranged in the catalogue, not by scholarship or seniority, but by the relative dignity of their family connections; and a boy in Harvard was required to give the baluster side of the stairs



Costume of a burgomaster of New Amsterdam. (From a portrait in the New York Historical Society.)

to his social superior. Committees in the several New England towns gave their days and nights to marking with religious care the nicer distinctions of social importance in assigning seats in church to the villagers. In some old Virginia churches the gallery-pews were the post of honor, and were studiously monopolized by the chief families of the parish. Among Virginians the great social line between gentlemen and non-gentlemen was marked by the wig. The Rev. Devereux Jarratt was born below the periwig line, and he confesses that in boyhood he used to leave the road and skulk in the woods to avoid confronting a person with this appalling badge of gentility. When Jarratt himself was about to set up as a school-master, he bought a cast-off wig from a slave in order to appear with professional dignity in a new neighborhood.

Any attempt to describe with fullness the costume of the colonists would carry me into the complex details of the



Costume from an old portrait. (New York Historical Society.)

fluctuations of English dress in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; for the richer Americans kept up a resolute stern-chase of the English fashions of the time. To dress in the manner of "the best fashion at home" was the object of social ambition in the colonies. True, the Puritans at the outset justified their nickname of Roundhead by fighting hard, for St. Paul's sake, against long hair on the head of men. In Virginia, on the other hand, long hair was universal in the days before periwigs. Cutting the hair short was the brand of disgrace and the mark of identification affixed to a servant who ran away before his term of indenture had expired. New England Puritanism was pretty successful in its fight against long hair, but when in the reign of Charles II. the periwig reappeared, it proved too enticing for human vanity to resist. In vain did some of the ministers and magistrates of Massachusetts denounce periwigs as a thing abominable, struggling against the wicked fashion, with books and in many hand-to-hand contests by personal interviews with offenders. And in vain did Sewall, in the very last days of the seventeenth century, walk boldly into meeting with his partly bald head protected by a little black cap, for a testimony against them. The portraits of the later magnates of New England show how completely the wig triumphed over the heads of its opponents. Even the Philadelphia Friends, with their declared hatred to superfluity, yielded to the wig.

The periwig probably succumbed at length to the very completeness of its victory. Not only did men of dignity wear it, but many humbler men came to follow their example. One finds half-fed country school-masters in wigs; tradesmen proceeded also to shave off their natural hair and don the mass of thread, silk, horse-hair, or woman's hair, with which wigs of various kinds were compounded. Apprentice-lads under twenty are described in advertisements of runaways as wearing wigs; hired servants aped the quality, and transported rogues were tricked out in wigs to make them marketable.

Soon after 1750, perhaps, the decline of the wig set in; but the exuberant fancy of the age still made the heads of gentlemen to blossom. The wig-maker's tortures fell upon the natural hair: it was curled, frizzled, and powdered; it was queued or clubbed. The man of dignity, even the fashionable clergyman, sat long beneath the hands of the barber every day of his life. Side-locks and dainty little toupees were cultivated. The "maccaroni" — type and pink of the most debauched English dandyism — made his appearance in 1774 in the fashionable assemblies of Charleston, and even in Charleston there were two varieties of these creatures: the one wore the hair clubbed, the other preferred the dangling queue. The rage for growing the longest possible switch of hair infected the lower classes; sailors and boatmen wrapped in eel-skin their cherished locks, and the backcountryman in some places was accustomed to preserve his from injury by enveloping it in a piece of bear's-gut dyed red, or clubbing it in a buckskin bag.

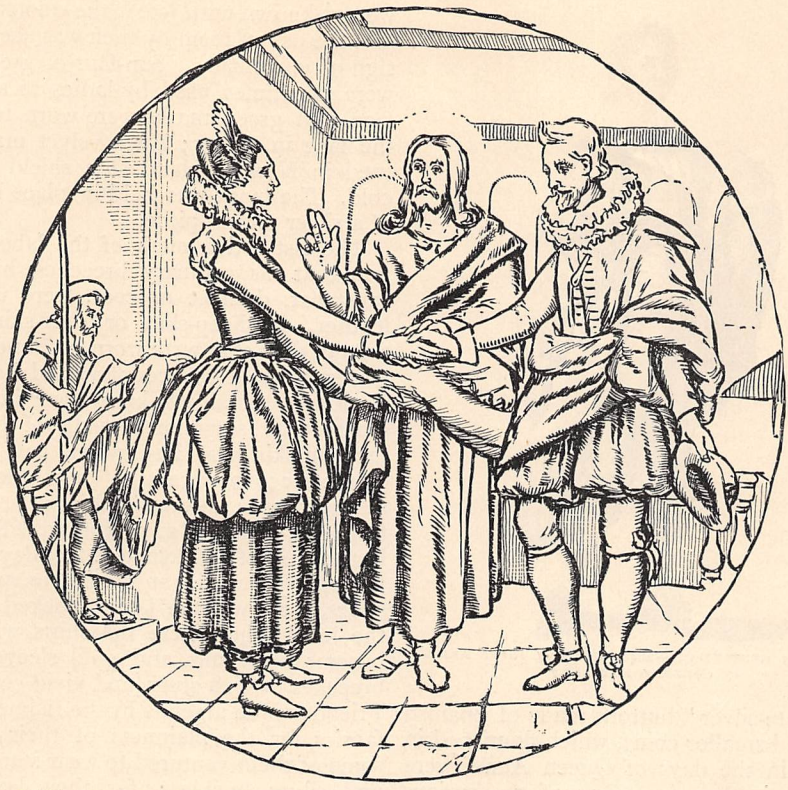


Costume of the wife of Gov. Spotswood, of Va. (About 1720.)

The dressing of women's hair kept pace with that of men. The "commode" or "tower" head-dress rose to a great height in the days of Queen Anne, and then declined to rise into a new deformity in the years just preceding the American Revolution. In 1771 a bright young girl in Boston wrote to her mother in the country a description of the construction upon her own head of one of these coiffures, composed of a roll of red cow's tail mixed

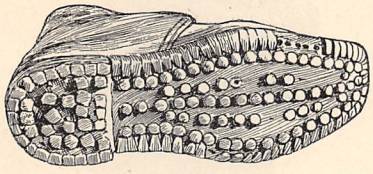


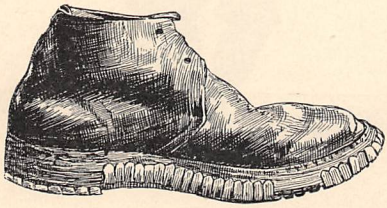
SILHOUETTES OF PHILADELPHIA COLONISTS.



DUTCH COSTUME. (FROM AN ENGRAVING ON THE TANKARD PRESENTED TO SARAH RAPELJE, THE FIRST WHITE PERSON BORN IN NEW NETHERLAND.)

with horse-hair and a little human hair of a yellow color, all carded and twisted together and built up until by actual measurement the superstructure was an inch longer than the face below it. Of a hair-dresser at work on another lady's head, she says: "I saw him twist and tug and pick and cut off whole locks of gray hair at a slice for the space of an hour and a half, when I left him, he seeming not to be near done." One may judge of the vital necessity there was for all this art from the fact that a certain lady in Annapolis about the close of the colonial period was accustomed to pay six hundred dollars a year for the dressing of her hair. On great occasions the hair-dresser's time was so fully occupied that some ladies were obliged to have their mountainous coiffures built up two days beforehand, and to sleep sitting in their chairs, or, according to a Philadelphia tradition, with their heads inclosed in a box.





SHOE OF THE KIND WORN BY THE PALATINES. (STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, ALBANY, N. Y.)

The clothes of early settlers, except of those of the highest rank, must have been simple; but increasing wealth brought increasing elaboration and display in the costumes worn in towns and among the country gentry of the tobacco and rice-growing provinces, where many planters, lawyers, and factors acquired fortune and had an abundant leisure. Indeed, the fluctuation of English fashions can be quickly traced in all the provinces. When women's dresses were worn audaciously low in the immodest days of the Stuarts, the minister of the Old South, in Boston, found it needful to denounce "naked breasts" in a sermon on the seventh commandment.



AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN — 1640. (FROM A PRINT AFTER SIR GODFREY KNELLER.)

The "plate-silver" buttons made of Spanish dollars and smaller coins, which flourished in England in the days of Queen Anne, were also worn in America. One of the curious minor traits of costume for some years before the Revolution was the wearing of paste brilliants. Gentlemen's shoe-buckles shone with this cheap luster, and women wore paste combs, paste pins, and even — though it hardly seems worth while — paste garnets.

Next to the hair-dresser's business in importance must have been that of the dealer in silver buckles for the knees and ankles, and the maker of stays. Even children were laced, and one man announces that he can make stays in which "crooked women and children will appear straight." Hoopskirts a few years before the middle of the eighteenth century attained an expansion that would be incredible if it were not avouched by all the pictures of the time.

Watches for the pocket were first made in England in 1658, and their use in the colonies was late and confined to the richer classes. Some of the colonial watches were of very large size; one reads of the theft of a large striking watch, with an inner case of brass and an outer of silver, "with round holes to let the sound out." Some of the watches in the eighteenth century had exterior cases of fish-skin, studded and hooped with silver. It was customary to attach the key and two or three seals to the watch by a leathern string.

"Umbrilloes" were made of oiled linen; they were unknown until late in the colonial period, and the use of them by men was accounted a sign of effeminacy. Sun-fans of green paper were sometimes used by ladies to shield the face, and green masks were worn to protect the face in riding; black velvet masks were used in New England as a shield from the cold. The mask was held in place by means of a silver mouth-piece.

The distinctive mark of the laboring man was that his ordinary breeches, his jacket, waistcoat, doublet or coat, were usually of leather, of sheep-skin or deer-skin. Entire suits of deer-skin were worn on Sunday in the newer parts of the country, and backwoods rustics were familiarly known as "buckskins." Coats were sometimes made of bear-skin; raccoon-skin was also worn, and the tails of the raccoon were used for mufflers. Silks, satins, velvets, silver, gold, jewels, true and false, and fabrics in gay colors were freely used in the dress of gentlemen of that day. Besides the showy buckles at the knees and in the shoes, there was the jaunty cocked hat upon the head; there were the shirts with ruffled bosoms and cuffs, and gold sleeve-buttons; breeches of rich stuffs and vivid colors. The Friends made amends by the richness of their fabrics for the plainness of their patterns; some of them ventured to wear starched cuffs and silver buckles; for their laxity these were dubbed "wet Quakers." The lower



A PURITAN GENTLEMAN OF 1650. (FROM AN OLD COPPER-PLATE.)



AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN — 1700. (FROM BARNARD'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND.")

classes must have been equally given to gay colors, unless we conclude that all renegade servants stole their masters' garments. Bondmen ran away, according to the advertisements, in blue breeches adorned with red puffs, leather breeches with red puffs, coats with blue shoulder-knots, carved silver shoe-buckles, and one with a green waistcoat buttoned with octagonal metal buttons of two sorts, and bound with green cord. One servant carries off a black silk crape jacket, lined with black silk and laced on both sides with green lace. In the "Virginia Gazette" there is advertised a joiner from Ireland who must have been clad in his master's finery, for he wears a blue broadcloth frock-coat with metal buttons,—a garment that was dear to the Southern gentleman everywhere,—and he has also a green silk waistcoat with gold buttons and vellum button-holes. In Andover, Massachusetts, a well-to-do farmer when he died left behind him, besides other garments, a red coat and breeches, a blue coat and breeches, and a dark-green coat and jacket. The Abbé Robin tells of New Jersey women with their hair fashionably dressed, driving country wagons drawn by high-mettled horses into the lines of the French army to sell provisions; and, Frenchman though he is, Robin is ever surprised at the fine dressing of ladies in the American cities.

The frontiersmen and hunters did not quite escape the prevailing fondness for the decorative and fanciful in dress. That some of them clubbed and some of them queued their hair, I have already remarked. Their "hunting-shirt," which served for vest and coat also, was of linsey-woolsey or buckskin in winter and of tow-linen in the summer. It had many fringes and a broad belt about the middle. The hunter wore either breeches of buckskin or thin trousers; over these he fastened coarse woolen leggins tied with garters or laced well up to the thigh, as a defense against mud, serpents, insects, and thorns. He wore moccasins, and covered his head with a flapped hat of a reddish hue, or a cap. The sharp tomahawk stuck in his belt served for weapon, for hatchet, for hammer, and for a whole kit of tools besides. The shot-bag and powder-horn completed his outfit; the powder-horn was his darling, and upon it he lavished all the resources of his ingenuity, carving it with whimsical devices of many sorts. And there was probably less that was in false taste in



UNIFORM OF THE 43D REGIMENT OF FOOT, RAISED IN AMERICA. (1740.)

Black hat, white binding, scarlet coat, collar, waistcoat, and breeches, light-green lapels and cuffs, white skirt facings, belts and leggins, silver buttons. (From a drawing in the British Museum.)



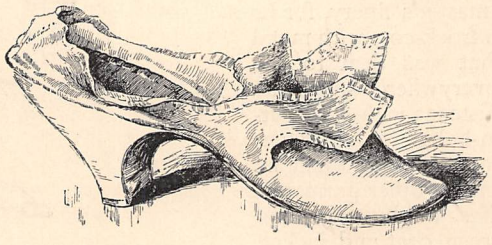
A LADY OF QUALITY — 1640. (FROM BARNARD'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND.")

the woodsman's outfit than in any costume of the period.

The ordinary dress of country people was of cloth, spun, dyed, and woven at home. The greater wheel for spinning wool, the little treadle-wheel for flax, the great hand-loom, and the unsavory dye-kettle in the chimney-corner were common articles of house-furniture. The country people were usually their own tailors, and sometimes their own shoe-makers. Rustics wore "skilts," that is, a kind of short, wide trousers, reaching to a little below the knee, and these, by extension, came in time to take the form of the modern trousers. Well-to-do countrymen, in some cases, wore trousers instead of the conventional short-clothes, and even ventured into places of public amusement thus attired; and they often went about in public without shoes or stockings. A dozen years after the close of the Revolution, one of the regulations of a dancing assembly in a Pennsylvania town read: "No gentleman to enter the ball-room without breeches, or to be allowed to dance without his coat."

But when we pass out of the region of homespun we are at once struck with a fondness for ornamentation in the people of the eighteenth century that seems to us childish. The bright-colored coats, waistcoats, and breeches, the display of gold and silver buttons and buckles, the abundant shimmering of paste jewelry, the cocking up of hat-brims, the ruffled shirt, the frizzled wigs, the "craped" and powdered hair, the public parade of costly gold snuff-boxes, some of them with "Egyptian pebble" tops, the high wooden heels of women's shoes, sometimes made conspicuous by their red color, the well-padded coat-tails of the men, the exact and puerile distinctions of rank, the pomps, ceremonies, and never-ending dress-parades, present to us a people with more external dignity than real mental seriousness. Life in the colonies was simply the life of Europe in the eighteenth century made small by reflection in a provincial mirror.

Edward Eggleston.



LADY'S SATIN SHOE. (IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

EVEN to Verena, as we know, she was confused and confusing; the girl had not yet had an opportunity to ascertain the principles on which her mother's limpness was liable suddenly to become rigid. This phenomenon occurred when the vapors of social ambition mounted to her brain, when she extended an arm, from which a crumpled dressing-gown fluttered back, to seize the passing occasion. Then she surprised her daughter by a volubility of exhortation as to the duty of making acquaintances, and by the apparent wealth of her knowledge of the mysteries of good society. She had, in particular, a way of explaining confidentially—and in her desire to be graphic she often made up the oddest faces—the interpretation that you must sometimes give to the manners of the best people, and the delicate dignity with which you should meet them, which made Verena wonder what secret sources of information she possessed. Verena took life, as yet, very simply; she was not conscious of so many differences of social complexion. She knew that some people were rich and others poor, and that her father's house had never been visited by such abundance as might make one ask one's self whether it were right, in a world so full of the disinherited, to roll in luxury. But except when her mother made her slightly dizzy by a resentment of some slight that she herself had never perceived, or a flutter over some opportunity that appeared already to have passed (while Mrs. Tarrant was looking for something to "put on" at such a crisis), Verena had no vivid sense that she was not as good as any one else, for no authority appealing really to her imagination had fixed the place of mesmeric healers in the scale of fashion. As I have said, it was impossible to know in advance how Mrs. Tarrant would take things. Sometimes she was abjectly indifferent; at others she thought that every one who looked at her wished to insult her. At moments she was full of suspicion of the ladies (they were mainly ladies) whom Selah mesmerized; then again she appeared to have given up everything but her slippers and the evening paper (from this publication she derived inscrutable solace), so that if Mrs. Foat in person had returned from the summer-land (to which she had some time since taken her flight), she would not have disturbed Mrs. Tarrant's almost cynical equanimity.

It was, however, in her social subtleties that she was most beyond her daughter; it was when she discovered extraordinary though latent longings on the part of people they met to make their acquaintance, that the girl became conscious of how much she herself had still to learn. All her desire was to learn, and it must be added that she regarded her mother, in perfect good faith, as a wonderful teacher. She was perplexed sometimes by her worldliness; that, somehow, was not a part of the higher life which every one in such a house as theirs must wish above all things to lead; and it was not involved in the reign of justice, which they were all trying to bring about, that such a strict account should be kept of every little snub. Her father seemed to Verena to move more consecutively on the high plane; though his indifference to old-fashioned standards, his perpetual invocation of the brighter day, had not yet led her to ask herself whether, after all, men are more disinterested than women. Was it interest that prompted her mother to respond so warmly to Miss Chancellor, to say to Verena, with an air of knowingness, that the thing to do was to go in and see her *immediately?* No italics can represent the earnestness of Mrs. Tarrant's emphasis. Why hadn't she said, as she had done in former cases, that if people wanted to see them they could come out to their home; that she was not so low down in the world as not to know there was such a ceremony as leaving cards? When Mrs. Tarrant began on the question of ceremonies she was apt to go far; but she had waived it in this case; it suited her more to hold that Miss Chancellor had been very gracious, that she was a most desirable friend, that she had been more affected than any one by Verena's beautiful outpouring; that she would open to her the best saloons in Boston; that when she said "Come soon" she meant the very next day, that this was the way to take it, anyhow

* Copyright, 1884, by Henry James.

(one must know when to go forward gracefully); and that in short she, Mrs. Tarrant, knew what she was talking about.

Verena accepted all this, for she was young enough to enjoy any journey in a horse-car, and she was over-curious about the world; she only wondered a little how her mother knew so much about Miss Chancellor just from looking at her once. What Verena had mainly observed in the young lady who came up to her that way the night before was that she was rather dolefully dressed, that she looked as if she had been crying (Verena recognized that look quickly, she had seen it so much), and that she was in a hurry to get away. However, if she was as remarkable as her mother said, one would very soon see it; and meanwhile there was nothing in the girl's feeling about herself, in her sense of her importance, to make it a painful effort for her to run the risk of a mistake. She had no particular feeling about herself; she only cared, as yet, for outside things. Even the development of her "gift" had not made her think herself too precious for mere experiments; she had neither a particle of diffidence nor a particle of vanity. Though it would have seemed to you eminently natural that a daughter of Selah Tarrant and his wife should be an inspirational speaker, yet, as you knew Verena better, you would have wondered immensely how she came to issue from such a pair. Her ideas of enjoyment were very simple; she enjoyed putting on her new hat, with its redundancy of feather, and twenty cents appeared to her a very large sum of money.

XI.

"I WAS certain you would come — I have felt it all day — something told me!" It was with these words that Olive Chancellor greeted her young visitor, coming to her quickly from the window, where she might have been waiting for her arrival. Some weeks after she explained to Verena how definite this prevision had been, how it had filled her all day with a nervous agitation so violent as to be painful. She told her that such forebodings were a peculiarity of her organization, that she didn't know what to make of them, that she had to accept them; and she mentioned, as another example, the sudden dread that had come to her the evening before in the carriage, after proposing to Mr. Ransom to go with her to Miss Birdseye's. This had been as strange as it had been instinctive, and the strangeness, of course, was what must have struck Mr. Ransom; for the idea that he might come had been hers, and yet she suddenly veered round. She couldn't help it; her heart had begun to throb with the conviction that if he crossed that threshold some harm would come of it for her. She hadn't prevented him, and now she didn't care, for now, as she intimated, she had the interest of Verena, and that made her indifferent to every danger, to every ordinary pleasure. By this time Verena had learned how peculiarly her friend was constituted, how nervous and serious she was, how personal, how exclusive, what a force of will she had, what a concentration of purpose. Olive had taken her up, in the literal sense of the phrase, like a bird of the air, had spread an extraordinary pair of wings, and carried her through the dizzying void of space. Verena liked it, for the most part; liked to shoot upward without an effort of her own and look down upon all creation, upon all history, from such a height. From this first interview she felt that she was seized, and she gave herself up, only shutting her eyes a little, as we do whenever a person in whom we have perfect confidence proposes, with our assent, to subject us to some sensation.

"I want to know you," Olive said, on this occasion; "I felt that I must last night, as soon as I heard you speak. You seem to me very wonderful. I don't know what to make of you. I think we ought to be friends; so I just asked you to come to me straight off, without preliminaries, and I believed you would come. It is so *right* that you have come, and it proves how right I was." These remarks fell from Miss Chancellor's lips one by one, as she caught her breath, with the tremor that was always in her voice, even when she was the least excited, while she made Verena sit down near her on the sofa, and looked at her all over, in a manner that caused the girl to rejoice at having put on the jacket with the gilt buttons. It was this glance that was the beginning; it was with this quick survey, omitting nothing, that Olive took possession of her. "You are very remarkable; I wonder if you know how remarkable!" she went on, murmuring the words as if she were losing herself, becoming inadvertent in admiration.

Verena sat there smiling, without a blush, but with a pure, bright look which, for her, would always make protests unnecessary. "Oh, it isn't me, you know; it's something outside!" She tossed this off lightly, as if she were in the habit of saying it, and Olive wondered whether it were a sincere disclaimer or only a phrase of the lips. The question was not a criticism, for she might have been satisfied that the girl was a mass of fluent catch-words and yet scarcely have liked her the less. It was just as she was that she liked

her; she was so strange, so different from the girls one usually met, seemed to belong to some queer gipsy-land or transcendental Bohemia. With her bright, vulgar clothes, her salient appearance, she might have been a rope-dancer or a fortune-teller; and this had the immense merit, for Olive, that it appeared to make her belong to the "people," threw her into the social dusk of that mysterious democracy which Miss Chancellor held that the fortunate classes know so little about, and with which (in a future possibly very near) they will have to count. Moreover, the girl had moved her as she had never been moved, and the power to do that, from whatever source it came, was a force that one must admire. Her emotion was still acute, however much she might speak to her visitor as if everything that had happened seemed to her natural; and what kept it, above all, from subsiding was her sense that she found here what she had been looking for so long — a friend of her own sex with whom she might have a union of soul. It took a double consent to make a friendship, but it was not possible that this intensely sympathetic girl would refuse. Olive had the penetration to discover in a moment that she was a creature of unlimited generosity. I know not what may have been the reality of Miss Chancellor's other premonitions, but there is no doubt that in this respect she took Verena's measure on the spot. This was what she wanted; after that the rest didn't matter; Miss Tarrant might wear gilt buttons from head to foot, her soul could not be vulgar.

"Mother told me I had better come right in," said Verena, looking now about the room, very glad to find herself in so pleasant a place, and noticing a great many things that she should like to see in detail.

"Your mother saw that I meant what I said; it isn't everybody that does one the honor to perceive that. She saw that I was shaken from head to foot. I could only say three words — I couldn't have spoken more! What a power — what a power, Miss Tarrant!"

"Yes, I suppose it is a power. If it wasn't a power, it couldn't do much with me!"

"You are so simple — so much like a child," Olive Chancellor said. That was the truth, and she wanted to say it because, quickly, without forms or circumlocutions, it made them familiar. She wished to arrive at this; her impatience was such that before the girl had been five minutes in the room she jumped to her point — inquired of her, interrupting herself, interrupting everything: "Will you be my friend, my friend of friends, beyond every one, everything, forever and forever?" Her face was full of eagerness and tenderness.

Verena gave a laugh of clear amusement, without a shade of embarrassment or confusion. "Perhaps you like me too much."

"Of course I like you too much! When I like, I like too much. But of course it's another thing, your liking me," Olive Chancellor added. "We must wait — we must wait. When I care for anything, I can be patient." She put out her hand to Verena, and the movement was at once so appealing and so confident that the girl instinctively placed her own in it. So, hand in hand, for some moments, these two young women sat looking at each other. "There's so much I want to ask you," said Olive.

"Well, I can't say much except when father has worked on me," Verena answered, with an ingenuousness beside which humility would have seemed pretentious.

"I don't care anything about your father," Olive Chancellor rejoined very gravely, with a great air of security.

"He is very good," Verena said, simply. "And he's wonderfully magnetic."

"It isn't your father, and it isn't your mother; I don't think of them, and it's not them I want. It's only you — just as you are."

Verena dropped her eyes over the front of her dress. "Just as she was" seemed to her indeed very well.

"Do you want me to give up ——" she demanded, smiling.

Olive Chancellor drew in her breath for an instant, like a creature in pain; then, with her quavering voice, touched with a vibration of anguish, she said: "Oh, how can I ask you to give up? *I* will give up — I will give up everything!"

Filled with the impression of her hostess's agreeable interior, and of what her mother had told her about Miss Chancellor's wealth, her position in Boston society, Verena, in her fresh, diverted scrutiny of the surrounding objects, wondered what could be the need of this scheme of renunciation. Oh, no, indeed, she hoped she wouldn't give up — at least not before she, Verena, had had a chance to see. She felt, however, that for the present there would be no answer for her save in the mere pressure of Miss Chancellor's eager nature, that intensity of emotion which made her suddenly exclaim, as if in a nervous ecstasy of anticipation, "But we must wait! Why do we talk of this? We must wait! All will be right," she added more calmly, with great sweetness.

Verena wondered afterward why she had not been more afraid of her — why, indeed, she had not turned and saved herself by darting out of the room. But it was not in this young woman's nature to be either timid or

cautious; she had as yet to make acquaintance with the sentiment of fear. She knew too little of the world to have learned to mistrust sudden enthusiasms, and if she had had a suspicion it would have been (in accordance with common worldly knowledge) the wrong one—the suspicion that such a whimsical liking would burn itself out. She could not have that one, for there was a light in Miss Chancellor's magnified face which seemed to say that a sentiment with her might consume its object, might consume Miss Chancellor, but would never consume itself. Verena, as yet, had no sense of being scorched; she was only agreeably warmed. She also had dreamed of a friendship, though it was not what she had dreamed of most, and it came over her that this was the one which fortune might have been keeping. She never held back.

"Do you live here all alone?" she asked of Olive.

"I shouldn't if you would come and live with me!"

Even this really passionate rejoinder failed to make Verena shrink; she thought it so possible that in the wealthy class people made each other such easy proposals. It was a part of the romance, the luxury, of wealth; it belonged to the world of invitations, in which she had had so little share. But it seemed almost a mockery when she thought of the little house in Cambridge, where the boards were loose in the steps of the porch.

"I must stay with my father and mother," she said. "And then I have my work, you know. That's the way I must live now."

"Your work?" Olive repeated, not quite understanding.

"My gift," said Verena, smiling.

"Oh, yes, you must use it. That's what I mean; you must move the world with it; it's divine."

It was so much what she meant that she had lain awake all night thinking of it, and the substance of her thought was that if she could only rescue the girl from the danger of vulgar exploitation, could only constitute herself her protectress and devotee, the two, between them, might achieve the great work. Verena's genius was a mystery, and it might remain a mystery; it was impossible to see how this charming, blooming, simple creature, all youth and grace and innocence, got her extraordinary powers of reflection. When her gift was not in exercise she appeared anything but reflective, and as she sat there now, for instance, you would never have dreamed that she had had a vivid revelation. Olive had to content herself, provisionally, with saying that her precious faculty had come to her just as her beauty and distinction (to Olive she was full of that quality) had come; it had dropped straight from heaven, without filtering through her parents, whom Miss Chancellor decidedly didn't fancy. Even among reformers she discriminated; she thought all wise people wanted great changes, but the votaries of change were not necessarily wise. She remained silent a little after her last remark, and then she repeated again, as if it were the solution of everything, as if it represented with absolute certainty some immense happiness in the future—"We must wait, we must wait!" Verena was perfectly willing to wait, though she didn't exactly know what they were to wait for, and the aspiring frankness of her assent shone out of her face, and seemed to pacify their mutual gaze. Olive asked her innumerable questions; she wanted to enter into her life. It was one of those talks which people remember afterwards, in which every word has been given and taken, and in which they see the signs of a beginning that was to be justified. The more Olive learnt of her visitor's life, the more she wanted to enter into it, the more it took her out of herself. Such strange lives are led in America, she always knew that; but this was queerer than anything she had dreamed of, and the queerest part was that the girl herself didn't appear to think it queer. She had been nursed in darkened rooms, and suckled in the midst of manifestations; she had begun to "attend lectures," as she said, when she was quite an infant, because her mother had no one to leave her with at home. She had sat on the knees of somnambulists, and had been passed from hand to hand by trance-speakers; she was familiar with every kind of "cure," and had grown up among lady editors of newspapers advocating new religions, and people who disapproved of the marriage-tie. Verena talked of the marriage-tie as she would have talked of the last novel — as if she had heard it as frequently discussed; and at certain times, listening to the answers she made to her questions, Olive Chancellor closed her eyes in the manner of a person waiting till giddiness passed. Her young friend's revelations actually gave her the vertigo; they made her perceive everything from which she should have rescued her. Verena was perfectly uncontaminated, and she would never be touched by evil; but though Olive had no views about the marriage-tie except that she should hate it for herself,—that particular reform she did not propose to consider,—she didn't like the "atmosphere" of circles in which such institutions were called into question. She had no wish now to enter into an examination of that particular one; neverthe-

less, to make sure, she would just ask Verena whether she disapproved of it.

"Well, I must say," said Miss Tarrant, "I prefer free unions."

Olive held her breath an instant; such an idea was so disagreeable to her! Then, for all answer, she murmured, irresolutely, "I wish you would let me help you!" Yet it seemed, at the same time, that Verena needed little help, for it was more and more clear that her eloquence, when she stood up that way before a roomful of people, was literally inspiration. She answered all her friend's questions with a good-nature which evidently took no pains to make things plausible, an effort to oblige, not to please; but, after all, she could give very little account of herself. This was very visible when Olive asked her where she had got her "intense realization" of the suffering of women; for her address at Miss Birdseye's showed that she, too (like Olive herself), had had that vision in the watches of the night. Verena thought a moment, as if to understand what her companion referred to, and then she inquired, always smiling, where Joan of Arc had got her idea of the suffering of France. This was so prettily said that Olive could scarcely keep from kissing her; she looked at the moment as if, like Joan, she might have had visits from the saints. Olive, of course, remembered afterwards that it had not literally answered the question; and she also reflected on something that made an answer seem more difficult — the fact that the girl had grown up among lady doctors, lady mediums, lady editors, lady preachers, lady healers, women who, having rescued themselves from a passive existence, could illustrate only partially the misery of the sex at large. It was true that they might have illustrated it by their talk, by all they had "been through" and all they could tell a younger sister; but Olive was sure that Verena's prophetic impulse had not been stirred by the chatter of women (Miss Chancellor knew that sound as well as any one); it had proceeded rather out of their silence. She said to her visitor that whether or no the angels came down to her in glittering armor, she struck her as the only person she had yet encountered who had exactly the same tenderness, the same pity, for women that she herself had. Miss Birdseye had something of it, but Miss Birdseye wanted passion, wanted keenness, was capable of the weakest concessions. Mrs. Farrinder was not weak, of course, and she brought a great intellect to the matter; but she was not personal enough — she was too abstract. Verena was not abstract; she seemed to have lived in imagination through all the ages. Verena said she *did* think she had a certain amount of imagination; she supposed she couldn't be so effective on the platform if she hadn't a rich fancy. Then Olive said to her, taking her hand again, that she wanted her to assure her of this — that it was the only thing in all the world she cared for, the redemption of women, the thing she hoped under Providence to give her life to. Verena flushed a little at this appeal, and the deeper glow of her eyes was the first sign of exaltation she had offered. "Oh, yes! I want to give my life!" she exclaimed, with a vibrating voice; and then she added, gravely, "I want to do something great!"

"You will, you will, we both will!" Olive Chancellor cried in rapture. But after a little she went on: "I wonder if you know what it means, young and lovely as you are — giving your life!"

Verena looked down for a moment in meditation. "Well," she replied, "I guess I have thought more than I appear——"

"Do you understand German? Do you know 'Faust'?" said Olive. "'*Entsagen sollst du, sollst entsagen!*'"

"I don't know German; I should like so to study it; I want to know everything."

"We will work at it together — we will study everything," Olive almost panted; and while she spoke the peaceful picture hung before her of still winter evenings under the lamp, with falling snow outside, and tea on a little table, and successful renderings, with a chosen companion, of Goethe, almost the only foreign author she cared about; for she hated the writing of the French, in spite of the importance they have given to women. Such a vision as this was the highest indulgence she could offer herself; she had it only at considerable intervals. It seemed as if Verena caught a glimpse of it too, for her face kindled still more, and she said she should like that ever so much. At the same time she asked the meaning of the German words.

"'Thou shalt renounce, refrain, abstain!' That's the way Bayard Taylor has translated them," Olive answered.

"Oh, well, I guess I can abstain!" Verena exclaimed, with a laugh. And she got up rather quickly, as if by taking leave she might give a proof of what she meant. Olive put out her hands to hold her, and at this moment one of the *portières* of the room was pushed aside, while a gentleman was ushered in by Miss Chancellor's little parlor-maid.

XII.

VERENA recognized him; she had seen him the night before at Miss Birdseye's, and she

said to her hostess, "Now I must go — you have got another caller!" It was Verena's belief that in the fashionable world (like Mrs. Farrinder, she thought Miss Chancellor belonged to it — thought that, in standing there, she herself was in it)—in the highest social walks, I say, it was the custom of a prior guest to depart when another friend arrived. She had been told at people's doors that she could not be received because the lady of the house had a visitor, and she had retired on these occasions with a feeling of awe much more than a sense of injury. They had not been the portals of fashion, but in this respect, she deemed, they had emulated such bulwarks. Olive Chancellor offered Basil Ransom a greeting which she believed to be consummately lady-like, and which the young man, narrating the scene several months later to Mrs. Luna, whose susceptibilities he did not feel himself obliged to consider (she considered his so little), described by saying that she glared at him. Olive had thought it very possible he would come that day if he was to leave Boston; though she was perfectly mindful that she had given him no encouragement at the moment they separated. If he should not come she should be annoyed, and if he should come she should be furious; she was also sufficiently mindful of that. But she had a foreboding that, of the two grievances, fortune would confer upon her only the less; the only one she had as yet was that he had responded to her letter — a complaint rather wanting in richness. If he came, at any rate, he would be likely to come shortly before dinner, at the same hour as yesterday. He had now anticipated this period considerably, and it seemed to Miss Chancellor that he had taken a base advantage of her, stolen a march upon her privacy. She was startled, disconcerted, but, as I have said, she was rigorously lady-like. She was determined not again to be fantastic, as she had been about his coming to Miss Birdseye's. The strange dread associating itself with that was something which, she devoutly trusted, she had felt once for all. She didn't know what he could do to her. He hadn't prevented, on the spot though he was, one of the happiest things that had befallen her for so long — this quick, confident visit of Verena Tarrant. It was only just at the last that he had come in, and Verena must go now; Olive's detaining hand immediately relaxed itself.

It is to be feared there was no disguise of Ransom's satisfaction at finding himself once more face to face with the charming creature with whom he had exchanged that final speechless smile the evening before. He was more glad to see her than if she had been an old friend, for it seemed to him that she had suddenly become a new one. "The delightful girl," he said to himself; "she smiles at me as if she liked me!" He could not know that this was fatuous, that she smiled so at every one; the first time she saw people she treated them as if she recognized them. Moreover, she didn't seat herself again in his honor; she let it be seen that she was still going. The three stood there together in the middle of the long, characteristic room, and, for the first time in her life, Olive Chancellor chose not to introduce two persons who met under her roof. She hated Europe, but she could be European if it were necessary. Neither of her companions had an idea that in leaving them simply planted face to face (the terror of the American heart) she had so high a warrant; and presently Basil Ransom felt that he didn't care whether he were introduced or not, for the greatness of an evil didn't matter if the remedy were equally great.

"Miss Tarrant won't be surprised if I recognize her — if I take the liberty to speak to her. She is a public character; she must pay the penalty of her distinction." These words he boldly addressed to the girl, with his most gallant Southern manner, saying to himself meanwhile that she was prettier still by daylight.

"Oh, a great many gentlemen have spoken to me," Verena said. "There were quite a number at Topeka —" And her phrase lost itself in her look at Olive, as if she were wondering what was the matter with her.

"Now, I am afraid you are going the very moment I appear," Ransom went on. "Do you know that's very cruel to me? I know what your ideas are — you expressed them last night in such beautiful language; of course you convinced me. I am ashamed of being a man; but I am, and I can't help it, and I'll do penance any way you may prescribe. *Must* she go, Miss Olive?" he asked of his cousin. "Do you flee before the individual male?" And he turned again to Verena.

This young lady gave a laugh that resembled speech in liquid fusion. "Oh, no; I like the individual!"

As an incarnation of a "movement," Ransom thought her more and more singular, and he wondered how she came to be closeted so soon with his kinswoman, to whom, only a few hours before, she had been a complete stranger. These, however, were doubtless the normal proceedings of women. He begged her to sit down again; he was sure Miss Chancellor would be sorry to part with her. Verena, looking at her friend, not for permission, but for sympathy, dropped again into a

chair, and Ransom waited to see Miss Chancellor do the same. She gratified him after a moment, because she couldn't refuse without appearing to put a hurt upon Verena; but it went hard with her, and she was altogether discomposed. She had never seen any one so free in her own drawing-room as this loud Southerner, to whom she had so rashly offered a footing; he extended invitations to her guests under her nose. That Verena should do as he asked her was a signal sign of the absence of that "home-culture" (it was so that Miss Chancellor expressed the missing quality) which she never supposed the girl possessed — fortunately, as it would be supplied to her in abundance in Charles street. (Olive, of course, held that home-culture was perfectly compatible with the widest emancipation.) It was with a perfectly good conscience that Verena complied with Basil Ransom's request; but it took her quick sensibility only a moment to discover that her friend was not pleased. She scarcely knew what had ruffled her, but at the same moment there passed before her the vision of the anxieties (of this sudden, unexplained sort, for instance, and much worse) which intimate relations with Miss Chancellor might entail.

"Now, I want you to tell me this," Basil Ransom said, leaning forward toward Verena, with his hands on his knees, and completely oblivious of his hostess. "Do you really believe all that pretty moonshine you talked last night? I could have listened to you for another hour; but I never heard such monstrous sentiments. I must protest — I must, as a calumniated, misrepresented man. Confess you meant it as a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* — a satire on Mrs. Farrinder?" He spoke in a tone of the freest pleasantry, with his familiar, friendly Southern cadence.

Verena looked at him with eyes that grew large. "Why, you don't mean to say you don't believe in our cause!"

"Oh, it won't do — it won't do!" Ransom went on, laughing. "You are on the wrong tack altogether. Do you really take the ground that your sex has been without influence? Influence? Why, you've led us all by the nose to where we are now! Wherever we are, it's all you. You are at the bottom of everything."

"Oh, yes, and we want to be at the top," said Verena.

"Ah, but the bottom is a better place, depend on it, when from there you move the whole mass! Besides, you are on the top as well; you are everywhere, you are everything. I am of the opinion of that historical character — wasn't he some king? — who thought there was a lady behind everything. Whatever it was, he held, you have only to look for her; she is the explanation. Well, I always look for her, and I always find her; of course, I am always delighted to do so; but it proves she is the universal cause. Now, you don't mean to deny that power, the power of setting men in motion. You are at the bottom of all the wars."

"Well, I am like Mrs. Farrinder; I like opposition!" Verena exclaimed, with a happy smile.

"That proves, as I say, how in spite of your expressions of horror you delight in the shock of battle. What do you say to Helen of Troy and the fearful carnage she excited? It is well known that the Empress of France was at the bottom of the last war in that country. And as for our four fearful years of slaughter, of course you won't deny that there the ladies were the great motive power. The Abolitionists brought it on, and were not the Abolitionists principally females? Who was that celebrity that was mentioned last night? — Eliza P. Moseley. I regard Eliza as the cause of the biggest war of which history preserves the record."

Basil Ransom enjoyed his humor the more because Verena appeared to enjoy it; and the look with which she replied to him, at the end of this little tirade, "Why, sir, you ought to take the platform too; we might go round together as poison and antidote!" — this made him feel that he had convinced her, for the moment, quite as much as it was important he should. In Verena's face, however, it lasted but an instant — an instant after she had glanced at Olive Chancellor, who, with her eyes fixed intently on the ground (a look she was to learn to know so well), had a strange expression. The girl slowly got up; she felt that she must go. She guessed Miss Chancellor didn't like this handsome joker (it was so that Basil Ransom struck her); and it was impressed upon her ("in time," as she thought) that her new friend would be more serious even than she about the woman-question, serious as she had hitherto believed herself to be.

"I should like so much to have the pleasure of seeing you again," Ransom continued. "I think I should be able to interpret history for you by a new light."

"Well, I should be very happy to see you in my home." These words had barely fallen from Verena's lips (her mother told her they were, in general, the proper thing to say when people expressed such a desire as that; she must not let it be assumed that she would come first to them) — she had hardly, I repeat, uttered this hospitable speech, when she felt the hand of her hostess upon her arm and

became aware that a passionate appeal sat in Olive's eyes.

"You will just catch the Charles street car," that young woman murmured, with muffled sweetness.

Verena didn't understand further than to see that she ought already to have departed; and the simplest response was to kiss Miss Chancellor, an act which she briefly performed. Basil Ransom understood still less, and it was a melancholy commentary on his contention that men are not inferior, that this meeting could not come, however rapidly, to a close without his plunging into a blunder which necessarily aggravated those he had already made. He had been invited by the little prophetess, and yet he had not been invited; but he didn't take that up, because he must absolutely leave Boston on the morrow, and, besides, Miss Chancellor appeared to have something to say to it. But he put out his hand to Verena and said, "Good-bye, Miss Tarrant; are we not to have the pleasure of hearing you in New York? I am afraid we are sadly sunk."

"Certainly, I should like to raise my voice in the biggest city," the girl replied.

"Well, try to come on. I won't refute you. It would be a very stupid world, after all, if we always knew what women were going to say."

Verena was conscious of the approach of the Charles street car, as well as of the fact that Miss Chancellor was in pain; but she lingered long enough to remark that she could see he had the old-fashioned ideas — he regarded woman as the toy of man.

"Don't say the toy — say the joy!" Ransom exclaimed. "There's one statement I'll venture to advance: I am quite as fond of you as you are of each other!"

"Much he knows about that!" said Verena, with a sidelong smile at Olive Chancellor.

For Olive, it made her more beautiful than ever; still there was no trace of this mere personal elation in the splendid sententiousness with which, turning to Mr. Ransom, she remarked: "What women may be, or may not be, to each other, I won't attempt just now to say; but what *the truth* may be to a human soul, I think perhaps even a woman may faintly suspect!"

"The truth? My dear cousin, your truth is a most vain thing!"

"Gracious me!" cried Verena Tarrant; and the gay vibration of her voice as she uttered this simple ejaculation was the last that Ransom heard of her. Miss Chancellor swept her out of the room, leaving the young man to extract a relish from the ineffable irony with which she uttered the words "even a woman." It was to be supposed, on general grounds, that she would reappear, but there was nothing in the glance she gave him, as she turned her back, that was an earnest of this. He stood there a moment, wondering; then his wonder spent itself on the page of a book which, according to his habit at such times, he had mechanically taken up, and in which he speedily became interested. He read it for five minutes in an uncomfortable-looking attitude, and quite forgot that he had been forsaken. He was recalled to this fact by the entrance of Mrs. Luna, arrayed as if for the street, and putting on her gloves again — she seemed always to be putting on her gloves. She wanted to know what in the world he was doing there alone — whether her sister had not been notified.

"Oh, yes," said Ransom, "she has just been with me, but she has gone downstairs with Miss Tarrant."

"And who in the world is Miss Tarrant?"

Ransom was surprised that Mrs. Luna shouldn't know of the intimacy of the two young ladies, in spite of the brevity of their acquaintance, being already so great. But, apparently, Miss Olive had not mentioned her new friend. "Well, she is an inspirational speaker — the most charming creature in the world!"

Mrs. Luna paused in her manipulations, gave an amazed, amused stare, then caused the room to ring with her laughter. "You don't mean to say you are converted — already?"

"Converted to Miss Tarrant, decidedly."

"You are not to belong to any Miss Tarrant; you are to belong to me," Mrs. Luna said, having thought over her Southern kinsman during the twenty-four hours, and made up her mind that he would be a good man for a lone woman to know. Then she added: "Did you come here to meet her — the inspirational speaker?"

"No; I came to bid your sister good-bye."

"Are you really going? I haven't made you promise half the things I want yet. But we'll settle that in New York. How do you get on with Olive Chancellor?" Mrs. Luna continued, making her points, as she always did, with eagerness, though her roundness and her dimples had hitherto prevented her from being accused of that vice. It was her practice to speak of her sister by her whole name, and you would have supposed, from her usual manner of alluding to her, that Olive was much the older, instead of having been born ten years later than Adeline. She had as many ways as possible of marking the gulf that divided them. But she bridged

it over lightly now by saying to Basil Ransom: "Isn't she a dear old thing?"

This bridge, he saw, would not bear his weight and her question seemed to him to have more audacity than sense. Why should she be so insincere? She might know that a man couldn't recognize Miss Chancellor in such a description as that. She was not old—she was sharply young; and it was inconceivable to him, though he had just seen the little prophetess kiss her, that she should ever become any one's "dear." Least of all was she a "thing"; she was intensely, fearfully a person. He hesitated a moment, and then he replied: "She's a very remarkable woman."

"Take care—don't be reckless!" cried Mrs. Luna. "Do you think she is very dreadful?"

"Don't say anything against my cousin," Basil answered; and at that moment Miss Chancellor reëntered the room. She murmured some request that he would excuse her absence, but her sister interrupted her with an inquiry about Miss Tarrant.

"Mr. Ransom thinks she is wonderfully charming. Why didn't you show her to me? Do you want to keep her all to yourself?"

Olive rested her eyes for some moments upon Mrs. Luna, without speaking. Then she said: "Your veil is not put on straight, Adeline."

"I look like a monster—that, evidently, is what you mean!" Adeline exclaimed, going to the mirror to rearrange the peccant tissue.

Miss Chancellor did not again ask Ransom to be seated; she appeared to take it for granted that he would leave her now. But instead of this he returned to the subject of Verena; he asked her whether she supposed the girl would come out in public—would go about like Mrs. Farrinder?

"Come out in public!" Olive repeated; "in public? Why, you don't imagine that pure voice is to be hushed?"

"Oh, hushed, no! it's too sweet for that. But not raised to a scream; not forced and cracked and ruined. She oughtn't to become like the others. She ought to remain apart."

"Apart—*apart?*" said Miss Chancellor; "when we shall all be looking to her, gathering about her, praying for her!" There was an exceeding scorn in her voice. "If *I* can help her, she shall be an immense power for good."

"An immense power for quackery, my dear Miss Olive!" This broke from Basil Ransom's lips in spite of a vow he had just taken not to say anything that should "aggravate" his hostess, who was in a state of tension it was not difficult to detect. But he had lowered his tone to friendly pleading, and the offensive word was mitigated by his smile.

She moved away from him, backwards, as if he had given her a push. "Ah, well, now you are reckless," Mrs. Luna remarked, drawing out her ribbons before the mirror.

"I don't think you would interfere if you knew how little you understand us," Miss Chancellor said to Ransom.

"Whom do you mean by 'us'—your whole delightful sex? I don't understand *you*, Miss Olive."

"Come away with me, and I'll explain her as we go," Mrs. Luna went on, having finished her toilet.

Ransom offered his hand in farewell to his hostess; but Olive found it impossible to do anything but ignore the gesture. She couldn't have let him touch her. "Well, then, if you must exhibit her to the multitude, bring her on to New York," he said, with the same attempt at a light treatment.

"You'll have *me* in New York—you don't want any one else!" Mrs. Luna ejaculated, coquettishly. "I have made up my mind to winter there now."

Olive Chancellor looked from one to the other of her two relatives, one near and the other distant, but each so little in sympathy with her, and it came over her that there might be a kind of protection for her in binding them together, entangling them with each other. She had never had an idea of that kind in her life before, and that this sudden subtlety should have gleamed upon her as a momentary talisman gives the measure of her present nervousness.

"If I could take her to New York, I would take her farther," she remarked, hoping she was enigmatical.

"You talk about 'taking' her, as if you were a lecture-agent. Are you going into that business?" Mrs. Luna asked.

Ransom could not help noticing that Miss Chancellor would not shake hands with him, and he felt, on the whole, rather injured. He paused a moment before leaving the room—standing there with his hand on the knob of the door. "Look here, Miss Olive, what did you write to me to come and see you for?" He made this inquiry with a countenance not destitute of gayety, but his eyes showed something of that yellow light—just momentarily lurid—of which mention has been made. Mrs. Luna was on her way downstairs, and her companions remained face to face.

"Ask my sister—I think she will tell you," said Olive, turning away from him and going to the window. She remained there, looking out; she heard the door of the house close, and saw the two cross the street together. As

they passed out of sight her fingers played, softly, a little air upon the pane; it seemed to her that she had had an inspiration.

Basil Ransom, meanwhile, put the question to Mrs. Luna. "If she wasn't going to like me, why in the world did she write to me?"

"Because she wanted you to know me — she thought *I* would like you!" And apparently she had not been wrong; for Mrs. Luna, when they reached Beacon street, would not hear of his leaving her to go her way alone, would not in the least admit his plea that he had only an hour or two more in Boston (he was to travel, economically, by the boat) and must devote the time to his business. She appealed to his Southern chivalry, and not in vain; practically, at least, he admitted the rights of women.

XIII.

MRS. TARRANT was delighted, as may be imagined, with her daughter's account of Miss Chancellor's interior, and the reception the girl had found there; and Verena, for the next month, took her way very often to Charles street. "Just you be as nice to her as you know how," Mrs. Tarrant had said to her; and she reflected with some complacency that her daughter did know — she knew how to do everything of that sort. It was not that Verena had been taught; that branch of the education of young ladies which is known as "manners and deportment" had not figured, as a definite head, in Miss Tarrant's curriculum. She had been told, indeed, that she must not lie nor steal; but she had been told very little else about behavior; her only great advantage, in short, had been the parental example. But her mother liked to think that she was quick and graceful, and she questioned her exhaustively as to the progress of this interesting episode; she didn't see why, as she said, it shouldn't be a permanent "stand-by" for Verena. In Mrs. Tarrant's meditations upon the girl's future she had never thought of a fine marriage as a reward of effort; she would have deemed herself very immoral if she had endeavored to capture for her child a rich husband. She had not, in fact, a very vivid sense of the existence of such agents of fate; all the rich men she had seen already had wives, and the unmarried men, who were generally very young, were distinguished from each other not so much by the figure of their income, which came little into question, as by the degree of their interest in regenerating ideas. She supposed Verena would marry some one, some day, and she hoped the personage would be connected with public life — which meant, for Mrs. Tarrant, that his name would be visible, in the lamplight, on a colored poster, in the doorway of Tremont Temple. But she was not eager about this vision, for the implications of matrimony were for the most part wanting in brightness,—consisted of a tired woman holding a baby over a furnace-register that emitted lukewarm air. A real lovely friendship with a young woman who had, as Mrs. Tarrant expressed it, "prop'ty," would occupy agreeably such an interval as might occur before Verena should meet her sterner fate; it would be a great thing for her to have a place to run into when she wanted a change, and there was no knowing but what it might end in her having two homes. For the idea of the home, like most American women of her quality, Mrs. Tarrant had an extreme reverence; and it was her candid faith that in all the vicissitudes of the past twenty years she had preserved the spirit of this institution. If it should exist in duplicate for Verena, the girl would be favored indeed.

All this was as nothing, however, compared with the fact that Miss Chancellor seemed to think her young friend's gift *was* inspirational, or at any rate, as Selah had so often said, quite unique. She couldn't make out very exactly, by Verena, what she thought; but if the way Miss Chancellor had taken hold of her didn't show that she believed she could rouse the people, Mrs. Tarrant didn't know what it showed. It was a satisfaction to her that Verena evidently responded freely; she didn't think anything of what she spent in car-tickets, and indeed she had told her that Miss Chancellor wanted to stuff her pockets with them. At first she went in because her mother liked to have her; but now, evidently, she went because she was so much drawn. She expressed the highest admiration of her new friend; she said it took her a little while to see into her, but now that she did, well, she was perfectly splendid. When Verena wanted to admire she went ahead of every one, and it was delightful to see how she was stimulated by the young lady in Charles street. They thought everything of each other — that was very plain; you could scarcely tell which thought most. Each thought the other so noble, and Mrs. Tarrant had a faith that between them they *would* rouse the people. What Verena wanted was some one who would know how to handle her (her father hadn't handled anything except the healing, up to this time, with real success), and perhaps Miss Chancellor would take hold better than some that made more of a profession.

"It's beautiful, the way she draws you out," Verena had said to her mother; "there's something so searching that the first time I

visited her it quite realized my idea of the Day of Judgment. But she seems to show all that's in herself at the same time, and then you see how lovely it is. She's just as pure as she can live; you see if she is not, when you know her. She's so noble herself that she makes you feel as if you wouldn't want to be less so. She doesn't care for anything but the elevation of our sex; if she can work a little toward that, it's all she asks. I can tell you, she kindles me; she does, mother, really. She doesn't care a speck what she wears — only to have an elegant parlor. Well, she *has* got that; it's a regular dream-like place to sit. She's going to have a tree in, next week; she says she wants to see me sitting under a tree. I believe it's some oriental idea; it has lately been introduced in Paris. She doesn't like French ideas as a general thing; but she says this has more nature than most. She has got so many of her own that I shouldn't think she would require to borrow any. I'd sit in a forest to hear her bring some of them out," Verena went on, with characteristic raciness. "She just quivers when she describes what our sex has been through. It's so interesting to me to hear what I have always felt. If she wasn't afraid of facing the public, she would go far ahead of me. But she doesn't want to speak herself; she only wants to call me out. Mother, if she doesn't attract attention to me there isn't any attention to be attracted. She says I have got the gift of expression — it doesn't matter where it comes from. She says it's a great advantage to a movement to be personified in a bright young figure. Well, of course I'm young, and I feel bright enough when once I get started. She says my serenity while exposed to the gaze of hundreds is in itself a qualification; in fact, she seems to think my serenity is quite God-given. She hasn't got much of it herself; she's the most emotional woman I have met, up to now. She wants to know how I can speak the way I do unless I *feel;* and of course I tell her I do feel, so far as I realize. She seems to be realizing all the time; I never saw any one that took so little rest. She says I ought to do something great, and she makes me feel as if I should. She says I ought to have a wide influence, if I can obtain the ear of the public; and I say to her that if I do it will be all *her* influence."

Selah Tarrant looked at all this from a higher stand-point than his wife; at least such an altitude on his part was to be inferred from his increased solemnity. He committed himself to no precipitate elation at the idea of his daughter's being taken up by a patroness of movements who happened to have money; he looked at his child only from the point of view of the service she might render to humanity. To keep her ideal pointing in the right direction, to guide and animate her moral life — this was a duty more imperative for a parent so closely identified with revelations and panaceas than seeing that she formed profitable worldly connections. He was "off," moreover, so much of the time that he could keep little account of her comings and goings, and he had an air of being but vaguely aware of whom Miss Chancellor, the object now of his wife's perpetual reference, might be. Verena's initial appearance in Boston, as he called her performance at Miss Birdseye's, had been a great success; and this reflection added, as I say, to his habitually sacerdotal expression. He looked like the priest of a religion that was passing through the stage of miracles; he carried his responsibility in the general elongation of his person, of his gestures (his hands were now always in the air, as if he were being photographed in postures), of his words and sentences, as well as in his smile, as noiseless as a patent door, and in the folds of his eternal water-proof. He was incapable of giving an off-hand answer or opinion on the simplest occasion, and his tone of high deliberation increased in proportion as the subject was trivial or domestic. If his wife asked him at dinner if the potatoes were good, he replied that they were strikingly fine (he used to speak of the newspaper as "fine"—he applied this term to objects the most dissimilar), and embarked on a parallel worthy of Plutarch, in which he compared them with other specimens of the same vegetable. He produced, or would have liked to produce, the impression of looking above and beyond everything, of not caring for the immediate, of reckoning only with the long run. In reality he had one all-absorbing solicitude — the desire to get paragraphs put into the newspapers, paragraphs of which he had hitherto been the subject, but of which he was now to divide the glory with his daughter. The newspapers were his world, the richest expression, in his eyes, of human life; and, for him, if a diviner day was to come upon earth, it would be brought about by copious advertisement in the daily prints. He looked with longing for the moment when Verena should be advertised among the "personal items," and to his mind the supremely happy people were those (and there were a good many of them) of whom there was some journalistic mention every day in the year. Nothing less than this would really have satisfied Selah Tarrant; his ideal of bliss was to be as regularly and indispensably a component part of the newspaper as the title and date or the

column of Western jokes. The vision of that publicity haunted his dreams, and he would gladly have sacrificed to it the innermost sanctities of home. Human existence to him, indeed, was a huge publicity, in which the only fault was that it was sometimes not sufficiently effective. There had been a Spiritualist paper of old which he used to pervade; but he couldn't persuade himself that through this medium his personality had attracted general attention; and, moreover, the sheet, as he said, was played out anyway. Success was not success so long as his daughter's *physique*, the rumor of her engagement, were not included in the "Jottings," with the certainty of being extensively copied.

The account of her exploits in the West had not made their way to the seaboard with the promptitude that he had looked for; the reason of this being, he supposed, that the few addresses she had made had not been lectures, announced in advance, to which tickets had been sold, but incidents, of abrupt occurrence, of certain multitudinous meetings, where there had been other performers better known to fame. They had brought in no money; they had been delivered only for the good of the cause. If it could only be known that she spoke for nothing, that might deepen the reverberation; the only trouble was that her speaking for nothing was not the way to remind him that he had a remunerative daughter. It was not the way to stand out so very much either, Selah Tarrant felt; for there were plenty of others that knew how to make as little money as she would. To speak — that was the one thing that most people were willing to do for nothing. It was not a line in which it was easy to appear conspicuously disinterested. Disinterestedness, too, was incompatible with receipts; and receipts were what Selah Tarrant was, in his own parlance, after. He wished to bring about the day when they would flow in freely; the reader perhaps sees the gesture with which, in his colloquies with himself, he accompanied this mental image.

It seemed to him at present that the fruitful time was not far off; it had been brought appreciably nearer by that fortunate evening at Miss Birdseye's. If Mrs. Farrinder could be induced to write an "open letter" about Verena, that would do more than anything else. Selah was not remarkable for delicacy of perception, but he knew the world he lived in well enough to be aware that Mrs. Farrinder was liable to rear up, as they used to say down in Pennsylvania, where he lived before he began to peddle lead-pencils. She wouldn't always take things as you might expect, and if it didn't meet her views to pay a public tribute to Verena, there wasn't any way known to Tarrant's ingenious mind of getting round her. If it was a question of a favor from Mrs. Farrinder, you just had to wait for it, as you would for a rise in the thermometer. He had told Miss Birdseye what he would like, and she seemed to think, from the way their celebrated friend had been affected, that the idea might take her some day of just letting the public know all she had felt. She was off somewhere now (since that evening), but Miss Birdseye had an idea that when she was back in Roxbury she would send for Verena and give her a few points. Meanwhile, at any rate, Selah was sure he had a card; he felt there was money in the air. It might already be said there were receipts from Charles street; that rich, peculiar young woman seemed to want to lavish herself. He pretended, as I have intimated, not to notice this; but he never saw so much as when he had his eyes fixed on the cornice. He had no doubt that if he should make up his mind to take a hall some night, she would tell him where the bill might be sent. That was what he was thinking of now, whether he had better take a hall right away, so that Verena might leap at a bound into renown, or wait till she had made a few more appearances in private, so that curiosity might be worked up.

These meditations accompanied him in his multifarious wanderings through the city and the suburbs of the New England capital. As I have also mentioned, he was absent for hours — long periods during which Mrs. Tarrant, sustaining nature with a hard-boiled egg and a doughnut, wondered how in the world he stayed his stomach. He never wanted anything but a piece of pie when he came in; the only thing about which he was particular was that it should be served up hot. She had a private conviction that he partook, at the houses of his lady patients, of little lunches; she applied this term to any episodical repast, at any hour of the twenty-four. It is but fair to add that once, when she betrayed her suspicion, Selah remarked that the only refreshment *he* ever wanted was the sense that he was doing some good. This effort with him had many forms; it involved, among other things, a perpetual perambulation of the streets, a haunting of horse-cars, railway stations, shops that were "selling off." But the places that knew him best were the offices of the newspapers and the vestibules of the hotels — the big marble-paved chambers of informal reunion which offer to the streets, through high glass plates, the sight of the American citizen suspended by his heels. Here, amid the piled-up luggage, the conven-

ient spittoons, the elbowing loungers, the disconsolate "guests," the truculent Irish porters, the rows of shaggy-backed men in strange hats, writing letters at a table inlaid with advertisements, Selah Tarrant made innumerable contemplative stations. He couldn't have told you, at any particular moment, what he was doing; he only had a general sense that such places were national nerve-centers, and that the more one looked in, the more one was "on the spot." The *penetralia* of the daily press were, however, still more fascinating, and the fact that they were less accessible, that here he found barriers in his path, only added to the zest of forcing an entrance. He abounded in pretexts; he even sometimes brought contributions; he was persistent and penetrating, he was known as the irrepressible Tarrant. He hung about, sat too long, took up the time of busy people, edged into the printing-rooms when he had been eliminated from the office, talked with the compositors till they set up his remarks by mistake, and to the newsboys when the compositors had turned their backs. He was always trying to find out what was "going in"; he would have liked to go in himself, bodily, and, failing in this, he hoped to get advertisements inserted gratis. The wish of his soul was that he might be interviewed; that made him hover at the editorial elbow. Once he thought he had been, and the headings, five or six deep, danced for days before his eyes; but the report never appeared. He expected his revenge for this the day after Verena should have burst forth; he saw the attitude in which he should receive the emissaries who would come after his daughter.

XIV.

"We ought to ask some one to meet her," Mrs. Tarrant said; "I presume she wouldn't care to come out just to see us." "She," between the mother and the daughter, at this period, could refer only to Olive Chancellor, who was discussed in the little house at Cambridge at all hours and from every possible point of view. It was never Verena now who began, for she had grown rather weary of the topic; she had her own ways of thinking of it, which were not her mother's, and if she lent herself to this lady's extensive considerations, it was because that was the best way of keeping her thoughts to herself.

Mrs. Tarrant had an idea that she (Mrs. Tarrant) liked to study people, and that she was now engaged in an analysis of Miss Chancellor. It carried her far, and she came out at unexpected times with her results. It was still her purpose to interpret the world to the ingenuous mind of her daughter, and she translated Miss Chancellor with a confidence which made little account of the fact that she had seen her but once, while Verena had this advantage nearly every day. Verena felt that by this time she knew Olive very well, and her mother's most complicated versions of motive and temperament (Mrs. Tarrant, with the most imperfect idea of the meaning of the term, was always talking about people's temperament) rendered small justice to the phenomena it was now her privilege to observe in Charles street. Olive was much more remarkable than Mrs. Tarrant suspected, remarkable as Mrs. Tarrant believed her to be. She had opened Verena's eyes to extraordinary pictures, made the girl believe that she had a heavenly mission, given her, as we have seen, quite a new measure of the interest of life. These were larger consequences than the possibility of meeting the leaders of society at Olive's house. She had met no one, as yet, but Mrs. Luna; her new friend seemed to wish to keep her quite for herself. This was the only reproach that Mrs. Tarrant directed to the new friend as yet; she was disappointed that Verena had not obtained more insight into the world of fashion. It was one of the prime articles of her faith that the world of fashion was wicked and hollow, and, moreover, Verena told her that Miss Chancellor loathed and despised it. She couldn't have informed you wherein it would profit her daughter (for the way those ladies shrank from any new gospel was notorious); nevertheless she was vexed that Verena shouldn't come back to her with a little more of the fragrance of Beacon street. The girl herself would have been the most interested person in the world if she had not been the most resigned; she took all that was given her and was grateful, and missed nothing that was withheld; she was the most extraordinary mixture of eagerness and docility. Mrs. Tarrant theorized about temperaments and she loved her daughter; but she was only vaguely aware of the fact that she had at her side the sweetest flower of character (as one might say) that had ever bloomed on earth. She was proud of Verena's brightness, and of her special talent; but the commonness of her own surface was a non-conductor of the girl's quality. Therefore she thought that it would add to her success in life to know a few high-flyers, if only to put them to shame; as if anything could add to Verena's success, as if it were not supreme success simply to have been made as she was made.

Mrs. Tarrant had gone into town to call upon Miss Chancellor; she carried out this

resolve, on which she had bestowed infinite consideration, independently of Verena. She had decided that she had a pretext; her dignity required one, for she felt that at present the antique pride of the Greenstreets was terribly at the mercy of her curiosity. She wished to see Miss Chancellor again, and to see her among her charming appurtenances, which Verena had described to her with great minuteness. The pretext that she would have valued most was wanting — that of Olive's having come out to Cambridge to pay the visit that had been solicited from the first; so she had to take the next best — she had to say to herself that it was her duty to see what she should think of a place where her daughter spent so much time. To Miss Chancellor she would appear to have come to thank her for her hospitality; she knew, in advance, just the air she should take (or she fancied she knew it — Mrs. Tarrant's airs were not always what she supposed), just the *nuance* (she had also an impression she knew a little French) of her tone. Olive, after the lapse of weeks, still showed no symptoms of presenting herself, and Mrs. Tarrant rebuked Verena with some sternness for not having made her feel that this attention was due to the mother of her friend. Verena could scarcely say to her she guessed Miss Chancellor didn't think much of that personage, true as it was that the girl had discerned this angular fact, which she attributed to Olive's extraordinary comprehensiveness of view. Verena herself did not suppose that her mother occupied a very important place in the universe; and Miss Chancellor never looked at anything smaller than that. Nor was she free to report (she was certainly now less frank at home, and, moreover, the suspicion was only just becoming distinct to her) that Olive would like to detach her from her parents altogether, and was therefore not interested in appearing to cultivate relations with them. Mrs. Tarrant, I may mention, had a further motive: she was consumed with the desire to behold Mrs. Luna. This circumstance may operate as a proof that the aridity of her life was great, and if it should have that effect I shall not be able to gainsay it. She had seen all the people who went to lectures, but there were hours when she desired, for a change, to see some who didn't go; and Mrs. Luna, from Verena's description of her, summed up the characteristics of this eccentric class.

Verena had given great attention to Olive's brilliant sister; she had told her friend everything now — everything but one little secret, namely, that if she could have chosen at the beginning, she would have liked to resemble Mrs. Luna. This lady fascinated her, carried off her imagination to strange lands; she should enjoy so much a long evening with her alone, when she might ask her ten thousand questions. But she never saw her alone, never saw her at all but in glimpses. Adeline flitted in and out, dressed for dinners and concerts, always saying something friendly to the young woman from Cambridge, and something to Olive that had a freedom which she herself would probably never arrive at (a failure of foresight on Verena's part). But Miss Chancellor never detained her, never gave Verena a chance to see her, never appeared to imagine that she could have the least interest in such a person; only took up the subject again after Adeline had left them — the subject, of course, which was always the same, the subject of what they should do together for their suffering sex. It was not that Verena was not interested in that — gracious, no; it opened up before her, in those wonderful colloquies with Olive, in the most inspiring way; but her fancy would make a dart to right or left when other game crossed their path, and her companion led her, intellectually, a dance in which her feet — that is, her head — failed her at times for weariness. Mrs. Tarrant found Miss Chancellor at home, but she was not gratified by even the most transient glimpse of Mrs. Luna; a fact which, in her heart, Verena regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as (she said to herself) if her mother, returning from Charles street, began to explain Miss Chancellor to her with fresh energy, and as if she (Verena) had never seen her, and up to this time they had had nothing to say about her, to what developments (of the same sort) would not an encounter with Adeline have given rise?

When Verena at last said to her friend that she thought she ought to come out to Cambridge, — she didn't understand why she didn't, — Olive expressed her reasons very frankly, admitted that she was jealous, that she didn't wish to think of the girl's belonging to any one but herself. Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant would have authority, opposed claims, and she didn't wish to see them, to remember that they existed. This was true, so far as it went; but Olive could not tell Verena everything — could not tell her that she hated that dreadful pair at Cambridge. As we know, she had forbidden herself this emotion as regards individuals; and she flattered herself that she considered the Tarrants as a type, a deplorable one, a class that, with the public at large, discredited the cause of the new truths. She had talked them over with Miss Birdseye (Olive was always looking after her now and giving her things, — the good lady appeared at this period in wonderful caps and shawls, —

for she felt she couldn't thank her enough), and even Doctor Prance's fellow-lodger, whose animosity to flourishing evils lived in the happiest (though the most illicit) union with the mania for finding excuses, even Miss Birdseye was obliged to confess that if you came to examine his record, poor Selah didn't amount to so very much. How little he amounted to, Olive perceived after she had made Verena talk, as the girl did immensely, about her father and mother — quite unconscious, meanwhile, of the conclusions she suggested to Miss Chancellor. Tarrant was a moralist without moral sense — that was very clear to Olive as she listened to the history of his daughter's childhood and youth, which Verena related with an extraordinary artless vividness. This narrative, tremendously fascinating to Miss Chancellor, made her feel in all sorts of ways — prompted her to ask herself whether the girl was also destitute of the perception of right and wrong. No, she was only supremely innocent; she didn't understand, she didn't interpret nor see the *portée* of what she described; she had no idea whatever of judging her parents. Olive had wished to "realize" the conditions in which her wonderful young friend (she thought her more wonderful every day) had developed, and to this end, as I have related, she prompted her to infinite discourse. But now she was satisfied, the realization was complete, and what she would have liked to impose on the girl was an effectual rupture with her past. That past she by no means absolutely deplored, for it had the merit of having initiated Verena (and her patroness, through her agency) into the miseries and mysteries of the People. It was her theory that Verena (in spite of the blood of the Greenstreets, and, after all, who were they?) was a flower of the great Democracy, and that it was impossible to have had an origin less distinguished than Tarrant himself. His birth, in some unheard-of place in Pennsylvania, was quite inexpressibly low, and Olive would have been much disappointed if it had been wanting in this defect. She liked to think that Verena, in her childhood, had known almost the extremity of poverty, and there was a kind of ferocity in the joy with which she reflected that there had been moments when this delicate creature came near (if the pinch had only lasted a little longer) to literally going without food. These things added to her value for Olive; they made that young lady feel that their common undertaking would, in consequence, be so much more serious. It is always supposed that revolutionists have been goaded, and the goading would have been rather deficient here were it not for such happy accidents in Verena's past. When she conveyed from her mother a summons to Cambridge for a particular occasion, Olive perceived that the great effort must now be made. Great efforts were nothing new to her,— it was a great effort to live at all,— but this one appeared to her exceptionally cruel. She determined, however, to make it, promising herself that her first visit to Mrs. Tarrant should also be her last. Her only consolation was that she expected to suffer intensely; for the prospect of suffering was always, spiritually speaking, so much cash in her pocket. It was arranged that Olive should come to tea (the repast that Selah designated as his supper), when Mrs. Tarrant, as we have seen, desired to do her honor by inviting another guest. This guest, after much deliberation between that lady and Verena, was selected, and the first person Olive saw on entering the little parlor in Cambridge was a young man with hair prematurely, or, as one felt that one should say, precociously white, whom she had a vague impression she had encountered before, and who was introduced to her as Mr. Matthias Pardon.

She suffered less than she had hoped — she was so taken up with the consideration of Verena's interior. It was as bad as she could have desired; desired in order to feel that (to take her out of such a *milieu* as that) she should have a right to draw her altogether to herself. Olive wished more and more to extract some definite pledge from her; she could hardly say what it had best be as yet; she only felt that it must be something that would have an absolute sanctity for Verena and would bind them together for life. On this occasion it seemed to shape itself in her mind; she began to see what it ought to be, though she also saw that she would perhaps have to wait awhile. Mrs. Tarrant, too, in her own house, became now a complete figure; there was no manner of doubt left as to her being vulgar. Olive Chancellor despised vulgarity, had a scent for it which she followed up in her own family, so that often, with a rising flush, she detected the taint even in Adeline. There were times, indeed, when every one seemed to have it, every one but Miss Birdseye (who had nothing to do with it — she was an antique) and the poorest, humblest people. The toilers and spinners, the very obscure, these were the only persons who were safe from it. Miss Chancellor would have been much happier if the movements she was interested in could have been carried on only by the people she liked, and if revolutions, somehow, didn't always have to begin with one's self — with internal convulsions, sacrifices, executions. A common end, unfor-

tunately, however fine as regards a special result, does not make community impersonal.

Mrs. Tarrant, with her soft corpulence, looked to her guest very bleached and tumid; her complexion had a kind of withered glaze; her hair, very scanty, was drawn off her forehead *à la Chinoise;* she had no eyebrows, and her eyes seemed to stare, like those of a figure of wax. When she talked and wished to insist, and she was always insisting, she puckered and distorted her face, with an effort to express the inexpressible, which turned out, after all, to be nothing. She had a kind of doleful elegance, tried to be confidential, lowered her voice and looked as if she wished to establish a secret understanding, in order to ask her visitor if she would venture on an apple-fritter. She wore a flowing mantle, which resembled her husband's water-proof — a garment which, when she turned to her daughter or talked about her, might have passed for the robe of a sort of priestess of maternity. She endeavored to keep the conversation in a channel which would enable her to ask sudden incoherent questions of Olive, mainly as to whether she knew the principal ladies (the expression was Mrs. Tarrant's, not only in Boston, but in the other cities which, in her nomadic course, she herself had visited). Olive knew some of them, and of some of them had never heard; but she was irritated, and pretended a universal ignorance (she was conscious that she had never told so many fibs), by which her hostess was much disconcerted, although her questions had apparently been questions pure and simple, leading nowhither and without bearings on any new truth.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

IN WINTER.

BALLADE.

Oh, to go back to the days of June,
Just to be young and alive again,
Hearken again to the mad, sweet tune
Birds were singing with might and main:
South they flew at the summer's wane,
Leaving their nests for storms to harry,
Since time was coming for wind and rain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain —
Free they were in the days of June,
Free they never can be again:
Fetters of age and fetters of pain,
Joys that fly, and sorrows that tarry —
Youth is over, and hope were vain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we chant but a desolate rune —
"Oh, to be young and alive again!" —
But never December turns to June,
And length of living is length of pain:
Winds in the nestless trees complain,
Snows of winter about us tarry,
And never the birds come back again
Under the wintry skies to marry.

ENVOI.

Youths and maidens, blithesome and vain,
Time makes thrusts that you cannot parry,
Mate in season, for who is fain
Under the wintry skies to marry?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

IN PLAIN BLACK AND WHITE.

A REPLY TO MR. CABLE.*

IT is strange that during the discussion of the negro question, which has been wide and pertinent, no one has stood up to speak the mind of the South. In this discussion there has been much of truth and more of error—something of perverseness, but more of misapprehension—not a little of injustice, but perhaps less of mean intention.

Amid it all, the South has been silent.

There has been, perhaps, good reason for this silence. The problem under debate is a tremendous one. Its right solution means peace, prosperity, and happiness to the South. A mistake, even in the temper in which it is approached or the theory upon which its solution is attempted, would mean detriment, that at best would be serious, and might easily be worse. Hence the South has pondered over this problem, earnestly seeking with all her might the honest and the safe way out of its entanglements, and saying little because there was but little to which she felt safe in committing herself. Indeed, there was another reason why she did not feel called upon to obtrude her opinions. The people of the North, proceeding by the right of victorious arms, had themselves undertaken to settle the negro question. From the Emancipation Proclamation to the Civil Rights Bill they hurried with little let or hindrance, holding the negro in the meanwhile under a sort of tutelage, from part in which his former masters were practically excluded. Under this state of things the South had little to do but watch and learn.

We have now passed fifteen years of experiment. Certain broad principles have been established as wise and just. The South has something to say which she can say with confidence. There is no longer impropriety in her speaking or lack of weight in her words. The people of the United States have, by their suffrages, remitted to the Southern people, temporarily at least, control of the race question. The decision of the Supreme Court on the Civil Rights Bill leaves practically to their adjustment important issues that were, until that decision was rendered, covered by straight and severe enactment. These things deepen the responsibility of the South, increase its concern, and confront it with a problem to which it must address itself promptly and frankly. Where it has been silent, it now should speak. The interest of every American in the honorable and equitable settlement of this question is second only to the interest of those specially—and fortunately, we believe—charged with its adjustment. "What will you do with it?" is a question any man may now ask the South, and to which the South should make frank and full reply.

It is important that this reply shall be plain and straightforward. Above all things it must carry the genuine convictions of the people it represents. On this subject and at this time the South cannot afford to be misunderstood. Upon the clear and general apprehension of her position and of her motives and purpose everything depends. She cannot let pass unchallenged a single utterance that, spoken in her name, misstates her case or her intention. It is to protest against just such injustice that this article is written.

In a lately printed article, Mr. George W. Cable, writing in the name of the Southern people, confesses judgment on points that they still defend, and commits them to a line of thought from which they must forever dissent. In this article, as in his works, the singular tenderness and beauty of which have justly made him famous, Mr. Cable is sentimental rather than practical. But the reader, enchained by the picturesque style and misled by the engaging candor with which the author admits the shortcomings of "We of the South," and the kindling enthusiasm with which he tells how "We of the South" must make reparation, is apt to assume that it is really the soul of the South that breathes through Mr. Cable's repentant sentences. It is not my purpose to discuss Mr. Cable's relations to the people for whom he claims to speak. Born in the South, of Northern parents, he appears to have had little sympathy with his Southern environment, as in 1882 he wrote, "To be in New England would be enough for me. I was there once,—a year ago,—and it seemed as if I had never been home till then." It will be suggested that a man so out of harmony with his neighbors as to say, even after he had fought side by side with them on the battle-field, that he never felt at home until he had left them, cannot speak understandingly of their views on so vital a subject as that under discussion. But it is with his statement rather than his personality that we have to deal. Does he truly represent the

* See "The Freedman's Case in Equity," by George W. Cable, in THE CENTURY for January, 1885.

South? We reply that he does not! There may be here and there in the South a dreaming theorist who subscribes to Mr. Cable's teachings. We have seen no signs of one. Among the thoughtful men of the South,— the men who felt that all brave men might quit fighting when General Lee surrendered, — who, enshrining in their hearts the heroic memories of the cause they had lost, in good faith accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed,— who bestirred themselves cheerfully amid the ruins of their homes, and set about the work of rehabilitation,— who have patched and mended and builded anew, and fashioned out of pitiful resource a larger prosperity than they ever knew before,— who have set their homes on the old red hills, and staked their honor and prosperity and the peace and well-being of the children who shall come after them on the clear and equitable solution of every social, industrial, or political problem that concerns the South, — among these men, who control and will continue to control, I do know, there is general protest against Mr. Cable's statement of the case, and universal protest against his suggestions for the future. The mind of these men I shall attempt to speak, maintaining my right to speak for them with the pledge that, having exceptional means for knowing their views on this subject, and having spared no pains to keep fully informed thereof, I shall write down nothing in their name on which I have found even a fractional difference of opinion.

A careful reading of Mr. Cable's article discloses the following argument: The Southern people have deliberately and persistently evaded the laws forced on them for the protection of the freedman; this evasion has been the result of prejudices born of and surviving the institution of slavery, the only way to remove which is to break down every distinction between the races; and now the best thought of the South, alarmed at the withdrawal of the political machinery that forced the passage of the protective laws, which withdrawal tempts further and more intolerable evasions, is moving to forbid all further assortment of the races and insist on their intermingling in all places and in all relations. The first part of this argument is a matter of record, and, from the Southern stand-point, mainly a matter of reputation. It can bide its time. The suggestion held in its conclusion is so impossible, so mischievous, and, in certain aspects, so monstrous, that it must be met at once.

It is hard to think about the negro with exactness. His helplessness, his generations of enslavement, his unique position among the peoples of the earth, his distinctive color, his simple, lovable traits,— all these combine to hasten opinion into conviction where he is the subject of discussion. Three times has this tendency brought about epochal results in his history. First, it abolished slavery. For this all men are thankful, even those who, because of the personal injustice and violence of the means by which it was brought about, opposed its accomplishment. Second, it made him a voter. This, done more in a sense of reparation than in judgment, is as final as the other. The North demanded it; the South expected it; all acquiesced in it, and, wise or unwise, it will stand. Third, it fixed by enactment his social and civil rights. And here for the first time the revolution faltered. Up to this point the way had been plain, the light clear, and the march at quick-step. Here the line halted. The way was lost; there was hesitation, division, and uncertainty. Knowing not which way to turn, and enveloped in doubt, the revolutionists heard the retreat sounded by the Supreme Court with small reluctance, and, to use Mr. Cable's words, "bewildered by complication, vexed by many a blunder," retired from the field. See, then, the progress of this work. The first step, right by universal agreement, would stand if the law that made it were withdrawn. The second step, though irrevocable, raises doubts as to its wisdom. The third, wrong in purpose, has failed in execution. It stands denounced as null by the highest court, as inoperative by general confession, and as unwise by popular verdict. Let us take advantage of this halt in the too rapid revolution, and see exactly where we stand and what is best for us to do. The situation is critical. The next moment may formulate the work of the next twenty years. The tremendous forces of the revolution, unspent and still terrible, are but held in arrest. Launch them mistakenly, chaos may come. Wrong-headedness may be as fatal now as wrong-heartedness. Clear views, clear statement, and clear understanding are the demands of the hour. Given these, the common sense and courage of the American people will make the rest easy.

Let it be understood in the beginning, then, that the South will never adopt Mr. Cable's suggestion of the social intermingling of the races. It can never be driven into accepting it. So far from there being a growing sentiment in the South in favor of the indiscriminate mixing of the races, the intelligence of both races is moving farther from that proposition day by day. It is more impossible (if I may shade a superlative) now than it was ten years ago; it will be less possible ten years hence. Neither race wants it. The interest, as the inclination, of both races is against it. Here the issue with Mr. Cable is made up.

He denounces any assortment of the races as unjust, and demands that white and black shall intermingle everywhere. The South replies that the assortment of the races is wise and proper, and stands on the platform of equal accommodation for each race, but separate.

The difference is an essential one. Deplore or defend it as we may, an antagonism is bred between the races when they are forced into mixed assemblages. This sinks out of sight, if not out of existence, when each race moves in its own sphere. Mr. Cable admits this feeling, but doubts that it is instinctive. In my opinion it is instinctive — deeper than prejudice or pride, and bred in the bone and blood. It would make itself felt even in sections where popular prejudice runs counter to its manifestation. If in any town in Wisconsin or Vermont there was equal population of whites and blacks, and schools, churches, hotels, and theaters were in common, this instinct would assuredly develop; the races would separate, and each race would hasten the separation. Let me give an example that touches this supposition closely. Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, many years ago came to the South earnestly, and honestly, we may believe, devoted to breaking up the assortment of the races. He was backed by powerful influences in the North. He was welcomed by resident Northerners in the South (then in control of Southern affairs) as an able and eloquent exponent of their views. His first experiment toward mixing the races was made in the church — surely the most propitious field. Here the fraternal influence of religion emphasized his appeals for the brotherhood of the races. What was the result? After the first month his church was decimated. The Northern whites and the Southern blacks left it in squads. The dividing influences were mutual. The stout bishop contended with prayer and argument and threat against the inevitable, but finally succumbed. Two separate churches were established, and each race worshiped to itself. There had been no collision, no harsh words, no discussion even. Each race simply obeyed its instinct, that spoke above the appeal of the bishop and dominated the divine influences that pulsed from pew to pew. Time and again did the bishop force the experiment. Time and again he failed. At last he was driven to the confession that but one thing could effect what he had tried so hard to bring about, and that was miscegenation. A few years of experiment would force Mr. Cable to the same conclusion.

The same experiment was tried on a larger scale by the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) when it established its churches in the South after the war. It essayed to bring the races together, and in its conferences and its churches there was no color line. Prejudice certainly did not operate to make a division here. On the contrary, the whites and blacks of this church were knit together by prejudice, pride, sentiment, political and even social policy. Underneath all this was a race instinct, obeying which, silently, they drifted swiftly apart. While white Methodists of the church North and of the church South, distant from each other in all but the kinship of race and worship, were struggling to effect once more a union of the churches that had been torn apart by a quarrel over slavery, so that in every white conference and every white church on all this continent white Methodists could stand in restored brotherhood, the Methodist Church (North) agreed, without serious protest, to a separation of its Southern branch into two conferences of whites and of blacks, and into separate congregations where the proportion of either race was considerable. Was it without reason — it certainly was not through prejudice — that this church, while seeking anew fusion with its late enemies, consented to separate from its new friends?

It was the race instinct that spoke there. It spoke not with prejudice, but against it. It spoke there as it speaks always and everywhere — as it has spoken for two thousand years. And it spoke to the reason of each race. Millaud, in voting in the French Convention for the beheading of Louis XVI., said: "If death did not exist, it would be necessary to-day to invent it." So of this instinct. It is the pledge of the integrity of each race, and of peace between the races. Without it, there might be a breaking down of all lines of division and a thorough intermingling of whites and blacks. This once accomplished, the lower and the weaker elements of the races would begin to fuse and the process of amalgamation would have begun. This would mean the disorganization of society. An internecine war would be precipitated. The whites, at any cost and at any hazard, would maintain the clear integrity and dominance of the Anglo-Saxon blood. They understand perfectly that the debasement of their own race would not profit the humble and sincere race with which their lot is cast, and that the hybrid would not gain what either race lost. Even if the vigor and the volume of the Anglo-Saxon blood would enable it to absorb the African current, and after many generations recover its own strength and purity, not all the powers of earth could control the unspeakable horrors that would wait upon the slow process of clarification. Easier far it would be to take

the population of central New York, intermingle with it an equal percentage of Indians, and force amalgamation between the two. Let us review the argument. If Mr. Cable is correct in assuming that there is no instinct that keeps the two races separate in the South, then there is no reason for doubting that if intermingled they would fuse. Mere prejudice would not long survive perfect equality and social intermingling; and the prejudice once gone, intermarrying would begin. Then, if there is a race instinct in either race that resents intimate association with the other, it would be unwise to force such association when there are easy and just alternatives. If there is no such instinct, the mixing of the races would mean amalgamation, to which the whites will never submit, and to which neither race should submit. So that in either case, whether the race feeling is instinct or prejudice, we come to but one conclusion: The white and black races in the South must walk apart. Concurrent their courses may go — ought to go — will go — but separate. If instinct did not make this plain in a flash, reason would spell it out letter by letter.

Now, let us see. We hold that there is an instinct, ineradicable and positive, that will keep the races apart, that would keep the races apart if the problem were transferred to Illinois or to Maine, and that will resist every effort of appeal, argument, or force to bring them together. We add in perfect frankness, however, that if no such instinct existed, or if the South had reasonable doubt of its existence, it would, by every means in its power, so strengthen the race prejudice that it would do the work and hold the stubbornness and strength of instinct. The question that confronts us at this point is: Admitted this instinct, that gathers each race to itself. Then, do you believe it possible to carry forward on the same soil and under the same laws two races equally free, practically equal in numbers, and yet entirely distinct and separate? This is a momentous question. It involves a problem that, all things considered, is without a precedent or parallel. Can the South carry this problem in honor and in peace to an equitable solution? We reply that for ten years the South has been doing this very thing, and with at least apparent success. No impartial and observant man can say that in the present aspect of things there is cause for alarm, or even for doubt. In the experience of the past few years there is assuredly reason for encouragement. There may be those who discern danger in the distant future. We do not. Beyond the apprehensions which must for a long time attend a matter so serious, we see nothing but cause for congratulation. In the common sense and the sincerity of the negro, no less than in the intelligence and earnestness of the whites, we find the problem simplifying. So far from the future bringing trouble, we feel confident that another decade or so, confirming the experience of the past ten years, will furnish the solution to be accepted of all men.

Let us examine briefly what the South has been doing, and study the attitude of the races towards each other. Let us do this, not so much to vindicate the past as to clear the way for the future. Let us see what the situation teaches. There must be in the experience of fifteen years something definite and suggestive. We begin with the schools and school management, as the basis of the rest.

Every Southern State has a common-school system, and in every State separate schools are provided for the races. Almost every city of more than five thousand inhabitants has a public-school system, and in every city the schools for whites and blacks are separate. There is no exception to this rule that I can find. In many cases the law creating this system requires that separate schools shall be provided for the races. This plan works admirably. There is no friction in the administration of the schools, and no suspicion as to the ultimate tendency of the system. The road to school is clear, and both races walk therein with confidence. The whites, assured that the school will not be made the hot-bed of false and pernicious ideas, or the scene of unwise associations, support the system cordially, and insist on perfect equality in grade and efficiency. The blacks, asking no more than this, fill the schools with alert and eager children. So far from feeling debased by the separate-school system, they insist that the separation shall be carried further, and the few white teachers yet presiding over negro schools supplanted by negro teachers. The appropriations for public schools are increased year after year, and free education grows constantly in strength and popularity. Cities that were afraid to commit themselves to free schools while mixed schools were a possibility commenced building school-houses as soon as separate schools were assured. In 1870 the late Benjamin H. Hill found his matchless eloquence unable to carry the suggestion of negro education into popular tolerance. Ten years later nearly one million black children attended free schools, supported by general taxation. Though the whites pay nineteen-twentieths of the tax, they insist that the blacks shall share its advantages equally. The schools for each race are opened on the same day and closed on the same day. Neither is run a single day at the expense of the other. The negroes are satisfied with the situa-

tion. I am aware that some of the Northern teachers of negro high-schools and universities will controvert this. Touching their opinion, I have only to say that it can hardly be considered fair or conservative. Under the forcing influence of social ostracism, they have reasoned impatiently and have been helped to conclusions by quick sympathies or resentments. Driven back upon themselves and hedged in by suspicion or hostility, their service has become a sort of martyrdom, which has swiftly stimulated opinion into conviction and conviction into fanaticism. I read in a late issue of "Zion's Herald" a letter from one of these teachers, who declined, on the conductor's request, to leave the car in which she was riding, and which was set apart exclusively for negroes. The conductor, therefore, presumed she was a quadroon, and stated his presumption in answer to inquiry of a young negro man who was with her. She says of this:

"Truly, a glad thrill went through my heart—a thrill of pride. This great autocrat had pronounced me as not only in sympathy, but also one in blood, with the truest, tenderest, and noblest race that dwells on earth."

If this quotation, which is now before me over the writer's name, suggests that she and those of her colleagues who agree with her have narrowed within their narrowing environment, and acquired artificial enthusiasm under their unnatural conditions, so that they must be unsafe as advisers and unfair as witnesses, the sole purpose for which it is introduced will have been served. This suggestion does not reach all Northern teachers of negro schools. Some have taken broader counsels, awakened wider sympathies, and, as a natural result, hold more moderate views. The influence of the extremer faction is steadily diminishing. Set apart, as small and curious communities are set here and there in populous States, stubborn and stiff for a while, but overwhelmed at last and lost in the mingling currents, these dissenting spots will be ere long blotted out and forgotten. The educational problem, which is their special care, has already been settled, and the settlement accepted with a heartiness that precludes the possibility of its disturbance. From the stand-point of either race the experiment of distinct but equal schools for the white and black children of the South has demonstrated its wisdom, its policy, and its justice, if any experiment ever made plain its wisdom in the hands of finite man.

I quote on this subject Gustavus J. Orr, one of the wisest and best of men, and lately elected, by spontaneous movement, president of the National Educational Association. He says: "The race question in the schools is already settled. We give the negroes equal advantages, but separate schools. This plan meets the reason and satisfies the instinct of both races. Under it we have spent over five million dollars in Georgia, and the system grows in strength constantly." I asked if the negroes wanted mixed schools. His reply was prompt: "They do not. I have questioned them carefully on this point, and they make but one reply: They want their children in their own schools and under their own teachers." I asked what would be the effect of mixed schools. "I could not maintain the Georgia system one year. Both races would protest against it. My record as a public-school man is known. I have devoted my life to the work of education. But I am so sure of the evils that would come from mixed schools that, even if they were possible, I would see the whole educational system swept away before I would see them established. There is an instinct that gathers each race about itself. It is as strong in the blacks as in the whites, though it has not asserted itself so strongly. It is making itself manifest, since the blacks are organizing a social system of their own. It has long controlled them in their churches, and it is now doing so in their schools."

In churches, as in schools, the separation is perfect. The negroes, in all denominations in which their membership is an appreciable percentage of the whole, have their own churches, congregations, pastors, conferences, and bishops, their own missionaries. There is not the slightest antagonism between them and the white churches of the same denomination. On the contrary, there is sympathetic interest and the utmost friendliness. The separation is recognized as not only instinctive but wise. There is no disposition to disturb it, and least of all on the part of the negro. The church is with him the center of social life, and there he wants to find his own people and no others. Let me quote just here a few sentences from a speech delivered by a genuine black negro at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1880. He is himself a pastor of the African Methodist Church, and came as a fraternal delegate. This extract from a speech largely extempore is a fair specimen of negro eloquence, as it is a fair evidence of the feeling of that people toward their white neighbors. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, Bishops, and Brethren in Christ: Let me here state a circumstance which has just now occurred. When in the vestry there we were consulting your committee, among whom is your illustrious Christian governor, the Honorable A. H. Colquitt [applause], feeling an unusual thirst, and expecting in a few moments to appear before you, thoughtlessly I asked him if there was water to drink. He, looking about the room, answered, 'There is none; I will get you some.' I insisted not; but presently it was

brought by a brother minister, and handed me by the governor. I said: 'Governor, you must allow me to deny myself this distinguished favor, as it recalls so vividly the episode of the warrior king of Israel, when with parched lips he cried from the rocky cave of Adullam, "Oh! that one would give me drink of water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." And when three of his valiant captains broke through the host of the enemy, and returned to him with the water for which his soul was longing, regarding it as the water of life, he would not drink it, but poured it out to the Lord.' [Applause.] So may this transcendent emblem of purity and love, from the hand of your most honored co-laborer and friend of the human race, ever remain as a memorial unto the Lord of the friendship existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the African Methodist Episcopal Church upon this the first exchange of formal fraternal greeting. [Applause.]

"In the name of the African Methodist Episcopal Church,—and I declare the true sentiments of thousands,—I say, that for your church and your race we cherish the kindliest feelings that ever found a lodgment in the human breast. [Applause.] Of this you need not be told. Let speak your former missionaries among us, who now hold seats upon this floor, and whose hearts have so often burned within them as they have seen the word sown by them in such humble soil burst forth into abundant prosperity. Ask the hundred thousand of your laymen who still survive the dead, how we conducted ourselves as tillers of the soil, as servants about the dwelling, and as common worshipers in the temple of God! Ask your battle-scarred veterans, who left their all to the mercy of relentless circumstances, and went, in answer to the clarion call of the trumpet, to the gigantic and unnatural strife of the second revolution! Ask them who looked at their interests at home [great cheering]; who raised their earthworks upon the field; who buried the young hero so far away from his home, or returned his ashes to the stricken hearts which hung breathless upon the hour; who protected their wives and little ones from the ravages of wild beasts, and the worse ravages of famine! And the answer is returned from a million heaving bosoms, as a monument of everlasting remembrance to the benevolence of the colored race in America. [Immense applause.] And these are they who greet you to-day, through their chief organization, the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. [Loud and continued applause.]

"And now, though the yoke which bound the master and the slave together in such close and mutual responsibility has been shivered by the rude shock of war, we find ourselves still standing by your side as natural allies against an unfriendly world. [Applause.]"

In their social institutions, as in their churches and schools, the negroes have obeyed their instinct and kept apart from the whites. They have their own social and benevolent societies, their own military companies, their own orders of Masons and Odd-fellows. They rally about these organizations with the greatest enthusiasm and support them with the greatest liberality. If it were proposed to merge them with white organizations of the same character, with equal rights guaranteed in all, the negroes would interpose the stoutest objection. Their tastes, associations, and inclinations — their instincts — lead them to gather their race about social centers of its own. I am tempted into trying to explain here what I have never yet seen a stranger to the South able to understand. The feeling that, by mutual action, separates whites and blacks when they are thrown together in social intercourse is not a repellent influence in the harsh sense of that word. It is centripetal rather than centrifugal. It is attractive about separate centers rather than expulsive from a common center. There is no antagonism, for example, between white and black military companies. On occasions they parade in the same street, and have none of the feeling that exists between Orangemen and Catholics. Of course the good sense of each race and the mutual recognition of the possible dangers of the situation have much to do with maintaining the good-will between the distinct races. The fact that in his own church or society the negro has more freedom, more chance for leadership and for individual development, than he could have in association with the whites, has more to do with it. But beyond all this is the fact that, in the segregation of the races, blacks as well as whites obey a natural instinct, which, always granting that they get equal justice and equal advantages, they obey without the slightest ill-nature or without any sense of disgrace. They meet the white people in all the avenues of business. They work side by side with the white bricklayer or carpenter in perfect accord and friendliness. When the trowel or the hammer is laid aside, the laborers part, each going his own way. Any attempt to carry the comradeship of the day into private life would be sternly resisted by both parties in interest.

We have seen that in churches, schools, and social organizations the whites and blacks are moving along separately but harmoniously, and that the "assortment of the races," which has been described as shameful and unjust, is in most part made by the instinct of each race, and commands the hearty assent of both. Let us now consider the question of public carriers. On this point the South has been sharply criticised, and not always without reason. It is manifestly wrong to make a negro pay as much for a railroad ticket as a white man pays, and then force him to accept inferior accommodations. It is equally wrong to force a decent negro into an indecent car, when there is room for him or for her elsewhere. Public sentiment in the South has long recognized this, and has persistently demanded that the railroad managers should provide cars for the negroes equal in every respect to those set apart for the whites, and that these cars should be kept clean and orderly. In Georgia a State law requires all public roads or carriers to provide equal ac-

commodation for each race, and failure to do so is made a penal offense. In Tennessee a negro woman lately gained damages by proving that she had been forced to take inferior accommodation on a train. The railroads have, with few exceptions, come up to the requirements of the law. Where they fail, they quickly feel the weight of public opinion, and shock the sense of public justice. This very discussion, I am bound to say, will lessen such failures in the future. On four roads, in my knowledge, even better has been done than the law requires. The car set apart for the negroes is made exclusive. No whites are permitted to occupy it. A white man who strays into this car is politely told that it is reserved for the negroes. He has the information repeated two or three times, smiles, and retreats. This rule works admirably and will win general favor. There are a few roads that make no separate provision for the races, but announce that any passenger can ride on any car. Here the "assortment" of the races is done away with, and here it is that most of the outrages of which we hear occur. On these roads the negro has no place set apart for him. As a rule, he is shy about asserting himself, and he usually finds himself in the meanest corners of the train. If he forces himself into the ladies' car, he is apt to provoke a collision. It is on just one of these trains where the assortment of the passengers is left to chance that a respectable negro woman is apt to be forced to ride in a car crowded with negro convicts. Such a thing would be impossible where the issue is fairly met, and a car, clean, orderly, and exclusive, is provided for each race. The case could not be met by grading the tickets and the accommodations. Such a plan would bring together in the second or third class car just the element of both races between whom prejudice runs highest, and from whom the least of tact or restraint might be expected. On the railroads, as elsewhere, the solution of the race problem is, equal advantages for the same money,— equal in comfort, safety, and exclusiveness,— but separate.

There remains but one thing further to consider — the negro in the jury-box. It is assumed generally that the negro has no representation in the courts. This is a false assumption. In the United States courts he usually makes more than half the jury. As to the State courts, I can speak particularly as to Georgia. I assume that she does not materially differ from the other States. In Georgia the law requires that commissioners shall prepare the jury-list for each county by selection from the upright, intelligent, and experienced citizens of the county. This provision was put into the Constitution by the negro convention of reconstruction days. Under its terms no reasonable man would have expected to see the list made up of equal percentage of the races. Indeed, the fewest number of negroes were qualified under the law. Consequently, but few appeared on the lists. The number, as was to be expected, is steadily increasing. In Fulton County there are seventy-four negroes whose names are on the lists, and the commissioners, I am informed, have about doubled this number for the present year. These negroes make good jurymen, and are rarely struck by attorneys, no matter what the client or cause may be. About the worst that can be charged against the jury system in Georgia is that the commissioners have made jurors of negroes only when they had qualified themselves to intelligently discharge a juror's duties. In few quarters of the South, however, is the negro unable to get full and exact justice in the courts, whether the jury be white or black. Immediately after the war, when there was general alarm and irritation, there may have been undue severity in sentences and extreme rigor of prosecution. But the charge that the people of the South have, in their deliberate and later moments, prostituted justice to the oppression of this dependent people, is as false as it is infamous. There is abundant belief that the very helplessness of the negro in court has touched the heart and conscience of many a jury, when the facts should have held them impervious. In the city in which this is written a negro, at midnight, on an unfrequented street, murdered a popular young fellow, over whose grave a monument was placed by popular subscription. The only witnesses of the killing were the friends of the murdered boy. Had the murderer been a white man, it is believed he would have been convicted. He was acquitted by the white jury, and has since been convicted of a murderous assault on a person of his own color. Similarly, a young white man, belonging to one of the leading families of the State, was hung for the murder of a negro. Insanity was pleaded in his defense, and so plausibly that it is believed he would have escaped had his victim been a white man.

I quote on this point Mr. Benjamin H. Hill, who has been prosecuting attorney of the Atlanta, Ga., circuit for twelve years. He says: "In cities and towns the negro gets equal and exact justice before the courts. It is possible that, in remote counties, where the question is one of a fight between a white man and a negro, there may be a lingering prejudice that causes occasional injustice. The judge, however, may be relied on to correct this. As to negro jurors, I have never known

a negro to allow his lawyer to accept a negro juror. For the State I have accepted a black juror fifty times, to have him rejected by the opposing lawyer by order of his negro client. This has occurred so invariably that I have accepted it as a rule. Irrespective of that, the negro gets justice in the courts, and the last remaining prejudice against him in the jury-box has passed away. I convicted a white man for voluntary manslaughter under peculiar circumstances. A negro met him on the street and cursed him. The white man ordered him off and started home. The negro followed him to his house and cursed him until he entered the door. When he came out, the negro was still waiting. He renewed the abuse, followed him to his store, and there struck him with his fist. In the struggle that followed, the negro was shot and killed. The jury promptly convicted the slayer."

So much for the relation between the races in the South, in churches, schools, social organizations, on the railroad, and in theaters. Everything is placed on the basis of equal accommodations, but separate. In the courts the blacks are admitted to the jury-box as they lift themselves into the limit of qualification. Mistakes have been made and injustice has been worked here and there. This was to have been expected, and it has been less than might have been expected. But there can be no mistake about the progress the South is making in the equitable adjustment of the relations between the races. Ten years ago nothing was settled. There were frequent collisions and constant apprehensions. The whites were suspicious and the blacks were restless. So simple a thing as a negro taking an hour's ride on the cars, or going to see a play, was fraught with possible danger. The larger affairs — school, church, and court — were held in abeyance. Now all this is changed. The era of doubt and mistrust is succeeded by the era of confidence and good-will. The races meet in the exchange of labor in perfect amity and understanding. Together they carry on the concerns of the day, knowing little or nothing of the fierce hostility that divides labor and capital in other sections. When they turn to social life they separate. Each race obeys its instinct and congregates about its own centers. At the theater they sit in opposite sections of the same gallery. On the trains they ride each in his own car. Each worships in his own church, and educates his children in his schools. Each has his place and fills it, and is satisfied. Each gets the same accommodation for the same money. There is no collision. There is no irritation or suspicion. Nowhere on earth is there kindlier feeling, closer sympathy, or less friction between two classes of society than between the whites and blacks of the South to-day. This is due to the fact that in the adjustment of their relations they have been practical and sensible. They have wisely recognized what was essential, and have not sought to change what was unchangeable. They have yielded neither to the fanatic nor the demagogue, refusing to be misled by the one or misused by the other. While the world has been clamoring over their differences they have been quietly taking counsel with each other, in the field, the shop, the street and cabin, and settling things for themselves. That the result has not astonished the world in the speediness and the facility with which it has been reached, and the beneficence that has come with it, is due to the fact that the result has not been freely proclaimed. It has been a deplorable condition of our politics that the North has been misinformed as to the true condition of things in the South. Political greed and passion conjured pestilential mists to becloud what the lifting smoke of battle left clear. It has exaggerated where there was a grain of fact, and invented where there was none. It has sought to establish the most casual occurrences as the settled habit of the section, and has sprung endless jeremiads from one single disorder, as Jenkins filled the courts of Christendom with lamentations over his dissevered ear. These misrepresentations will pass away with the occasion that provoked them, and when the truth is known it will come with the force of a revelation to vindicate those who have bespoken for the South a fair trial, and to confound those who have borne false witness against her.

One thing further need be said, in perfect frankness. The South must be allowed to settle the social relations of the races according to her own views of what is right and best. There has never been a moment when she could have submitted to have the social status of her citizens fixed by an outside power. She accepted the emancipation and the enfranchisement of her slaves as the legitimate results of war that had been fought to a conclusion. These once accomplished, nothing more was possible. "Thus far and no farther," she said to her neighbors, in no spirit of defiance, but with quiet determination. In her weakest moments, when her helpless people were hedged about by the unthinking bayonets of her conquerors, she gathered them for resistance at this point. Here she defended everything that a people should hold dear. There was little proclamation of her purpose. Barely did the whispered word that bespoke her resolution catch the listening ears of her sons; but, for all this, the victorious armies of the North, had they been rallied again from their homes,

could not have enforced and maintained among this disarmed people the policy indicated in the Civil Rights bill. Had she found herself unable to defend her social integrity against the arms that were invincible on the fields where she staked the sovereignty of her States, her people would have abandoned their homes and betaken themselves into exile. Now, as then, the South is determined that, come what may, she must control the social relations of the two races whose lots are cast within her limits. It is right that she should have this control. The problem is hers, whether or not of her seeking, and her very existence depends on its proper solution. Her responsibility is greater, her knowledge of the case more thorough than that of others can be. The question touches her at every point; it presses on her from every side; it commands her constant attention. Every consideration of policy, of honor, of pride, of common sense impels her to the exactest justice and the fullest equity. She lacks the ignorance or misapprehension that might lead others into mistakes; all others lack the appalling alternative that, all else failing, would force her to use her knowledge wisely. For these reasons she has reserved to herself the right to settle the still unsettled element of the race problem, and this right she can never yield.

As a matter of course, this implies the clear and unmistakable domination of the white race in the South. The assertion of that is simply the assertion of the right of character, intelligence, and property to rule. It is simply saying that the responsible and steadfast element in the community shall control, rather than the irresponsible and the migratory. It is the reassertion of the moral power that overthrew the scandalous reconstruction governments, even though, to the shame of the republic be it said, they were supported by the bayonets of the General Government. Even the race issue is lost at this point. If the blacks of the South wore white skins, and were leagued together in the same ignorance and irresponsibility under any other distinctive mark than their color, they would progress not one step farther toward the control of affairs. Or if they were transported as they are to Ohio, and there placed in numerical majority of two to one, they would find the white minority there asserting and maintaining control, with less patience, perhaps, than many a Southern State has shown. Everywhere, with such temporary exceptions as afford demonstration of the rule, intelligence, character, and property will dominate in spite of numerical differences. These qualities are lodged with the white race in the South, and will assuredly remain there for many generations at least; so that the white race will continue to dominate the colored, even if the percentages of race increase deduced from the comparison of a lame census with a perfect one, and the omission of other considerations, should hold good and the present race majority be reversed.

Let no one imagine, from what is here said, that the South is careless of the opinion or regardless of the counsel of the outside world. On the contrary, while maintaining firmly a position she believes to be essential, she appreciates heartily the value of general sympathy and confidence. With an earnestness that is little less than pathetic she bespeaks the patience and the impartial judgment of all concerned. Surely her situation should command this, rather than indifference or antagonism. In poverty and defeat,— with her cities destroyed, her fields desolated, her labor disorganized, her homes in ruins, her families scattered, and the ranks of her sons decimated, — in the face of universal prejudice, fanned by the storm of war into hostility and hatred, — under the shadow of this sorrow and this disadvantage, she turned bravely to confront a problem that would have taxed to the utmost every resource of a rich and powerful and victorious people. Every inch of her progress has been beset with sore difficulties; and if the way is now clearing, it only reveals more clearly the tremendous import of the work to which her hands are given. It must be understood that she desires to silence no criticism, evade no issue, and lessen no responsibility. She recognizes that the negro is here to stay. She knows that her honor, her dear name, and her fame, no less than her prosperity, will be measured by the fullness of the justice she gives and guarantees to this kindly and dependent race. She knows that every mistake made and every error fallen into, no matter how innocently, endanger her peace and her reputation. In this full knowledge she accepts the issue without fear or evasion. She says, not boldly, but conscious of the honesty and the wisdom of her convictions: "Leave this problem to my working out. I will solve it in calmness and deliberation, without passion or prejudice, and with full regard for the unspeakable equities it holds. Judge me rigidly, but judge me by my works." And with the South the matter may be left — must be left. There it can be left with the fullest confidence that the honor of the republic will be maintained, the rights of humanity guarded, and the problem worked out in such exact justice as the finite mind can measure or finite agencies administer.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Henry W. Grady.

NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CAPTURE.

In the spring of 1862 we boys of Race, Orange, Magazine, Camp, Constance, Annunciation, Prytania, and other streets had no game. Nothing was "in"; none of the old playground sports that commonly fill the school-boy's calendar. We were even tired of drilling. Not one of us between seven and seventeen but could beat the drum, knew every bugle-call, and could go through the manual of arms and the facings like a drill-sergeant. We were *blasé* old soldiers — military critics.

Who could tell us anything? I recall but one trivial admission of ignorance on the part of any lad. On a certain day of grand review, when the city's entire defensive force was marching through Canal street, there came along among the endless variety of good and bad uniforms a stately body of tall, stalwart Germans, clad from head to foot in velveteen of a peculiarly vociferous fragrance, and a boy, spelling out their name upon their banner, said:
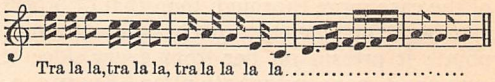
"H-u-s-s-a-r-s; what's them?"

"Aw, you fool!" cried a dozen urchins at once, "them's the Hoosiers; don't you smell 'em?"

But that was earlier. The day of grand reviews was past. Hussars, Zouaves, and numberless other bodies of outlandish name had gone to the front in Tennessee and Virginia. Our cultivated eyes were satisfied now with one uniform that we saw daily. Every afternoon found us around in Coliseum Place, standing or lying on the grass watching the dress parade of the "Confederate Guards." Most of us had fathers or uncles in the long, spotless, gray, white-gloved ranks that stretched in such faultless alignment down the hard, harsh turf of our old ball-ground.

This was the flower of the home guard. The merchants, bankers, underwriters, judges, real-estate owners, and capitalists of the Anglo-American part of the city were "all present or accounted for" in that long line. Gray heads, hoar heads, high heads, bald heads. Hands flashed to breast and waist with a martinet's precision at the command of "Present arms,"— hands that had ruled by the pen — the pen and the dollar — since long before any of us young spectators was born, and had done no harder muscular work than carve roasts and turkeys these twenty, thirty, forty years. Here and there among them were individuals who, unaided, had clothed and armed companies, squadrons, battalions, and sent them to the Cumberland and the Potomac. A good three-fourths of them had sons on distant battle-fields, some living, some dead.

We boys saw nothing pathetic in this array of old men. To us there was only rich enjoyment in the scene. If there was anything solemn about it, why did the band play polkas? Why was the strain every day the same gay



Away down to the far end of the line and back again, the short, stout German drum-major — holding his gaudy office in this case by virtue of his girth, not height (as he had himself explained) — flourished his big stick majestically, bursting with rage at us for casually reiterating at short intervals in his hearing that "he kot it mit his size."

In those beautiful spring afternoons there was scarcely a man to be found, anywhere, out of uniform. Down on the steamboat landing, our famous Levee, a superb body of Creoles drilled and paraded in dark-blue uniform. The orders were given in French; the manual was French; the movements were quick, short, nervy. Their "about march" was four sharp stamps of their neatly shod feet — *un*, *deux*, *trois*, *quatre* — that brought them face about and sent them back, tramp, tramp, tramp, over the smooth white pavement of powdered oyster-shells. Ah! the nakedness of that once crowded and roaring mart.

And there was a "Foreign Legion." Of course, the city had always been full of foreigners; but now it was a subject of amazement, not unmixed with satire, to see how many whom every one had supposed to be Americans or "citizens of Louisiana" bloomed out as British, or French, or Spanish subjects. But even so, the tremendous pressure of popular sentiment crowded them into the ranks and forced them to make every show of readiness to "hurl back the foe," as we used to call it. And they really served for much. Merely as a gendarmerie they relieved just as many Confederate soldiers of police duty in a city under martial law, and enabled them to man forts and breastworks at short notice, whenever that call should come.

That call, the gray heads knew, was coming. They confessed the conviction softly to

one another in the counting-rooms and idle store-fronts when they thought no one was listening. I used to hear them — standing with my back turned, pretending to be looking at something down street, but with both ears turned backward and stretched wide. They said under their breath that there was not a single measure of defense that was not behindhand. And they spoke truly. In family councils a new domestic art began to be studied and discussed — the art of hiding valuables.

There had come a great silence upon trade. Long ago the custom warehouses had first begun to show a growing roominess, then emptiness, and then had remained shut, and the iron bolts and cross-bars of their doors were gray with cobwebs. One of them, where I had earned my first wages as a self-supporting lad, had been turned into a sword-bayonet factory, and I had been turned out. For some time later the Levee had kept busy; but its stir and noise had gradually declined, faltered, turned into the commerce of war and the clatter of calkers and ship-carpenters, and faded out. Both receipts and orders from the interior country had shrunk and shrunk, and the brave, steady fellows, who at entry and shipping and cash and account desks could no longer keep up a show of occupation, had laid down the pen, taken up the sword and musket, and followed after the earlier and more eager volunteers. There had been one new, tremendous sport for moneyed men for a while, with spoils to make it interesting. The seagoing tow-boats of New Orleans were long, slender side-wheelers, all naked power and speed, without either freight or passenger room, each with a single, tall, slim chimney and hurrying walking-beam, their low, taper hulls trailing behind scarcely above the water, and perpetually drenched with the yeast of the wheels. Some merchants of the more audacious sort, restless under the strange new quiet of Tchoupitoulas street, had got letters of mark and reprisal, and let slip these sharp-nosed deerhounds upon the tardy, unsuspecting ships that came sailing up to the Passes unaware of any declaration of war. But that game too was up. The blockade had closed in like a prison gate; the lighter tow-boats, draped with tarpaulins, were huddled together under Slaughterhouse Point, with their cold boilers and motionless machinery yielding to rust; the more powerful ones had been moored at the long wharf vacated by Morgan's Texas steamships; there had been a great hammering, and making of chips, and clatter of railroad iron, turning these tow-boats into iron-clad cotton gun-boats, and these had crawled away, some up and some down the river, to be seen in that harbor no more. At length only the foundries, the dry-docks across the river, and the ship-yard in suburb Jefferson, where the great ram *Mississippi* was being too slowly built, were active, and the queen of Southern commerce, the city that had once believed it was to be the greatest in the world, was absolutely out of employment.

There was, true, some movement of the sugar and rice crops into the hands of merchants who had advanced the money to grow them; and the cotton-presses and cotton-yards were full of cotton, but there it all stuck; and when one counts in a feeble exchange of city for country supplies, there was nothing more. Except — yes — that the merchants had turned upon each other, and were now engaged in a mere passing back and forth among themselves in speculation the daily diminishing supply of goods and food. Some were too noble to take part in this, and dealt only with consumers. I remember one odd little old man, an extensive wholesale grocer, who used to get tipsy all by himself every day, and go home so, but who would not speculate on the food of a distressed city. He had not got down to that.

Gold and silver had long ago disappeared. Confederate money was the currency; and not merely was the price of food and raiment rising, the value of the money was going down. The State, too, had a paper issue, and the city had another. Yet with all these there was first a famine of small change, and then a deluge of "shinplasters." Pah! What a mess it was! The boss butchers and the keepers of drinking-houses actually took the lead in issuing "money." The current joke was that you could pass the label of an olive-oil bottle, because it was greasy, smelt bad, and bore an autograph — Plagniol Frères, if I remember rightly. I did my first work as a cashier in those days, and I can remember the smell of my cash drawer yet. Instead of five-cent pieces we had car-tickets. How the grimy little things used to stick together! They would pass and pass until they were so soft and illegible with grocers' and butchers' handling that you could tell only by some faint show of their original color what company had issued them. Rogues did a lively business in "split tickets," literally splitting them and making one ticket serve for two.

Decay had come in. In that warm, moist climate it is always hungry, and, wherever it is allowed to feed, eats with a greed that is strange to see. With the wharves, always expensive and difficult to maintain, it made havoc. The occasional idle, weather-stained

ship moored beside them, and resting on the water almost as light and void as an empty peascod, could hardly find a place to fasten to. The streets fell into sad neglect, but the litter of commerce was not in them, and some of their round-stone pavements after a shower would have the melancholy cleanness of weather-bleached bones. How quiet and lonely the harbor grew! The big dry-docks against the farther shore were all empty. Now and then a tug fussed about, with the yellow river all to itself; and one or two steamboats came and went each day, but they moved drowsily, and, across on the other side of the river, a whole fleet of their dingy white sisters lay tied up to the bank, *sine die*. My favorite of all the sea-steamers, the little *Habana*, that had been wont to arrive twice a month from Cuba, disgorge her Spanish-American cargo, and bustle away again, and that I had watched the shipwrights, at their very elbows, razee and fit with three big, raking masts in place of her two small ones, had long ago slipped down the river and through the blockaders, and was now no longer the *Habana*, but the far-famed and dreaded *Sumter*.

The movements of military and naval defense lent some stir. The old revenue-cutter *Washington*, a graceful craft, all wings, no steam, came and went from the foot of Canal. She was lying there the morning Farragut's topmasts hove in sight across the low land at English Turn. Near by, on her starboard side, lay a gun-boat, moored near the spot where the "lower coast" packet landed daily; to which spot the crowd used to rush sometimes to see the commanding officer, Major-General Mansfield Lovell, ride aboard, bound down the river to the forts. Lovell was a lithe, brown-haired man of forty-odd, a very attractive figure, giving the eye, at first glance, a promise of much activity. He was a showy horseman, visibly fond of his horse. He rode with so long a stirrup-leather that he simply stood astride the saddle, as straight as a spear; and the idlers of the landing loved to see him keep the saddle and pass from the wharf to the steamboat's deck on her long, narrow stage-plank without dismounting.

Such petty breaks in the dreariness got to be scarce and precious toward the last. Not that the town seemed so desolate then as it does now, as one tells of it; but the times were grim. Opposite the rear of the store where I was now employed — for it fronted in Common street and stretched through to Canal — the huge, unfinished custom-house reared its lofty granite walls, and I used to go to its top now and then to cast my eye over the broad city and harbor below. When I did so, I looked down upon a town that had never been really glad again after the awful day of Shiloh. She had sent so many gallant fellows to help Beauregard, and some of them so young,— her last gleaning,— that when, on the day of their departure, they marched with solid column and firm-set, unsmiling mouths down the long gray lane made by the open ranks of those old Confederate guards, and their escort broke into cheers and tears and waved their gray shakoes on the tops of their bayonets and seized the dear lads' hands as they passed in mute self-devotion and steady tread, while the trumpets sang "Listen to the Mocking-bird," that was the last time; the town never cheered with elation afterward; and when the people next uncovered it was in silence, to let the body of Albert Sidney Johnston, their great chevalier, pass slowly up St. Charles street behind the muffled drums, while on their quivering hearts was written with a knife the death-roll of that lost battle. One of those who had brought that precious body — a former school-mate of mine — walked beside the bier, with the stains of camp and battle on him from head to foot. The war was coming very near.

Many of the town's old forms and habits of peace held fast. The city, I have said, was under martial law; yet the city management still went through its old routines. The volunteer fire department was as voluntary and as redundantly riotous as ever. The police courts, too, were as cheerful as of old. The public schools had merely substituted "Dixie," the "Marseillaise," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and were running straight along. There was one thing besides, of which many of us knew nothing at the time,— a system of espionage, secret, diligent, and fierce, that marked down every man suspected of sympathy with the enemy in a book whose name was too vile to find place on any page. This was not the military secret service,— that is to be expected wherever there is war,— nor any authorized police, but the scheme of some of the worst of the villains who had ruled New Orleans with the rod of terror for many years — the "Thugs."

But the public mind was at a transparent heat. Everybody wanted to know of everybody else, "Why don't you go to the front?" Even the gentle maidens demanded tartly, one of another, why each other's brothers or lovers had not gone long ago. Whereas, in truth, the laggards were few indeed. The very children were fierce. For now even we, the uninformed, the lads and women, knew the enemy was closing down upon us. Of course we confronted the fact very valorously,



CAPTAIN THEODORUS BAILEY AND LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. PERKINS ON THEIR WAY TO DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

we boys and mothers and sisters — and the newspapers. Had we not inspected the fortifications ourselves? Was not every man in town ready to rush into them at the twelve taps of the fire-alarm bells? Were we not ready to man them if the men gave out? Nothing afloat could pass the forts. Nothing that walked could get through our swamps. The *Mississippi* — and, in fact, she was a majestically terrible structure, only let us *complete* her — would sweep the river clean!

But there was little laughter. Food was dear; the destitute poor were multiplying terribly; the market men and women, mainly Germans, Gascon-French, and Sicilians, had lately refused to take the shinplaster currency, and the city authority had forced them to accept it. There was little to laugh at. The Mississippi was gnawing its levees and threatening to plunge in upon us. The city was believed to be full of spies.

I shall not try to describe the day the alarm-bells told us the city was in danger and called every man to his mustering-point. The children poured out from the school gates and ran crying to their homes, meeting their sobbing mothers at their thresholds. The men fell into ranks. I was left entirely alone in

charge of the store where I was employed. Late in the afternoon, receiving orders to close it, I did so, and went home. But I did not stay. I went to the river-side. There until far into the night I saw hundreds of drays carrying cotton out of the presses and yards to the wharves, where it was fired. The glare of those sinuous miles of flame set men and women weeping and wailing thirty miles away on the farther shore of Lake Pontchartrain. But the next day was the day of terrors. During the night fear, wrath, and sense of betrayal had run through the people as the fire had run through the cotton. You have seen, perhaps, a family fleeing with lamentations and wringing of hands out of a burning house; multiply it by thousands upon thousands: that was New Orleans, though the houses were not burning. The firemen were out; but they cast fire on the waters, putting the torch to the empty ships and cutting them loose to float down the river.

Whoever could go was going. The great mass, that had no place to go to or means to go with, was beside itself. "Betrayed! betrayed!" it cried, and ran in throngs from street to street, seeking some vent, some victim for its wrath. I saw a crowd catch a poor fellow at the corner of Magazine and Common streets, whose crime was that he looked like a stranger and might be a spy. He was the palest living man I ever saw. They swung him to a neighboring lamp-post, but the Foreign Legion was patroling the town in strong squads, and one of its lieutenants, all green and gold, leaped with drawn sword, cut the rope, and saved the man. This was one occurrence; there were many like it. I stood in the rear door of our store, Canal street, soon after reopening it. The junior of the firm was within. I called him to look toward the river. The masts of the cutter *Washington* were slowly tipping, declining, sinking — down she went. The gun-boat moored next her began to smoke all over and then to blaze. My employers lifted up their heels and left the city — left their goods and their affairs in the hands of one mere lad — no stranger would have thought I had reached fourteen — and one big German porter. I closed the doors, sent the porter to his place in the Foreign Legion, and ran to the levee to see the sights.

What a gathering! The riff-raff of the wharves, the town, the gutters. Such women — such wrecks of women! And all the juvenile rag-tag. The lower steamboat landing, well covered with sugar, rice, and molasses, was being rifled. The men smashed; the women scooped up the smashings. The river was overflowing the top of the levee. A rainstorm began to threaten. "Are the Yankee ships in sight?" I asked of an idler. He pointed out the tops of their naked masts as they showed up across the huge bend of the river. They were engaging the batteries at Camp Chalmette — the old field of Jackson's renown. Presently that was over. Ah, me! I see them now as they come slowly round Slaughterhouse Point into full view, silent, so grim, and terrible; black with men, heavy with deadly portent; the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. Oh, for the *Mississippi!* the *Mississippi!* Just then here she came down upon them. But how? Drifting helplessly, a mass of flames.

The crowds on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word; but one old tar on the *Hartford*, standing with lanyard in hand beside a great pivot-gun, so plain to view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big black breech and blandly grinned.

And now the rain came down in sheets. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember), I being again in the store with but one door ajar, came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Common street. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, bawling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man there had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States Navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done.

Later events, except one, I leave to other pens. An officer from the fleet stood on the City Hall roof about to lower the flag of Louisiana. In the street beneath gleamed the bayonets of a body of marines. A howitzer pointed up and another down the street. All around swarmed the mob. Just then Mayor Monroe — lest the officer above should be fired upon and the howitzers open upon the crowd — came out alone and stood just before one of the howitzers, tall, slender, with folded arms, eying the gunner. Down sank the flag. Captain Bell, tall and stiff, marched off with the flag rolled under his arm and the howitzers clanking behind. Then cheer after cheer rang out for Monroe. And now, I daresay, every one is well pleased that, after all, New Orleans never lowered her colors with her own hands.

George W. Cable.

THE OPENING OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.*

APRIL, 1862.



THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT HAUL DOWN THE UNION FLAG AT THE PENSACOLA NAVY-YARD. (FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM WAUD.)

THE most important event of the War of the Rebellion, with the exception of the fall of Richmond, was the capture of New Orleans and the forts Jackson and St. Philip, guarding the approach to that city. To appreciate the nature of this victory, it is necessary to have been an actor in it, and to be able to comprehend not only the immediate results to the Union cause, but the whole bearing of the fall of New Orleans on the Civil War, which at that time had attained its most formidable proportions.

Previous to fitting out the expedition against New Orleans, there were eleven Southern States in open rebellion against the Government of the United States, or, as it was termed by the Southern people, in a state of secession. Their harbors were all more or less closed against our ships-of-war, either by the heavy forts built originally by the General Government for their protection, or by torpedoes and sunken vessels. Through four of these seceding States ran the great river Mississippi, and both of its banks, from Memphis to its mouth, were lined with powerful batteries. On the west side of the river were three important States, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, with their great tributaries to the Mississippi, —the White, the Arkansas, and the Red,— which were in a great measure secure from the attacks of the Union forces. These States could not only raise half a million soldiers, but could furnish the Confederacy with provisions of all kinds, and cotton enough to supply the Rebel Government with the sinews of war. New Orleans was the largest Southern city, and contained all the resources of modern warfare, having great workshops where machinery of the most powerful kind could be built, and having artisans capable of building ships in wood or iron, casting heavy guns, or making small arms. The people of the city were in no way behind the most zealous secessionists in energy of purpose and in hostility to the Government of the United States.

The Mississippi is thus seen to have been the backbone of the Rebellion, which it should have been the first duty of the Federal Government to break. At the very outset of the war it should have been attacked at both ends at the same time, before the Confederates had time to fortify its banks or to turn the guns in the Government forts against the Union forces. A dozen improvised gun-boats would have held the entire length of the river if they had been sent there in time. The efficient fleet with which Dupont, in November, 1861, attacked and captured the works at Port Royal could at that time have steamed up to New Orleans and captured the city without difficulty. Any three vessels could have passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip a month after the commencement of the war, and could have gone on to Cairo, if necessary, without any trouble. But the Federal Government neglected to approach the mouth of the Mississippi until a year after hostilities had commenced, except to blockade. The Confederates made good use of this interval, putting forth all their resources and fortifying not only the approaches to New Orleans, but both banks of the river as far north as Memphis.

WHILE in command of the *Powhatan*, engaged in the blockade of the South-west Pass of the Mississippi,— a period of seventy-six days,— I took pains to obtain all possible information concerning the defenses of the river. I learned from the fishermen who supplied the city with oysters and fish that very little progress had been made in strengthening the forts, and that no vessel of any importance was being built except the ram *Manassas*, which had not much strength and but a single gun. The only Confederate vessel then in commission was a small river-boat, the *Ivy*, mounting one four-pounder rifled gun. Had I been able to cross the bar with my ship, I would have felt justified in going up to the city and calling on the authorities to surrender. I could easily have passed the forts under cover of the night without the aid of a pilot, as I had been up and

* For a description of the "Operations of the Western Flotilla" (including the opening of the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis), see the paper by Rear-Admiral Walke in THE CENTURY for January, 1885.

down the river some thirty times in a large mail steamer. But the *Powhatan* drew three feet too much water, and there was no use thinking about such an adventure.

This was the position of affairs on May 31, 1861, only forty-five days after Fort Sumter had been fired on.

On the 9th of November, 1861, I arrived at New York with the *Powhatan* and was ordered to report to the Navy Department at Washington, which I did on the 12th. In those days it was not an easy matter for an officer, except one of high rank, to obtain access to the Secretary of the Navy, and I had been waiting nearly all the morning at the door of his office when Senators Grimes and Hale came along and entered into conversation with me concerning my service on the Gulf coast. During this interview I told the senators of a plan I had formed for the capture of New Orleans, and when I had explained to them how easily it could be accomplished, they expressed surprise that no action had been taken in the matter, and took me in with them at once to see Secretary Welles. I then gave the Secretary, in as few words as possible, my opinion on the importance of capturing New Orleans, and my plan for doing so. Mr. Welles listened to me attentively, and when I had finished what I had to say he remarked that the matter should be laid before the President at once; and we all went forthwith to the Executive Mansion, where we were received by Mr. Lincoln.

My plan, which I then stated, was as follows: To fit out a fleet of vessels-of-war with which to attack the city, fast steamers drawing not more than eighteen feet of water and carrying about two hundred and fifty heavy guns; also a flotilla of mortar-vessels, to be used in case it should be necessary to bombard Forts Jackson and St. Philip before the fleet should attempt to pass them. I also proposed that a body of troops should be sent along in transports to take possession of the city after it had been surrendered to the navy. When I had outlined the proposed movement the President remarked:

"This should have been done sooner. The Mississippi is the backbone of the Rebellion; it is the key to the whole situation. While the Confederates hold it they can obtain supplies of all kinds, and it is a barrier against our forces. Come, let us go and see General McClellan."

At that time General McClellan commanded the Army of the Potomac, and was in the zenith of his power. He held the confidence of the President and the country, and was engaged in organizing a large army with which to guarantee the safety of the Federal seat of government, and to march upon Richmond.

Our party was now joined by Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, and we proceeded to McClellan's headquarters, where we found that officer diligently engaged in the duties of his responsible position. He came to meet the President with that cheery manner which always distinguished him, and, seeing me, shook me warmly by the hand. We had known each other for some years, and I always had the highest opinion of his military abilities.

"Oh," said the President, "you two know each other! Then half the work is done."

He then explained to the general the object of his calling at that time, saying:

"This is a most important expedition. What troops can you spare to accompany it and take possession of New Orleans after the navy has effected its capture? It is not only necessary to have troops enough to hold New Orleans, but we must be able to proceed at once towards Vicksburg, which is the key to all that country watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries. If the Confederates once fortify the neighboring hills, they will be able to hold that point for an indefinite time, and it will require a large force to dislodge them."

In all his remarks the President showed a remarkable familiarity with the state of affairs. Before leaving us, he said:

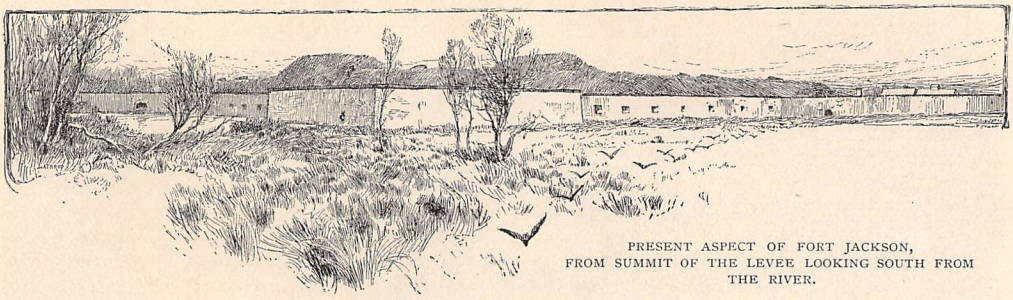
"We will leave this matter in the hands of you two gentlemen. Make your plans, and let me have your report as soon as possible."

General McClellan and myself were then left to talk the matter over and draw up the plan of operations. With a man of McClellan's energy, it did not take long to come to a conclusion; and, although he had some difficulty in finding a sufficient number of troops without interfering with other important projects, he settled the matter in two days, and reported that his men would be ready to embark on the 15th of January, 1862.

The plan of the campaign submitted to the President was as follows: A naval expedition was to be fitted out, composed of vessels mounting not fewer than two hundred guns, with a powerful mortar-flotilla, and with steam transports to keep the fleet supplied. The army was to furnish twenty thousand troops, not only for the purpose of occupying New Orleans after its capture, but to fortify and hold the heights about Vicksburg. The navy and army were to push on up the river as soon as New Orleans was occupied by our troops, and call upon the authorities of Vicksburg to surrender. Orders were to be issued to Flag-officer Davis, who commanded the iron-clad fleet on the Upper



D. G. Farragut

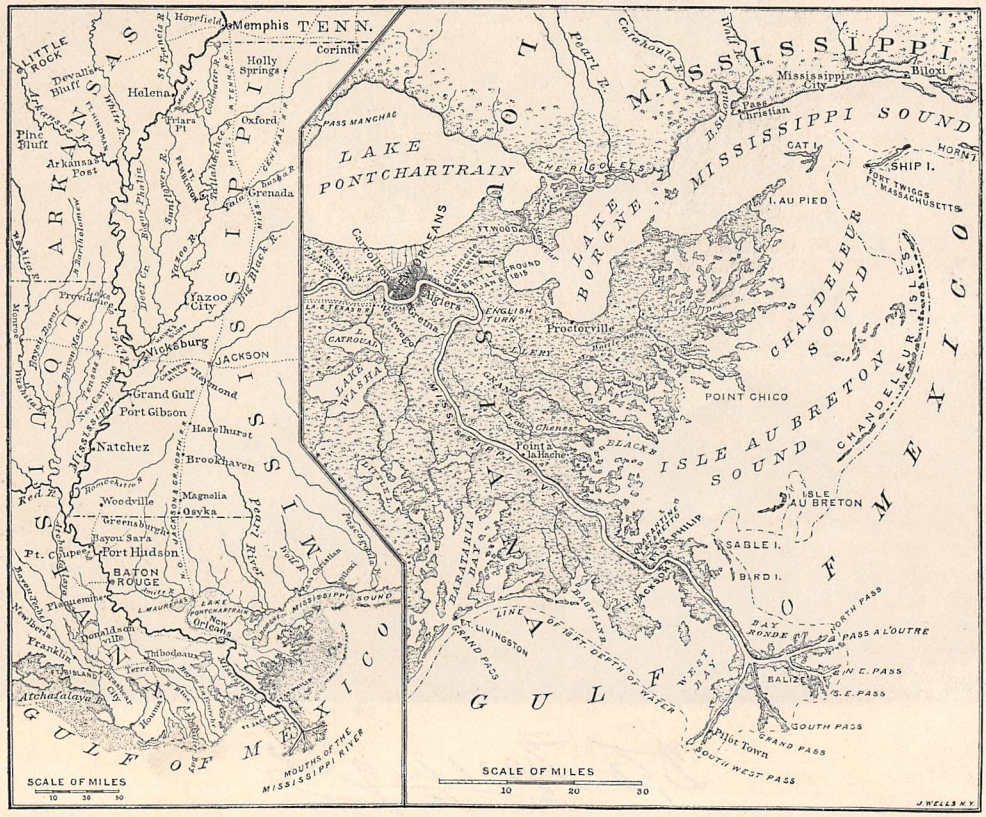


PRESENT ASPECT OF FORT JACKSON, FROM SUMMIT OF THE LEVEE LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE RIVER.

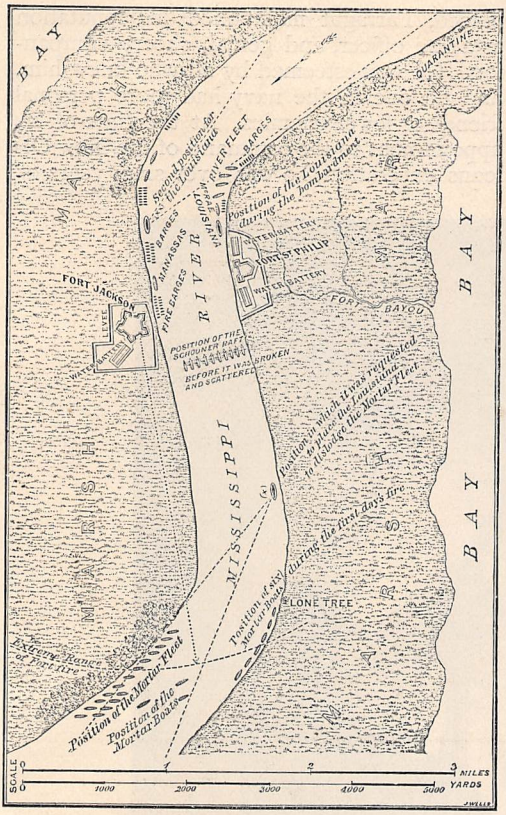
Mississippi, to join the fleet above Vicksburg with his vessels and mortar-boats.

The above plans were all approved by the President, and the Navy Department immediately set to work to prepare the naval part of the expedition, while General McClellan prepared the military part. The officer selected to command the troops was General B. F. Butler, a man supposed to be of high administrative ability, and at that time one of the most zealous of the Union commanders.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. G. V. Fox, selected the vessels for this expedition, and to me was assigned the duty of purchasing and fitting out a mortar flotilla, to be composed of twenty large schooners, each mounting one heavy thirteen-inch mortar and at least two long thirty-two-pounders. It was not until December, 1861, that the Navy Department got seriously to work at fitting out the expedition. Some of the mortar-vessels had to be purchased, the twenty mortars, with their thirty thousand bombshells, had to be cast at Pittsburgh and transported to New York and Philadelphia, and the mortar-carriages made in New York. It was also necessary to recall ships from stations on the coast and fit them out; also to select officers from the few



MAPS OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.



MAP SHOWING THE DEFENSES OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE POSITIONS OF THE MORTAR-FLEET AT THE OPENING OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

NOTE. The top of the map is west.

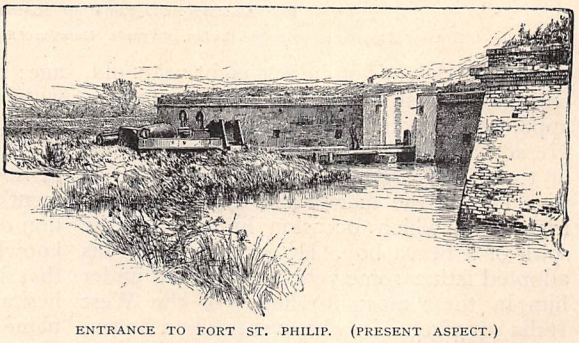
available at that time to fill the various positions where efficiency was required — especially for the mortar flotilla, the operation of which imposed unfamiliar duties.

By the latter part of January the mortar flotilla got off. In addition to the schooners, it included seven steamers (which were necessary to move the vessels about in the Mississippi River) and a store-ship. Seven hundred picked men were enlisted, and twenty-one officers were selected from the merchant marine to command the mortar-schooners.

An important duty now devolved on the Secretary of the Navy, viz., the selection of an officer to command the whole expedition. Mr. Fox and myself had often discussed the matter. He had had in his mind several officers of high standing and unimpeachable loyalty; but, as I knew the officers of the navy better than he did, my advice was listened to, and the selection fell upon Captain David Glasgow Farragut.

I had known Farragut ever since I was five years old. He stood high in the navy as an officer and seaman, and possessed such undoubted courage and energy that no possible objection could be made to him. On the first sign of war Farragut, though a Southerner by birth and residence, had shown his loyalty in an outspoken manner. The Southern officers had used every argument to induce him to desert his flag, even going so far as to threaten to detain him by force. His answer to them has become historical: "Mind what I tell you: You fellows will catch the devil before you get through with this business."* Having thus expressed himself in a manner not to be misunderstood, he left Norfolk with his family and took a house on the Hudson River, whence he reported to the Navy Department as ready for duty. I knew Farragut better than most other officers of the navy knew him; and as he is here to appear as the central figure of the greatest naval achievement of our war, I will give a brief sketch of his early naval life.

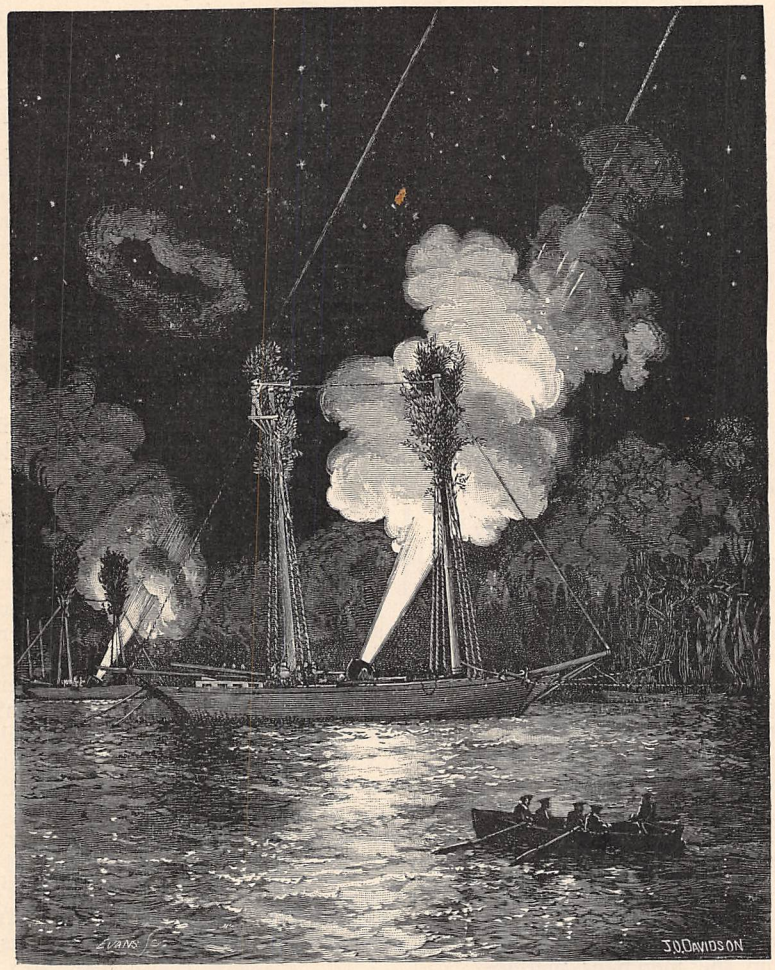
Farragut was born in Tennessee, from which State his family moved to New Orleans. His father was not a man of affluence, and had a large family to support. In 1807 Captain David Porter, United States Navy, was appointed to the command of the New Orleans station. His father, David Porter, senior (who had been appointed by General Washington a sailing-master in the navy, for services performed during the Revolution), accompanied him to this post and served under his command. Being eighty-four years of age, his services were nominal, and he only lived in New Orleans for the sake of being near his son. One day, while fishing on Lake Pontchartrain, the old gentleman fell over with a sunstroke, and Farragut's father took him to his house near by, and treated him with the most assiduous attention. Mr. Porter died at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Farragut, it being considered dangerous to move



ENTRANCE TO FORT ST. PHILIP. (PRESENT ASPECT.)

* It is worthy of note in this connection that in 1833, during the nullification troubles, Farragut was sent by Andrew Jackson to South Carolina to support his mandate that "the Union must and shall be preserved."—ED.

him. Captain Porter then, in order to show his gratitude to the Farraguts for their kindness to his father, offered to adopt their son Glasgow. This offer was gladly accepted, and from that time young Farragut became a member of Captain Porter's family, and was recognized as his adoptive son. The boy was placed at school when he was eight years old, and on the 17th of December, 1810, he was appointed an acting midshipman in the navy. He accompanied Captain Porter in the cruise of the *Essex* around Cape Horn, and was with him at the memorable capture of that frigate, on which occasion he showed the spirit of a brave boy. He remained with his adopted father some years, and served under him in the "mosquito fleet" of the West India squadron. In whatever position he was placed, Farragut maintained his reputation as a fine officer, and genial, cheery companion. He was esteemed by all who knew him, and no one in the navy had more personal friends or fewer enemies. At the time of his appointment to the command of the New Orleans expedition, he was over sixty years of age; but he was as active as a man of fifty, with an unimpaired constitution, and a mind as bright as ever.

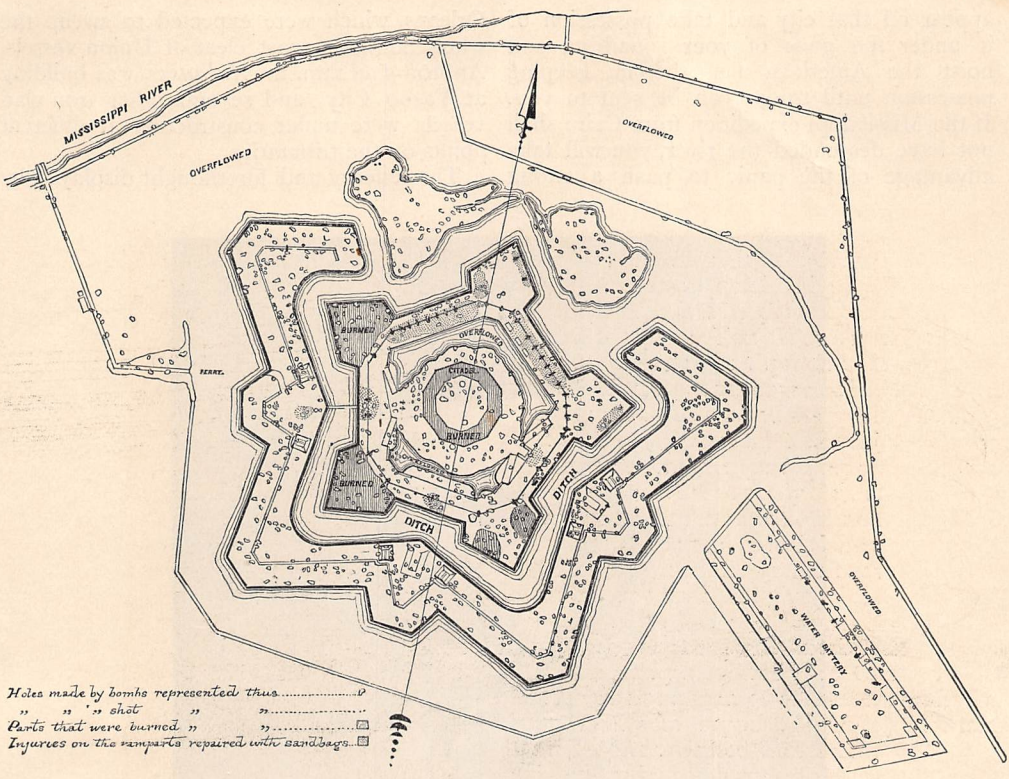


MORTAR-SCHOONERS ENGAGED AGAINST FORT JACKSON.*

(Distance of leading schooner from the fort, 2850 yards. Duration of fire, six days. Total number of shells fired, 16,800.)

On his return to the North with his family, he had been assigned to duty by the Department as president of a board for the examination of officers, and he accepted it as an acknowledgment on the part of the Government that he was a loyal man. The Department hesitated for some time, however, when his name was proposed as commander of the im-

* The drawings of vessels in action printed with this article, except the general view, are from sketches by Admiral Porter, and all have received his criticism and final approval.—ED.



PLAN OF FORT JACKSON, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE BOMBARDMENT, APRIL 18TH TO 24TH. (FROM THE GOVERNMENT MAP SURVEYED BY J. S. HARRIS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF F. H. GERDES, U. S. COAST SURVEY.)

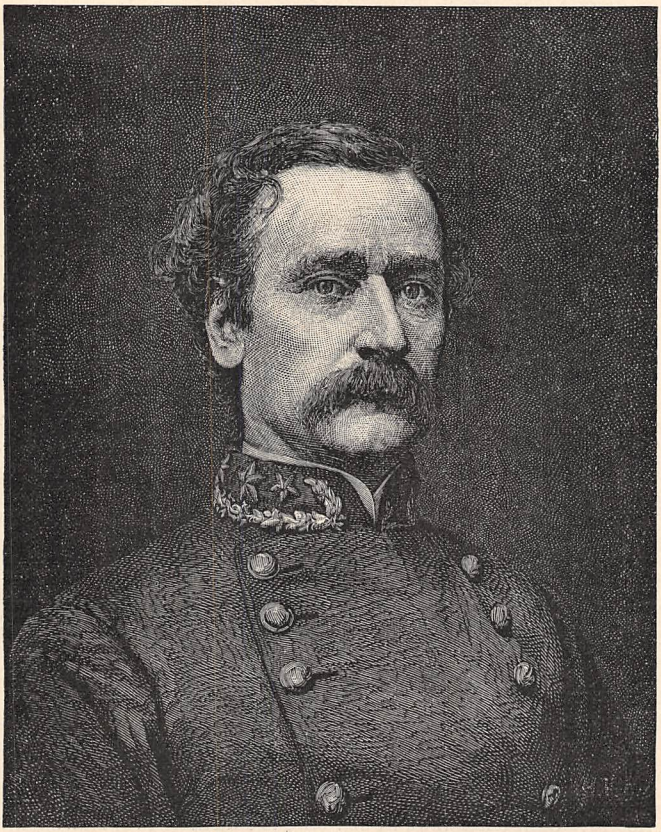
["All the scows and boats near the fort except three small ones were sunk. The drawbridge, hot-shot furnaces, and fresh-water cisterns were destroyed. The floors of the casemates were flooded, the levee having been broken. All the platforms for pitching tents on were destroyed by fire or shells. All the casemates were cracked (the roof in some places being entirely broken through) and masses of brick dislodged in numerous instances. The outer walls of the fort were cracked from top to bottom, admitting daylight freely."—Inscription on the original plan.]

portant expedition against New Orleans. A widespread feeling prevailed at that time that Southern officers should not be given active duty afloat; for, although their loyalty was not doubted, it was naturally thought that they would find no duty congenial that would compel them to act offensively against their friends and relations. It was afterwards proved that this opinion was unjust, for among the officers who hailed from the South were some of the most zealous and energetic defenders of the Union flag—men who did their duty faithfully. When Farragut came North he simply reported himself to the Department as ready for duty, without applying for active service against the enemy. It was owing to this fact that the Department was so long in coming to a conclusion, and this explains why the commander of the expedition was not (as he ought to have been) the very first man selected.

I continually urged Farragut's appointment, and finally the Department directed me to go on to New York, and ascertain in a personal interview whether he would accept the command and enter warmly into the views of the Government. I found him, as I had expected, loyal to the utmost extent; and, although he did not at that time know the destination of the expedition, he authorized me to accept for him the Secretary's offer, and I telegraphed the Department: "Farragut accepts the command, as I was sure he would."

In consequence of this answer he was called to Washington, and on the 20th of January, 1862, he received orders to command the expedition against New Orleans. In the orders are included these passages: "There will be attached to your squadron a fleet of bomb-vessels, and armed steamers enough to manage them, all under command of Commander D. D. Porter, who will be directed to report to you. As fast as these vessels are got ready they will be sent to Key West to await the arrival of all, and the commanding officers will be permitted to organize and practice with them at that port. When these formidable mortars arrive, and you are completely ready, you will collect such vessels as can be spared from the blockade, and proceed up the Mississippi River, and reduce the defenses which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will

appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong



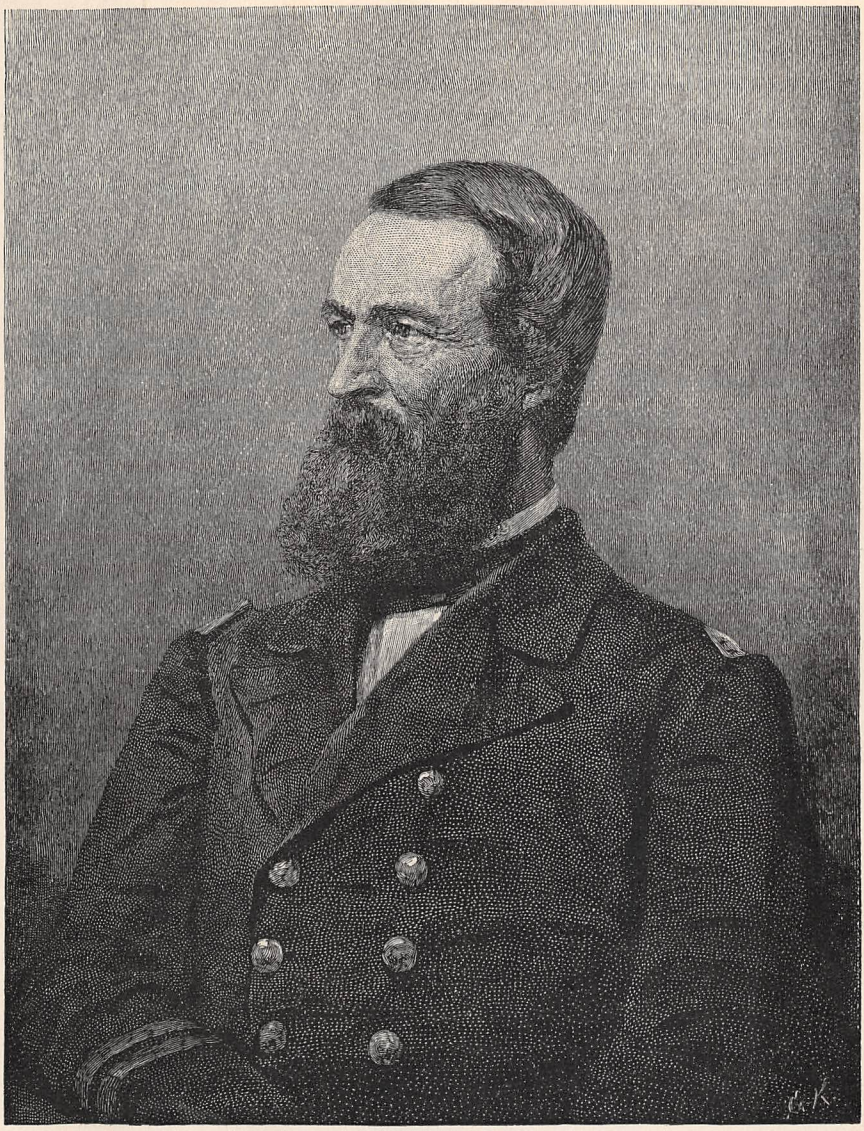
MAJOR-GENERAL MANSFIELD LOVELL, COMMANDER OF CONFEDERATE DEPARTMENT NO. 1, WITH HEADQUARTERS AT NEW ORLEANS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

force up the river to take all their defenses in the rear."

As soon as possible Farragut proceeded to his station and took command of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron. In the mean time the Confederates had not been idle. They had early been made acquainted with the destination of the expedition, and had put forth all their energies in strengthening Forts Jackson and St. Philip, obstructing the river, and preparing a naval force with which to meet the invaders. The ram *Manassas* was finished and placed in commission, and the iron-clad *Louisiana*, mounting sixteen heavy guns and heavily armored, was hurried toward completion. Besides these vessels there were two other powerful iron-clads building at New Orleans, which were expected to sweep the whole Southern coast clear of Union vessels. An iron-clad ram, the *Arkansas*, was building at Yazoo City, and several other iron-clad vessels were under construction at different points on the tributaries.

This energy and forethought displayed by the South will seem marvelous when compared with what was done by the North during the same period of time; for among all the ships that were sent to Farragut there was not one whose sides could resist a twelve-pound shot. Considering the great resources of the Northern States, this supineness of the Government seems inexcusable. Up to the time of the sailing of the expedition, only one small iron-clad, the *Monitor*, had been commenced; and it was only after her encounter with the *Merrimac* that it was seen how useful vessels of this class would be for the attack on New Orleans, particularly in contending with the forts on the banks of the Mississippi.

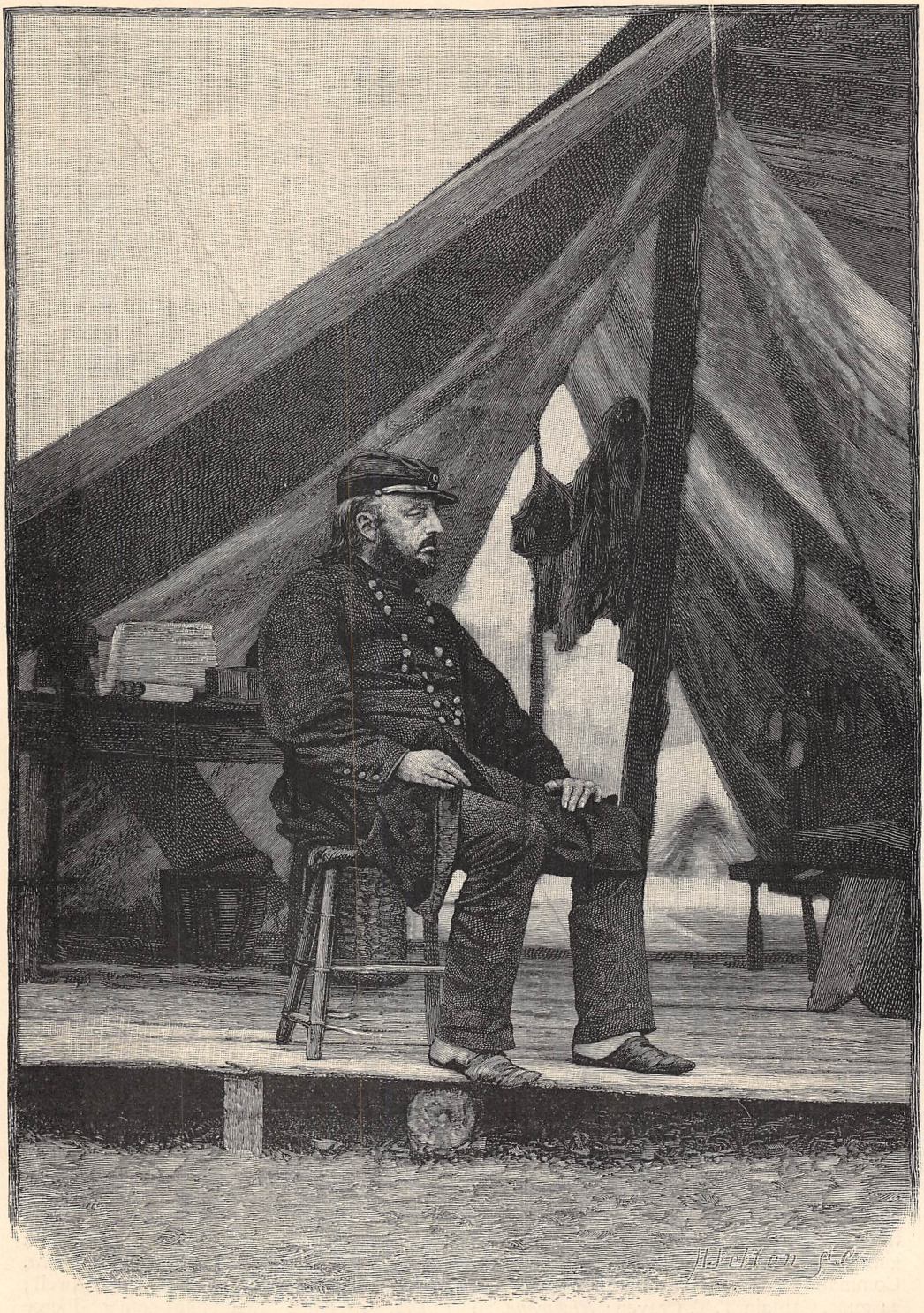
Flag-officer Farragut did not arrive at Ship Island with the *Hartford* until the 20th of



COMMANDER DAVID D. PORTER (NOW ADMIRAL U. S. N.),—IN COMMAND OF THE MORTAR-FLEET AT FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.

February, 1862, he having been detained for some time at Key West, where he commenced arranging his squadron for the difficult task that lay before him.

The vessels which had been assigned to his command soon began to arrive, and by the middle of March the following ships and gun-boats had reported: *Hartford*, 25 guns, Commander Richard Wainwright; *Brooklyn*, 24 guns, Captain T. T. Craven; *Richmond*, 26 guns, Commander James Alden; *Mississippi*, 12 guns, Commander Melancton Smith; *Pensacola*, 24 guns, Captain H. W. Morris; *Cayuga*, 6 guns, Lieutenant-com'g N. B. Harrison; *Oneida*, 9 guns, Commander S. P. Lee; *Varuna*, 10 guns, Commander Charles S. Boggs; *Katahdin*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g George H. Preble; *Kineo*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g George M. Ransom; *Wissahickon*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g A. N. Smith; *Winona*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g E. T. Nichols; *Itasca*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g C. H. B. Caldwell; *Pinola*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g Pierce Crosby; *Kennebec*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g John H. Russell; *Iroquois*, 9 guns, Commander John De Camp; *Sciota*, 4 guns,



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, IN COMMAND OF THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE NEW ORLEANS EXPEDITION.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN VIRGINIA IN 1864.)

Lieutenant-com'g Edward Donaldson. Total guns, 177. Also the following steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla: *Harriet Lane*, *Owasco*, *Clifton*, *Westfield*, *Miami*, *Jackson*; besides the mortar-schooners, the names of which will be given farther on. The frigate *Colorado*, mounting fifty guns, had arrived, but Admiral Farragut and Captain Bailey both came to the conclusion that she could not be lightened sufficiently to cross the bar.

On the 18th of March all the mortar-schooners crossed the bar at Pass à l'Outre, towed by the steamers *Harriet Lane*, *Owasco*, *Westfield*, and *Clifton*. They were ordered by Farragut to proceed to South-west Pass.

As yet the only vessels that had crossed the bar were the *Hartford* and *Brooklyn*. The Navy Department had made a mistake in sending vessels of too great draught of water, such as the *Colorado*, *Pensacola*, and *Mississippi*. The two latter vessels succeeded in crossing with great difficulty, but the whole fleet was delayed at least twelve days.

The first act of Farragut was to send Captain Henry H. Bell, his chief-of-staff, up the river with the steamers *Kennebec* and *Wissahickon*, to ascertain, if possible, what preparations had been made by the enemy to prevent the passage of the forts. This officer reported that "the obstructions seemed formidable. Eight hulks were moored in line across the river, with heavy chains extending from one to the other. Rafts of logs were also used, and the passage between the forts was thus entirely closed."

The Confederates had lost no time in strengthening their defenses. They had been working night and day ever since the expedition was planned by the Federal Government. Forts Jackson and St. Philip were two strong defenses on each side of the river, the former on the west bank and the latter on the east. As they are to hold an important place in the following narration of events, it will be well to give a description of them.

Fort Jackson was built in the shape of a star, of stone and mortar, with heavy bomb-proofs. (See page 929.) It set back about one hundred yards from the levee, with its casemates just rising above it. I am told that the masonry had settled somewhat since it was first built, but it was still in a good state of preservation. Its armament consisted of forty-three heavy guns in barbette, and twenty in casemates; also two pieces of light artillery and three mortars; also seven guns in water battery — in all, seventy-five guns, distributed as follows: On main parapet, thirty-three thirty-two-pounders, two ten-inch columbiads, one six-inch rifle; in second bastion, one nine-inch mortar, two ten-inch columbiads; in third bastion, one columbiad, two eight-inch mortars; in north-west casemate, eight thirty-two-pounders; in north-east casemate, six thirty-two-pounders; in bastion casemates, ten short guns, two brass field-pieces. Extending from the fort down the river was a water battery, containing two large rifled guns, one ten-inch and one nine-inch columbiad, and three thirty-two-pounders on the outer curtain. This was a very formidable part of the defenses, its heavy guns having a commanding range down the river. The main works had been strengthened by covering its bomb-proofs and vulnerable parts with bags of sand piled five or six feet deep, making it proof against the projectiles of ordinary guns carried by ships-of-war in those days. The fort was also well supplied with provisions and munitions of war, which were stowed away in a heavily built citadel of masonry situated in the center of the works. Altogether, it was in very good condition to withstand either attack or siege. Fort Jackson was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Higgins, formerly an officer of the United States Navy, and a very gallant and intelligent man.

Fort St. Philip was situated on the other side of the river, about half a mile above Fort Jackson, and, in my opinion, was the more formidable of the two works. It covered a large extent of ground, and although it was open, without casemates, its walls were strongly built of brick and stone, covered with sod. The guns were all mounted in barbette, and could be brought to bear on any vessel going up or down the river. There were in all 53 pieces of ordnance, as follows: Forty-three guns (mostly thirty-two-pounders), one thirteen-inch mortar, four ten-inch sea-coast mortars, one ten-inch siege mortar, one eight-inch siege mortar, three pieces of light artillery. One heavy rifled gun bore on the position of the mortar-fleet, and caused us considerable disturbance until the second or third day after the bombardment commenced, when it burst.

Each of the forts held a garrison of about seven hundred men, some of whom were from the Northern States, besides many foreigners (Germans or Irish). The Northern men had applied for duty in the forts to avoid suspicion, and in the hope that they would not be called upon to fight against the Federal Government. In this hope they had been encouraged by their officers, all of whom, including the colonel in command, were of the opinion that no naval officer would have the hardihood to attack such strong positions.

All of the land defenses were under Brigadier-General Johnson K. Duncan, who

showed himself to be an able and gallant commander.

The best passage up the river was near the west bank close under the guns of Fort Jackson, where the current was not very rapid and few eddies existed. Across this channel the Confederates had placed a raft of logs, extending from the shore to the commencement of a line of hulks which reached to the other side of the river. These hulks were anchored and connected to each other by chains. The raft was so arranged that it could be hauled out of the way of passing vessels, and closed when danger threatened. Although this plan of blocking the river was better than the first one tried by the Confederates, viz., to float a heavy chain across on rafts, it was not very formidable or ingenious.

In addition to the defenses at the forts, the Confederates worked with great diligence to improvise a fleet of men-of-war, using for this purpose a number of heavy tugs, that had been employed in towing vessels up and down the river, and some merchant steamers. These, with the ram *Manassas* and the iron-clad *Louisiana*, made in all twelve vessels. The whole naval force was nominally under the control of Commander John K. Mitchell, C. S. N.

In order that we may come to a full understanding of the composition of this fleet, it will be necessary to give a detailed account of each vessel, stating the authority which directed her movements. The following vessels belonged to the regular navy, and were, from the first, under the exclusive control of Commander Mitchell:

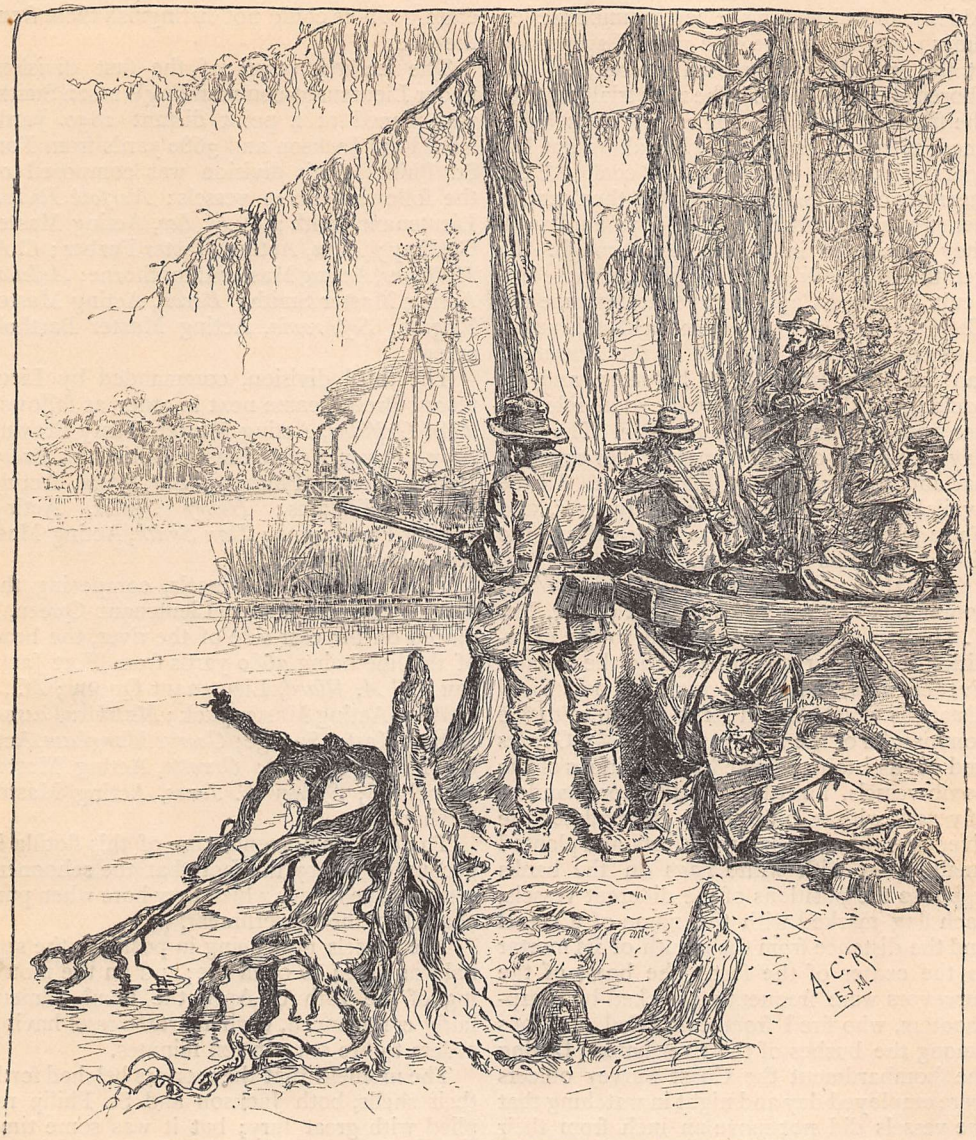
The iron-clad *Louisiana*, mounting sixteen heavy guns, with a crew of two hundred men. She was a powerful vessel, almost impervious to shot, and was fitted with a shot-proof gallery from which her sharp-shooters could fire at an enemy with great effect. Her machinery was not completed, however, and during the passage of the Union fleet she was secured to the river-bank and could only use one broadside and four of her stern guns. At this time she was under the immediate command of Lieutenant Charles F. McIntosh, formerly of the United States Navy. (See page 938.) Also the *McRae*, Lieutenant Thomas B. Huger, a sea-going steamer mounting six thirty-two-pounders and one nine-inch shell gun; steamer *Jackson*, Lieutenant F. B. Renshaw, mounting two thirty-two-pounders; iron-clad ram *Manassas*, Lieutenant A. F. Warley, mounting one thirty-two-pounder (in the bow); and two launches, mounting each one howitzer. Also the following converted sea-steamers into Louisiana State gun-boats, with pine and cotton barricades to protect the machinery and boilers: The *Governor Moore*, Commander Beverly Kennon, two thirty-two-pounder rifled guns, and the *General Quitman*, Captain Grant, two thirty-two-pounders. "All the above steamers, being converted vessels," says Commander Mitchell, "were too slightly built for war purposes." The following unarmed steamers belonged to his command, viz.: The *Phœnix*, *W. Burton*, and *Landis*. The following named steamers, chartered by the army, were placed under his orders, viz.: The *Mosher*, *Belle Algerine*, *Star*, and *Music* (small tugs).

The River Defense gun-boats, under the command of a merchant captain named Stephenson, were also ordered to report to Commander Mitchell; but they proved of little assistance to him owing to the insubordination of their commander. This fleet consisted of the following converted tow-boats, viz.: The *Warrior*, *Stonewall Jackson*, *Resolute*, *Defiance*, *General Lovell*, *R. J. Breckinridge*. "All of the above vessels," says Commander Mitchell, "mounted from one to two pivot thirty-two-pounders each, some of them rifled. Their boilers and machinery were all more or less protected by thick, double pine barricades, filled in with compressed cotton." They were also prepared for ramming by flat bar-iron casings around their bows.

The Confederate fleet mounted, all told, thirty-nine guns, all but two of them being thirty-two-pounders, and one-fourth of them rifled.

It is thus seen that our wooden vessels, which passed the forts carrying 177 guns, had arrayed against them 128 guns in strongly built works, and 39 guns on board of partly armored vessels.

In addition to the above-mentioned defenses, Commodore Mitchell had at his command a number of fire-rafts (long flat-boats filled with pine-knots, etc.), which were expected to do good service, either by throwing the Union fleet into confusion or by furnishing light to the gunners in the forts. On comparing the Confederate defenses with the attacking force of the Union fleet, it will be seen that the odds were strongly in favor of the former. It is generally conceded by military men that one gun in a fort is about equal to five on board of a wooden ship, especially when, as in this case, the forces afloat are obliged to contend against a three-and-a-half-knot current in a channel obstructed by chains and fire-rafts. Our enemies were well aware of their strength, and although they hardly expected us to make so hazardous an attack, they waited impatiently for Farragut to "come on," resting in the assurance that he would



CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTERS AND SWAMP HUNTERS ATTACKING MORTAR-BOATS.

meet with a disastrous defeat. They did not neglect, however, to add daily to the strength of their works during the time that our ships were delayed in crossing the bar and ascending the river.

Having now described the state of the Confederate defenses, we will continue our narrative of the doings of the Union fleet.

Farragut experienced great difficulty in getting the larger vessels over the bar. The *Hartford* and *Brooklyn* were the only two that could pass without lightening. The *Richmond* stuck fast in the mud every time she attempted to cross. The *Mississippi* drew two feet too much water, and the *Pensacola*, after trying several times to get over, ran on a wreck a hundred yards away from the channel. There she lay, with her propeller half out of water, thumping on the wreck as she was driven in by the wind and sea. Pilots had been procured at Pilot Town, near by; but they were either treacherous or nervous, and all their attempts to get the heavy ships over the bar were failures. Farragut felt extremely uncomfortable at the prospect before him, but I convinced him that I could get the vessels over if he would place them under my control, and he consented to do

so. I first tried with the *Richmond* (Captain Alden), and, although she had grounded seven times when in charge of a pilot, I succeeded at the first attempt, crossed the bar, and anchored off Pilot Town. The next trial was with the frigate *Mississippi*. The vessel was lightened as much as possible by taking out her spars, sails, guns, provisions, and coal. All the steamers of the mortar-fleet were then sent to her assistance, and after eight days' hard work they succeeded in pulling her through. To get the *Pensacola* over looked even more difficult. I asked Captain Bailey to lend me the *Colorado* for a short time, and with this vessel I went as close as possible to the *Pensacola*, ran out a stream-cable to her stern, and, by backing hard on the *Colorado*, soon released her from her disagreeable position. The next day at twelve o'clock I passed her over the bar and anchored her off Pilot Town. All the available vessels were now safely over, and Farragut was at liberty to proceed up the river as soon as he pleased.

The U. S. Coast Survey steamer *Sachem*, commanded by a very competent officer, Mr. F. H. Gerdes, had been added to the expedition for the purpose of sounding the bar and river channel, and also to establish points and distances which should serve as guides to the commander of the mortar flotilla. Mr. Gerdes and his assistants selected the positions of the bomb-vessels, furnished all the commanders of vessels with reliable charts, triangulated the river for eight miles below the forts, and planted small poles with white flags on the banks opposite the positions of the different vessels, each flag marked with the name of a vessel and the distance from the mouth of its mortar to the center of the fort. The boats of the surveyors were frequently attacked by sharpshooters, who fired from concealed positions among the bushes of the river bank. During the bombardment the Coast Survey officers were employed day and night in watching that the vessels did not move an inch from their places, and the good effect of all this care was shown in the final result of the mortar practice.

Having finished the preliminary work, on the 16th of April Farragut moved up with his fleet to within three miles of the forts, and informed me that I could commence the bombardment as soon as I was ready. The ships all anchored as they came up, but not in very good order, which led to some complications.

The place which I had selected for the first and third divisions of the mortar-vessels was under the lee of a thick wood on the right bank of the river, which presented in the direction of the fort an almost impenetrable mass. The forts could be plainly seen from the mastheads of the mortar-schooners, which had been so covered with brush that the Confederate gunners could not distinguish them from the trees.

The leading vessel of the first division, under Lieutenant-commanding Watson Smith, was placed at a point distant 2850 yards from Fort Jackson and 3680 yards from Fort St. Philip. This division was composed of the following seven vessels: *Norfolk Packet*, Lieutenant Smith; *O. H. Lee*, Acting Master Godfrey; *Para*, Acting Master Furber; *C. P. Williams*, Acting Master Langthorne; *Arletta*, Acting Master Smith; *Bacon*, Acting Master Rogers; *Sophronia*, Acting Master Bartholomew.

The third division, commanded by Lieutenant Breese, came next in order, as follows: *John Griffiths*, Acting Master Henry Brown; *Sarah Bruen*, Acting Master Christian; *Racer*, Acting Master Phinney; *Sea Foam*, Acting Master Williams; *Henry James*, Acting Master Pennington; *Dan Smith*, Acting Master George Brown.

The following six vessels, composing the second division, under Lieutenant Queen, I placed on the east side of the river, the head of the line being 3680 yards from Fort Jackson: *T. A. Ward*, Lieutenant Queen; *M. J. Carlton*, Acting Master Jack; *Matthew Vassar*, Acting Master Savage; *George Mangham*, Acting Master Collins; *Orvetta*, Acting Master Blanchard; *Sydney C. Jones*, Acting Master Graham.

The curious nomenclature of this flotilla is accounted for by the fact that the schooners retained the names which they bore when purchased by the Government.

The vessels now being in position, the signal was given to open fire; and on the morning of the 18th of April the bombardment fairly commenced, each mortar-vessel having orders to fire once in ten minutes.

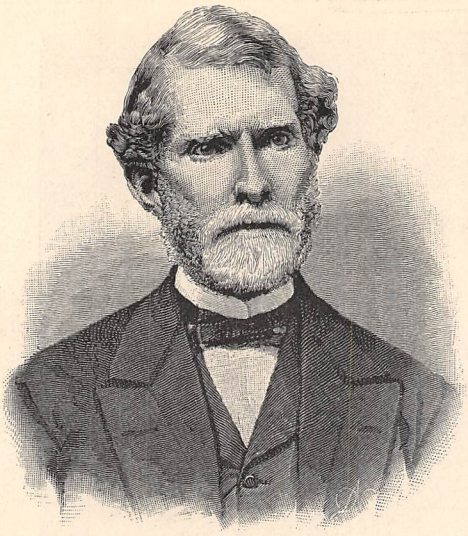
The moment that the mortars belched forth their shells, both Jackson and St. Philip replied with great fury; but it was some time before they could obtain our range, as we were well concealed behind our natural rampart. Their fire was rapid, and, finding that it was becoming rather hot, I sent Lieutenant-commanding Guest up to the head of the line to open fire on the forts with his eleven-inch pivot. This position he maintained for one hour and fifty minutes, and only abandoned it to fill up with ammunition. In the mean time the mortars on the left bank (Queen's division) were doing splendid work, though suffering considerably from the enemy's fire.

I went on board the vessels of this division to see how they were getting on, and found them so cut up that I considered it necessary to remove them, with Farragut's permission, to



Wrecks of Confederate River Fleet.
Fort St. Philip and Confederate Iron-clad *Louisiana*.
Mortar Fleet (in the distance).
Mortar Steamers (attacking Water Battery, Fort Jackson).
Farragut's Division of the Fleet, led by the *Hartford*.
Richmond.
Manassas (Confederate).
Fort Jackson.
Iroquois.
McRae (Confederate).
Confederate Rams and (sinking) Vessels.
Rear Vessel of Bailey's Division.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS BELOW NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 24, 1862. THE SECOND DIVISION IN ACTION, 4:15 A. M.



COMMANDER JOHN K. MITCHELL, C. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE NAVAL FORCES AGAINST FARRAGUT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

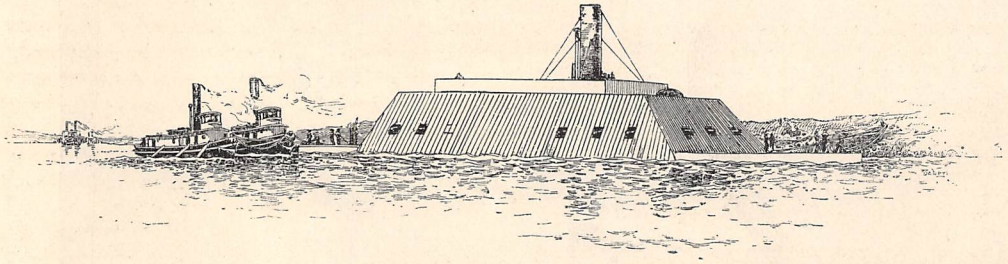
the opposite shore, under cover of the trees, near the other vessels, which had suffered but little. They held their position, however, until sundown, when the enemy ceased firing.

At five o'clock in the evening Fort Jackson was seen to be on fire, and, as the flames spread rapidly, the Confederates soon left their guns. There were many conjectures among the officers of the fleet as to what was burning. Some thought that it was a fire-raft, and I was inclined to that opinion myself until I had pulled up the river in a boat and, by the aid of a night-glass, convinced myself that the fort itself was in flames. This fact I at once reported to Farragut.

At nightfall the crews of the mortar-vessels were completely exhausted; but when it became known that every shell was falling inside of the fort, they redoubled their exertions and increased the rapidity of their fire to a shell every five minutes, or in all two hundred and forty shells an hour. During the night, in order to allow the men to rest, we slackened our fire, and only sent a shell once every half hour. Thus ended the first day's bombardment, which was more effective than that of any other day during the siege. Had the fleet been ready to move, it could have passed up at this time with little or no difficulty.

Next morning the bombardment was renewed and continued night and day until the end, with a result that is thus described in an unpublished letter from Colonel Edward Higgins, dated April 4, 1872, which I received in answer to my inquiry on the subject:

"Your mortar-vessels were placed in position on the afternoon of the 17th of April, 1862, and opened fire at once upon Fort Jackson, where my headquarters were established. The practice was excellent from the commencement of the fire to the end, and continued without intermission until the morning of the 24th of April, when the fleet passed at about four o'clock. Nearly every shell of the many thousand fired at the fort lodged inside of the works. On the first night of the attack the citadel and all buildings in rear of the fort were fired by bursting shell, and also the sand-bag walls that had been thrown around the magazine doors. The fire, as you are aware, raged with great fury, and no effort of ours could subdue it. At this time, and nearly all this night, Fort Jackson was helpless; its magazines were inaccessible, and we could have offered no resistance to a passing fleet. The next morning a terrible scene of destruction pre-



THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD "LOUISIANA" ON THE WAY TO FORT ST. PHILIP.

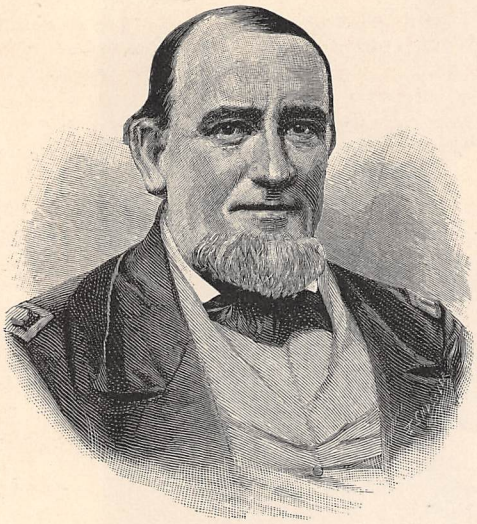
Mr. Wm. C. Whittle, who was third lieutenant on the *Louisiana* during the contest against Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi, has sent to the Editor the following statement concerning her armament:—

"The hull of the *Louisiana* was almost entirely submerged. Upon this were built her heavy upper works, intended to contain her battery, machinery, etc. This extended to within about twenty-five feet of her stem and stern, leaving a little deck forward and aft, nearly even with the water, and surrounded by a slight bulwark. The structure on the hull had its ends and sides inclined inward and upward from the hull, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and covered with T railroad iron, the lower layer being firmly bolted to the wood-work, and the upper layer driven into it from the end so as to form a nearly solid plate and a somewhat smooth surface. This plating resisted the projectiles of Farragut's fleet (none of which perforated our side), although one of his largest ships lay across and touching our stem, and in that position fired her heavy guns. Above this structure was an open deck which was surrounded by a sheet-iron bulwark about four feet high, which was intended as a protection against sharp-shooters and small arms, but was entirely inefficient, as the death of our gallant commander, McIntosh, and those who fell around him, goes to prove.

"The plan for propelling the *Louisiana* was novel and abortive. She had two propellers aft, which we never had an opportunity of testing. The novel conception, which proved entirely inefficient, was that right in the center section of the vessel there was a large well in which worked the two wheels, one immediately forward of the other. I suppose they were so placed to be protected from the enemy's fire.

"The machinery of these two wheels was in order when my father, Commodore W. C. Whittle, the naval commanding officer at New Orleans, against his better judgment, was compelled to send the vessel down to the forts. The vessel left New Orleans on the 20th of April, I think. The work on the propellers was incomplete, the machinists and mechanics being still on board, and most of the guns were not mounted. The center wheels were started, but were entirely inefficient, and, as we were drifting helplessly down the stream, tow-boats had to be called to take us down to the point about half a mile above Fort St. Philip, on the left side of the river, where we tied up to the bank with our bow down-stream. Thus, as Farragut's fleet came up and passed, we could only use our bow-guns and the starboard broadside.

"Moreover, the port-holes for our guns were entirely faulty, not allowing room to train the guns either laterally or in elevation. I had practical experience of this fact, for I had immediate charge of the bow division when a vessel of Admiral Farragut's fleet got across our stem, and I could only fire through and through her at point blank instead of depressing my guns and sinking her."



CHARLES F. McINTOSH, COMMANDER OF THE "LOUISIANA." (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN BROS.)



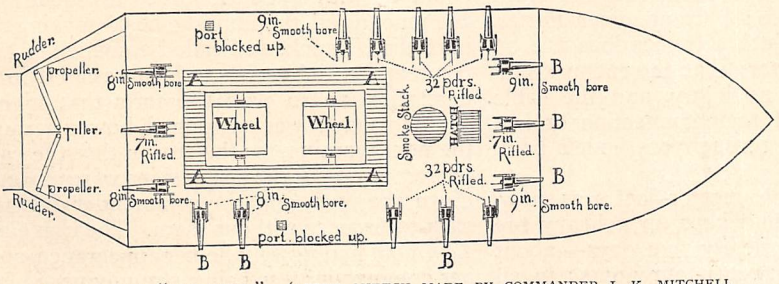
LIEUTENANT JOHN WILKINSON OF THE "LOUISIANA," AFTERWARD IN COMMAND OF THE "R. E. LEE." (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY S. W. GAULT.)

sented itself. The wood-work of the citadel being all destroyed, and the crumbling walls being knocked about the fort by the bursting shells, made matters still worse for the garrison. The work of destruction from now until the morning of the 24th, when the fleet passed, was incessant.

"I was obliged to confine the men most rigidly to the casemates, or we should have lost the best part of the garrison. A shell, striking the parapet over one of the magazines, the wall of which was seven feet thick, penetrated five feet and failed to burst. If that shell had exploded, your work would have ended. Another burst near the magazine door, opening the earth and burying the sentinel and another man five feet in the same grave. The parapets and interior of the fort were completely honeycombed, and the large number of sand-bags with which we were supplied alone saved us from being blown to pieces a hundred times, our magazine doors being much exposed.

"On the morning of the 24th, when the fleet passed, the terrible precision with which your formidable vessels hailed down their tons of bursting shell upon the devoted fort made it impossible for us to obtain either rapidity or accuracy of fire, and thus rendered the passage comparatively easy. There was no very considerable damage done to our batteries, but few of the guns being dismounted by your fire; everything else in and around the fort was destroyed."

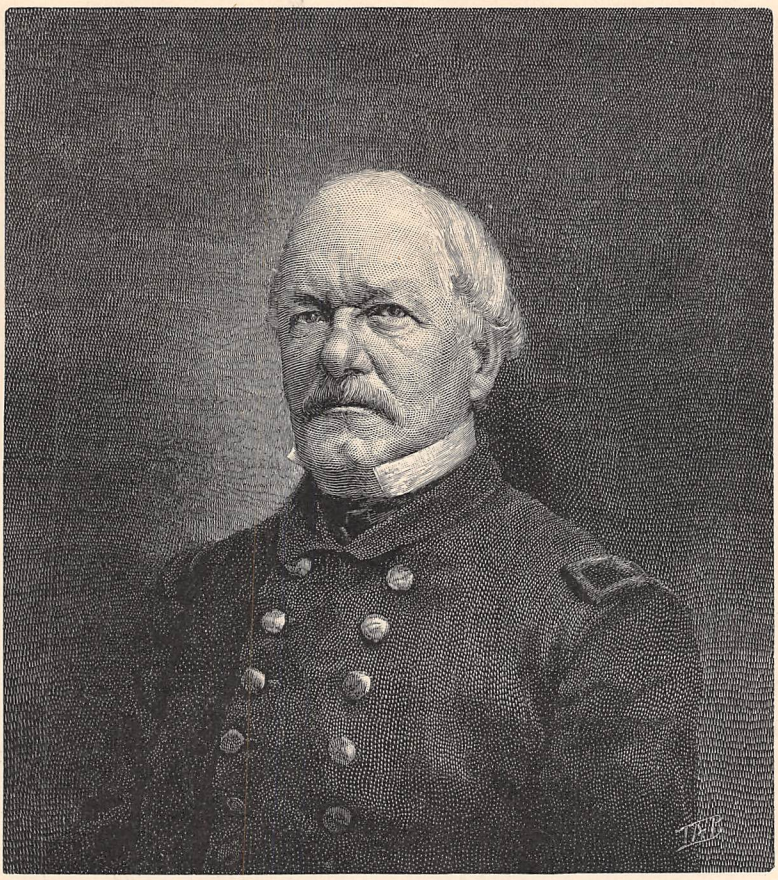
I was not ignorant of the state of affairs in the fort; for, on the third day of the bombardment, a deserter presented himself and gave me such an account of the havoc created by our shells that I had great doubts of the truth of his statements. He represented that hundreds of shells had fallen into the fort, breaking in the bomb-proofs, setting fire to the citadel, and flooding the interior by cutting the levees. He also stated that the soldiers were in a desperate and demoralized condition. This was all very encouraging to us, and so stimulated the crews of the mortar-boats that they worked with unflagging zeal and energy. I took the deserter to Farragut, who, although impressed by his statement, was not quite prepared to take advantage of the opportunity; for at this time the line of hulks across the river was considered an insurmountable obstruction, and it was determined to examine and, if possible, remove it before the advance of the fleet.



PLAN OF THE "LOUISIANA." (AFTER SKETCH MADE BY COMMANDER J. K. MITCHELL ABOUT THE TIME OF THE ENGAGEMENT.)

A. Bulkhead around wheels. B. Guns used in action.

On the night of the 20th an expedition was fitted out for the purpose of breaking the chain which was supposed to extend from one shore to the other. Two steamers, the *Pinola*, Lieutenant Crosby, and *Itasca*, Lieutenant Caldwell, were detailed for

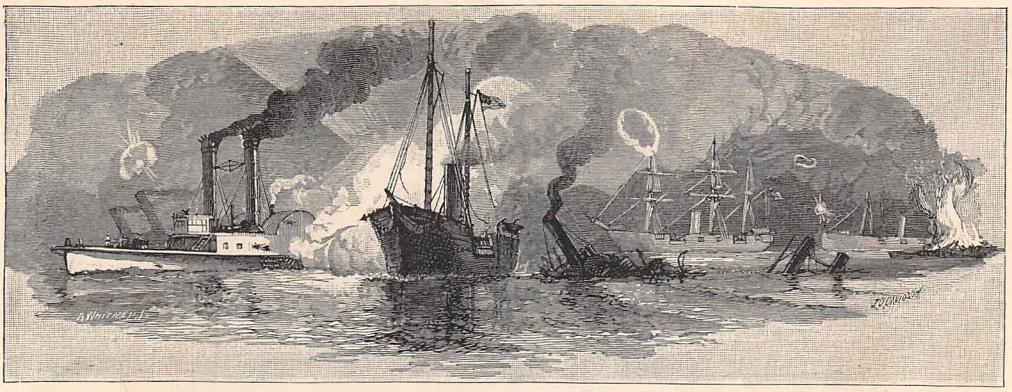


CAPTAIN (AFTERWARD REAR-ADMIRAL) THEODORUS BAILEY, IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE FLEET. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

this purpose and placed under the direction of Captain Bell, chief-of-staff. Although the attempt was made under cover of darkness, the sharp eyes of the Confederate gunners soon discovered their enemies, and the whole fire of Fort Jackson was concentrated upon them. I had been informed of the intended movement by Farragut, so was ready to redouble the fire of the mortars at the proper time with good effect. In Farragut's words: "Commander Porter, however, kept up such a tremendous fire on them from the mortars that the enemy's shot did the gun-boats no injury, and the cable was separated and their connection broken sufficiently to pass through on the left bank of the river."

The work of the mortar-fleet was now nearly over. We had kept up a heavy fire night and day for nearly five days—about 2800 shells every twenty-four hours; in all about 16,800 shells. The men were nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest. The ammunition was giving out, one of the schooners was sunk, and although the rest had received little actual damage from the enemy's shot, they were badly shaken up by the concussion of the mortars.

On the 23d instant I represented the state of affairs to the flag-officer, and he concluded to move on past the works, which I felt sure he could do with but little loss to his squadron. He recognized the importance of making an immediate attack, and called a council of the commanders of vessels, which resulted in a determination to pass the forts that night. The movement was postponed, however, until the next morning, for the reason that the carpenters of one of the larger ships were at work down the river, and the commander did not wish to proceed without them. The iron-clad *Louisiana* had now made her appearance, and her commander was being strongly urged by General Duncan to drop down below the forts (see the map on page 927) and open fire



CAPTAIN BAILEY, IN THE "CAYUGA," BREAKING THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE FLEET.

upon the fleet with his heavy rifle-guns. On the 22d General Duncan wrote to Commander Mitchell from Fort Jackson:

"It is of vital importance that the present fire of the enemy should be withdrawn from us, which you alone can do. This can be done in the manner suggested this morning under the cover of our guns, while your work on the boat can be carried on in safety and security. Our position is a critical one, dependent entirely on the powers of endurance of our casemates, many of which have been completely shattered, and are crumbling away by repeated shocks; and, therefore, I respectfully but earnestly again urge my suggestion of this morning on your notice. Our magazines are also in danger."

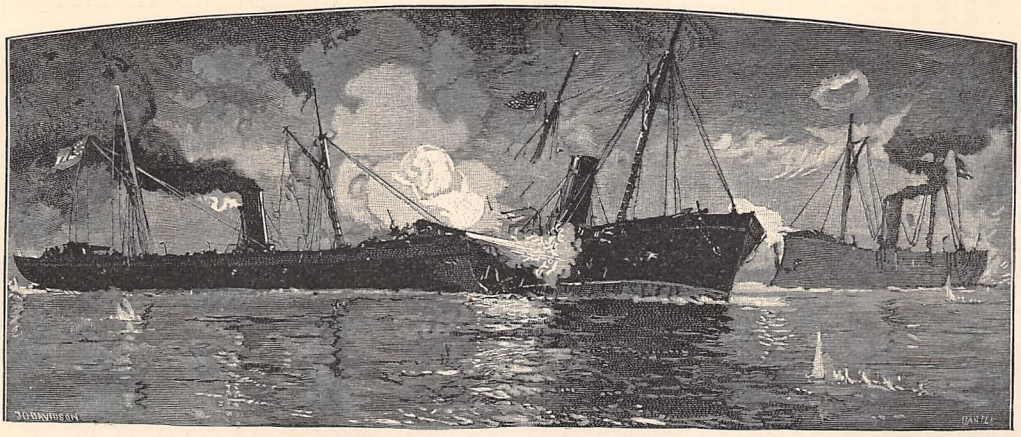
Fortunately for us, Commander Mitchell was not equal to the occasion, and the *Louisiana* remained tied up to the bank, where she could not obstruct the river or throw the Union fleet into confusion while passing the forts.

While Farragut was making his preparations, the enemy left no means untried to drive the mortar-boats from their position. A couple of heavy rifled guns in Fort St. Philip kept up a continual fire on the head of the mortar column, and the Confederates used their mortars at intervals, but only succeeded in sinking one mortar-schooner and damaging a few others. A body of riflemen was once sent out against us from the forts, but it was met by a heavy fire and soon repulsed.

Two o'clock on the morning of the 24th instant was fixed upon as the time for the fleet to start, and Flag-Officer Farragut had previously given the necessary orders to the commanders of vessels, instructing them to prepare their ships for action by sending down their light spars, painting their hulls mud-color, etc.; also to hang their chain-cables over the sides abreast the engines, as a protection against the enemy's shot. He issued the following

GENERAL ORDER.
UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP *Hartford*,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 20, 1862.

The flag-officer, having heard all the opinions expressed by the different commanders, is of the opin-



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE U. S. GUN-BOAT "VARUNA" AND THE CONFEDERATE RAMS "GOVERNOR MOORE" AND "STONEWALL JACKSON."



Ram. *McRae.*

Iroquois.

FIGHT BETWEEN UNION CORVETTE "IROQUOIS" AND CONFEDERATE VESSELS.

[Commander De Camp, of the *Iroquois*, in his official report says: "At 4 A. M. we were hotly engaged with the forts, and shortly after a ram and the Rebel gun-boat *McRae* came upon our quarter and astern of us, and poured into the *Iroquois* a most destructive fire of grape-shot and langrage, part of which was copper slugs; a great many of them were found on our decks after the action. We succeeded in getting one 11-inch shell into the *McRae* and one stand of canister, which drove her from us."—ED.]

ion that whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly, or we shall be again reduced to a blockading squadron, without the means of carrying on the bombardment, as we have nearly expended all the shells and fuses, and material for making cartridges. He has always entertained the same opinions which are expressed by Commander Porter; that is, there are three modes of attack, and the question is, which is the one to be adopted? His own opinion is that a combination of two should be made, viz.: the forts should be run, and when a force is once above the forts, to protect the troops, they should be landed at quarantine from the gulf side by bringing them through the bayou, and then our forces should move up the river, mutually aiding each other as it can be done to advantage.

When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, No. 8, and abide the result, conquer or to be conquered, drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion is best.

Unless the signal above mentioned is made, it will be understood that the first order of sailing will be formed after leaving Fort St. Philip, and we will proceed up the river in accordance with the original opinion expressed. The programme of the order of sailing accompanies this general order, and the commanders will hold themselves in readiness for the service as indicated.*

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

* The order of battle for the fleet was inclosed with this, but as it was not adopted and contained errors afterward officially corrected by Farragut, it is here omitted.— ED.



COMMANDER (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL) CHARLES S. BOGGS, OF THE "VARUNA." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Farragut's first plan was to lead the fleet with his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, to be closely followed by the *Brooklyn*, *Richmond*, *Pensacola*, and *Mississippi*, thinking it well to have his heavy vessels in the van, where they could immediately crush any naval force that might appear against them. This plan was a better one than that afterwards adopted; but he was induced to change the order of his column by the senior commanders of the fleet, who represented to him that it was unwise for the commander-in-chief to take the brunt of the battle. They finally obtained his reluctant consent to an arrangement by which Captain Bailey was to lead in the gun-boat *Cayuga*, commanded by Lieutenant N. B. Harrison,—a good selection, as it afterwards proved, for these officers were gallant and competent men, well qualified for the position. Captain Bailey had volunteered for the service, and left nothing undone to overcome Farragut's reluctance to give up what was then considered the post of danger, though it turned out to be less hazardous than the places in the rear.

The mortar-flotilla steamers under my command were directed to move up before the fleet weighed anchor, and to be ready to engage the water batteries of Fort Jackson as the fleet passed. These batteries mounted some of the heaviest guns in the Confederate defenses, and were depended upon to do efficient work.

The commanders of vessels were informed of the change of plan and instructed to follow in line in the following

ORDER OF ATTACK.

First Division,
CAPT. BAILEY.

† *Cayuga.*
† *Pensacola.*
† *Mississippi.*
† *Oneida.*
† *Varuna.*
† *Katahdin.*
† *Kineo.*
† *Wissahickon.*

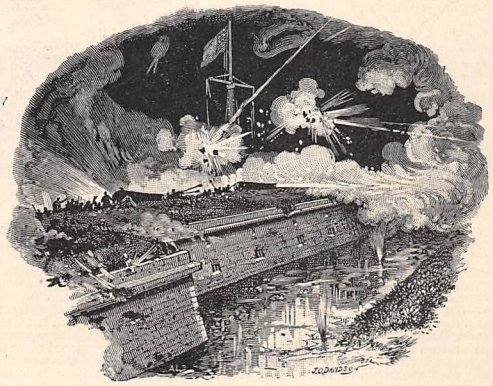
Center Division,
FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT.

† *Hartford.*
† *Brooklyn.*
† *Richmond.*

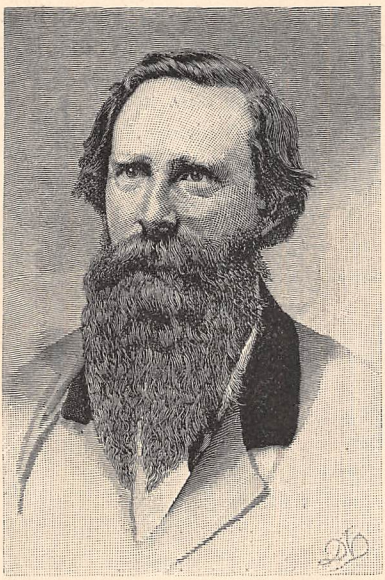
Third Division,
CAPT. H. H. BELL.

† *Sciota.*
† *Iroquois.*
† *Kennebec.*
† *Pinola.*
† *Itasca.*
† *Winona.*

At two o'clock on the morning of April 24th all of the Union vessels began to heave up their anchors. It was a still, clear night, and the click of the capstans, with the grating of the chain-cables as they passed through the hawse-holes, made a great noise, which we feared would serve as a warning to our enemies. This conjecture proved to be correct, for the Confederates were on the alert in both forts and steamers, and were prepared, as far as circumstances would admit, to meet the invaders. One fact only was in our favor, and that was the division of their forces under three different heads, which prevented



SECTION OF FORT ST. PHILIP DURING THE ENGAGEMENT. (THE FORT IS DRAWN FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

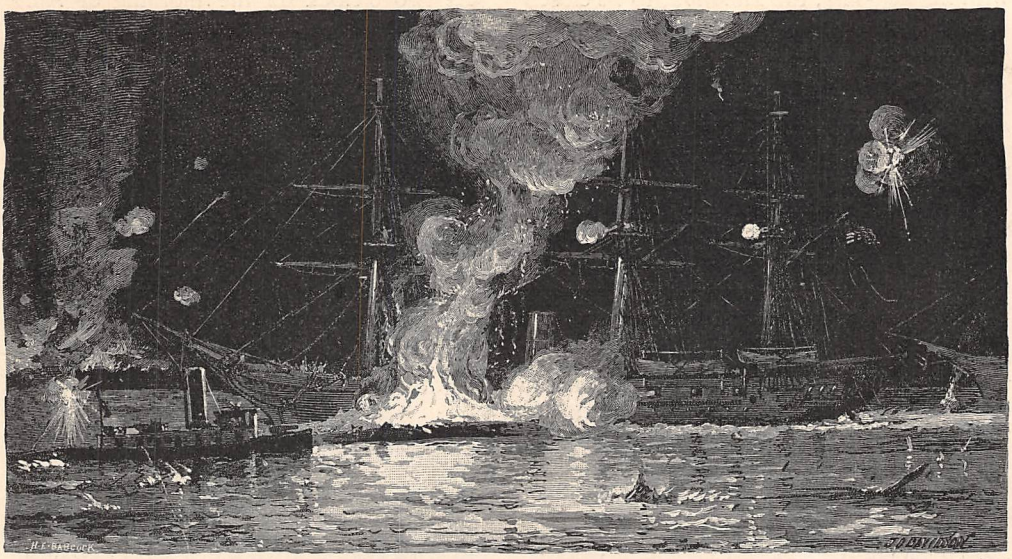


LIEUTENANT THOMAS B. HUGER, C. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE "MCRAE." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOBS.)

unanimity of action. In every other respect the odds were against us.

Before Farragut ascended the river, the French admiral and Captain Preedy, of the English frigate *Mersey*, had both been up as far as the forts and had communicated with the military commanders. On their return, they gave discouraging accounts of the defenses, and pronounced it impossible for our fleet to pass them. This, of course, did not tend to cheer our sailors. There were some in the fleet who were doubtful of success, and there was not that confidence on our side that should have existed on such an occasion; but when it was seen that the river obstructions and rafts had been washed away by the currents, and that there appeared to be an open way up the river, every one became more hopeful.

The entire fleet did not get fully under way until half-past two A. M. The current was strong, and although the ships proceeded as rapidly as their steam-power would permit, our leading vessel, the *Cayuga*, did not get under fire until a quarter of three o'clock, when both Jackson and St. Philip opened on her at the same moment. Five steamers of the mortar flotilla took their position below the water battery of Fort Jackson, at a distance of less than two hundred yards, and, pouring in grape, canister, and shrapnel, kept down the

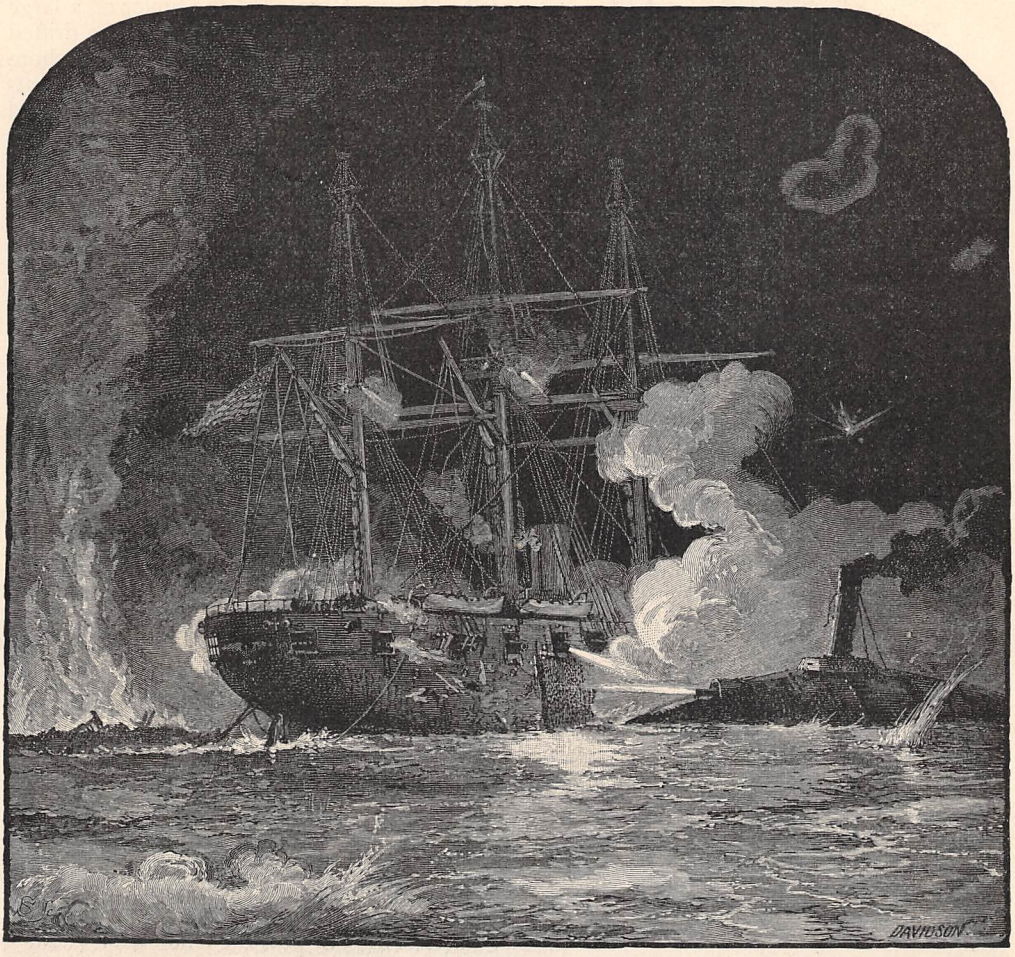


FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" ATTACKED BY A FIRE-RAFT, PUSHED BY THE CONFEDERATE TUG-BOAT "MOSHER."

Commander Albert Kautz, who was at this time lieutenant on the *Hartford*, in a letter to the Editor thus describes this memorable scene: "No sooner had Farragut given the order 'Hard-a-port,' than the current gave the ship a broad sheer, and her bows went hard up on a mud bank. As the fire-raft came against the port side of the ship, it became enveloped in flames. We were so near to the shore that from the bowsprit we could reach the tops of the bushes, and such a short distance above Fort St. Philip that we could distinctly hear the gunners in the casemates give their orders; and as they saw Farragut's flag at the mizzen, by the bright light, they fired with frightful rapidity. Fortunately they did not make sufficient allowance for our close proximity, and the iron hail passed over our bulwarks, doing but little damage. On the deck of the ship it was bright as noonday, but out over the majestic river, where the smoke of many guns was intensified by that of the pine knots of the fire-rafts, it was dark as the blackest midnight. For a moment it looked as though the flag-ship was indeed doomed, but the firemen were called away, and with the energy of despair rushed aft to the quarter-deck. The flames, like so many forked tongues of hissing serpents, were piercing the air in a frightful manner, that struck terror to all hearts. As I crossed from the starboard to the port side of the deck, I passed close to Farragut, who, as he looked forward and took in the situation, clasped his hands high in air, and exclaimed, 'My God, is it to end in this way!' Fortunately it was not to end as it at that instant seemed, for just then Master's Mate Allen, with the hose in his hand, jumped into the mizzen rigging, and the sheet of flame succumbed to a sheet of water. It was but the dry paint on the ship's side that made the threatening flame, and it went down before the fierce attack of the firemen as rapidly as it had sprung up. As the flames died away the engines were backed 'hard,' and, as if providentially, the ram *Manassas* struck the ship a blow under the counter, which shoved her stern in against the bank, causing her bow to slip off. The ship was again free; and a loud, spontaneous cheer rent the air, as the crew rushed to their guns with renewed energy."

fire of that battery. The mortars opened at the same moment with great fury, and the action commenced in earnest.

Captain Bailey, in the *Cayuga*, followed by the other vessels of his division in compact order, passed the line of obstructions without fect and passed safely above. He was here met by the enemy's gun-boats, and, although he was beset by several large steamers at the same time, he succeeded in driving them off. The *Oneida* and *Varuna* came to the support of their leader, and by the rapid fire

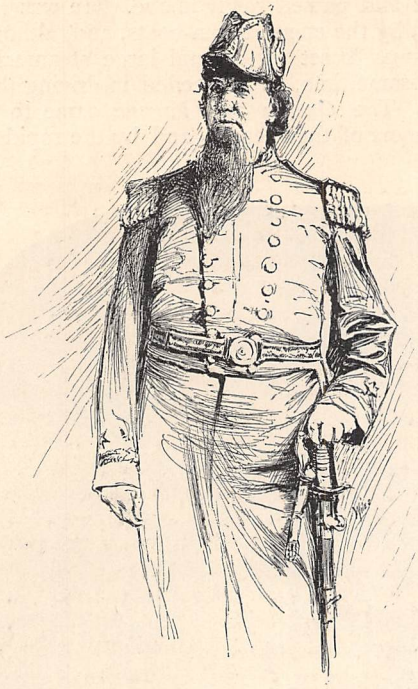


U. S. S. "BROOKLYN" ATTACKED BY CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

[The *Manassas* was described by her commander, Lieutenant Warley, as "a tug-boat that had been converted into a ram, covered with half-inch iron, and had a thirty-two-pounder carronade; her crew consisted of thirty-five persons, officers and men. She was perforated in the fight by shot and shell as if she had been made of paper."

Admiral Melancton Smith thus describes his encounter with the ram (see page 946):
"Having discovered the *Manassas* stealing up along the St. Philip side of the river behind me, I signaled Farragut for permission to attack, which was given. The *Mississippi* turned in mid-stream and tried to run down the ram, barely missing her, but driving her ashore, when her crew escaped, fired at by the *Kineo*, which had not yet anchored. The ram's engines were found to be still in motion, but the approach of a burning wreck compelled me to abandon the idea of attaching a hawser. Her machinery was destroyed by my boats, and after receiving a broadside or two from the *Mississippi*, she floated down the river in flames and blew up."—ED.]

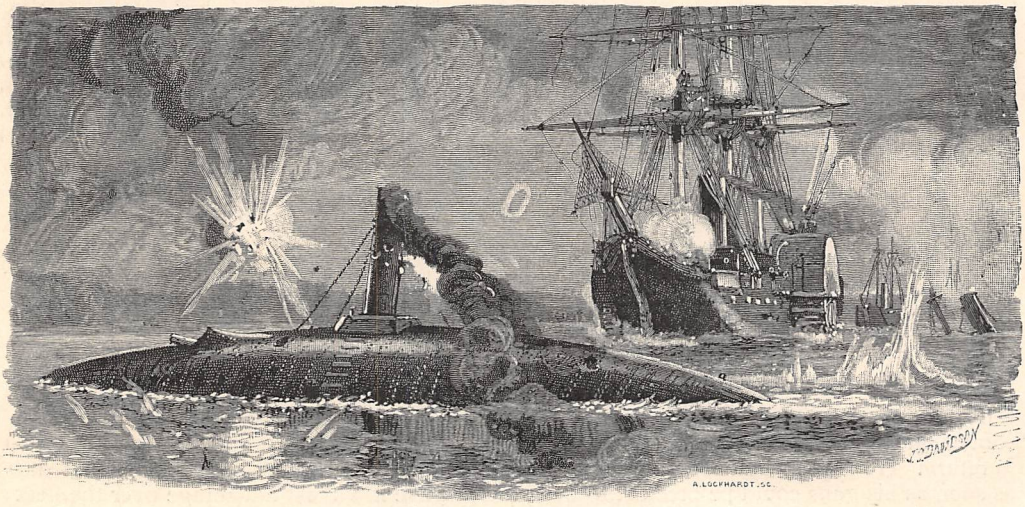
difficulty. He had no sooner attained this point, however, than he was obliged to face the guns of Fort St. Philip, which did him some damage before he was able to fire a shot in return. He kept steadily on, however, and, as soon as his guns could be brought to bear, poured in grape and canister with good effect of their heavy guns soon dispersed the enemy's flotilla. This was more congenial work for our men and officers than that through which they had just passed, and it was soon evident that the coolness and discipline of our navy gave it a great advantage over the fleet of the enemy. Bailey dashed on up the river,



COMMANDER (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL) MELANCTON SMITH, U. S. N., OF THE "MISSISSIPPI." (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

followed by his division, firing into everything they met; and soon after the head of the flag-officer's division had passed the forts, most of the river craft were disabled, and the battle was virtually won. This was evident even to Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, who, when he saw our large ships pass by, exclaimed, "Better go to cover, boys; our cake is all dough!"

In the mean time the *Varuna* (Commander Boggs), being a swift vessel, passed ahead of the other ships in the division, and pushed on up the river after the fleeing enemy, until he found himself right in the midst of them. The Confederates, supposing in the dark that the *Varuna* was one of their own vessels, did not attack her until Commander Boggs made himself known by delivering his fire right and left. One shot exploded the boiler of a large steamer crowded with troops, and she drifted ashore; three other vessels were driven ashore in flames. At daylight the *Varuna* was attacked by the *Governor Moore*, a powerful steamer, fitted as a ram, and commanded by Lieutenant Beverly Kennon, late of the U. S. Navy. This vessel raked the *Varuna* with her bow-gun along the port gangway, killing five or six men; and while the Union vessel was gallantly returning this fire, her side was pierced below the water-line by the iron prow of the ram *Stonewall Jackson*. The Confederate backed off and struck again in the same place; the *Varuna* at the same moment punished her severely with grape and canister from her eight-inch guns, and finally drove her out of action in a disabled condition and in flames. But the career of the *Varuna* was ended; she began to fill rapidly, and her gallant commander was obliged to run her into shoal water, where she soon went to the bottom. Captain Lee, of the *Oneida*, seeing that his companion needed assistance, went to his relief, and rescued the officers and men of the *Varuna*. The two Confederate rams were set on fire by their crews and abandoned. Great gallantry was displayed on both sides during the conflict of these smaller steamers, which really bore the brunt of the battle, and the Union



U. S. STEAMER "MISSISSIPPI" ATTEMPTING TO RUN DOWN CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

commanders showed great skill in managing their vessels.

Bailey's division may be said to have swept everything before it. The *Pensacola*, with her heavy batteries, drove the men from the guns at Fort St. Philip, and made it easier for the ships astern to get by. Fort St. Philip had not been at all damaged by the mortars, as it was virtually beyond their reach, and it was from the guns of that work that our ships received the greatest injury.

As most of the vessels of Bailey's division swept past the turn above the forts, Farragut came upon the scene with the *Hartford* and *Brooklyn*. The other ship of Farragut's division, the *Richmond*, Commander James Alden, got out of the line and passed up on the west side of the river, near where I was engaged with the mortar-steamers in silencing the water batteries of Fort Jackson. At this moment the Confederates in Fort Jackson had nearly all been driven from their guns by bombs from the mortar-boats and the grape and canister from the steamers. I hailed Alden, and told him to pass close to the fort and in the eddy, and he would receive little damage. He followed this advice, and passed by very comfortably.

By this time the river had been illuminated by two fire-rafts, and everything could be seen as by the light of day. I could see every ship and gun-boat as she passed up as plainly as possible, and noted all their positions.

It would be a difficult undertaking at any time to keep a long line of vessels in compact order when ascending a crooked channel against a three-and-a-half-knot current, and our commanders found it to be especially so under the present trying circumstances. One of them, the *Iroquois*, Commander De Camp, as gallant an officer as ever lived, got out of line and passed up ahead of her consorts; but De Camp made good use of his opportunity by engaging and driving off a ram and the gun-boat *McRae*, which attacked him as soon as he had passed Fort Jackson. The *McRae* was disabled and her commander (Huger) mortally wounded. The *Iroquois* was much cut up by Fort St. Philip and the gun-boats, but did not receive a single shot from Fort Jackson, although passing within fifty yards of it.

While the events above mentioned were taking place, Farragut had engaged Fort St. Philip at close quarters with his heavy ships, and driven the men away from their guns. He was passing on up the river, when his flag-ship was threatened by a new and formidable adversary. A fire-raft in full blaze was seen coming down the river, guided towards the *Hartford* by a tug-boat, the *Mosher*. It seemed impossible to avoid this danger, and as the helm was put to port in the attempt to do so, the flag-ship ran upon a shoal. While in this position the fire-raft was pushed against her, and in a minute she was enveloped in flames half-way up to her tops, and was in a condition of great peril. The fire department was at once called away, and while the *Hartford's* batteries kept up the fight with Fort St. Philip, the flames were extinguished and the vessel backed off the shoal into deep water,—a result due to the coolness of her commander and the good discipline of the officers and men. While the *Hartford* was in this perilous position, and her entire destruction threatened, Farragut showed all the qualities of a great commander. He walked up and down the poop as coolly as though on dress-parade, while Commander Wainwright directed the firemen in putting out the flames. At times the fire would rush through the ports and almost drive the men from the guns.

"Don't flinch from that fire, boys," sang out Farragut; "there's a hotter fire than that for those who don't do their duty! Give that rascally little tug a shot, and don't let her go off with a whole coat!" But she did get off, after all.

While passing the forts the *Hartford* was struck thirty-two times in hull and rigging, and had three men killed and ten wounded.

The *Brooklyn*, Captain Thomas T. Craven, followed as close after the flag-ship as the blinding smoke from guns and fire-rafts would admit, and the garrison of the fort was again driven to cover by the fire of her heavy battery. She passed on with severe punishment, and was immediately attacked by the most powerful vessel in the Confederate fleet, excepting the *Louisiana* — the ram *Manassas*, commanded by Lieutenant Warley, a gallant young officer, of the old service. The first blow that the *Manassas* struck the *Brooklyn* did but little apparent injury, and the ram backed off and struck her again in the same place; but the chain armor on the *Brooklyn's* side received the blow, and her adversary slid off in the dark to seek other prey. (It must be remembered that these scenes were being enacted on a dark night, and in an atmosphere filled with dense smoke, through which our commanders had to grope their way, guided only by the flashes of the guns in the forts and the fitful light of burning vessels and rafts.) The *Brooklyn* was next attacked by a large steamer, which received her broadside at the distance of twenty yards, and drifted out of action in flames. Notwithstanding the heavy fire which the *Brooklyn* had gone through, she was only struck seventeen times

in the hull. She lost nine men killed and twenty-six wounded.

When our large ships had passed the forts, the affair was virtually over. Had they all been near the head of the column, the enemy would have been crushed at once, and the flag-ship would have passed up almost unhurt. As it was, the *Hartford* was more exposed and imperiled than any of her consorts, and that at a time when, if anything had happened to the commander-in-chief, the fleet would have been thrown into confusion.

The forts had been so thoroughly silenced by the ships' guns and mortars that when Captain Bell came along in the little *Sciota*, at the head of the third division, he passed by nearly unharmed. All the other vessels succeeded in getting by, except the *Itasca*, Lieutenant Caldwell; the *Winona*, Lieutenant Nichols; and the *Kennebec*, Lieutenant Russell. The first two vessels, having kept in line, were caught at daylight below the forts without support, and, as the current was swift and they were slow steamers, they became mere targets for the Confederates, who now turned all that was left of their fighting power upon them. Seeing their helpless condition, I signaled them to retire, which they did after being seriously cut up. The *Itasca* had a shot through her boiler, and was so completely riddled that her commander was obliged to run her ashore just below the mortar-fleet in order to prevent her sinking. She had received fourteen shot and shell through her hull, but her list of killed and wounded was small. Had not the people in the forts been completely demoralized, they would have sunk these two vessels in ten minutes.

While these events were taking place, the mortar-steamers had driven the men from the water batteries and had kept up a steady fire on the walls of Fort Jackson. Although at first sight my position in front of these batteries, which mounted seven of the heaviest guns in the Confederate works (one ten-inch and one nine-inch columbiad, two six-inch rifles, and three thirty-two-pounders), seemed a very perilous one, it was not at all so. I ran the steamers close alongside of the levee just below the water batteries, and thus protected their hulls below the firing-decks. I got in my first broadside just as the middle of Bailey's column was opened upon by Fort Jackson. The enemy responded quickly, but our fire was so rapid and accurate that in ten minutes the water battery was deserted. I had twenty-five eight-inch and thirty-two-pounders on one side and two eleven-inch pivot-guns. During the remainder of the action I devoted most of my attention to the battlements of the main fort, firing an occasional shot at the water battery. The *Harriet Lane* had two men killed, but the only damage done to the vessels was to their masts and rigging, their hulls having been well protected by the levees.

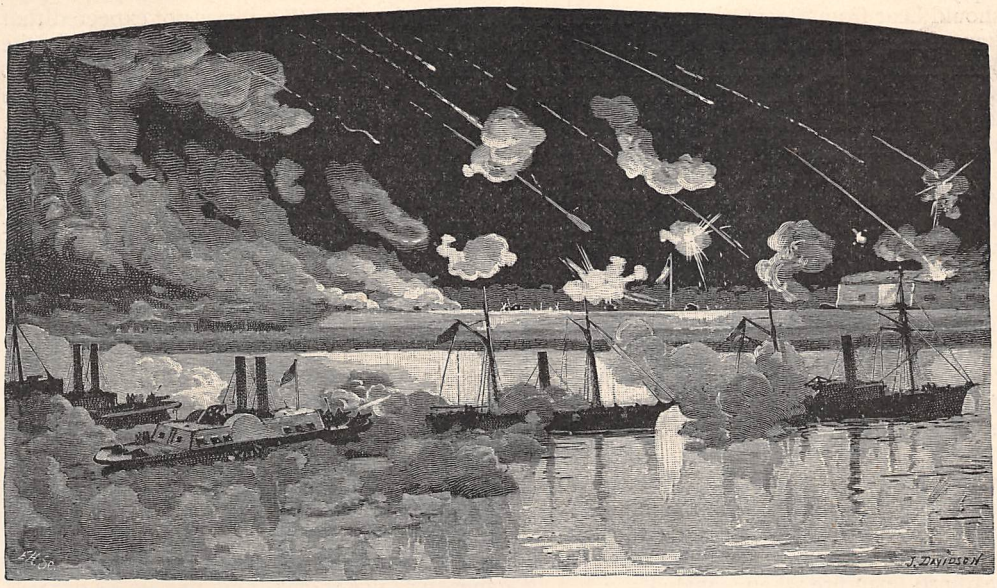
While engaged on this duty I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the movements of Farragut's fleet, and, by the aid of powerful night-glasses, I could almost distinguish persons on the vessels. The whole scene looked like a beautiful panorama. From almost perfect silence — the steamers moving slowly through the water like phantom ships — one incessant roar of heavy cannon commenced, the Confederate forts and gun-boats opening together on the head of our line as it came within range. The Union vessels returned the fire as they came up, and soon the hundred and seventy guns of our fleet joined in the thunder, which seemed to shake the very earth. A lurid glare was thrown over the scene by the burning rafts, and, as the bombshells crossed each other and exploded in the air, it seemed as if a battle were taking place in the heavens as well as on the earth. It all ended as suddenly as it had commenced. In one hour and ten minutes after the vessels of the fleet had weighed anchor, the affair was virtually over, and Farragut was pushing on towards New Orleans, where he was soon to crush the last hope of Rebellion in that quarter by opening the way for the advance of the Union army.

From what I had seen of the conflict I did not greatly fear for the safety of our ships. Now and then a wreck came floating by, all charred and disabled, but I noted with my night-glass that these were side-wheel vessels, and none of ours.

I must refer here to a gallant affair which took place between the *Mississippi* and the ram *Manassas*. The latter vessel proved the most troublesome of the Confederate fleet. She had rammed the *Brooklyn*, the *Hartford*, and the *Mississippi* at different times during the action.

At early daylight, as the vessels approached the quarantine above the forts, the *Manassas* was seen coming up the river as rapidly as her steam would allow.

As she approached the fleet, Flag-Officer Farragut directed Commander Smith in the *Mississippi* to turn and run her down. The order was instantly obeyed by the *Mississippi* turning and going at the ram at full speed; but when it was expected to see the *Manassas* annihilated, the vessels being within fifty yards of each other, the ram put her helm hard-a-port, dodged the *Mississippi*, and ran ashore, where her crew deserted her. Commander Smith set fire to her, and then so



Clifton and *Westfield* (altered New York City ferry-boats). *Owasco.* *Harriet Lane.*

MORTAR-STEAMERS ATTACKING THE WATER BATTERY OF FORT JACKSON.

riddled her with shot that she was dislodged from the bank and drifted below the forts, where she blew up and sank.

Previous to this a kind of guerrilla warfare had been carried on, and ten of the enemy's river boats had been run ashore or otherwise destroyed, while the *Varuna* lay sunk at the bank with two of her adversaries wrecked beside her, a monument to the gallantry of Commander Boggs.

When the fleet had passed the forts, and there was no longer any necessity for me to hold my position, I dropped down the river with the steamers to where the mortar-boats were anchored, and gave the signal to cease firing. I knew that our squadron had failed to destroy all of the enemy's fleet. The iron-clad *Louisiana* lay at the bank apparently uninjured, the *McRae* was at anchor close to Fort Jackson, and three other vessels whose character I could not make out were moving back and forth from one shore to the other. This looked serious, for such a force, if properly handled, was superior to mine; and I had to provide immediately against contingencies. There were now seven efficient gun-boats under my command, and I at once prepared them to meet the enemy. My plan was to get as many of my vessels as possible alongside of the *Louisiana*, each one to make fast to her, let go two anchors, and then "fight it out on that line."

Meantime Farragut was speeding on his way up the river with all his fleet except the *Mississippi* and one or two small gun-boats, which were left to guard the lazaretto. On his way up the flag-officer encountered more Confederate batteries at Chalmette, the place made famous by the battle of January 8th, 1815.

The Chalmette batteries on both sides of the river mounted twenty heavy guns, and were all ready to meet our fleet, which was advancing towards them in two lines as rapidly as the swift current would permit. Farragut made short work of them, however, and our fleet, meeting with no further resistance, passed on and anchored before New Orleans. The Queen City of the South lay at the conqueror's feet, unable to do anything in the way of defense, as the Confederate General Lovell had retreated, leaving the city in the hands of the civil authorities.

At noon of the 25th instant I sent Lieutenant-com'g Guest with a flag of truce to Fort Jackson, to call on the commanding officer to surrender the two forts and what was left of the Confederate navy into the possession of the United States, telling him that it was useless to have any more bloodshed, as Farragut had passed up the river with very little damage to his fleet, and was now probably in possession of New Orleans. I also took advantage of the occasion to compliment the enemy on his gallant resistance, and further to inform him that, if his answer was unfavorable, I would renew the bombardment. General Duncan sent me a very civil

reply, but declined to surrender until he should hear from New Orleans; whereupon I immediately opened a very rapid fire on Fort Jackson with all the mortars, and with such good effect that a mutiny soon broke out among the Confederate gunners, many of whom, refusing to stay in the fort and be slaughtered uselessly, left their posts and went up the bank out of range of our shell. Those who remained declined to fight any longer. They had borne without flinching a terrible bombardment, and their officers had exposed themselves throughout the trying ordeal with great courage; but it was now the opinion of all that the fort should be surrendered without further loss of life. The mortars kept up their fire until late in the evening, when their bombshells were all expended. On the 26th instant I ordered the schooners to get under way, proceed to Pilot Town, and fill up with ammunition. Six of them were ordered to cross the bar and proceed to the rear of Fort Jackson, and be ready to open fire when signaled.

In the mean time we kept a lookout on the *Louisiana* and the Confederate gun-boats. On the 27th instant five mortar-vessels appeared in the rear of Fort Jackson, and the U. S. steamer *Miami* commenced landing troops close to Fort St. Philip. The garrison of Jackson was still mutinous, refusing to do duty, and General Duncan at midnight of the 28th sent an officer on board the *Harriet Lane* to inform me of his readiness to capitulate. On the following day I proceeded with nine gun-boats up to Fort Jackson, under a flag of truce, and upon arrival sent a boat for the commanding officer of the river defenses, and such others as he might think proper to bring with him.

I received these officers at the gangway, and treated them as brave men who had defended their trusts with a courage worthy of all praise; and though I knew that they felt mortified at having to surrender to what they must have known was in some respects an inferior force, their bearing was that of men who had gained a victory, instead of undergoing defeat.

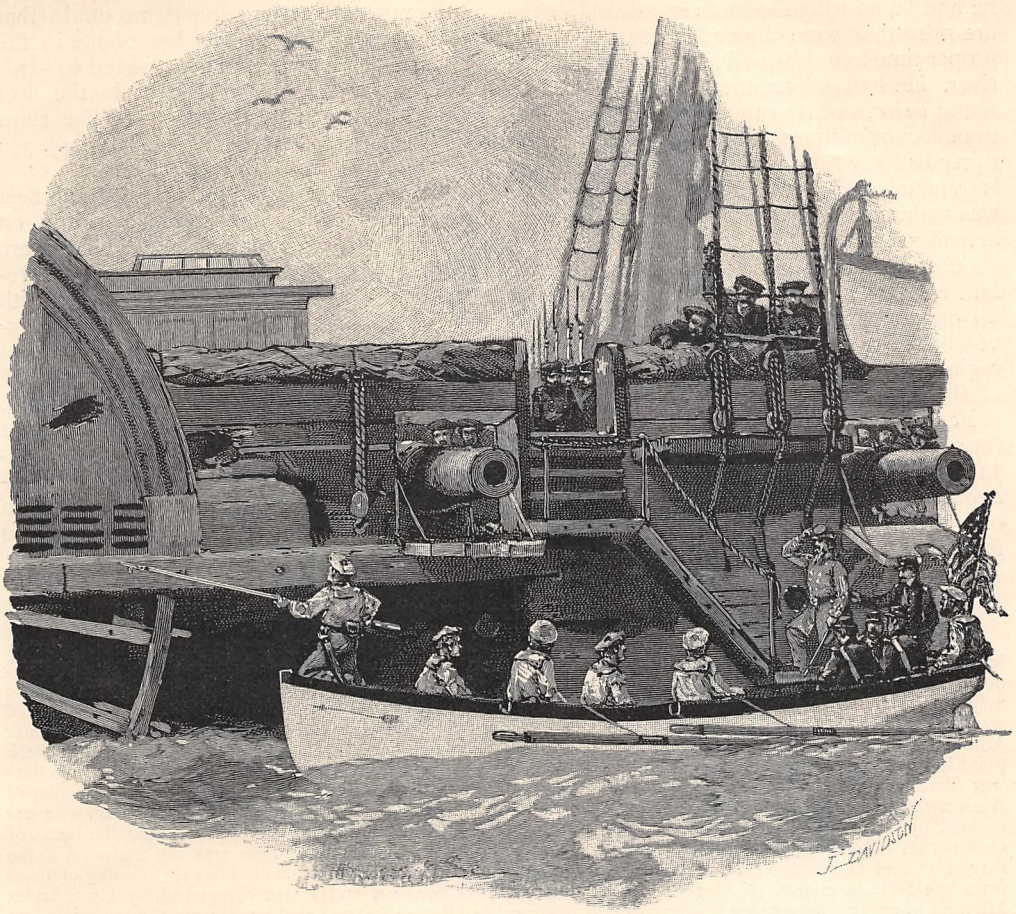
I knew nothing of the mutiny in the forts, or the inconvenience to which the people there were subjected; I was in total ignorance of what was happening up the river, whether Farragut had sustained much damage in passing the forts, or whether he had been able to get by the formidable batteries at English Turn. In any case I knew that it was important to obtain possession of the forts as quickly as possible, and had prepared terms of capitulation, which were accepted by General Duncan and Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins. As we were about to sign the terms, I was quite surprised to find that it was not expected that the vessels of war were to be included in the terms agreed to by the Confederate officers. General Duncan told me that he had no authority whatever over the naval vessels, and that, in fact, Commander Mitchell, of the regular naval forces, had set the military authorities at defiance. So I waived the point, being determined in my own mind what I would do when the forts were in our possession.

We were all sitting at the table on board the *Harriet Lane*, with the terms of capitulation before us; I had signed it, as had also Commander Renshaw, of the *Westfield;* and Lieutenant-commanding Wainwright, of the *Harriet Lane*, was about to follow our example, when he was suddenly called on deck by one of his officers. He returned immediately, and informed me that the iron-clad *Louisiana* was in flames and drifting down the river towards the mortar flotilla (steamers), through which there was not room for her to pass, as our vessels were anchored within thirty yards of each other.

"This is sharp practice," I said to the Confederate officers, "but if *you* can stand the explosion when it comes, we can. We will go on and finish the capitulation." At the same time I gave Lieutenant Wainwright orders to hail the vessel next to him and pass the word to each of the others to veer to the end of their chains and be ready, by using steam, to sheer out of the way of the *Louisiana* if necessary, but not to leave their anchorage. Then I handed the pen to General Duncan and Colonel Higgins, who coolly signed their names in as bold a hand as if they were not momentarily in danger of being blown up. Then we all sat quietly awaiting the result. In a few moments an explosion took place that fairly shook us all out of our seats and threw the *Harriet Lane* over on her side, but we finished with the terms of capitulation. The *Louisiana* had blown up just before reaching the flotilla. The Confederate officers severely condemned this performance, and assured us that they did not feel responsible for anything that the navy did, as it was entirely under Commander Mitchell's control.

When I went on deck the *Louisiana* was nowhere to be seen, and not even a ripple showed where she had gone down. Thus we lost a powerful vessel, which would have been of much use to us in our future operations.

General Duncan and his companions now left the *Harriet Lane* and went on shore. In less than ten minutes afterwards the Confederate flags were hauled down, and both forts delivered over to the officers appointed to



COMMANDER PORTER RECEIVING CONFEDERATE OFFICERS ON THE "HARRIET LANE."

take possession of them. Our victory was not yet complete, however, for the enemy's flag still floated on the river, and my next duty lay in this direction. When Commander Mitchell set fire to the *Louisiana*, he transferred his officers and men to a river steamer and ran over to the opposite shore, a mile above the forts. His movements had been reported to me, and as soon as General Duncan had left the ship I gave orders for the *Harriet Lane* to weigh anchor and beat to quarters. We steered directly for the vessel carrying Mitchell's flag, and the order was given to fire at the flag-pole; but the smoke was not out of the gun before the Confederate flag was hauled down. Lieutenant Wainwright was sent on board the enemy to take possession, and was met by Commander Mitchell, who demanded the same terms as the officers of the forts had received. Wainwright informed him that no terms would be granted him or his officers, that he and they would be held as close prisoners to answer for violating the sanctity of a flag of truce, and that they would all be sent to the North. Mitchell at once wrote me a letter relieving all the officers (except three or four) from the odium of having set fire to the *Louisiana*, and thus endangering the Union vessels while under a flag of truce.

I sent all the prisoners up to Flag-Officer Farragut, to be disposed of as he thought best, and that was the end of the affair. The forts were ours, the city was ours, and the river was open and free all the way up to New Orleans.

After the battle the officers of the Confederate army complained greatly of Commander Mitchell's behavior, saying, first, that he had failed to coöperate heartily with the land forces; secondly, that he had not made good use of the *Louisiana* (as far as I can learn she was not ready for action when the fleet passed up, and I am of the opinion that had she been properly managed, she might have

thrown our fleet into confusion); thirdly, that he had failed to ignite and send down all the fire-rafts that were under his charge, at the proper time to meet our fleet as it came up the river. He had quite a number of these tied up to the bank, and it can well be imagined what the effect of millions of burning pine-knots on thirty or forty rafts would have been, when it is remembered how seriously the *Hartford* was endangered by one of those which were actually sent.*

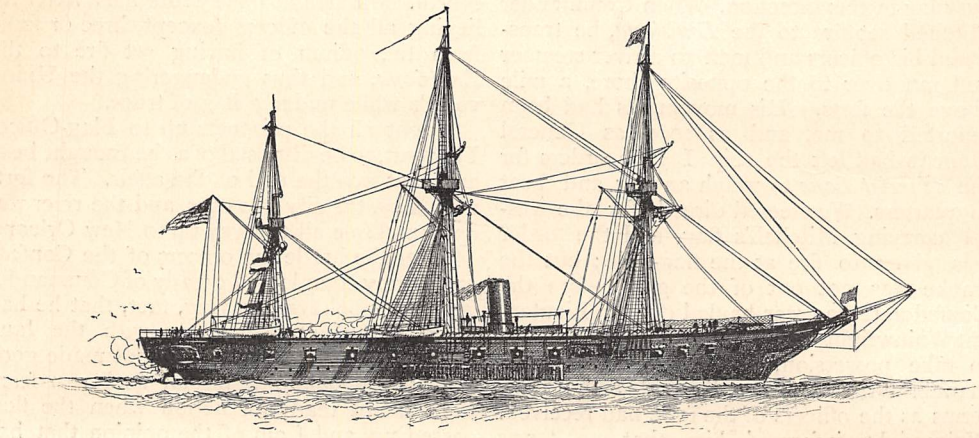
After all the defenses were in our power, I sent a steamer down to the bar and brought up one of General Butler's ships, on board of which was General Phelps with one or two regiments of infantry, who took possession of the forts.

Farragut's vessels were only struck twenty-three times in their hulls by shots from Fort Jackson, while they received their great damage from Fort St. Philip, as appears from the official reports. This shows how difficult it was for the Confederate gunners in the former work to fight while enduring the terrible pounding of the mortars. There can be no doubt that its fire prevented a greater loss of life in the Federal fleet and materially assisted towards the final result. Our total loss in the fleet was — killed, 35; wounded, 128. The ships which suffered most were the *Pensacola*, 37; *Brooklyn*, 35; and *Iroquois*, 28.

When the sun rose on the Federal fleet the morning after the fight, it shone on smiling faces, even among those who were suffering from their wounds. Farragut received the congratulations of his officers with the same imperturbability that he had exhibited all through the eventful battle; and while he showed great feeling for those of his men who had been killed or wounded, he did not waste time in vain regrets, but made the signal, "Push on to New Orleans." The fact that he had won imperishable fame did not seem to occur to him, so intent were his thoughts on following up his great victory to the end.

David D. Porter.

* It is but just to say that Commander Mitchell and the other Confederate naval officers denied that they had any intention of endangering the Union vessels, or that they were guilty of any "sharp practice" in destroying the *Louisiana*. They were put in close confinement at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor; but on making the above representations to the Secretary of the Navy they were treated as ordinary prisoners of war. A Confederate naval court of inquiry afterward investigated and approved the conduct of Commander Mitchell. The following extract from the letter from Lieutenant Whittle quoted on page 938, bears on the point in question: "On the morning of the 24th, when Farragut's fleet passed, the work on the propellers was still incomplete, and so our vessel was only an immovable floating battery. When, on the morning of April 28th, the work was finished, and we were about to test the efficiency of the motive power, we were notified by General Duncan, commanding Forts Jackson and St. Philip, that he had accepted the terms of capitulation offered by Commander Porter and before rejected. As the *Louisiana* was not included in the surrender, and Commander Porter's fleet was coming up under a flag of truce, in answer to a flag of truce from the forts, a council of war decided to destroy the *Louisiana*, and I was dispatched by Commander Mitchell to notify Commander Porter that although we had done what we could to drown the magazine and the charges in the guns, our hawsers might burn, and the *Louisiana* drift down among his vessels. While on my way to deliver this message the *Louisiana* blew up. I continued, however, and delivered the message in person to Commander D. D. Porter on board his flag-ship, the *Harriet Lane*."—ED.



THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Practical Politics.

IT strikes us that even the humorous anecdotes in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's paper in this number of THE CENTURY have a value beyond their mere capacity to drive dull care away. The entire paper will, we think, be found an incentive to active and wholesome participation in political affairs on the part of the honorably aspiring youth of America; and these lighter passages tend toward righteousness, for they show that the path of duty, though thorny, has its roses. It is evident, moreover, that a sense of humor may be as valuable for a reforming legislator as it proved to be in the case of our great, harassed, perplexed, and fate-o'erwhelmed President.

Will not the young man who intends going into politics, after reading this record of the experiences of the youthful legislative reformer, turn back to the January number of THE CENTURY, and read again Mr. Wigmore's "Open Letter" on "Political Work for Young Men"? With these two essays before him, he will possess a practical guide to American politics, which will doubtless prove a useful supplement to such moral and mental equipment as Heaven may have blessed him with.

These two papers, and others of similar import that have appeared in THE CENTURY, certainly seem to reveal a field of manly action of the very highest interest, as well, of course, as of the greatest usefulness and importance. The study of practical politics might indeed well take the name given to the study of the classics: it is preëminently a study of "the humanities." The politician studies and deals with human nature in many of its most curious and entertaining aspects. It is the fashion to call every branch of investigation nowadays a "science": if practical politics be called a "science," it is, according to Mr. Roosevelt at any rate, not a dull one.

Mr. Roosevelt's reminiscences and comments, however, are not only addressed to the intending legislator, but no less to the general well-intentioned public. The testimony of this "practical reformer" to the power of public opinion, and the necessity for its assistance in the procurement of all just and desirable legislation, is most emphatic and monitory. "Just as soon," he says, "as politicians realize that the people are in earnest in wanting a thing done, they make haste to do it." The check to legislative vice and recklessness furnished by a watchful constituency and by individual interest and exertion is everywhere theoretically acknowledged, but Mr. Roosevelt makes the fact freshly clear and impressive, and his illustrations of an old truth bring the matter home with redoubled force to the conscience of the citizen.

One reason why legislators and other officers are not looked after as sharply as they should be is that many think that unless the candidate for whom they voted is the one elected, they personally have no responsibility for the "member" or the "officer," and they therefore take no interest in him or in his doings. This is, of course, a wrong idea of political office, and is, in fact, an outgrowth of an exaggerated and somewhat old-fashioned partisanship. With the progress upward and downward of the principles of the merit system, the theory is extending of the responsibility not only of public servants, but also of the public that is served.

"Not the American Way."

PROBABLY no unphysical argument addressed to genuine dynamiters would be likely to have any powerful effect. But words may not be entirely misapplied when addressed to certain American politicians who seem at times to hesitate in their attitude toward dynamiters themselves, the aiders and abettors of dynamiters, or the sentimental sympathizers with such outlaws. The reason for hesitation is generally obvious. It is a question of political votes — of personal or of party success.

Well, there is one thing to be said to such doubting and hesitating politicians: Gentlemen, you are making a mistake. To use an expression made popular, we believe, by General Hawley some years ago in regard to a very different question, dynamiting is "*not the American way!*" The methods of the assassin, of the sneaking and cowardly murderer, are not, and never will be, popular in this country. It is true that two of our Presidents have met their death at the hands of the illegal taker of life, but there was no popular support to either mad and murderous act. Lynch-law, on our borders especially, has had too much vogue, but this is decreasing; and there is a long distance between lynching a villain who it is feared may escape justice, and the dastardly and reckless use of explosives, where invaluable works of art, and innocent men, women, and children, together with the supposed "oppressor," are confounded in a common destruction.

Let the question once be brought to an issue in our American communities, and the politician who hesitates to denounce dynamite, and all that goes with it,— all cowardly and conscienceless attempts to settle either public or private questions by means of private and secret violence,— such a man is lost. He will find too late that his deference to an unreasoning, brutal, and restricted sentiment has brought him into contact with the great, sound, uncowardly, law-abiding sentiment of the people of these United States.

The Difference between a Painting and a Pound of Sugar.

THE advocates of the present Chinese-Wall American art-tariff make what they believe is a strong point in favor of the existing law when they call attention to the fact that works of art for public museums are admitted free of duty. They say that the educational effects of foreign art are secured by this specific exemption; that, so far as the public uses of art are concerned, the tariff is liberal. These gentlemen seem

always to be forgetting that works of art, in their essence and potentialities, differ very widely from hams, sugar, pig-iron, and silk or woolen underclothing. A pound of sugar consumed by a single individual, and by him alone, is not likely to prove of the slightest use, physical, mental, or moral, to any other human being; whereas an etching of Rembrandt or a pastel of Millet consumed, or rather studied and admired, by a single intelligent art-student or artist, and by him alone, is most likely to prove of decided use to others than himself, and ultimately to the public at large. We suggest that if the Old World's art, of any age or country, is considered to be of such value to the nation that whoever imports the same and places it upon public exhibition is to be considered a benefactor of the people, and subject to no duty or tax whatever in the prosecution of his laudable undertaking,— then such works of art, in all places, private or public, are valuable and precious objects, whose importation should be encouraged, and not discouraged, by an enlightened government. If this argument is sound, then the present tariff of thirty per cent., which is avowedly a prohibitive measure, is a blot upon the statute-book of the United States.

But the gentlemen who approve of taxing private buyers thirty per cent. while public institutions are exempt from the payment of import duties should know that public collections are constantly being enriched from private galleries; and that the thirty per cent. taken by the Government must decrease private importations, which our public institutions often ultimately get the full benefit of, at least thirty per cent.; that, in fact, the tariff limits the importation to a much greater extent than this, without being of the slightest benefit pecuniarily to our own artists. Indeed, as a protective measure the scheme has been a laughable failure. If it is to have any effect on its "protective" side at all, that effect seems likely to be curiously distant from the one intended by its ingenious authors. Foreign painters are beginning to come over to America, where the charm of novelty and the courtesy of hospitality serve, in some cases at least, in place of genuine distinction; they set up their temporary studios in the great cities, and our rich "patrons" of art hasten to secure the supposed prestige of European wares, gloriously free from the pains and penalties of the great American art-tariff. We do not, ourselves, object to this kind of art competition; the more of it the better. But we do not believe that the framers of the present law had it in mind, and we respectfully urge upon their attention the necessity of an additional clause taxing the imported painter, no less than his imported products.

We have said that private collectors should be encouraged, rather than hindered, in their efforts to bring to our shores the master-pieces of foreign art, partly because if even a few among us see these works it may still result in public benefit, and also because these private collections often find their way, in whole or in part, into the public galleries. But there are, moreover, private collections to which the public have constant access, either by means of "loan exhibitions" or such freedom of admission as is frequently granted. The galleries, for instance, in which Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, has stored the marvelous results of a lifetime of conscientious study and rigid and generous selection, are accessible, at proper times and under proper restrictions, to all lovers of art throughout the country.

We have so often explained in these pages the principles which appear to us to favor a liberal policy with regard to art importations that we have, at present, only a few words to add. The movement has recently had the approval of President Arthur, in his customary message to Congress; and the replies to a circular sent out by the Art Committee of the Union League Club, of New York, show that our artists are nearly unanimously opposed to the present tariff, and in favor of free art. (Number of artists heard from February 13, 1885, 1242. In favor of free art, 1150; ten per cent. duty, 25; thirty per cent. duty, 8; specific duty, 42; partly free, 17.) Nevertheless we fear that the movement against the present duty will come to little or nothing until there is an organized effort made to enlighten the public and Congress itself. The authors of America, as is well known, have made a permanent organization, a Copyright League, which will be continued, if necessary, from generation to generation, till some Congress is found at once honest and intelligent enough to enact justice in their behalf and in behalf of their foreign brethren in authorship. American artists, in the cause of free art, which they have so rightly and generously espoused, will probably find it necessary to proceed in some such systematic fashion as this.

The Attempt to Save Niagara.

A NATURAL phenomenon of the proportions of Niagara constitutes a public trust. The people cannot escape responsibility for its care and preservation, even if they would. The experiment of private ownership and management of the lands about the Falls has been fully tried, under circumstances more favorable than can ever exist in the future, and has failed completely. The existing state of things is one which no intelligent person can defend. The demoralization is natural and inevitable; competition between the owners of rival "points of view" naturally develops a tendency to the employment of tawdry, sensational attractions. The increasing ugliness everywhere; the destruction of all vernal beauty and freshness; the crowding of unsightly structures for manufactures of various kinds around the very brink of the Falls; the incessant hounding of travelers, and the enormous exactions of which they are the victims,— all these evils are inseparable from the system of private ownership of the land, and nothing could be more idle or fruitless than to find fault with individuals because the results of the system are disagreeable and mischievous.

The only practicable remedy is ownership by the State, and suitable permanent guardianship over these lands, with such provision for the safety, convenience, and comfort of myriads of visitors as can be supplied only by a competent directory clothed with the authority of the State, and acting in the interest of the general community. This is the object of the measures recommended by the Commissioners appointed by Governor (now President) Cleveland in the spring of 1883. These Commissioners have selected about one hundred and eighteen acres of land contiguous to the Falls, comprising Goat Island and all the other islands in the river, with a narrow strip of land on the "Amer-

ican shore," running from the upper suspension bridge to Port Day, and including Prospect Park. The various separate portions constituting this tract have been appraised, and the Supreme Court has confirmed the appraisement, which fixes the value of the lands in question at $1,433,429.50. The Commissioners recommend the appropriation of this sum by the Legislature for the purchase of these lands, and the establishment of a State Reservation, as the only means of preserving the scenery of Niagara. The highest interests of the people of our State will be promoted by the passage of the bill in which this plan is embodied. There is no ground for opposition except what is sordid, and hostile to public spirit. No man in public life will hereafter be able to feel pride or satisfaction in the remembrance that he resisted the endeavor of the people of the State of New York to rescue the scenery of Niagara from destruction.

OPEN LETTERS.

The "Solid South:"

ITS CAUSES AND PROBABLE DISAPPEARANCE.

WHAT is the "Solid South"? How came the South to be solid? In what way can its solidity be broken?

The "Solid South," as a current political expression, came into vogue during the Hayes-Tilden canvass of 1876. The Democratic "tidal wave" in the elections of 1874 had shown a powerful, if not irresistible, drift toward Democracy in all the then lately reconstructed States, as well as in their sisters on the old border-line which had also maintained slavery, but which had not gone into the rebellion. The alliterative term commended itself to the Republican stump speakers and newspaper organs as a happy catch-word, and the idea which underlay it was impressive enough to arrest the attention of the whole country. That sixteen commonwealths, stretching from Cape May down the Atlantic and around the Gulf to the Rio Grande, and thence back up the Mississippi to its junction with the Ohio and the Missouri, should all be controlled by the same political party, as has now happened in three successive Presidential elections (not counting the disputes over the electoral votes of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana in 1876), is truly a fact of the first magnitude.

Dividing the male population of the voting age according to the census of 1880 in this section between the two races, it will be found that in two States the possible black voters exceed the white, in South Carolina as 7 to 5 and in Mississippi as 6 to 5; in Louisiana the two races are almost exactly equal in numbers; in Georgia, Florida, and Alabama the blacks stand to the whites as 5 to 6, in Virginia as 2 to 3, and in North Carolina as 5 to 9. The proportion then drops rapidly, being 1 to 3 in Arkansas and Tennessee, 1 to 4 in Maryland and Texas, 1 to 5 in Delaware and Kentucky, 1 to 15 in Missouri, and only 1 to 21 in West Virginia. The "black belt" thus takes in all the coast States from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and Louisiana beyond; while outside those eight States the percentage of negroes sinks till it reaches a point scarcely higher than is found in some parts of the North.

This is the "Solid South." How came it to be solid? One element, which should be the most obvious, is so often overlooked that its very statement will surprise most people. This is the operation of what may be called the law of political heredity — the influence of tradition and inheritance. No fact is more clearly demonstrated by our political history than the tendency toward a transmission of party fealty in a community of pronounced conviction from one generation to another. The more homogeneous the community, the more binding is this law of political heredity. Vermont has received but a small infusion of outside blood during the last thirty years, and the population of the State to-day approaches more nearly to being the offspring of the inhabitants of a generation ago, unaffected by external influences, than that of any other commonwealth in the Union. The student of political statistics will find that the vote for Fremont in the Green Mountain State in 1856 (39,561) was almost exactly identical with that for Blaine in 1884 (39,514); and the relative division of parties has remained practically unchanged during the whole intervening period.

The slave States were all strongly Democratic before the war. It was therefore not only natural, but almost inevitable, that by the law of political heredity they should have continued strongly Democratic after the war, provided there had been no change in the character of the voting class other than that produced by the trifling immigration into the section. That Mississippi, for example, should go overwhelmingly Democratic in 1884 would be a thing to be as much expected as that Vermont should go overwhelmingly Republican, provided that the suffrage in the Southern State, as in the Northern, were now confined to the same class of voters as wielded it thirty years ago.

It was expected by the Republican leaders who carried through the reconstruction measures that the enfranchisement of the negro would change all this. They took it for granted that the blacks would become always and everywhere the firm supporters of the party under whose administration they had received both freedom and suffrage. They supposed that the white men would divide, as white men had always divided, even in the most strongly Democratic States of the South, before the war. They expected that a large percentage of the surviving "Old Line Whigs," and of the descendants of those who had carried half the Southern States for Harrison in 1840, would embrace a party which found so many of its Northern supporters among men of similar political descent. The census showed that in two of the States the black males outnumbered the white, and in a third equaled them, while in several of the others they were so numerous that their vote, combined with that of a vigorous white Republican element, would constitute a majority. It seemed an easy matter, seventeen or eighteen years ago, with a pencil and a piece of paper to figure out sure Republican victories in nearly every Southern State. Indeed, a census computation and a firm belief in the power of Federal "patronage" were

almost sufficient to make the South — in Republican imagination — "solid" for that party.

But a stupendous blunder had crept into all these little sums in addition. Looking back calmly upon it now, it seems almost incomprehensible that men familiar with the history of the world could have entertained such delusions. Just think of it. Here was a race of men who, through no fault of their own, had been sunk by slavery and ignorance to a condition but little above that of the brutes, like which they had been bought and sold at auction. They, and their ancestors before them for generations, had been mere chattels, whom it was a grave crime to teach even to read. They were absolutely devoid of the first qualification for participation in the government of a country which had always denied them the right to govern even their own persons. They were viewed, not merely with distrust, but even with violent hostility, by their late masters, who still felt wronged at being dispossessed by the Federal power of what they had been educated to consider as really property as stocks and bonds. They were scarcely better fitted to wield the suffrage than the beasts of the field. And yet they were intrusted with the power, under the law of majorities, to absolutely rule more than one American commonwealth!

The results which followed, at the hands first of the blacks and later of the whites, were horrible; horrible, and yet, the historian will say, in both cases inevitable. The ignorant negroes became, of course, the easy prey of the worst white leaders. The sentiment of the white race being so hostile to the very idea of negro suffrage, but few respectable natives of that race, comparatively speaking, attached themselves to the Republican party. The carpet-baggers, who so largely assumed its command, despite some honorable exceptions, were for the most part unprincipled men, with little honest regard for the interests of either race, but with a strong desire to line their own pockets. The saturnalia of corruption, the carnival of misrule which followed, constitute the most frightful satire upon popular government ever known. The climax was reached in the black Legislature and "the robber Governor," in South Carolina. It became evident that there must be either a revolution by the white minority, or ruin for whites and blacks alike. A revolution was resolved upon by the whites, and it was carried through. The negroes were intimidated from going to the polls, so far as possible, and when violence did not suffice to keep them away, their ballots were tampered with and neutralized after they had been cast. By force or by fraud the race which possessed in more than one State an actual numerical majority was reduced into an apparent minority. The negro vote was practically suppressed, and the majority ceased to rule.

This result was inevitable. Reconstruction had sought to "put the bottom rail on top," to reverse the highest and lowest strata of society, to place ignorance and poverty in authority over intelligence and property. Such an attempt had never before succeeded in the world's history; it could not have succeeded permanently in the South without destroying civilization. It was from the first only a question how soon and in what way it should be defeated.

Let another truth be told: the same result would have been reached under similar conditions in any Northern State. People commonly overlook the fact that, although the negroes had lived in the South so long, their admission to the suffrage was like the sudden incorporation into the body politic of a vast foreign element. Suppose that there had been unexpectedly distributed over the State of Massachusetts, on a certain day sixteen years ago, a new body of voters, of an alien race, so immense that it outnumbered the previous wielders of the ballot in the proportion of seven to five, so ignorant that it possessed no conception of its trust, and so inexperienced that it readily followed any demagogue who bid for its support by cultivating the distrust which it naturally felt of the former ruling element. Suppose that the Constitution and laws of the State had never required either an educational or property qualification for the suffrage, so that there was no legal way of preventing this horde of illiterates from casting ballots which they could not read. Suppose that the men who had made the Bay State rich and prosperous discovered all at once that the control of the Legislature, the administration of justice, the fixing of the tax-rate, the appropriation of the public money, the whole government of the commonwealth, had fallen into the hands of this vast aggregation of ignorance. Suppose that there had emerged from this mob and had been attracted from a distant section of the country the worst set of leaders that ever brought disgrace upon representative government. Suppose that corruption and misrule had run riot until the well-being, and even the very existence, of society was threatened. In other words, suppose that Massachusetts had been put in South Carolina's place. Does any intelligent and candid man, born and bred in Massachusetts, doubt that the former residents — the property-holders and taxpayers — would speedily have forgotten old differences, struck hands in defence of their threatened interests, and, minority though they were, have contrived some way to put the majority under their feet?

In short, the South became "solid" because it had to be — that is to say, so far as States with a large negro population were concerned. The negroes proved to be Republicans, as was expected by those who had made them voters. Their treatment by the whites operated to strengthen this tendency. A natural fear of an attempt at their reënslavement, cunningly cultivated by their unprincipled leaders, still further confirmed their opposition to the party which included their old masters. Broadly speaking, the blacks as a class were Republicans. This forced the whites as a class to be Democrats, in order that they might present a "united front." A feeling of sympathy led to a similar union of the whites, more or less complete, in States where the black element was not dangerously large. The hereditary drift in favor of Democracy added the only other element necessary to make the South solid.

How can this solidity be broken? Obviously, only by removing the cause which produced it. That cause was the massing of the negroes in one party. The recollection of negro misrule in South Carolina has hitherto checked an evidently strong tendency among the whites of that State to divide their votes, and has made the race almost unanimous in support of the regular Democratic ticket, although a large element has often at heart opposed it. What was a real danger in a commonwealth where the whites were

largely outnumbered by the blacks has been exaggerated out of all reason in States where the negro vote by itself could never threaten white dominance, and the bugbear has hitherto proved terrible enough to maintain Democratic supremacy everywhere.

The way in which this supremacy is to be finally overthrown has already been foreshadowed. Through the last decade, when the Democrats have controlled every Southern State, certain Congressional districts have either remained Republican or have been contested by the two parties on equal terms. Investigation will show the very striking and significant fact that, with two or three exceptions (like the heavily black sections along the coast of the two Carolinas, where the few whites have made no struggle for power), these Republican or doubtful districts have been districts which contained scarcely any blacks. That is to say, Republican representatives have been elected by white Southerners, without any help from black Republicans. Kentucky has always been considered a typical Southern Democratic State; yet in the mountain region which includes its south-eastern counties lies a district which has more often sent a Republican than a Democrat to the national Capitol since the war. In this district the white preponderance is so pronounced that the negroes constitute but a fourteenth of the whole population, which shows that the whites have divided almost equally between the two parties. The tendency, on the other hand, of a large negro element to unite the whites in the party opposed to the blacks may be seen in the same State of Kentucky. Nearer the heart of the commonwealth is a Congressional district where the negroes number nearly half as many souls as the whites, so that anything like such an even division of the whites as exists in the mountains would give the Republicans an overwhelming majority of the voters. But, in point of fact, this district is always strongly Democratic, the presence of the negroes having driven the whites together, and the proportion of the Republican vote to the total poll does not much exceed the proportion of the negro inhabitants to the whole population. Moreover, if the analysis be carried a stage farther, the surprising discovery is made that the only two counties in the mountain district which contain many blacks (in each case a little over a third of the whole population) are both Democratic, although it would take but a bare fourth of the whites to constitute with the blacks a majority of their voters. So strong is the influence of race feeling, even in a section where, for the most part, that issue is not raised.

The mountain country of eastern Tennessee also contains but a small negro element, and here, too, are Congressional districts which the Republicans either carry without difficulty or render always doubtful. The hill country of northern Georgia has a similar population, and here the white opponents of the Bourbon Democracy have repeatedly proved strong enough to elect Independents to Congress with but little help from black voters. The State of West Virginia is a still more conspicuous illustration of the tendency to division among the whites where the race issue is not brought home to them. The blacks here constitute less than five per cent. of the entire population, which is but a trifle larger than the proportion of blacks in New Jersey. The whites divide with apparently little more regard to the blacks in the Southern than in the Northern State, and Cleveland carried each by a plurality which did not vary far from four thousand.

The reason why this normal and natural division of the whites between the parties exists in West Virginia and in the specified regions of the other States is evidently because in these parts of the South there is no fear of negro rule. It would be ridiculous to prate to the 132,777 male whites in West Virginia about the danger of their race being "dominated" by the 6384 blacks unless they vote the Democratic ticket, and they vote it or not, according as they believe or not in the Democratic party. Even in a State like Georgia, where the negroes stand to the whites in the ratio of five to six, the whites, in counties where they easily control the local administration by reason of the small black population, have not always been held to the support of the Democratic party by the strongest appeals of their white brethren in the black districts.

Obviously, all that is necessary to widen this division among the whites, which is already apparent in a few quarters, is to relieve them everywhere from the fear of negro rule in case they divide. It is useless to ridicule this fear. The fact must be recognized that it exists, and that it is the most potent factor in Southern politics. So long as the whites in South Carolina see the blacks ready to march to the polls in a solid column, and to vote almost as one man against the party which includes nine-tenths of the wealth and intelligence in the community, so long will the whites disregard all ordinary causes for division, and unite for what seems to them — and really is — the protection of the State. The massing of ignorance and poverty under one banner will marshal knowledge and property under another; and there never has been but one issue to such a contest, as there never can be. Each union is abnormal, but the one forces the other. Disintegration of the higher stratum cannot be expected until the lower has begun to split apart. A division of the negro vote is therefore the prerequisite to anything like a general division of the white vote.

Two motives have hitherto conspired to make the negroes Republicans — the two strongest motives which could influence an ignorant and impressible race — gratitude and fear. Gratitude, not only in the shape of thankfulness to the party which had freed and enfranchised them, but as "that lively sense of favors to come" which the traditional promise of "forty acres and a mule" had aroused. Fear, lest the race which had formerly held them in bondage still plotted for their reduction to servitude, and lest the elevation of the Democracy to power in the nation might mean their reënslavement.

Time dulls the edge of gratitude. Young colored men are now coming on the stage of action who were born in freedom, and who recognize no indebtedness to any party for their liberty. The "favors to come" from Republican rule have largely proved illusive. A Republican administration at Washington has practically left the negro in the South to shift for himself. On the other hand, the Democratic State governments have pleasantly disappointed him. The appropriations for schools have, almost without exception, been steadily increased above the amounts provided by Republican legislatures, and his children now have better teachers and longer terms than ten years ago.

A distinct advance in kindliness of relations on the part of the white man is already so perceptible as to have favorably affected the negro's sentiment toward him.

The fear of harm from a Federal administration controlled by Democrats has survived. Natural enough in its origin, it has been sedulously cultivated by the leaders of their party as the easiest device for keeping the blacks solid for the Republicans. The support of that party by the negroes has never represented any intelligent acceptance of its principles; it has been only, so far as it was not an expression of gratitude, an attempt to secure a periodical renewal of an insurance policy against apprehended evil. The election of a Democratic President will emancipate the blacks from this nightmare of apprehension. The absurdity of their dread lest they might be put back into slavery by the Democrats will be demonstrated by the one convincing test of experience. A few months will suffice to prove its folly, even to the most timorous.

Freed from this overmastering fear, relieved from the sway of leaders who were for the most part Republicans "for revenue only," the negroes will, for the first time, be governed in casting their ballots by the same motives, good and bad, which sway voters elsewhere. Instead of blindly following some alien Federal office-holder against the whites among whom they live, they will, more or less quickly, come to accept the lead of their white neighbors. The negro already often seeks and follows the advice of his old master as to his material interests. Only the deep-seated fear of his master's party has kept him from heeding the white man's suggestions as to his political course. Convince him that the white man means him no harm in his relations as a citizen, and he will soon be ready to accept his leadership in public affairs, as he already often does in private.

Once divide the negro vote, and the "Solid South" is broken. The whites have only been held together by the union of the blacks. The elements of division among the whites already exist, as is clearly seen in West Virginia and parts of several other Southern States. Even now leaders of rival parties, or leaders of rival factions in the same party, divide the votes of whites in the mountain districts, where negroes are scarce; they will do the same thing in the cotton, rice, and sugar sections, where the negroes most abound, as soon as the latter escape from their bondage to a superstition, and are ready to divide their votes also.

Thus at last, for the first time, we shall see parties at the South separated by something else than the race line. This is by no means the same thing as saying that the South is at once going to become Republican. On the contrary, in most of the cotton States at least there may be, probably will be, at first a temporary depression of the Republican party below even its present weak condition. The Republican Federal office-holders, who have looked after its machinery, will disappear, and the machinery, with nobody paid to keep it in running order, will rust and decay. The blacks, convinced that they can vote the Democratic ticket as safely as the Republican, will be much more likely to do so, as their employers will make it seem for their interest to do so, precisely as Northern employers of white laborers do with their workmen. It will not be strange if next year, and perhaps the year after, the elections in some Southern States are carried by the Democrats almost without opposition. But such a development will call for no tears from any friend of honest politics and good government. Indeed, the more rapid and complete the disintegration of the old Republican party of the South, with its rank and file composed almost exclusively of ignorant blacks, the sooner will come about the division of the Democratic whites in that section. When such a division occurs, the "Solid South" is broken, never to be reunited.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Edward P. Clark.*

"The School of Dishonesty."

IN the "Open Letter" department of THE CENTURY for November there is a contribution entitled, "The School of Dishonesty," which, while containing much that is true, is yet fallacious in that its charges will not admit of a general application, and must necessarily fail to account for the great prevalence of "crime in its multitude of forms."

No; "the primary cause of crime" does not come from mercantile life, which is no more a school of dishonesty than any other branch of labor. In answer to the question as to when the evil-doer first loses his sense of honesty and integrity, Mr. Tyrer says: "If we knew the facts, how often the answer would be: At the time that the offender was first placed in contact with the world, when from one cause or another he was first forced from the care of his parents, and compelled to contend alone for his existence; when he first entered upon his apprenticeship to the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man, the farmer." In the visible facts of the case this is true, but the evil lies far deeper, and the crimes of dishonesty are but the outward manifestations of a diseased condition of society behind them. It is much like saying the eruptions in measles are the cause of the disease, when they are but the result of forces much deeper.

If the family and social life of the country to-day was what it should be, these outward schools of dishonesty would not exist. Where do the innocent and honest youths, upon whom Mr. Tyrer predicates his argument, come from? Are they the sons of "merchants, manufacturers, professional men, farmers," apprenticeship to whom means moral ruin? Do thistles produce figs?

It seems to me that the American youth of both sexes are trained to a false standard of life, to the accumulation of wealth — the boys to get it, the girls to marry it. This is the teaching of parents in all walks of life, from the cottage of the poor man to the mansion of the already rich. It is the worship of the almighty dollar, the golden calf, which is at the basis of so much crime. The youth goes out into the world "on the make," and the results soon follow. Until the American people live for something besides money, and have some other aim in life, "crime in its multitude of forms" will ever be with us, and laws to "compel men to do an honest business" will not need to be suggested. Statute laws cannot remedy the evil, for there are none to enforce them. The only remedy is the inculcating of a higher standard of life, according to the principles of Christianity; but here the work of the layman ends, and that of the preacher begins.

ST. LOUIS, MO. *P. H. Felker.*



CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

Professor Gotsuchakoff: "To change the subject, Miss Daisy, is the Delesseria common in this vicinity?"
Miss Daisy: "Dear me! Change it again, Professor."

Atropos vs. Lachesis.

"Lachesis, twist, and Atropos, sever."
Lowell.

He.— I've looked for her these ten or fifteen years;
My faith is shaken;
My foolish hopes are giving way to fears —
I must have been mistaken.
And yet, she is a "not impossible she,"
She's very human.
I think she's young; I know she's fancy-free,
And every inch a woman.
I can't describe her, but if I should chance
To see her only,
I'm certain I should know her at a glance,
And be no longer lonely.

She.— I often am just where he ought to be —
Why don't he come there?
I'm sure I'd recognize him instantly;
He must be somewhere!
It is a paradox — whate'er he be,
He's not intrusive;
Yet, if he *is* he, it also seems to me
He's not illusive!
I'm certain I should know him at a glance.
Most men are stupid.
I wonder if these things are left to chance,
Or if there is a Cupid!

So either mused; time passed; they did not meet,
Though they were living in the self-same street.
He to an office went at half-past eight,
Never too early, or a minute late;
And fifteen minutes afterward she went
To the large school where she her mornings spent.
No dream, no vision came to either one;
Their paths kept onward as they had begun —
Parallel lines, which never were to meet,
Though but divided by a narrow street.
One eager glance had proven her to be
His sweet, most human, "not impossible she";
One long, shy look from her deep eyes had made
Her heart go singing to him unafraid.
Kingdoms there are for all of us, may be,
But every kingdom opens with a key.

Margaret Vandegrift.

Ethiopiomania.

Vers de Société (new style). Dedicated to a Fashionable Young Lady who Plays the Banjo.

I.

PIANO put away
In de garret for to stay;
De banjo am de music dat de gals am crazed about.
De songs dat now dey choose
Am 'spired by de colored muse,
An' de ole kind o' poeckry am all played out.

CHORUS. Oh, Maud Elaine,
Sweet as sugar-cane!
Hush dat music, let my poor heart go.
For hit's sweeter dan de band
To heah yo' little hand
A-plunk-plunk-plunkin' on de ole banjo.
Clog dance.

II.

I ain't from de Souf;
But yo' pretty, pretty mouf
Done took to singin' darky songs in such angelic tones
Dat jest fo' yo' sake
I'se a-gwine fo' to take
Some lessons on de tambourine, an' learn to play de bones.
CHORUS, *and double shuffle.*

III.

Oh, when Maudie sings,
And picks 'pon de strings,
'Twould charm a deaf-and-dummy, or a possum from a tree.
She holds dat banjo so,
In her arms as white as snow,
I'd gib a half-a-dollah if dat instrument was me!
CHORUS, *and walk-around.*

IV.

So play, play an' sing,
For de banjo am de king,
Its music brings de belles an' beaux a-knockin' at de doah.
We'll dance heel an' toe
Till de lamp burns low,
An' de Turkey carpet's worn away from off de parlor floah.
CHORUS, *and grand break-down.*

Henry Tyrrell.

Distance.

THE captured bird is sweet, but sweeter the bird that flies,
And the sweetest voice of the lark is his song from the highest skies;
The fish from the nets are good, but the best remain in the sea.
If fickle the woman you love, what woman so fair as she?

Berry Benson.

Love's Seasons.

'TWAS spring when I first found it out;
'Twas autumn when I told it;
The gloomy winter made me doubt,
And summer scarce could hold it:
"She loves," the mating robins sang
In sweet, delicious trebles,
And in the brooks the echo rang
In music o'er the pebbles.

The fresh air, filled with fragrant scent
Of blossoms, softly hinted
The self-same song; where'er I went
I found the message printed
On bud and leaf, on earth and sky,
Through sun and rain it glistened,
And though I never reasoned why,
I always read or listened.

The summer dawned, and still the birds
Sang in their tree-top glory,
And something seemed to make their words
A sequel to my story:
"You love," they twittered in the trees;
Whene'er the light wind stirred them,—
Distracting words! — on every breeze
They fluttered, and I heard them.

At last the mellow autumn came,
And all the leaves were turning,
The fields and forests were aflame
In golden sunlight burning;
The parting birds sang out again
A sentimental message:
"Go tell her," whispered they, and then
I thought 'twas love's first presage.

O timid-hearted twenty-four,
To faint and lose your courage,
Or half-reluctantly implore
A pretty girl at her age!
For when I stammered what they sung,
And all their secrets told her,
She said the birds were right, and hung
Her head upon my shoulder.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Waif.

HER dress is ragged and torn and old,
Her feet are bare, and the day is cold;
Some shaving curls on her shoulders fall,
And a train is made of a worn-out shawl.

Some flowers that once were a beauty's pride,
And now are withered and thrown aside,
She holds as close as her fingers can,
While a crumpled hand-bill serves for a fan.

You would never have guessed, as you saw her there,
With those withered flowers, and feet all bare,
That the gloomy street was a brilliant hall,
And she dancing there, the belle of the ball.

Alice Trumbull Learned.